



YOUNG PEOPLE



1892



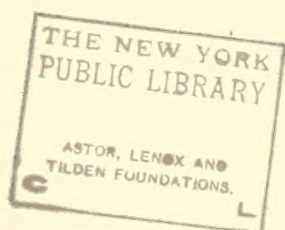
Per. Harper's Young People
1892

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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

DRAWN BY FRANK V. DU MOND, AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ORIGINAL IN THE NAVAL MUSEUM OF THE
SPANISH GOVERNMENT IN MADRID.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

1892



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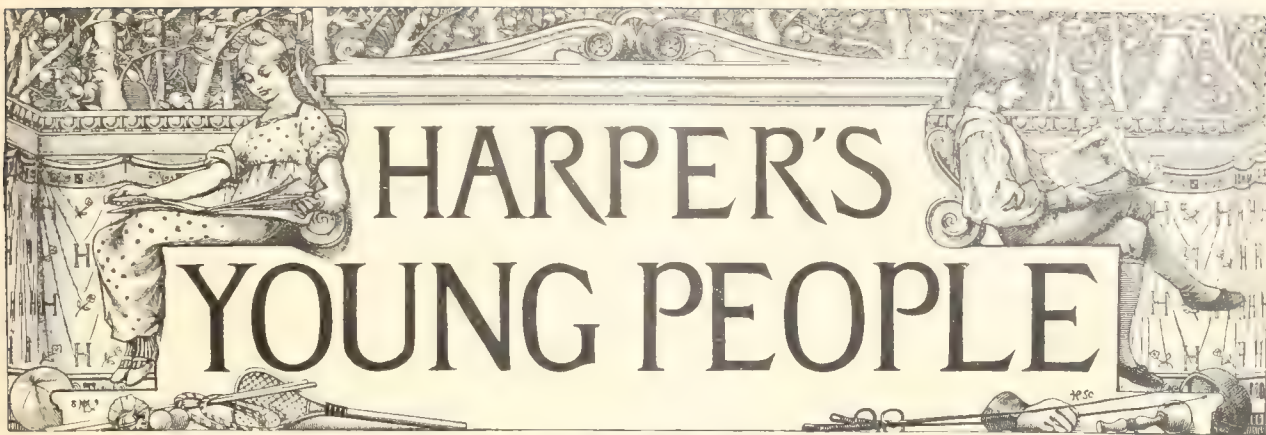
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DIEGO PINZON,

AND

THE FEARFUL VOYAGE HE TOOK INTO THE UNKNOWN OCEAN A.D. 1492.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORVELL.

CHAPTER I.

IN the ancient province of Andalusia, which, as everybody knows, is famous for the charms of its climate and the fertility of its soil, there stands now, as there stood four centuries ago, the convent of La Rabida.

The convent is almost a ruin now; but in those days it was a sturdy pile, where a busy, eager body of Fran-

ciscan friars dwelt, governed by the learned and good Fray Juan Perez, who had once been confessor to the Queen Isabella.

Now there is something mournful in the solitude of the place; but in the days when the things happened which are set down here, there was a suppressed excitement pervading the atmosphere of the convent, which

had communicated itself even to Fray Pedro, who had been given the post of porter because he had what the good prior called such a singular gift of slumber. There had been days recently when Fray Pedro had not closed his eyes for as long as two consecutive hours; and if he felt the influence that was around him, what wonder if the boys who attended the school convent should be wrought up to the highest pitch of unrest and excitement?

Fray Bartolomeo was the pedagogue, who had been selected for the office because of his great learning; but he searched the stores of his knowledge in vain during those days for a device to turn the minds of the scholars from the one topic that absorbed them.

The fact of the matter was that at the seaport town of Palos, only half a league away from the convent, preparations were going on for an adventure of the most fearful nature—an adventure which some people did not hesitate to say was prompted by the Evil One himself, and which others declared could have been conceived only by a madman.

At the convent they did not believe the first of these propositions at all, nor did any one give word openly to the second; though there were many who harbored it in their secret thoughts, and who occasionally whispered it.

The prior, Juan Perez, had faith in the adventure, and indeed had done all that lay in his power to forward it, and was continuing to do so in the face of the most violent opposition. But then, as a brother one day whispered to another, the prior was given to the putting forth of new ideas.

It seems that a foreigner—an Italian of some sort, it was believed from his accent—had persuaded the Queen to venture some money in this execrable enterprise, and had further induced her to designate the port of Palos as the place which should furnish a portion of the doomed fleet and crew.

There was very little doubt that they were doomed; though this man, Christoval Colon, pretended to demonstrate that there was no danger at all attached to his proposed expedition, and had persuaded the good Fray Juan Perez of the correctness of his demonstration.

It was true that so good a seaman as Martin Alonzo Pinzon had been beguiled by the specious representations of the pestilent foreigner, and that Martin had in turn induced his brothers and many of his kin to lend their countenance and aid to the adventure. A number of the Pinzons had, in fact, enlisted in the enterprise.

It was very well known, however, that the Pinzons were bold, reckless sailors, who feared naught and would dare anything, and all that the people of Palos had to say as to that was that they wished them luck, and hoped they would come back alive. It was no secret, moreover, that more than one Pinzon wished himself well out of the affair, and would have taken himself out had it not been that the present fear of the wrath of Martin Alonzo Pinzon was far greater than the fear of the more remote perils that threatened them on the trackless wastes of that ocean which, somewhere in the far western distance, poured over the edge of the earth into the bottomless abyss beyond. Martin Alonzo Pinzon was a difficult man to gainsay, and those of his poorer kinsmen who could not take comfort in the logic of the Italian must set themselves up against the will of the bluff sailor, who had a voice in which thunder rumbled and an eye in which the storm lightning played.

Martin Alonzo had furnished one vessel in joint account with the foreigner, and as Palos owed, as a sort of forfeit, the service of two vessels for a year to the sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella, two vessels had been forcibly distrained for the benefit of the foreigner.

As for the crews, Pinzon had haled a goodly number

of his kinsmen into service, and cajoled a few of his townsmen; but there was no inducement that could make any others stir a step towards such certain destruction, until a royal ordinance was issued offering freedom to such convicts as would venture their lives rather than remain in durance.

But even with that the crews did not fill up to the required number, and the mortal terror that was on those who had agreed to go caused them to desert at every opportunity; and the consequent wrath of Martin Alonzo Pinzon was a thing to be carefully shunned.

As may be seen, all this disturbance and turmoil naturally created the bitterest feeling; and for the weeks that the foreigner rested at Palos the talk of his insane folly—to call it no worse—ran high indeed. Well it was for him that he had the good-will of the prior Juan Perez, and the endorsement of the burly sailor.

CHAPTER II.

WHILE the little fleet destined for the mad enterprise lay in port, it was considered advisable to restrain the boys of the convent school within the walls. So it came about that the gardener was driven almost distracted by the peril of his choicest vegetables and flowers; for the boys had not the same passionate regard for the growing things that he had.

"See there, now!" said Fray Antonio, angrily, as he held one of the boys by the collar of his jacket, "you have planted your clumsy foot on the stem of my choicest melon, and it lacked a day of perfect ripening. Think twice"—he cuffed him heartily as many times—"ere ever you set foot to ground again."

He pushed the boy from him, and then regarded him as if sorry he had not been more liberal with his blows. The boy shook himself, and gave back to the exasperated gardener a glance as angry as his own. But that was only the first impulse; the second followed close on its heels and turned the anger into mischief. The lad cast a swift glance at his comrades, who stood by, smothering their mirth, and then looked with exaggerated innocence at the irate gardener.

"Think twice, did you say, Fray Antonio," asked the boy, "ere I set foot to the ground? Is it one of the rules of the order? Or is it a rule you, only, go by? And would it not cause one to go with a singular halting gait? As thus"—he raised a foot and held it suspended—"I think once, I think twice, and down she goes. Now the other. I think once, I think twice. Oh, but that is rare and dignified, Fray Antonio, though I misdoubt those boys be laughing at me."

"I will have a word with Fray Bartolomeo," stuttered the angry gardener.

"*Gracias* for that," said the boy; "and I beg you to expound the thing to him, lest, when he calls me and I go in this new fashion to him, he may misjudge me. Do I catch the motion, good Fray Antonio?"

He walked towards his convulsed comrades with an absurd halting step.

"Ah," said Fray Antonio, with a grim angry humor of his own, "you will catch the motion, doubt it not, when you dance to the music of the scourge. I will see to that, Diego Pinzon, I will see to that."

"He means to do it, Diego," said one of the boys, looking where the angry brother went.

"Why, of course he means to do it," said Diego, "and Fray Bartolomeo will ask no better than to ply the scourge over my back. I might indeed ask him to think twice ere he let the scourge fall, but I doubt if he will be as ready as I was to act on the hint."

"You may well doubt it," laughed one of the boys.

"It is a thing he knows no moderation in," said Diego, with a grimace.

"The sting would have been no greater had you first eaten the melon instead of only bruising the stem," said another.

They all found it easy to be merry, since it was Diego who was to pay the reckoning. But Diego was as merry as they, for it was not in his nature to cross the bridge until he had reached it.

"Tis a good suggestion, Alfonso," said he. "Who will eat of the fruit if I remove it from the bruised stem? I will promise to take all the blame. Alfonso only speaks the truth when he says I will pay as much for the stem as for the melon. For my own part, I think Fray Antonio lets the melons stay too long on the vine. An over-ripe melon does not suit my palate. Who is with me?"

The boys looked at each other and then at the melon that lay among the leaves, showing a swelling side full of suggestions of lusciousness and melting juiciness.

"It would be a pity for the melon to spoil," said Alfonso.

"Besides," said Diego, hunching his shoulders meaningly, "it would be unfair to pay the price for nothing."

A grin went around the circle, and Diego, with a glance about the enclosure, stepped over to the melon and plucked it from the vine.

"Ah," said he, smacking his lips, "Fray Antonio is but a poor gardener; the melon would not have stood another day. Where shall we eat it?"

That was a serious question, and the boys looked blankly at each other. It was not easy to hide in the convent grounds, especially when an angry gardener was likely to make quick search. But Diego was full of expedients. Fray Bartolomeo had often told him that if he would but give the same attention to study that he did to mischief he would surpass the best of them all.

"Tut!" said he, in answer to their looks, "it will be the easiest thing imaginable. Fray Pedro will be sound asleep, and his keys will be in his girdle. It would be a huge pity to awake him, and I will not do it merely to ask him to open the gates. I will just slip up to him and help myself to the keys and open the gates. It will be a real mercy. Come with me."

The business began to look too serious to some of the boys, and if there had been any bold enough, there would have been a decided demur to this proposition; but there was none, and so they all straggled after their bold leader.

Fray Pedro, the porter, was in the state that Diego had declared he would be. He was at his post, it is true; but his twice-doubled chin was sunk into his neck, the flies had undisturbed possession of his shaven skull, and, as if it were needed, his nose gave forth to the world a defiant sort of notice that he slept.

Diego gave the melon into the keeping of his trusty lieutenant, Alfonso, and creeping up to the side of the drowsy friar, he detached the bunch of keys from his ample girdle.

This was the last chance the timid ones would have to retreat, and more than one looked for encouragement at his neighbor; but Diego acted as if he expected to be followed, and followed he was.

He knew the right key, and put it in the lock and turned it softly. The bolt shot back, and the door swung open. Then Diego slipped back and readjusted the keys in the friar's girdle, and a moment later the boys of the



"TUT!" SAID THE FRIAR, TAKING DIEGO BY THE COLLAR AND LEADING HIM AWAY.

convent school were skurrying towards the olive grove hard by.

There is probably a difference of opinion in respect to melons. Certainly the boys differed from Fray Antonio as to the ripeness of the one they discussed in the coolness of the olive grove. They thought it could not have been more delicious. There was but one fault—it was too small a melon for eleven boys. There should always be eleven melons for eleven boys.

"It is very good," said Alfonso, eating rather close to the rind, "and it would have been wasted on that Italian Christoval Colon, who would have been sure to share it with our reverend prior."

"Yes," said Diego, "it would have been wasted; but much as I have enjoyed it, I would not have begrudged it to him; for it is like enough that once he sets sail he will never taste of melon again. Was ever so crazy a venture! And yet to look at him he is serious and reverend enough. I thank my cousin Martin Alonzo that he fixed on me for the Church. I would not go the voyage with him—no, not for ten thousand ducats of gold."

"Ducats of gold!" said Alfonso, doubtfully. "I should think twice, like Fray Antonio, before I would refuse that."

"Gold or silver," said Diego, scornfully, "what would they profit you an you never returned home to spend them?"

"Let us go back," said one of the timid ones, to whom the mention of Fray Antonio had brought up visions of a scourge vigorously applied.

"Go back!" said Diego. "Not I. As well be hung for an old sheep as a young lamb. The vessels sail to night, and I warrant there will be rare doings at Palos to-day. I am going to Palos. Who is with me?"

"I will go," said Alfonso. "Why not? I have eaten the melon, and I must digest it. Who else is with us?"

But very fear had made the others bold by this time, and to a boy they shrank back.

"Ha! na! na!" laughed Diego. "Well, go back, but have a care that Fray Antonio is not waiting for you at the gate."

It was so possible a thing that the boys looked miserably at each other for a moment, and then started on a run for the convent, followed by the jeering laughter of the two who had elected to be truants.

As for them, the moment of reckoning was so far away that they felt very reckless, and it was with an air of bravado that they struck into the dusty road and walked hastily into the town.

When they reached the town they found that Diego had been quite right, and that the place was in a turmoil indeed. On the square there were sullen faces; and down on the quay, whither they hurried at once, there were weeping women and angry men; while on the three little vessels, anchored a stone's-throw off shore, the crews could be seen hanging miserably over the rails, casting longing eyes ashore.

"When do they sail?" demanded Diego of a man standing near him on the quay.

"They only wait on some jail-birds that have consented to go," answered the man, in a surly tone. "Even they are too good for such a cruise; but if the whole crew was of the same it were better. 'Tis a sin to let good men risk their lives so."

"Here they come! here they come!" one and another said, and the boys, looking around, saw a burly, bold-looking man making his way through the crowd, followed closely by two hang-dog-looking fellows, who, in their turn, were followed by an officer of the Holy Brotherhood, as the police of Spain was then called.

"'Tis my cousin Martin Alonzo," whispered Diego to his companion. "Let me hide behind you; for if he see me and be short of hands, he will think nothing of taking me in tow."

The fear might be well enough founded; but Martin Alonzo Pinzon was thinking of other things than the young Pinzon whom he had destined to the priesthood. He had had so much opposition and so many hard words that he was alert to catch and answer anything that might be said to him.

He left the officer and his two prisoners near to where Diego stood, and went to the edge of the quay to hail a small boat from one of the vessels. Now Diego was not one ever to lose an opportunity. He saw by the looks of the prisoners that, though they had chosen the perilous voyage rather than remain in prison, they were yet far from happy in their lot; and the younger of the two, who was scarcely older than himself, was particularly unhappy.

"He is very young to die," said Diego, in a sepulchral tone.

Some of the by-standers laughed, for the tone was only in keeping with the dismal expression of the young convict. But the latter raised his sullen face and glared at Diego. He said nothing, but there was something unpleasantly vindictive in his eyes.

Alfonso said, "'Tis well you are not going to take the voyage with him."

"I think so myself," answered Diego, carelessly; "but if I went the voyage, I think I would make little account of his anger, or any one's else."

"You are right," said the man to whom they had first spoken; "what with dragons and monster serpents, and great gulfs in the water, and creatures that live on human flesh, and all sorts of inconceivable perils, 'tis better far to dare anything than go such a voyage."

"Here," roared the voice of Martin Alonzo Pinzon at this moment, "take these fellows off to my vessel, and see that they remain there."

The two prisoners were hurried into the boat, amid the silence of the spectators, and Martin Alonzo went back into the town.

"I would rather take my chances at the convent," said Diego.

"So would I," agreed Alfonso. "Shall we go there now?"

"Why should we? We shall be flogged the same whether we stay an hour or five. I say let us wait and see the vessels weigh anchor."

"Let us, then," said Alfonso, who seldom gainsaid his friend.

"For a fact," said Diego, nodding his head sagely, "old Bartolomeo cannot hurt much anyhow."

"Old Bartolomeo!"

A hand was on the collar of each boy's jacket. Neither looked up to see whose the hand was. They had recognized the voice as that of him whom Diego called "old Bartolomeo." They cast despairing and disgusted grimaces at each other.

"Will you lay hold of this scape-gallows," said the Franciscan to the man with whom the boys had been holding converse.

The man grinned, and took a firm hold of Diego's collar, much to the surprise of that lad, who had expected, as a matter of course, to be made the example of, it being evident that the pedagogue intended to administer summary punishment.

"Be careful," said the Franciscan, "for he is a slippery rascal; and now give me space."

It was a diversion as good as any for the idle crowd to see Alfonso capering under the hot blows of the angry friar, and they cheered him on with laughing shouts.

"And now," said Fray Bartolomeo, letting the scourge fall at his side from sheer exhaustion, "do thou hasten back to the convent, and make good speed, or it shall be the worse for thee."

Diego had not felt the same sorrow for Alfonso that he might have done but for the conviction that the worthy friar would be too worn with his exertions to do justice to his particular case. But when the Franciscan released Alfonso, Diego, not to betray his satisfaction, set up a howl, and begged the friar not to be too hard upon him, at the same time casting a conical glance at the spectators, to let them understand that he cared not a fig for the worthy man's scourge.

"As for thee, Diego Pinzon, who art counting on my weakened strength, thou goest to one whose arm will not fail him, I warrant—thy cousin, Martin Alonzo."

Then did Diego turn pale, not only with the fear of an arm whose like was not in Palos, but with a greater fear.

"In mercy, don't do that!" he cried. "I mind not the flogging; I will do any penance; but take me not to my cousin, for I know in my heart he will ship me for the terrible voyage."

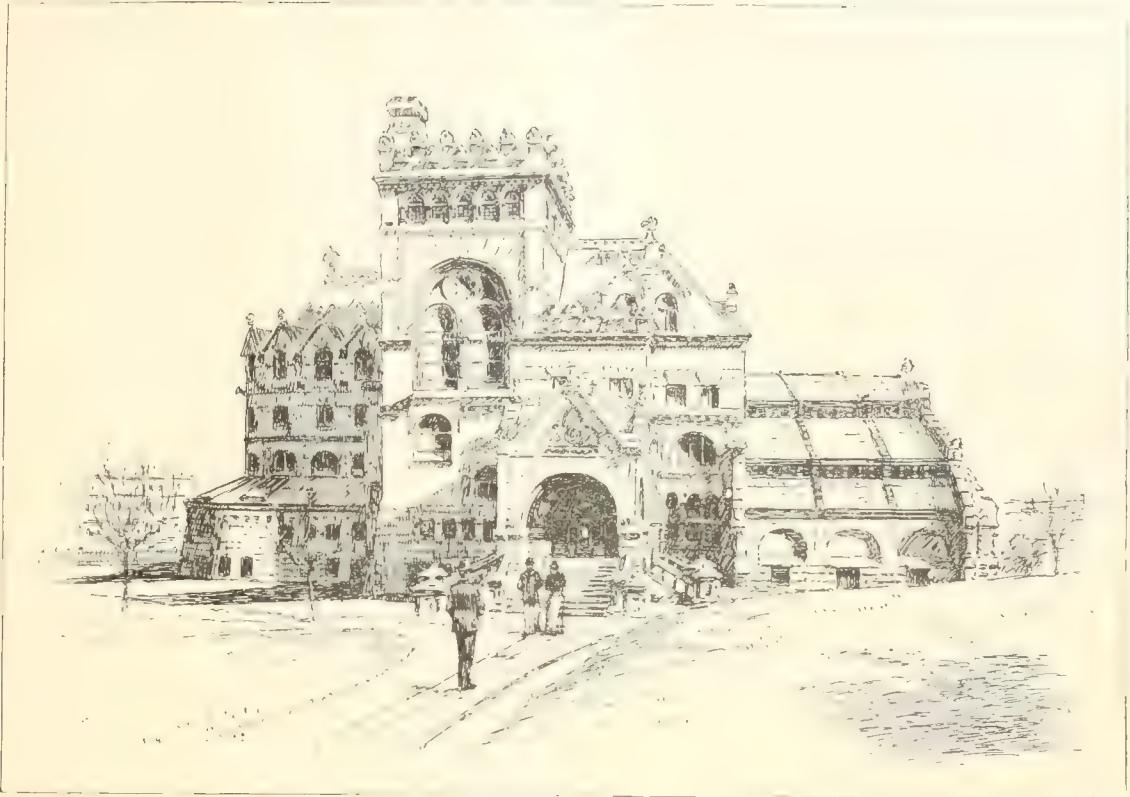
"Ah, that he will," said the man who held him, "for he has not his complement yet."

"Tut!" said the friar, taking Diego by the collar and leading him away; and the heart of the boy sank within him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE KING OF SPAIN'S SQUIRT-GUN.

THE big-eyed little King is very fond of his garden, and some time ago one of the Queen's Austrian relatives, who was going to pay a visit at the Spanish court, bought a very nice squirt-gun in Vienna for the young monarch to use in watering his plants. His Majesty found it perfectly charming for this purpose. It would send a stream of water to almost any height or distance, and such a well-watered domain as the royal parterre had scarcely been known before.



THE NEW LIBRARY.

Indeed, there was altogether too much of it to confine it strictly to the garden, and the King soon began to make experiments in other directions. Fine paintings, rich draperies, and various works of art were played upon at intervals, to the great satisfaction of his youthful Majesty; but soon he yearned for more exciting subjects. There is no great glory in attacking inanimate objects that cannot move or "answer back," and Alphonso next cast speculative eyes on his noble playmates and the ladies who surrounded him. He also cast the contents of his squirt-gun in the same direction, and found himself in possession of more enjoyment than his short life had yet afforded him. The cries and scuffles of his victims, though muffled in their veneration for their sovereign, added greatly to the zest of these performances, and it was a long time before Queen Christina knew of the in-door waterings which gave her small son such infinite pleasure.

But Alphonso especially loved a shining mark for his squirt-gun, and this led to his exposure and a tutor to keep him in better order. The Queen Regent gave a grand garden party, at which celebrities from far and near were present; and the King, singling out a big General in a magnificent blue and gold uniform, put himself behind a shrub and shouted at him. The General approached the spot, and Alphonso held up a handful of flowers to lure him on. The glittering uniform came nearer, and when close to the shrub behind which Majesty lurked in ambush, the point of the Viennese squirt-gun appeared like a serpent among the leaves, drenching and spotting the gorgeous suit which a moment before had been so imposing.

The dripping General backed out of range as quickly as possible, and before the mischievous boy could reload and follow up his victory, his injured subject had taken refuge under the protecting eye of Queen Christina. Then the merry monarch tried to inveigle into his snare no less a person than Monsignor Del Val, son of the Spanish

ambassador at Vienna, but the young prelate had seen the General's plight, and was wary enough to keep several persons between him and his sovereign for the rest of the afternoon.

On the following day it was decided at the palace that a masculine hand was needed to lie heavy on Alphonso, and the cautious Monsignor Del Val was selected to train his Majesty. He was to have entered upon his difficult office on the 1st of August.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

BY EDWARD W. MUMFORD

NO matter what college he attends, the Freshman is pretty much the same fellow everywhere. The first excessive shyness until he begins to "know the ropes," and the readiness with which he makes himself a part of his new conditions; the distrust of all things Sophomoric, and the general aggressiveness with which he repels any insinuation that he is "green"—in these things a Freshman in the college department of the University of Pennsylvania is probably exactly like his contemporaries in a hundred other institutions.

And yet there are many ways in which a Pennsylvania Freshman is unlike any other, the differences being often to his advantage. Hazing, which has survived in some colleges until a comparatively recent date, has, through force of circumstances, been unknown at the University of Pennsylvania for a hundred years. The result is that class feeling remains within bounds, and the college has become a practical democracy, in which class distinctions are in most things set aside, leaving brain, pluck, muscle, and good-fellowship as the tests for every man, whether Freshman or Senior. But at the same time the Freshman is a Freshman, and therefore neither a Senior nor a Sophomore, and you will probably find ample necessity for keeping your bump of self-assertion in excellent working order.

You will have passed your entrance examinations, or you may have entered upon certificate from the principal of your preparatory school. At any rate, the preliminaries are over, and you have "crossed the Rubicon" which separates the school boy from the college man. So on a certain bright September morning you will find yourself in College Hall, wondering how long it will be before you feel as much at home and as well pleased with yourself as the majority of the fellows about you.

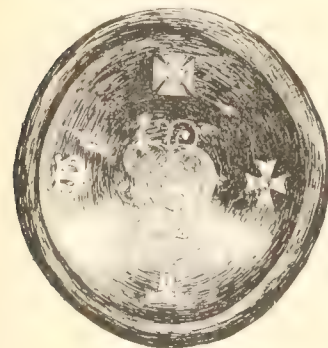
But you will not have much time for reflection. Presently the college bell rings, and you follow the others up the broad steps and into the chapel, with its Gothic arches, and walls lined with portraits of past dignitaries; sturdy old William Smith, the University's first provost, looks down from his gilt frame on one side, and "Father Ben" Franklin beams from his stained glass on the other. There's no need to speak of the other portraits; in six months you'll know them all by heart, especially the only woman among them, Isabella of Spain, who—so the Sophomores will tell you—is hung on the east wall, over the Freshmen, to look after them while away from their mothers.

Chapel exercises over, you will listen to a few pleasant words of welcome from the popular young dean. You will remain seated, according to ancient custom, while the three upper classes are dismissed in order. Then, as you come out, you will be taken in tow by the college clerk and his assistants, who will direct you to the various class-rooms, where the professors will divide the class into sections for convenience in recitation, assign lessons, and arrange all other necessary details. After that you will be free to look around you.

The first thing necessary is to make the acquaintance of "Pomp." Until this is done, you may consider yourself an alien. Pomp is an institution. He is the colored individual whose chief occupation is to be photographed in the background of all class pictures, but who also performs the duties of janitor, clerk's assistant, and college messenger. He has been connected with the University since a time when "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary"—that is, about forty years—and consequently his opinions are often decided. But you will find his soft side, and after that will be able to get from him what you want. You will notice that the professors always

call him Alfred, but ten generations of students have known him only as Pomp, and you may safely follow their example.

After him, the University buildings, fifteen in all, will probably appear to you the next objects of interest. With the ground around them, they occupy over forty acres, in one of the pleasantest parts of West Philadelphia, on a hill high enough to give a



THE BOWL.

clear view down the sweeping curves of the Schuylkill, and over the city proper, with its maze of chimneys and domes and towers, even to the wooded shores of New Jersey, across the Delaware.

Though the University is one hundred and forty years old, it has not always been where it now stands, the oldest of the present buildings having been erected in 1871. This is College Hall, devoted to the uses of the undergraduate department, and hallowed to the Freshman's mind as the scene of many a lively tussle with Greek roots and Sophomores. The second, third, and fourth floors contain chiefly class and lecture rooms, and on the

fifth floor are the four spacious halls of the University's literary societies. But the ground-floor is given up almost entirely to the students. Here each has a closet of his own for his hat, coat, tennis racket, lacrosse stick, or what not. The gymnasium is on this floor, and also the Assembly Room, which is the undergraduate forum, where impromptu meetings and concerts are held, bulletins posted, and elections (and other less peaceable disputes) decided.

Your Freshman class picture will be taken on the steps in front of College Hall. It is one of the worst places that could be found for the purpose, as the glare from the other buildings near makes everybody squint; but every Freshman class has its picture taken there, and custom to a college man is as the law of the Medes and Persians.

The handsome structure of brick and red sandstone just to the east of College Hall is the famous new Library Building, which cost a quarter of a million, and is noted far and wide as a model of all that a library building should be as regards beauty and convenience. These two are the buildings with which you will be most concerned, but you will of course want to visit the others as you have time. If possible, find a friendly "medic" to take you through Biological, Medical, Dental, and Veterinary halls and the University Hospital. He can show you the most interesting horrors in the various museums, and can tell you more blood-curdling stories in a minute about the dissecting-room and clinics than you can believe in a month.

Besides the buildings, you will of course want to see the Athletic Ground, which lies west of the hospital, within two minutes' walk of any part of the campus. It has a perfectly level, well-drained foot-ball field and diamond, and the quarter-mile cinder track is one of the finest in the country. It's rather a pretty field at any time, but to see it at its best you will have to wait for a big game, like the Pennsylvania-Princeton foot-ball game. Five or six thousand people inside the gates; the grand stands full of pretty girls in red and blue; the "bleachers" crowded with enthusiastic students waving flags, handkerchiefs, ribbons, anything so it bears the colors; and a Senior leading the cheers, that you *must* join in, if you are hoarse for a week afterward—that's the picture of the Athletic Ground which you will still carry with you when you are gray-headed and have boys of your own in college.

Undergraduate life at the University of Pennsylvania is as diversified as at other colleges; athletics being, of course, one of the most pronounced elements. A fellow is apt to have more time for athletics in his first two years than afterwards, so you will probably want to go in at once. And opportunities will be plenty. You will hardly be in college a week before you will be pretty thoroughly "sized up" by the upper-class men, and asked to come out and try for one of the foot-ball teams. Freshmen at the University of Pennsylvania have an equal chance with any one. Last year there were three Freshmen on the baseball nine, three on the crew, four on the lacrosse team, three on the cricket eleven, and four on the foot-ball eleven. Even if you miss the 'varsity foot-ball eleven, there's the "scrub" and your class team, which will meet the other classes in some very lively contests for the college championship.

Rowing, like foot-ball, commences as soon as college opens. You will hear the clank of the rowing-machines every afternoon over in the restaurant building on the back campus, and if you weigh 140 pounds or more you may go in for your class crew. After a month or so on the machines, you will go out in the barge from the college boat-house over on the Schuylkill, and finally the class eight will be picked, and will go into the shell to train for the class races in October. Good work in your class boat will give you a fair chance for the 'varsity

eight, although that will not be picked until spring. The 'varsity crew has a boat-house all to itself, very near college, and below the dam, so that its daily four-mile spin can be had on tide-water.

Lacrosse is also an established branch of University athletics, though as yet it is rather new. In the spring the interest centres in base-ball and cricket (besides rowing), but all the year round "track athletics" command attention, and your class will no doubt do its best to capture the "White Cup," which is awarded each year to the class obtaining most points in athletics, including foot-ball, base-ball, swimming, etc. The "fall sports," or open-air athletic meeting, come in October, and the "spring sports" in May.

But if your class is content to match its strength against the Sophomores only on the river and the athletic field it will be a very queer Freshman class indeed. The University has too much democratic unity to allow animosities to run high, but where are the Freshmen and Sophs who can always meet peaceably? At Pennsylvania rushes are frequent, and sometimes rough, but are thoroughly good-natured, and "slugging" is severely discountenanced. It is during the general mid-day intermission that most of the short rushes occur. A crowd of Sophs will put one of their men in a corner of the Assembly Room, and pack themselves close in front of him. As soon as their songs and derisive yells have aroused the Freshmen to action, there will be a rush, and a "corner fight" has commenced, and will last until the attacking class displaces the "corner man," or is forced to give it up. Or perhaps the Sophomores will try to block the hall or the Assembly Room door; the Freshmen are pretty sure to break through in time, but the fight is hot while it lasts.

Probably every college has some form of annual cane-rush. At Pennsylvania the two lower classes agree upon a Senior for referee, and the Freshmen choose a heavy member of their own class for cane-man. He takes his place in the middle of the back campus, facing the Freshmen. When the signal is given, both classes rush toward him, and the fight sways back and forth for an hour. If the Sophs have not broken the cane when time is called, the hands on it are counted, and the class showing the most hands wins. Another contest which is more distinctive is the "bag-fight." The origin of the rule which forbids a Freshman to carry books in a cloth bag is shrouded in mystery, but it has been the cause of many a fight. Nowadays no Freshman carries a bag unless he is prepared for war, and no matter how prettily his initials may have been embroidered on it, the bag, if taken, will be immediately torn into strips, and aggravatingly flaunted in Sophomoric button-holes.

But the institution dearest to the heart of the Pennsylvania under-class man is the annual "bowl-fight," which is absolutely unique among college fights. No one knows now exactly how it arose. But the story goes that years ago a certain Sophomore class, just after mid-year exams, presented to the lowest Freshman honor man a wooden bowl and spoon, with the declaration that as he was neither too stupid nor too studious, he must be a very fair sort of fellow. The custom was continued, but soon the spoon was dropped, and the bowl grew larger, until there came a year when the Sophomores not only presented the bowl, but attempted to ride the "bowl-man" around town in it. The Freshmen resented this indignity, and smashed the bowl, after a hot struggle, which proved to be the first of a long series.

At first the fights were noted for their fierceness, and it



COLLEGE HALL.

was not at all unusual for the bowl-man to have every stitch torn from him before he could be rushed across the campus and into "Otto's"—the recognized haven of refuge. But recently the bowl-fight, while still interesting, has been brought under regulation, and the bowl-man is allowed to go free after fifteen minutes if not put into the bowl, after which the Freshmen have two hours in which to break the bowl. But the fight is generally a draw, as a bowl is made of a great many pieces of wood, dovetailed so curiously and strongly together that to break the whole is very difficult. It is always a handsome bit of workmanship, costing about fifty dollars, and at the graduation of the class is presented to the second most popular man.

Freshman year, though, isn't all foot-ball and fighting. The social side at the University of Pennsylvania is very strongly developed. Even if you shouldn't join one of the Greek-letter fraternities, there are the Philomathean and Scientific societies, which are recognized by the faculty, and attract many of the brightest students. "Philo" dates back to 1813, and still preserves a high literary character, but "Scientific," though younger, is full of life, and well worthy of its name. For the musical man there are the Glee and Banjo clubs and the Orchestra, always in search of good material; and for the histrionically inclined, the "Mask and Wig," the University's famous dramatic and social society.

Then there are the various concerts and lectures, the theatre parties, the college balls, with their attendant delights, and, in the midst of all, the Freshman class supper. Of course you'll go to that, especially if you have a dress-suit, and don't mind letting the other fellows know it. And you'll have such a jolly good time that when you are a grave and reverend Senior you will still love to recall how Jones upset the coffee, and how the dozen choice spirits at one end of the table startled the mild youth at the other by inquiring tenderly in chorus, "Charlie, does mamma know you came?" and how you all waked the echoes on the way home with "Ben Franklin," and "Here's to Good Old Penn," with a rousing "Hoo rah! hoo rah! hoo rah! Pennsylvania h!" at every corner. There's nothing quite like it except the Sophomore supper a year later.

Quite likely you are asking before this, "But where do the men live?" Well, the chapter on dormitories at Pennsylvania may be almost as brief as the famous one on snakes in Ireland—there aren't any. None were built when the University moved to its present location. Naturally a great many of the students are residents of Philadelphia, and live at home, and the others live at boarding-houses, of which there are many good ones near



A CORNER OF THE ATHLETIC GROUND.

the college. The board ranges from five to eight dollars a week, and is generally very satisfactory. But the authorities and the alumni have for a long time felt that dormitories would add much to the comfort of the students and the well-being of the University, and it has been decided to build them. The plans of the first are already prepared, and work on it will be begun very soon.

That the dormitories, when opened, will make pleasanter homes for the students is certain, but it is doubtful whether they can add much to the perfect social unity and good-fellowship which now exist. Perhaps you have heard it said, as I have, that at a university situated in a large city there can be no real "college life." If so, you may have noticed that the assertion always comes from some one who never was a student at such an institution. At any rate, I shall be willing to leave the question to you after you have finished your Freshman year at the University of Pennsylvania.

THE GOLD-GLEANING CROW.

BY GORHAM SILVA.

A TAME crow is a troublesome pet.

My little daughter's Zace is not an exception to the rule, though wise for a bird, and on one occasion most useful.

Familiar and greedy as a cat, his keen sight, hearing, and gluttonous intelligence are remarkable.

While yet a birdling, above every kind of dainty he craved raw meat. He scented it from afar, and was always on hand to greet the butcher's weekly arrival with a welcoming caw, for which noisy courtesy he received many a juicy titbit.

By Zace's second summer the butcher's business had increased to such an extent that he was obliged to drive around amongst the farmers three times a week.

To call out his customers, as he came in sight of a house the butcher beat a gong he carried. Zace's quick ear never failed to catch the hoarse whir-r-r, and he was promptly on the wing to meet the cart.

As time went on he seemed to know the exact days on which the butcher was due. Perched on the ridge-pole of the house, his shining black head cocked alertly on one side, he appeared to be listening, his keen gleaming eyes staring steadily down in the direction the meat wagon usually came.

At the first faint rattle of the gong in the distance (greater or less, according to the atmosphere), the crow jerked up his head, and sailed off across lots to join the butcher, who was sure to make the intelligent devotion profitable.

His greed temporarily satisfied, he flew to the wagon-top, and rode triumphantly from house to house, cawing a lusty accompaniment to the gong as he went, to the great amusement of all who chanced to see the black blotch on the white canvas.

"The butcher has secured a colored assistant who is very zealous in his caws [cause]," became a standing joke amongst the flesh-vender's customers.

Certainly the gong excited the crow, for he never for an instant ceased to caw while it whirled. But once the wagon stopped, he was down in a twinkling at the butcher's elbow, spying under the cover, silently tearing at the fatty tissues that veiled the lamb joints, and sampling greedily the finest beef roasts.

Instead of provoking, this bold pillage mightily pleased the meat man. "I tell you Zace's the cutest crow alive," he boasted. "He's most human. He'll eat right through a cart."

Certainly the black glutton was justly entitled to the compliments he received.

Often he rode about all day in the cart, but night never failed to bring him home "straight as the crow flies."

Like all crows, Zace's instincts were thievish and mischievous. Gradually he came to be in disrepute with everybody but the butcher and my little daughter. They remained his firm friends, the latter screening his manifold pilferings, and protesting in the face of condemning facts, "Zace is a treasure, and some day he will prove he is."

No one believed in her prophecy. Time, however, verified it.

Around her neck the little girl wore a heavy string of old-fashioned gold beads. An heirloom, they were regarded in the family as of priceless value. The child was both proud and fond of her beads, and Zace liked them too, as he did all small sparkling things. Greedy to add them to his accumulated hoard, he would pluck fiercely at the shining balls to the terror and delight of his young mistress.

But one unlucky day the beads came to grief. The little girl was racing in a wild frolic with a half-grown collie through the tall meadow-grass, when suddenly the dog leaped upon her, and with a sharp claw snapped the string of the beads, and they flew in every direction.

"Oh, my beads, my beads!" she shrieked.

We all ran out, and great was the consternation that prevailed, for we knew how difficult it was to find even larger articles than beads in the heavy grass. We searched diligently, but found only a few, the mass apparently lost forever. We had given up looking for them, and stood about distressed, the child wringing her hands and sobbing as if her heart would break. Suddenly Zace's black head was seen popping above the grass near by, and rising on his wings, he darted directly to

her shoulder, where he sat, fluttering and throwing up his head. His curious movements attracted our attention, and we all watched him narrowly. Conceive of our astonishment when we saw glittering in his beak one of the lost gold beads. With a glad cry the little girl seized the crow by the neck, and wrenched the bead from him.

Not accustomed to such rough treatment from the gentle hand of his mistress, Zace was enraged. He thrashed the child's head fiercely with his wings, and pecked viciously at her eyes. In the midst of her shrieks he turned and plunged again into the grass with an angry caw. Presently he reappeared, and after a few swirls, again alighted on the little girl's shoulder. In his bill shone another bead, which was taken from him with less offence to his crowship than before. Plunging and returning, each time with a bead in his beak, the crow persevered in his gold-gleaning until the entire string was recovered.

"There! I told you Zace was a treasure," shouted joyfully his little mistress, stroking gratefully the dusky wise head of her pet, "and now he has proved that he is."

No one was disposed to contradict her. Zace still lives, a confirmed but respected thief and glutton.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S EARLY YEARS.

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

I.

ALMOST one hundred years have passed away since Thomas Lincoln built his log cabin on Nolin Creek, in Hardin County, Kentucky. He selected a pleasant spot for his future home—a rounded knoll near a spring of sparkling water. It was in the forest. Tall oaks rear-

ed their stately trunks, and sycamores threw out their branches beside the purling stream. The cabin was very small—only sixteen feet square. It had but one room. The floor had not been laid, neither was there any sash or glass in the window, when he moved into it. The stone fireplace at one end was built, but the chimney of sticks plastered with mud was not wholly complete when the young wife, Nancy Hanks Lincoln, kindled the fire and baked the corn-cake for their first meal in the new home.

The newly married couple had very little furniture to begin housekeeping with. There was no crane in the fireplace for the hanging of a pot. The young wife had only a Dutch-oven, a frying-pan, and skillet for baking, frying, and boiling; they must wait awhile before they could have a kettle, and they must be content with stones to hold the wood in the fireplace till they could obtain fire-dogs. Mr. Lincoln was a carpenter, and had an axe, a saw, an auger, and jack-plane, and so could make a table, a stool, and bedstead. He plastered the crevices between the logs with mud, and at night and on windy days stretched a deer's skin across the window to keep out the cold. He hoped that the time would come when he would be able to put in a sash with panes of glass. He had not seen many joyful days, for when he was a little boy only six years old an Indian killed his father, and his mother was left with five young children to care for. There were no schools, nor was there any one to teach him his letters, and so he had grown to manhood without being able to read or write. Although he was a carpenter, he could not earn much money, for the settlers could build their own log cabins, and the time had not come for framed houses.

Although they had little money, the young couple had not much difficulty in obtaining food, for there were wild



THE LISTENING BOY IN HER ARMS HEARS THE WONDERFUL STORY.

turkeys and deer in the woods around them and fish in the creek. Pigs quickly fattened on the acorns dropping from the oaks. The corn planted in May was ripening in October.

There had been few holidays in the girlhood years of the wife, born far away in Virginia. Her father and mother died when she was very young, but kind friends cared for her, and she had grown to be a graceful woman, so gentle in her ways and so good that everybody loved her. She was twenty-three years old, and could spin, weave, and knit. Her hands were ever busy. If her husband brought home a deer, she dressed the skin and made it into a coat or trousers. She baked the corn-cake, broiled the venison, fried the bacon, and made the floorless home cheerful by her presence. There was only one book in the cabin—the Bible, read every day by the young wife to the husband, who could not read. When they sat down to breakfast, dinner, or supper, they asked God's blessing upon the food.

Though Nancy Hanks Lincoln was attentive to all the things around her, her eyes seemed to be looking beyond them, as if she saw things that others did not see. To her life was more than meat, and the body than raiment. She was intellectual, but her lot had been cast upon the frontier, where there were no books to be had to satisfy the hunger of the mind or gratify the longings of the heart. Through the long summer days she heard the piping of the quail, the tender notes of the hermit-thrush, the mournful cooing of the ring-doves, in the woods. In winter there was only the silence of the solitude, and so the sad eyes looked beyond the uncongenial present into the fathomless future. When the work for the day is done, she teaches her husband the alphabet, and picks out easy words for him to read. So the wife becomes his teacher and mentor, lovingly leading him up to her own intellectual plane of life.

The home is gladdened by the coming of a babe, who receives the name of Sarah—honored name in the Bible—Princess. Two years go by, and then, on April 12, 1809, she clasps a son in her loving arms. Such was the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln.

We may think of him as a little child sitting on the skin of a bear or deer spread upon the ground in the floorless cabin, playing with his older sister, while the tireless mother goes on with her work. A little later, when he has learned to walk, he plays in the sunshine around the cabin door, amid the stumps of the sycamores and oaks that have been felled by his father. He hears the birds singing around him, the squirrels chattering in the woods. He toddles down to the spring in the hollow with his sister, and beholds the sparkling water issuing from the rock, and the wild flowers growing luxuriantly upon the verdant banks of the rivulet.

Beautiful the picture in the evening. The hickory logs are blazing in the stone fireplace, the flames leaping up the chimney. The father tells them about his boyhood years—how he was out in the field one day with their grandfather Abraham, who was shot dead by an Indian; while he was wondering what had happened he found himself in the clutches of the Indian, who was carrying him away; how his brother Mordecai, their uncle, only ten years old, ran to the cabin, seized the gun, and shot the savage through the heart.

The mother tells them about another Abraham, the first of the name, who lived in a country far away beyond the sea, who was good, faithful, true, courteous, and kind. The listening boy in her arms hears the wonderful story. Little does the mother know how deeply her gentle words will go down into the heart of her child. Time never will efface them, but they will ever remain to form his character, purify his heart, make beautiful his spirit, glorify his life, and fit him to be a blessing to his fellow-men.

A LOTTERY FOR LIFE.

BY F. KARL KOZEI.

AMONG the numerous mistakes of my life none was perhaps more serious or more productive of evil results than that of running away from home. Just why I did so, I have never been able since to clearly understand. Doubtless the restless, wandering spirit that possesses me yet was the principal cause, and this, excited by constant application to an old volume of *Tales of Travel*, was sufficient.

Although not yet quite fourteen years of age, I was, in my opinion, entirely too large to be longer subjected to parental authority, and when one day, after some unusually bad conduct on my part, my father resorted to the old-fashioned method of correction, viz., an apple switch, I decided to do what I had for some time contemplated—run away.

That night, when all were sound asleep, I carefully packed up the best of my clothing, strapped on a huge navy revolver, which I had kept secreted for some time, crept out of my bedroom window, and started.

Long years intervened before I was again permitted to return to the good home and kind, loving parents upon whom I thus turned my back without a tear or even a regret. Little did I dream, as I trudged sturdily down the country road that night, of the trials, griefs, and heartaches in store for me. Could the veil of the future have been momentarily raised, and I been permitted to catch but a glimpse of its secrets, morning would have found me in my own little bed, instead of sleeping in an old straw-stack five miles away, and consequently this story would not have been written.

As it is not my purpose at this time to enter into a detailed account of my wanderings, hardships, and sufferings on this my first journey away from home, I will only say that three weeks later found me in St. Joseph, Missouri, where I succeeded in attaching myself to a wagon train bound for the golden land of California. Our long, hot, tiresome journey of twenty-two weeks was, in most respects, similar to hundreds of others with which my readers are familiar, and I will not weary you by attempting a detailed description of it.

My duties were those of chore-boy and general "rustler." I took care of the teams night and morning, carried wood and water, greased wagons, and, in fact, was supposed to do everything that no one else wanted to do. I was a servant of servants, and nothing was thought of imposing all kinds of laborious and degrading tasks on my young shoulders. My work always lasted until late at night, and I was compelled to make my rounds among the horses the last thing before retiring for the night, to see that all were properly picketed; and I was kicked out again before daybreak in the morning to bring in the stock, feed, harness, etc. But when breakfast was over, and the day's march fairly under way, I was left to amuse myself until the next camp was reached.

Is it any wonder, then, that I found my greatest satisfaction in allowing the long procession of dingy wagons to get as far away as possible each day, and grew moody and sullen in the companionship of my own thoughts?

Among the saddle-ponies with which our train was supplied was one which none of the men cared to ride, on account of his being so rough-gaited, and which had a bad habit of pulling back when being led. It was equally impossible to drive him, so the "boss" disposed of him by giving him to me to ride.

The pony was called "Nubbin." Why, I never knew, unless it was on account of his short, stubby body suggesting the name to some Yankee owner by its resemblance to the dwarfed ear of corn known by the same name. Gradually, as our companionship continued, we grew very fond of each other. The great bond of

sympathy bound us two, the outcasts of our respective species, together in our common misery and abandonment.

Often we would leave the trail for hours, and, regardless of danger, allow the wagons to proceed several miles in advance, while we loitered in some particularly inviting spot, Nubbin eating his fill of the tender succulent grass, and I busying myself in hunting odd "specimens."

These were to me the only pleasant features of the long tiresome journey, and I honestly believe that Nubbin agreed with me in this matter as in all other respects.

It was during one of these detours that the incident occurred which I am about to relate.

We were winding our way down the beautiful valley of the Humboldt, in Nevada, and not a day passed in which I and my four-footed companion failed to explore either the one side or the other, frequently extending our explorations several miles into the foot-hills.

One morning, leaving the trail as usual, we struck off to the north, intending to ride around a large peak, which, if I remember correctly, is called "Battle Mountain." I knew that in order to accomplish this and join the "procession" again before camping-time, I should have to make pretty good time, so I cantered along at a brisk pace as long as the country would admit of it.

But presently the path we were following grew so rough that a slow walk was imperative. Still we passed on, and by noon had succeeded in covering what I judged to be fully two-thirds of the distance. Stopping only long enough to allow Nubbin time to eat the handful of grain which I carried for him, while I refreshed myself with a cold biscuit and a chunk of jerked venison, we pushed on.

At the end of another mile the rough pathway which we were following left the bed of the ravine, and followed the precipitous side of the mountain. Grave fears that I should not be able to continue now possessed me; but still I persisted, until the trail, now barely wide enough for our passage, reached a point where it turned abruptly around a sharp point of rocks.

Here I paused. Should I go on or turn back? If the former, I should probably be compelled to retreat little farther on; if the latter, I well knew it would be out of the question to retrace my steps and reach camp that night. Then, as a vision of the angry "wagon boss," with his big ox-whip and fearful voice, rose before me, my resolution was formed. I would push on at all hazards.

Cautiously we proceeded, the pathway growing narrower as we advanced until it was not more than four feet in width. Above me rose the solid walls of masonry, their barren sides glistening in the light of the fast-setting sun. On the other side it was equally straight, down a distance of probably two hundred feet. But Nubbin was surefooted; other animals had passed along here, else how came this trail; and I was fully convinced that it could not be much farther to the main roadway.

I was just turning another sharp point, my cautious pony hugging the wall so closely on my left that my foot frequently rubbed against the rocks, when the loud neigh of a horse ahead almost caused me to shout aloud with joy. I was right then. That horse was probably one of our own, and on the main road. A little farther and all would be well, when—

"Hollo, there!"

At the same moment a man on horseback rounded the point and came to a halt. I did not need to check Nubbin; he had already stopped, and stood trembling in every limb as if realizing the danger.

The stranger was dressed in the rough garb of a hunter, and the splendid rifle, together with the ever-present



SEEKING SPECIMENS.

"six-shooter" and "bowie" in his belt, conclusively proved his calling. His horse, a splendid one, seemed to be as badly frightened as poor Nubbin. Their instinct told them of their danger.

My companion was the first to break the silence. "Who are you, anyway, and where do you come from?"

In as few words as possible I answered him. Then, without waiting to hear who he was, I added, excitedly, "But how—how in the world are we ever to get out of here?"

"The first and most important thing of all," said he, "is for you to calm yourself. If there was ever a time in your life when you needed to be cool and collected, that time is now."

His own low calm tones had their effect on me, and, with a tremendous effort, I collected my scattering wits, and began to think more calmly of the perils of our situation.

To pass each other, or to turn around, or even to dismount was an impossibility. What, then, was to be done? Between two horsemen situated as we were, had they been father and son, one or the other must inevitably have become the prey of the abyss.

For a moment neither spoke. No doubt his mind, like mine, was trying to solve the awful problem before us. Our horses stood motionless, leaning against the rocky wall, their nostrils dilated with terror. Above our heads rose the smooth granite surface, not a bush or even a shrub to which we might cling.

"There is no alternative," said I, at last; "one of us must give way to the other."

"I see it so plainly," answered the stranger, "that I would already have blown out the brains of your horse but for the fear that mine in his terror should plunge, and throw us with you to the bottom of the cañon."

"But what shall we do?" again I demanded.

"Draw lots to see which of the two shall make way for the other."

Horrible as it was, it was indeed the only means of re-



WHICH SHALL IT BE?

solving the difficulty. One life must be sacrificed in order that the other might live.

"There are," continued the stranger, "slight chances of success. He who is condemned by lot shall retire backward. It will be but a feeble chance of escape for him, I admit, but nevertheless it is a chance, and especially one in favor of the winner."

"You do not cling to life, then," I cried out, terrified by the *sang-froid* with which this proposition was made.

"On the contrary, no man on earth values his life higher than I. But come, the time is fast slipping away. Are you ready to proceed with the last lottery at which one of us will ever assist, or shall it be a struggle for the mastery?"

The cold perspiration started from my forehead. "Yes, yes! the lottery! Let us proceed. But how?" I cried.

"Listen to me; I have a way," said he. "Let our horses decide for us. The first of us whose horse shall neigh—"

"Wins!" I cried, hastily.

"No, no; shall be the loser. You may be able to make your horse neigh; to hinder him from doing so is a very different matter."

I do not know how long we sat there waiting for the signal that should consign one of us to his doom. It seemed to me an age; but at last it came.

It came from Nubbin!

I confess that I was not greatly surprised. Something—a "still small voice"—told me how it would result, and I actually felt relieved when the awful suspense was ended. The stranger remained as cool and collected as before. He only said:

"Take your time; don't hurry."

From the very outset I had no faith in my ability to retreat by backing my horse. With any horse the long distance to be traversed in this awkward fashion would have rendered the task extremely perilous, and when the natural stubbornness of Nubbin was added, I had no hope.

Gathering the reins in my trembling hands, however, I prepared to make the trial. As my horse felt the bit pressing his mouth, he only shook his head, and settled himself the more firmly in his tracks. At last, by calling to him and petting him, I managed to back him a few paces. Then, after letting the poor brute rest a moment, I began the same manoeuvre. Again I succeeded in backing him a little, when all at once I felt his hind feet give way. With an exclamation of horror, I closed my eyes, in expectation of being hurled on the rocks below; but, with a mighty effort, Nubbin succeeded in regaining his feet, and once more we were safe.

But all my coaxing and tugging would not induce him to take another step, and at last I gave it up in despair. For the first time I now gave way completely, and laying my arm against the stone, put my throbbing head upon it, and burst into a flood of tears.

As I wept, I saw through my tears a vision of the home I had forsaken—the home I should never see again. I beheld my parents and sister as they sat around the old familiar fireside. I saw my own empty chair; no need to preserve it longer; I should never need it again. I—

"Come, come, my young friend! Keep up your courage and try again."

Slowly I raised my head at the sound of my companion's voice. Slowly I drew back my hand. As I did so, I felt my fingers cross a small crevice in the rock, and again hope leaped up in my breast. Upon examination, I found an irregularly shaped hole about one inch in diameter, and about six inches deep, being almost perpendicular. Small as it was, it held for me the means of life. Drawing my old "navy," I placed the barrel in the hole, crowding it in as firmly as possible. The cylinder and stock, being left above the rock, furnished me with a good solid support to cling to; but doubting my ability to hold fast after my excitement, I proceeded to try still another plan. Unfastening the strong strap which supported the stirrup, I buckled it securely around my body, and then passed the other end of the loop over the butt of my revolver. Then throwing my right leg over on the same side with my left, I braced myself against the rocky wall, and gave a tremendous kick.

As I had anticipated, the push given poor Nubbin so far overbalanced him that he lost his footing and fell. With his hind feet hanging entirely over, for an instant he hung to the hard rocks, while every muscle of his tough little body was strained to its utmost tension in his vain endeavor to recover himself. Then, with a piercing cry that was almost human, he fell backward, and I heard him dashing against the rocks below. Poor, faithful, stubborn Nubbin, your life saved mine!

With a single stroke of my knife I severed the strap which supported me, and dropped safely to the narrow path. Then, followed and encouraged by my late mortal foe, I retraced my steps to where the trail admitted of his dismounting. As he descended from his horse my false strength gave way, and I fell fainting in his arms.

My unconsciousness, however, only lasted a few moments; and after assuring himself that I was all right, my companion informed me that our camp was less than a half-mile away. It was soon reached, and after recounting my adventure, I was severely flogged by the wagon boss and sent to bed.

It is hardly necessary to add that I was not allowed to wander away from the train any more during the journey, nor did I care to do so.

GRACIE'S GODSON.

BY E. H. HOUSE

Part I.

I.

FIRST you shall learn how two babies—so called or mis-called—were made acquainted with each other under strange and anomalous conditions; and afterward how one of them, by most unusual processes, but greatly to his happiness, became the other's godson.

Mrs. George Sheldon stood at an open window of her house in one of the far uptown districts of New York, looking across a little grass-plot which belonged to the establishment, and gravely inspecting the antics of a crowd of boys who were noisily amusing themselves on the sidewalk. She was in great distress. Her daughter Grace, a child five years of age, lay dangerously ill upstairs—so ill that the doctor doubted her chance of recovery unless she could be kept in perfect rest and quiet for several days to come. Mr. Sheldon had ordered tan to be spread in the street to deaden the sound of passing vehicles, and within-doors the utmost silence was maintained day and night. But there was one cause of disturbance which had just that afternoon made itself apparent, and against which the anxious mother felt herself unable to contend.

The street urchins of that neighborhood were as bad a rabble as could be found in any except the most disreputable quarters of the city. Fine residences were gradually crowding out the rude hovels which originally covered the ground, but numbers of wretched shanties still remained, occupied by an extremely low and ill-regulated class of tenants. The proportion of children among these seemed entirely beyond reasonable calculation. They swarmed through the thoroughfares at all hours, bent upon nothing but finding ways of making themselves obnoxious and destroying the peace of decent citizens. No form of diversion was satisfactory to them in which they could not contribute to the annoyance and exasperation of the orderly community. Clamor and confusion were essential to their happiness, and he who could discover the newest methods of creating uproar became the temporary leader in their pastimes and the idol of his mates.

A handsome fence of iron bars separated the Sheldons' little lawn from the sidewalk. It is a matter of notorious record that since the earliest dawn of history fences of this description have been choice objects of interest and affection to boys of every station and degree, their rooted conviction being that such structures are fabricated solely to afford them the unspeakable delight of dragging sticks along the parallel spokes from end to end, thereby producing a clangor like that of a watchman's rat-

tle multiplied and aggravated a hundredfold. To the very best of boys the temptation to indulge in this exhilarating sport is almost irresistible. By the boys of the locality in which the Sheldons dwelt it would have been deemed a wilful if not a criminal neglect of opportunity a flying in the face of beneficent fortune to refrain from revelling in the luxury which circumstance had placed at their disposal. The only wonder was that they had not found it out before, and turned it to happy account.

Now, however, the entertainment was in vigorous operation, and the performers were making up for the time lost during the period when the splendid possibilities of iron pickets were yet unrevealed to them. The master of ceremonies was a youth somewhat smaller in stature and presumably younger than the majority of his companions, who carried in his right hand a steel rod about two feet long, which he pressed with all his force against the bars as he ran the whole length of the fence, making a din sufficient to shatter the senses of a rhinoceros, not to speak of the delicate nerves of a little sick girl. He was closely followed by a dozen or more juvenile vagabonds, some with barrel staves, some with broom handles, some with sections of stove funnels. Several of the party carried two clattering contrivances, one in each fist. The commander-in-chief was debarred this privilege, being under the necessity of holding a bundle of newspapers to his side with the left arm, but the energy and dexterity with which he manipulated the steel rod gave him a superiority which could not justly be contested, and made him easily the first among his fellows—*facile princeps*, he would have been called had he been a gutter imp of ancient Rome instead of an unruly newsboy of modern New York.

What could Mrs. Sheldon do? She might send for a policeman, and have the mischievous mob dispersed, but she well knew that the relief thus obtained would be merely momentary. The officer's back would no sooner



THE ENTERTAINMENT WAS IN VIGOROUS OPERATION.

be turned than the pests would be at their work again strengthened with re-enforcements, and stimulated by revengeful wrath to fresh exertions. The unhappy lady was in torture at the thought of what her darling might be suffering from the hideous tumult. She understood how useless would be any attempt to bribe the malefactors to peace and quiet. Pity was not in their nature. They would have taken her money, and then spread the intelligence that instantaneous wealth was at the command of any body of boys who chose to seek it through this fascinating channel. The nuisance would simply be intensified and prolonged.

While she gazed, more in sorrow than in anger, at the persecutors of her baby, the director of the discordant orchestra chanced to turn in her direction, and caught sight of her face at the raised window. This young scapegrace was not without some of the qualities of an estimable lady immortalized by a famous poet of the last century: "Though on pleasure he was bent, he had a frugal mind." He checked himself abruptly in his furious race up and down the sidewalk, and pushing open the gate, ran across the lawn, and planted himself directly in front of Mrs. Sheldon.

"Papeers!" he cried. "Evening papeers! *Wor yeeld! Sun! Tel gram!*"

The lady shook her head without speaking.

"Extree!" persisted the peddler of news. "*Wor yeeld—sport'n edish'n! Mail 'n' Express ess.*"

Receiving no encouragement, he whirled swiftly upon his heels, right willing to relinquish the shadowy hope of commerce with a stranger for the certainty of resuming a delightful recreation with his comrades.

"Oh, baby! baby!" exclaimed Mrs. Sheldon, sadly, as he started away with a flourish of his metal rod in the air.

Unexpectedly to her he swung round again and looked up with an impudent stare of inquiry.

"No," she said; "I want no papers."

"Yer called me," he returned, sulkily.

"I did not call," she replied.

"Yes, yer did. Yer sung out 'Baby.'"

"Is your name Baby?" Mrs. Sheldon asked, with indifference, not caring in the least whether it was or not.

"O' course it ain't; but that's what the fellers calls me—choke 'em! Just wait till I get a year bigger. Then I'll 'Baby' every father's son of 'em!"

Mrs. Sheldon now looked at the boy more attentively than before, and what she saw impressed her. He was about twelve years old, raggedly clad, and as untidy as those of his calling are apt to be. His attitude was defiant, and the expression of his countenance was hard and aggressive. But the features were as fine and delicate as those of a girl, and the dirt on his cheeks could not hide the clear brightness of his complexion. In his red tangled hair there was a shine of gold, and his large blue eyes gleamed with a light the charm of which went far to counteract the vicious boldness of their stare. It seemed probable to the observant lady that the title of "Baby" had been bestowed by his associates in consequence of his peculiar beauty, which they regarded as effeminate and infantile, and that he resented the imputations it conveyed with the spirit becoming to an advanced newsboy of the nineteenth century.

The thought came rapidly to her mind that the epithet applied in mockery might possibly have some justification in the lad's character; and if this were the case, an appeal to his better feeling on behalf of her afflicted child might not be utterly fruitless. It was a slender hope, but she would make the trial.

"I'll buy your papers," she said.

"How many of 'em?"

"All you have, if you will do what I desire. Come into the house; I will open the door."

"What's the game?" he demanded, with a sharp glance of distrust.

"Come; if you wish to sell your papers. If not, I can wait here no longer."

"Yer won't go to set a watch-dog on me?" he said, hesitating. "I can't fight a watch-dog."

By way of reply she drew a portemonnaie from her pocket, and took out some loose silver. The glitter of the coin appeared to allay his suspicions, and when she threw back the hall-door he walked jauntily in, with considerably more effrontery in his air than was natural or appropriate to the situation.

"What is your real name?" inquired Mrs. Sheldon, leading the way to the room in which she had been standing.

"Dun' no'," was the reply, in a sullen tone.

"Surely you are not always called Baby?"

"Down at the newspaper shops they calls me the Coyote."

"Indeed! And which do you like best?"

"By-'n'-by I'm goin' to take the hide off of every feller what's called me Baby—if I kin."

"Very well; it doesn't matter whether you have a name or not. Now take off your cap."

"What'll I do with it?" demanded the young scamp, looking furtively and warily about him. He obeyed, however, and held the tattered head-covering awkwardly in his hand, with a look of surprise at being thus required to encumber himself, when any one might see that to leave it in its natural and customary resting-place would be much more comfortable for all concerned.

"Put it in your pocket, if you like," said the lady; "anywhere except on your head."

He preferred to roll it up and poke it inside the breast of his flaring red woollen shirt, after which he proceeded to dishevel his hair with the unoccupied hand; but he could not brush away the rich coloring or straighten the kink out of the short curls.

"Listen to me," Mrs. Sheldon continued. "Have you a mother or a sister?"

"No," he answered, without a sign of interest.

"Have you ever been sick?"

"Guess not; don't remember."

"I have a little girl scarcely more than a baby who is very sick, perhaps dying. The least noise hurts her terribly. Can you stop that dreadful banging on the fence?"

"What'll yer give me to stop?"

"I don't mean you alone; I want you to keep the others quiet, too."

"How kin I do that?" he asked, impatiently.

"If you tell them why, perhaps they will go away."

"O' course they won't," he rejoined, scornfully. "Catch 'em!"

The sorrowful mother was reluctant to let the chance slip by, poor as it was. If this small ragamuffin had a spark of humanity in him, it ought to be touched by the anguish of her child. It was hard to believe that a boy of his years could be wholly insensible to compassion. Suddenly she resolved to bring him face to face with the little invalid upstairs.

"Come and look at my dear daughter," she said.

"When you see how weak and ill she is, you will understand why I ask you to help me. Step softly, and do not speak out loud."

II.

Without a word the newsboy followed her to the floor above, and walked unmoved into the chamber where the ailing girl lay. A nurse who was sitting at the bedside looked up astonished at the unexpected visitor, but Mrs. Sheldon imposed silence by a gesture, and beckoned him to draw near.

It needed no keen perception to realize the sufferer's condition. Her gentle face was haggard with pain, and her soft dark eyes seemed to plead for relief as she turned them beseechingly upon her mother.

"Mamma," she moaned, feebly, "please do make them stop; my head aches so."

"I am going to try, dear," Mrs. Sheldon answered. To the boy she added, in an undertone: "You can see what misery she is in. When you tell your playfellows they will surely listen."

"Do no good," he muttered. "Gi' me a minute to think. May I look out o' winder?"

"Yes. We have to keep it open all the time, 'the heat is so great. You can hear how frightful the noise is."

He crept across the room, and peered cautiously forth. While he did this, the nurse, who regarded him with extreme disfavor, said to Mrs. Sheldon,

"Don't trust that wretch for anything, ma'am; he'll be a great deal readier to do harm than good."

"He has a beautiful face, nurse."

"But the wickedness of his eyes is awful. There's nothing but spitefulness in him."

She would have continued in the same strain if the object of her disparagement had not quickly returned and interrupted her. He was smiling in a peculiar and by no means amiable way.

"I'm the feller that kin do it," he said, with a hoarse chuckle. "What's the figure?"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," the nurse broke in, very earnestly, though as softly as possible. "You ought to be overjoyed to do anything in the world for this dear unhappy little angel."

"This is biz," he retorted, with an ugly scowl. "The lady promised to buy all my papers."

"That is true," assented Mrs. Sheldon; "and I will do it, and a great deal more if you can drive those boys out of the street."

"I've got the trick," he responded, leering craftily. "I know how to work it straight through, if yer come down handsome, and make it worth my while. Yer've only got to leave it to me, and it goes. Put up the cash, and I'll clear 'em all out, sure as I stand here. I kin send 'em spinning soon as I like, or," he whispered, with a malicious grin, "I kin keep 'em at it harder 'n ever all day long and p'raps all night. 'Tain't for me to say which it's goin' to be. It's for you to choose, ma'am, and make up yer mind how much yer'll stand."

Mrs. Sheldon looked at the heartless young reprobate with unconcealed disgust. The nurse was for a moment speechless with indignation, but quickly recovering the use of her tongue, she said,

"Don't give him a cent, ma'am, I beg of you; not unless he proves that he can do what you wish."

"I will pay for your papers in any case," Mrs. Shel-



SHE ADDED IN AN UNDERTONE, "YOU CAN SEE WHAT MISERY SHE IS IN."

don remarked, coldly; "that was agreed. If you stop this hideous crashing, you shall have— Give attention, if you please."

She paused, observing that he was casting sharp glances about the room and curiously inspecting the furniture, instead of listening as closely as she thought necessary.

"I'm a-hearin' of yer," he replied. "Go ahead, ma'am."

"If you make them stop now, you shall come to me this evening at nine o'clock for half a dollar. If they are quiet all day to-morrow you shall have another half-dollar at the same hour."

"It's too much, Mrs. Sheldon," protested the nurse.

"Not if he succeeds. And so on every day until my child is well."

"S'pose she don't get well?"

"You unfeeling little monster, how dare you?" said the nurse, writhing under the necessity of keeping her ire within bounds. "Of course she will get well."

"Oh, I dare say, 'cause *you're* a-nursin' of her," was the sneering response. "Well, I didn't mean for her to hear, anyway. So that's the bargain, ma'am. I'm to have half a dollar for every day the fellers don't play onto the fence!"

"Yes; and my thanks, if you care for them."

It did not appear that he was dazzlingly allured by this part of the prospective reward. His eyes began to rove around the chamber again, as if attracted by the various unfamiliar objects distributed here and there. All at once he said: "Will yer let me look into the street once more?"

Mrs. Sheldon nodded in assent, and for a minute he devoted himself to a second scrutiny of the window, after which he returned apparently satisfied.

"The papers is thirty-five cents," he observed.

"I will count them, ma'am," proposed the nurse.

"Oh, go 'way!" the thrifty speculator grunted, in deep

scorn and mockery. "Anybody kin see 'tain't *your* kid that's sick."

"Be quiet," ordered Mrs. Sheldon. "Here is the money, and you may keep the papers. They are of no use to me."

"May I?" he said, greedily; but, on reflection, he declined the offer, though with evident reluctance. "No, that'll spoil my game. But if yer want to make me a present, I'll take it money down."

"Oh, ma'am, do send the jackanapes away," entreated the nurse. "He's only deceivin' you."

The jackanapes surveyed her with cool contempt, and, turning his back to the bed, addressed himself exclusively to the mistress of the house.

"I'll go now," he said. "Yer'll hear lots of music for the next five or ten minutes. Don't mind that. Shut the window if yer can't stand the racket. Yer'll see me goin' in loader'n any of 'em. That's all right; yer'll be able to hold out a little while longer, I guess. Then I'll come back to the house and pretend to talk to you. I sha'n't have nothing to say; just let me in, and pretty soon I'll clear out for good. If I can't fix the boys, nobody can't do it. Say, it's square about that half-dollar to-night?"

"You shall have it, if you earn it."

He pocketed the money that was handed to him, laid his bundle of papers on a chair, drew forth his cap and clapped it on the back of his head, made an apish grimace at the nurse, who watched the proceedings wrathfully, and betook himself down stairs and into the open air.

III.

Though her expectations had not much to rest upon, Mrs. Sheldon followed the newsboy's movements attentively through the window. For a time she saw little to encourage her.

The reappearance of their leader was the signal for an uproarious demonstration on the part of the juvenile mob. After the interchange of a few words, he sprang with redoubled vigor to his interrupted sport, using not only the formidable steel rod, but also an old saw blade, of which he ruthlessly dispossessed a smaller member of the brotherhood.

"He's the worst of them all," said the nurse, who had come to look on by her employer's side.

"He told me he should do this at first," answered Mrs. Sheldon, clinging to the faintest chance of a respite.

"Ah, ma'am, there's nothing on earth like their rascal-ity."

"I thought he seemed less wild and brutal than they generally are, nurse. Did you notice that he spoke a little more correctly than most of them? He did not say 'de' and 'dat' for 'the' and 'that,' like many that you hear. Perhaps he has some ideas of right and wrong."

"Well, ma'am, it's my opinion the workin's of the human breast don't go by parts o' speech, nor yet the way you pronounce 'em. I've heard ladies that goes out to service make mistakes in a way with their mouths, and their hearts as good as California gold all day long."

A stronger brogue than usual accompanied the slight tone of injury in which the excellent Irish nurse delivered this piece of wisdom, and Mrs. Sheldon forbore further discussion of the delicate point. She was about to turn the conversation to subjects in which no tinge of personality could be suspected, when it was observed that the order of events without began to change. A number of the older boys suspended operations and withdrew from the line. They were seen to follow the "Baby," and question him eagerly. He also paused, and allowed himself to be drawn into an animated conversation. But his inactivity did not last long; he was quickly at work again, creating alone as much din as the half-dozen who had retired. Presently he was surrounded, and an attempt was

made to drag him from the fence. This he resisted angrily, and a stormy debate ensued. His voice was heard loud above the rest, though what he said could not be distinguished. At last he seemed to yield to the pressure put upon him by the majority and with every indication of repugnance and ill humor he left the crowd, and marched up the pathway to the house. The commotion ceased as if by magic.

"He has actually stopped them," exclaimed Mrs. Sheldon. "How could he do it?"

"Don't be too sure, ma'am," the nurse advised. "It may be a trick to get the money sooner. Pray don't give him any before night."

Mrs. Sheldon went to the door and admitted the boy, who showed no disposition to respond to her questions, saying merely that he guessed the job was safe now, and that he would come for his pay at nine o'clock.

"And then you will tell me how you persuaded them," she proposed.

"Not much," he replied, winking slyly. "When I get a good thing, I keep it to myself."

And indeed it was long before the lady, or any of her family, learned the secret of his power to control the actions of that lawless tribe.

The Baby, or the Coyote, as it less offended his dignity to be designated, was a strategist. Outside of the narrow range of his obscure life and class he knew nothing, but with the nature and characteristics of his associates he was pretty thoroughly acquainted. To this accurate understanding he owed the success of the scheme he had devised for the abatement of Mrs. Sheldon's grievance and his own pecuniary advantage.

When he came forth, after pledging himself to undertake the difficult enterprise, he assumed an air of dense preoccupation, scarcely heeding the acclamations which greeted him. To the inquiries of his most intimate friends he vouchsafed only the curtest replies.

"Where's your paper, Baby?"

"No use for 'em; got a bigger job on hand;" and he wrenched the saw blade away from the weaker brother, as heretofore described, and commenced a series of variations on the fence with all the might of his soul and body.

This was mysterious, and a mystery is not the sort of thing to be passed by the ordinary street arab without probing. The big boys began to transfer their interest from the pursuit of the hour to their comrade's behavior. Without consultation, but inspired by a common impulse, they drew aside and studied him. So far as they could perceive, he was entirely unconscious of this scrutiny, and they soon proceeded to more active and direct methods of investigation.

"Say, Baby, what's up?" "Gone out o' de newspaper biz, Baby?" "Who's in wid yer on de new lay?" "Got Vanderbilk for a pardner, Baby?"

These and similar inquiries received no attention, and the temper of the crowd went through a variety of hasty changes, until it rose to a state of high excitement. Then the Baby desisted from his labors and condescended to explain.

"See here, there's a lot o' sick kids in that house. Not very sick, but too sick to be let out. Nothin' them kids likes so much as rattlin' on these here rails. If they can't do it themselves, they hanker to hear it. Cry for it all day long. Just tickled to death when we started in this afternoon. Mother called me in, and offered me a half to keep it up till supper-time. What's papers to that? Oh yes; I guess not. You let me alone; I've struck it solid this stretch, I tell yer."

"Say, Baby, did she pay yer down?"

"Never you mind; the pay's all safe. Stand out o' the way there."

"Goin' to let us in, Baby, ain't yer?"

"What 'll I let yer in for? This job belongs to me."

"Ain't we goin' to get nothin' for what we've been doin'? We've been hard at work amusin' dem kids for nigh an hour. We don't go round serenadin' sick kids free gratis dis year, does we, fellers?"

"Not if we knows it," was the tenor of the general cry.

"Look a-here, Jim Broggins," said the Baby, addressing the tallest and leanest of the pack, and assuming an accent of wounded virtue, "what d'yer want to break me up for? Just you go along and spot a house for yerself that's got sick kids into it. I ain't a-tryin' to crowd you out nowhere."

"Oh, ain't yer?" rejoined the lank Broggins. "Well, we ain't agoin' to be crowded out here, neider. What d'yer say, fellers? We've been buildin' up a business all de afternoon, and as soon as it begins to pay, de Baby he waltzes in and scoops de profits. Well, it don't go. Yer've got to square wid us, Baby, or we'll make yer keep still, anyway."

A loud chorus of assent attested the universal agreement in this decision, and the Baby, artfully allowing his countenance to fall, appeared greatly dejected.

"What's the good of half a dollar among a dozen of us?" he said, moodily.

"No good at all," answered Broggins, promptly. "She's got to give more. De idea of expectin' us to entertain a lot o' lazy kids at dat cheap figure. You go and fix it, Baby."

"No use," objected the wily speculator, shaking his head emphatically.

"Den *you'll* shut up shop, dat's all."

"Tell yer what I'll do, Jim Broggins," the young diplomatist said, after a moment of pretended meditation. "Step over here, you and our partic'lar chums."

He beckoned half a dozen of his special allies, and confided to them privately that while it was out of the question to look for any such remuneration as would satisfy

the entire assemblage, there was no objection that he might persuade the lady to give enough for the needs of a select committee like themselves. For the small fry it would not matter. They could be frozen out. If they put on airs, they should be summarily dealt with. He would do his best to get the terms fixed at a quarter apiece for the six of them, and if any fellow thought he could drive a better bargain, let him go up and try.

"Go it, Baby; you're de daisy!" shouted Broggins; and his sentiments were enthusiastically echoed by the new combination.

In supposed pursuance of this object, the delegate returned to the house and held his brief second interview with Mrs. Sheldon. When he came forth again, the gloom of unutterable woe and disappointment was stamped upon his brow.

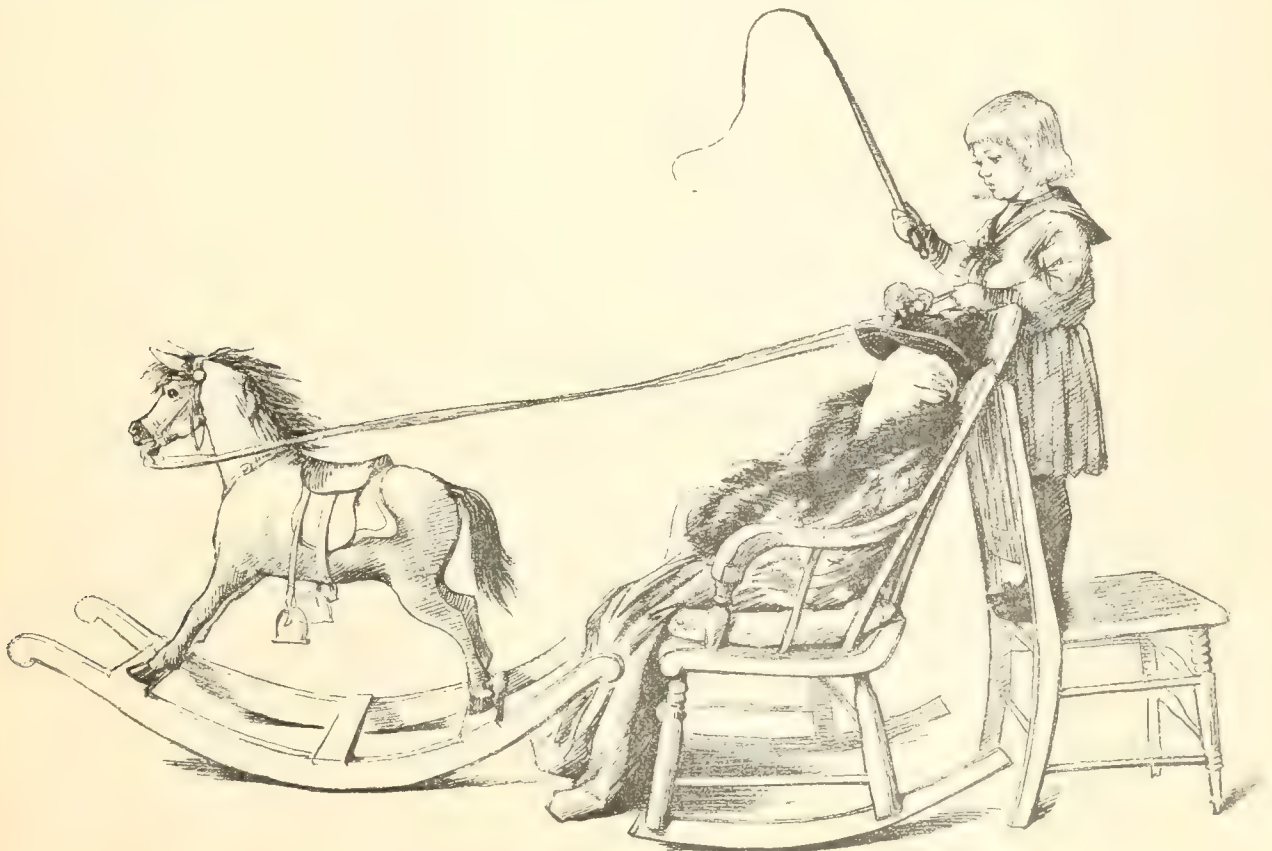
"What's up, Baby? Won't she come to time?"

"She's a stiff 'un, fellers. Said she'd set her dog on me, if she warn't afraid my clothes would p'ison him."

"What for?"

"I told her the whole story, and said we'd do it up handsome for a dollar 'n' a half all round, every afternoon. She just stuck out her chin and made faces. Then I asked her what she'd agree to, and she said half a dollar, and no more. I told her we couldn't afford it, no-how; that we'd got an organization and would go on strike, every one of us, if she didn't meet us fair and liberal. I thought that would scare her, but she up and laughed. 'I kin buy all the fence music I want for half a dollar a day,' says she, 'and you may consider yourself discharged.' 'Good enough, ma'am,' says I; 'you an' yer kids 'll have no more fun out o' them iron railin's till yer plank down.' Then she went sassy, and let on about the dog, and insulted me clothes, and I got out in a hurry. But never mind, fellers. Let her find out we're in earnest, and she'll have to give in. Do what I tell yer, and we're dead sure to win this trick."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE HANSOM CAB.

AN OLD PORTRAIT.

BY MARGARET L. SANGSTER

IN Mistress Kate's peculiar bower,
Among the daisies on the wall
A face looks down, with mystic power
The restless heart to thrall.

A dainty room, all gold and white,
Is Mistress Kate's—like yours, perhaps
With windows open to the light,
And cushioned seats for slumber traps.

Beneath the potter's silken folds,
Above the great rug's snowy fur,
'Mid cures rare and carven moulds,
And pot-pourri of myrrh,

Looks down the lovely girlish face,
Soft curling hair, and eyes of brown,
A dimple in the dimple's place,
A tiny puzzled frown.

"A find of mine," cried Mistress Kate.
"An aunt she was to grandmamma;
The dusky attic was her fate,
Until I came and rescued her.

"I think she suits my room. Don't you?
No doubt a beauty in her day."
Kate flashed on me her eyes of blue,
And singing, turned away.

An aunt of grandmamma's, I thought;
Then three times fifty years ago
Those little hands their sampler wrought!
She had her day! Heighho!

SOME NOVEMBER DATES.

BY KIRK MUNROE

WHAT boy or girl does not regard it as a most important thing to step from twelve years old into the "teens"? It is an interesting time in any life, and not less so in that of a magazine than to a human being. So, then, all of us who love this dear little paper will examine the present number with a greater interest than usual, for to-day is its twelfth birthday anniversary, and this is the beginning of its thirteenth year.

I wonder how many of its present readers remember the baby paper of but eight pages and without a cover that was ushered into existence and examined with such curiosity on November 4, 1879. Do you recall its first serial story, "The Brave Swiss Boy," and the front page picture of Toni Hirzel, the mountaineer, and his son Walter, or "Walty," as he was called? Curiously enough, the very first words ever published in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE were "The first beams of the morning sun," etc. That first serial was followed in quick succession by "Toby Tyler" and "Nan" and "The Flamingo Feather," and scores of others equally charming. Thus the serials alone published in this paper during the past twelve years form a library that any young reader might be proud to possess.

In that first number there was but a suggestion of the Post-office Box, and its single letter was the one written by the Postmistress, inviting contributions to her department. The next Post-office Box, which, by-the-way, appeared on the second page of the second number, contained two letters, which were all that had been received when it was ready to go to press. They were from Willie J. H., who wanted to know how he should feed a little alligator that had just been presented to him; and from Lulu W., who asked if the YOUNG PEOPLE was not going to have a work-box department for little girls. I wonder if either of these earliest correspondents are still readers of the paper.

Although most of us thought that first number a remarkably fine production, now, regarded from the standpoint of twelve years later, it seems a very quaint little paper, at which we smile as we fondly turn its pages. There is just as much difference between it and this present issue of November 3, 1891, as there is between a newly born babe and the sturdy lad who represents that same babe twelve years later.

How long ago 1879 seems, and yet how quickly the years have passed, and how much has happened in that time! The boys and girls of twelve years ago are men and women now, as the YOUNG PEOPLE readers of to-day will be twelve years hence. And these "teen" years will form the most important period of your lives. In them your characters will be moulded, school days will end for most of you, and your life's work will be decided upon. Take a lesson then from this little magazine, my dear young readers, and strive to make each number such an improvement over the last, that at the end of twelve years you can look back with honest pride to just so many stages of development, each of which is an upward step toward a perfect life.

Have you ever taken an interest in searching back through history, and discovering what important events have happened on the date of your own birthday or during the month in which you were born? I do; and lately, while thinking of this birthday of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, I have looked up some of the November happenings that are of particular interest to us Americans.

Thus I find that on one 3d of November occurred the crowning act of that great Revolution by which American independence was secured and established. On that day the valiant little army which had fought so stubbornly and bravely for nearly eight long years was formally disbanded, and its members were sent back to the homes whose peace and prosperity their sufferings had insured. On another 3d of November only eleven years later was born William Cullen Bryant, who before he was twenty had written a poem that will cause his name to be remembered so long as American literature shall exist.

In this same month of November, though many years later, was born another American writer whose name is dear to all readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. I mean Louisa May Alcott, the author of *Little Women*, who furnished some of her best short stories to these pages. A third American author of world-wide reputation, Washington Irving, died in November, and so did Horace Greeley, the famous founder of the New York *Tribune*.

On November 9, 1620, the weary wave-tossed pilgrims on board the brave little *Mayflower* caught their first glimpse of the New England coast. A year later Governor Bradford issued the first Thanksgiving Proclamation, thus instituting a festival which, after being confined for more than two hundred years to New England, at length became national in its character, and is now observed on the last Thursday of each November throughout the length and breadth of our land.

Another of our national days, that on which we honor the memories of those who died for their country's sake, was also first observed in November. Although Memorial Day now comes on the 30th of May, the first visiting and decoration of our soldiers' graves was on the occasion of the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg in November, 1863. In the same month of the same year were fought the terrible battles of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain ("the battle above the clouds") just outside of Chattanooga. At the same time the siege of Knoxville was in progress, and the month was filled with events of thrilling interest from its first day to its last.

In one sad November during the Revolution the American army was driven from its last stronghold in the vicinity of New York city, while a joyous November

seven years later witnessed the evacuation by British troops of the same city, now become their last stronghold in the land they had hoped to conquer.

All the YOUNG PEOPLE readers in Ohio and Washington should know and remember that their States were admitted to the Union in November, though the former is eighty-seven years older as a State than the one that only came in two years ago.

In this month, nineteen years ago, the city of Boston was the scene of a conflagration so terrible that it burned over sixty acres of massive stone, brick, and iron buildings in the very business heart of the community, and destroyed \$70,000,000 of property before its awful fury was stayed.

A most notable November in our history was that one in 1765, the first day of which was observed throughout the thirteen colonies as a period of mourning on account of the going into effect of the hated Stamp Act. It increased the burden of taxation upon those who had no voice in their own government, and aroused them to such a sense of injustice that ten years later they rebelled, and the war of the Revolution was begun. On that first day of November, therefore, the church bells were solemnly tolled, flags floated at half-mast, and business was everywhere suspended. All over the land such men as Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry, James Otis, and John Adams addressed patriotic speeches to throngs of their countrymen, and fired their hearts with thoughts of a glorious independence.

The November of 1861 will ever be famous in our political history because in that month, for the first and only time, two presidents were elected within these United States—Abraham Lincoln to rule in Washington, and Jefferson Davis in Richmond.

To our neighbors across the Rio Grande November is as dear a month as July is to us, for on its sixth day, in 1813, the Mexicans proclaimed their independence of the crown of Spain, and formed the second greatest republic of the Western hemisphere.

These are but a few of the notable events in which we Americans are especially interested that have occurred in November, but they are sufficient to show how many things besides the birth of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE are to be celebrated by anniversaries at this time. In the same manner, by looking up the dates that coincide with those of your own birthdays, you will find them to be famous for many important events. Thus your pride in your birth date will be greatly increased, and you will discover that it possesses an especial interest to many people besides yourself.

A SMALL PARCEL OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I NEVER saw him but once, and that was on the afternoon of a bitter cold December day some five years ago. I was standing on the rear platform of a Broadway horse-car, when he jumped, or rather fell, on board, a heavy bundle of newspapers under his arm, and possibly a dozen pennies in his right hand, which, as he fell over my feet, were scattered broadcast.

"Come, now, clumsy," growled the conductor, too chilled to be amiable. "Git off the cyar. There's nobody wants papers here."

"I don't know about that," said I, rather sympathizing with the poor little mite of a boy, who stood rubbing the tears from his eyes with a hand that would have been black with grime had it not been blue with cold. "People change their minds about buying papers. Give the boy a chance."

"I ain't goin' to keep openin' and shuttin' the door for the likes o' him," retorted the conductor; "an' besides,

I'm on to that tumblin' trick. He falls onto the cyar and loses fi'pence, an' then gets soft-hearted gents to buy out his papers for twicet their . . ."

"I don't neither," returned the boy, indignantly. "I fell 'coz I'm near froze. Lemme git inside, will yer, an' warm up?"

"I'll let yer git off the cyar right off," responded the conductor, gruffly. "An' if yer don't sleep off yer fall off. See?"

"That's all very well," said I, opening the door and pushing the animate icicle, with the papers, inside. "He doesn't fall off while I'm here; and what is more, he'll sit inside until he thaws if he wants to."

Ding-ding went the bell. The car stopped, and the conductor made ready to put the boy off.

"There's his fare," said I, dropping a nickel into the conductor's hand, at the same time stepping inside, and sitting down by the boy, who was really so cold that he could scarcely ungrip his fingers from his papers. "And the papers are mine," I added, putting a quarter into the boy's pocket. "If you want to make trouble for yourself you may put us both off; one does not go without the other."

The answer to this was a vicious jerk on the bell, which set the car going once more. I noticed that the conductor did not register the fare on the big dial at the end of the car, but I supposed that was due to his indignation at my interference, and so, rather than goad him to desperation, I did not call his attention to his omission.

Besides, I was too much interested in the boy to pay much attention to the conductor. He would have been a pretty boy if he had not been compelled to go into business so early in life. It was easy to see that fifty per cent. of the care lavished upon boys in happier circumstances, if devoted to him, would have resulted in the kind of child that people in passing would turn back to look upon; but the cares of commercial life, combined with an utter ignorance of that commodity known as soap, had brought him to a condition of body which was almost pitiable. His great blue eyes and puny frame were about the only visible evidences that he was under eight years of age. His face had a gaunt, weary look that might have been expected in a man of sixty, but which seemed utterly out of place on the face of a small boy. His little body was clad in garments of the thinnest texture, the most prominent features of which were the holes, through which his poor little legs would have been prominently visible had it not been that his mode of life had made flesh and clothes alike in color, and so hardly distinguishable at first glance. His shoes were great lumbering things that wobbled on his feet as he walked, and were held in place by bits of cord bound tightly about his ankles, and through the gaping apertures at the tips showed his ten little toes snuggled up closely together in groups of five, as if endeavoring to keep each other warm.

"My dear little boy," I said, a great lump rising in my throat as I noticed the dreadful inability of his clothes to temper the icy December winds to his miserable body, "why do you come out on a day like this, dressed this way?"

"Dey's all de clo'es I has, an' I lives out."

"Haven't you a home?"

"Naw; I can't run no home on my earnin's."

"But your parents?" I said.

"What's them?" he queried, in answer.

"Your father and mother," I explained.

"Oh! Me father's dead, an' I ain't ever had no mother. My chum's got one, though, an' I'm rather glad I ain't, 'coz she takes all his winnin's, an' he's allers busted. I'm poor, but I allers has a nickel somewheres."

"Well, I'm glad to hear of that," I replied, amused in spite of the child's condition. "It's always well to be a little ahead. A man with a nickel is never penniless."

This reflection was apparently too deep for the boy, for he looked up at me in an inquiring sort of way, and then tried to whistle—an attempt which he shortly gave up, his lips being too stiff to pucker conveniently.

"You mean to tell me," I asked, "that these clothes are all you have, summer or winter?"

"Yep," he answered. "They's boss for summer, too. I don't go much on 'em for winter, but they do better than nothin'."

"But," I said, "why don't you save your pennies, and get yourself an overcoat, or at least something warmer than these?"

The boy would have laughed, I am sure, if he could. The idea of his saving anything appeared to strike him as being supremely ridiculous. "Save pennies?" he repeated, scornfully. "In N' York? I guess you 'ain't lived much in N' York. I never heard of nobody savin' anything in N' York. It costs too much to live here."

And then the little fellow seemed to thaw somewhat, for a tear came trickling down his cheek, and his mirth of a moment since gave place to a little sob as he drew his legs up into a bunch, and tried to diminish the chill he felt by making himself smaller.

As the boy did this, I chanced to look out of the window opposite my seat, and on the corner we were passing observed a plaster figure of a child clad in an ulster reaching from its ears to its feet.

"How would you like one of those coats?" I asked him, pointing to the figure.

The boy rose, and gazed back at the fast-receding figure. He was silent for a minute, and then he answered, "How would I like wings?"

I must confess that this was not the answer I had expected, but it was enough. I decided that to keep the little fellow from having wings the coat was a necessity, and taking him by the hand—a hand rough with the chap of the winter winds—I left the car, and walked with him back to the clothing store. "Just let this boy have one of your ulsters," I said to the salesman; and in a moment he was buttoned up warmly in a snug-fitting garment that, when the collar was up, left only the top of his hat visible.

"Here is a cap that looks well with the coat, sir," said the salesman, clapping a little cloth polo-cap on the lad's head—a performance that left no part of my new-found friend visible save those poor snuggling toes down in the sieve-like boots. I knew that the boy was there, however, for I heard a smothered exclamation that sounded like "Hully smoke!" way down in the depths of the ulster, and I was dimly conscious that through one of the button-holes a once tearful eye was staring at me in amazed delight.

"Now for the feet," I said. "Give him a pair of warm woollen stockings, and let them come high—not in price, but above his knees; and bring us a pair of shoes with a stout sole, and no hole except for the laces."

This was done so quickly that the child was arrayed like an arctic traveller before he could make any more smothered observations from within.

"There!" I said, when all was done, and I had paid for the goods. "How's that?"

"Boss!" returned the boy, poking his head out through the collar of the coat, and grinning all over. "Dey's fine. But I say, young feller," he added, turning to the salesman, "'ain't you got no gloves?"

I was surprised at this, and the salesman appeared to be slightly indignant.

"Don't you think the gentleman has done enough for you without you asking for gloves?" he said.

"He's a brick, an' I ain't askin' the gent for nothin'," returned the boy. "I pays fer de gloves meself."

And then, poking his grimy little hand down into his coat pocket, he drew forth a battered leather purse, from

which, with the air of a millionaire, he extricated a small roll of one-dollar bills, five in number, with a portion of one of which he paid for the woollen gloves the salesman brought to him. Then, as he and I passed out into the street once more, he turned to me, and said:

"Say, boss, I'm much obliged fer the clo'es. Dey's fine, an' I never could o' had 'em if you hadn't give 'em to me, 'n' I wanta do the square thing. If you'll meet me on de corner o' Fourteenth Street at eight o'clock to-night, I'll blow y' off to a teeyater."

I was sorry to have to decline the invitation, for I knew it was sincere.

MIRRORS.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

THE eyes of a child are mirrors clear,
With faces of thoughts reflected there,
And pure as a white rose on its stem
Is the trustful spirit that shines through them.

THE LITTLE ESQUIMAU LADY.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

FEW stories in real life or fiction can compare in romantic interest to that of Miss Olof Krarer, known as the "Little Esquimau Lady," who has been lecturing in various cities the past two years. The details of Miss Olof's early life, her strange, desolate, pathetic childhood,



MISS OLOF KRARER.

have never been given in full on the platform, for, of course, a public lecture cannot include too many personalities.

Look on your map, and you will see that the eastern shore of Greenland must be peculiarly desolate, and in parts, so far as we know, uninhabited. The western portion is peopled by the Esquimaux, of whom we have all heard more or less; they are the natives whose pictures you have all doubtless seen, and about whose ways of life we have read and heard. They have mixed with other races, they are known to various traders, have intermarried both with Indians and Chinese, and while they are still savage in some of their habits they have acquired a certain kind of worldly knowledge which, I regret to say, has not been of any moral advantage to them. But the people of Olof's country are totally different. They hold absolutely no communication with the

outside world; in fact, except the few who, as we shall see later, dared to make a perilous journey to Iceland, none of them has ever left his country, and they find it hard to believe there is a world beyond their frozen shore.

Olof's first recollection is of spending some hours a day seated on a fur-skin in the snow hut or house which was the only kind of dwelling known in that frozen village. Like all the children there, she was compelled to remain motionless, with her arms folded across her breast for hours at a time, and as a result you will see in her picture that the muscles of her arms are contracted or slightly bowed. The object of this severity with the young people was to keep them out of the way and quiet, for you see the whole family must inhabit one large room, and as there is no possibility of "going out to play," the Esquimaux mother could attend to nothing if her children were running wild; and as a book, a study, or a game was utterly unknown to them, there was simply no occupation for a poor little girl until she grew old enough to help in the manufacture of the rough fur and skin garments which the people wore.

The only "outing" that the child ever enjoyed was a ride on one of the dog-sledges, while the one thought among young and old was to listen keenly for the first sound of the breaking up of the ice. Upon this, and the subsequent hunting or spearing of the fish, which at such times rise near to the surface, and the killing of the polar-bears and other animals, which make their appearance, the whole village must depend for food, covering, and such warmth as they can indulge in from time to time. The first person who hears a sound of the kind makes haste to announce the fact, and all the men and boys start to spear a whale or walrus, perhaps to kill a bear or two and some reindeer. He who makes the first successful attack is entitled to the best part of the meat and oil, and although they are absolutely ignorant of any real religion, they always, after a successful hunt, offer up what they call a thanksgiving to the "good spirits," whom they believe to have sent them this food.

As they are generally very hungry, not having really sufficient provisions to supply the village, you may be sure they make haste to enjoy a good meal, and as cooking is unknown, everything, of course, is eaten raw. Olof says she can well remember the anxiety with which the children waited for their allowance, and the only severe punishment she can remember was when she and her younger brother fought over the last morsel of meat given them. Quarrelling among themselves being looked upon as unpardonable, the mother proceeded to inflict a punishment which, barbarous as it may seem to us, was a tradition handed down from father to son from those Norse days. A fire was lighted—of itself a most unusual occurrence—consisting of some bones of the whale or walrus kindled from a flint. On this some oil was boiled, into which the mother dipped a piece of whalebone, with which the child's hand, neck, or cheek, as the case might be, was scarred. One such scar remains still on the little lady's neck, which we regard as a barbarous punishment, but, as she smilingly remarks, when she first saw a child whipped she thought that a much more uncivilized method.

When I was commenting upon the sadness of such child-life, she said, with her quick smile, in which there still lingers a hint of melancholy, "Why, what would we have to be merry over?" and went on to say that there was always more or less of gloom in the family when a child was born. As it never occurred to any one to dream of an escape from a region in which the struggle for mere existence was occupying everybody's mind, the new baby, who elsewhere would have been welcomed joyously, was considered only as another body to clothe, another mouth to feed. For the same reason, death

among Olof's people was regarded as a proof that the "good spirits" were pleased and rewarded the person by releasing him from such a hard existence.

But while there are recollections of much that is sad in her childhood, some things seem now very funny. Even in a community where, as you can well imagine, very little etiquette or social life can exist, there is still some idea of class feeling. What do you suppose the distinction consists in? The people who have a flint on hand are the *elite*, or fashionable set; the others are regarded as



IN WINTER COSTUME.

beneath them, because when they want to light a fire they must borrow the flint from a neighbor! Also there are some very fastidious people who, when they make a visit, never sit on the ground, but always on a block of ice. And the girls and boys, as well as the men and women, are not without their little vanities, such as must ever belong to weak human nature. Occasionally the girls and women meet at each other's houses, and, sitting around in a circle, play the only game known to them. This consists of each person in turn calling attention to the good points in her appearance, and the one who is pronounced decidedly the best looking is the winner.

Before going on to the next portion of Olof's story, I must tell you that all the natives of her village are very short and stout, yet except for this fact there is—judging from the little lady herself—no peculiarity of the dwarf about them. It is supposed that the climate and the food have stunted their growth; but, of course, as they had no idea that any world or people existed beyond their frozen coast, there was nothing remarkable in the fact that the tallest man she had ever seen did not reach much above her own height, which is forty inches, her mother being decidedly smaller than she was, and her father about the same height.

Olof was nearly twelve years old—and I must tell you that they reckon the age of a child by putting a bone into a bag on the day of its birth, and when the same season comes around, adding another, and so on, the family bags being regarded as sacred—when a strange thing occurred. A party of human beings, who were really shipwrecked Icelanders, made their appearance on the coast, worn, starving, and all but frozen. How they ever managed to reach the shore they could not say themselves, but it was by the desperation of starvation that they had accomplished it. The natives assembled gazed not with animosity but simply with fear upon these strangers. Who could they be—creatures tall and differently dressed

from themselves, yet with something evidently human about them? Whence had they come?

It was at last decided that they were from the spirit land. However, they made signs begging for food and shelter, and the natives did their best in this respect for them, but all the time quaking with fear. Certainly Columbus and his party could not more completely have dismayed the first natives they encountered when they landed in America, and Olof tells how, in spite of the intense interest and fascination they aroused, it was a long time before they could be reconciled to the idea that their guests were human. But the gentleness natural to the Iclander won upon them, as, from making signs, they gradually learned something of each other's language. The strangers taught them different things, proved helpful in many ways, and after staying a year in the village, persuaded some of the men to try the journey with them to their own country. The peril of such an undertaking the Icelanders well knew, but their longing for home was intense, and they felt sure, if the end could be reached, that the kindly Esquimaux who had shown them so much hospitality and kindness would be decidedly benefited by life in Iceland.

The first question of importance was to construct suitable sledges, or at least something which would be strong enough to carry them over the terrible places on the frozen desert they knew they must encounter. Remember that neither wood nor iron was known to them, and the sledges had to be constructed of fish bones, skins, and tusks; but at last something was accomplished, and a party of some fifteen to twenty Esquimaux decided to accompany their stranger friends.

I have not space to tell more of that journey than that it was full of danger, and the horror more than once lest they were completely lost. Olof says that she looks back upon the two months which the journey occupied as a sort of nightmare, and then came bewilderment, confusion, actual fright, for the poor East Greenlanders. Imagine if you had never in your life seen a building or a street, a staircase, a bed, a pitcher of water, any garments but those made of fur, what would your feelings be on suddenly finding yourself in a town with regular dwellings, stores, horses, and cars, to say nothing of the multitude of small objects in daily use on sale and in public view.

The result of all these novelties sprung suddenly upon the girl's vision, taxing her mind, entirely unused to making any mental effort, was that, as she says now, her brain nearly gave way; and when I said to her, "How did the first sight of growing grass, of a stone house, of this, that, and the other impress you?" her answer was that it was bewilderment and confusion, until at last the poor child's senses began to take in that she was really not in a new world, as she was sometimes tempted to believe, but in a different country from her own. And then came the intense desire to learn, which has been the secret of her success, while the fact of the discipline in her childhood served her in good stead. She was at a mis-

sionary school, and at once attracted the special care of her teachers by her anxiety to improve every opportunity. But meanwhile one misery pervaded everything. She had never in her life eaten from a dish or of any substance but raw meat, and consider how much suffering the change enforced. (Indeed to this day Miss Krarer finds it difficult to digest our food.) In Iceland, during the three years she spent there, Olof learned the language, became a Christian, acquired all the civilized habits of the people, and became so intensely interested in her new home, that her present aim is to go back some day and help them to a freer way of living; for, hampered as they now are by the government, many of those capable of making a fortune do not realize that they can start out in a business way for themselves, and are consequently in poverty.

Finally a suggestion to emigrate to Canada was made, and Mr. and Mrs. Krarer, with their youngest daughter and some of the missionaries, sailed for Scotland, whence they journeyed to Canada. There Olof's experiences with the English language began, and also something far more trying. It was only three years since the little East Greenlander had left her snow hut and icy home, and the climate proved too warm for her. She had been taken in charge by some kindly Americans, her mother having died, and her father being settled at a distance. Unable to make herself understood, she could not explain to those about her what she was suffering, and a low fever had set in, when, by happy chance, a physician understanding Icelandic was called upon. He at once discovered what the young girl needed, and had her removed to a room in which huge blocks of ice could be placed, the result being that she revived. This is eight years ago, but she has told me that to this day she suffers greatly from the heat of our climate.

A bit of drollery, especially in the peculiar questions people will ask her, brings the merriest laugh and twinkle to her eyes, and many a funny experience while on her travels has she to relate. On one occasion, in my presence, a very serious young man, anxious to learn some of the ways of her people, inquired, "In your village did the people sleep all of the winter months?"

"No, sir," answered the little lady, demurely. "We sleep when we're sleepy, and eat when we're hungry. You see," she added, with a mischievous glance, "we are not exactly polar-bears."

A QUEER PET.

IN a country town in northern Pennsylvania there lives a little old man who sells milk, carrying it from house to house morning and evening in a small hand-cart. There is nothing strange about that, but his companion on these daily trips is the very strangest you ever heard of—an old gray goose, who follows him about in the most dignified manner, and stands watch over the cart, letting no one go near it in his master's absence. His name is Major, and his master says that he is just as useful as a dog would be.

EVENING HYMN.

FOR CHILDREN'S VOICES IN FOUR PARTS.

Words and Music by W. J. HENDERSON.

1. Oh Lord and Sav-ior, hear my prayer, Keep me ev-er un-beguiled; Guard and lead me ev'-ry-where, I am but a lit-tle child.
 2. Oh Lord and Sav-ior, all through life, Keep my spir-it un-de-filed; Let me be 'mid sin and strife Still in heart a lit-tle child.

A PEEP INTO '92.

BY THE EDITOR.



WITH the last issue HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE completed its twelfth year, and may now fairly be said to have entered on its "teens." In another place in this number an old and well-loved friend of the YOUNG PEOPLE, Mr. KIRK MUNROE, tells briefly of

the birth and infancy of the sturdy twelve-year-old whose birthday we now celebrate. How old a friend of the YOUNG PEOPLE Mr. MUNROE is, and how well qualified to speak of its early days, all will admit when they learn—most of them for the first time—that he was the first editor of the paper. When relieved of the cares of editorship Mr. MUNROE devoted his time to other literary work, and showed his continued interest in the paper he had helped to launch upon the sea of existence by a series of fascinating tales of adventure, the first of which was "Wakulla," and the latest published "Campmates."

But it is not so much of the past history of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE that the present editor wishes to speak as of its immediate future—of its store of good things to come, its new features of interest, and its claims upon the affectionate regard of its readers.

The coming year of grace 1892 will be a notable one in the annals of the world. For is it not the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of a new world by an earnest-minded adventurer, whose enthusiasm and fixity of purpose won him the name of fanatic among his contemporaries? Very fittingly, then, does HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for 1892 begin with a "Columbus" serial story, bearing the title,

"DIEGO PINZON, AND THE FEARFUL VOYAGE HE TOOK INTO THE UNKNOWN OCEAN, A.D., 1492."

The author of this tale is JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL, a name already well known to most of our readers. The story is founded upon fact to some extent; the young hero, however, Diego Pinzon, is a creature of the author's brain, though his family name is historical. The author, availing himself of the romancer's time-honored privilege, has bestowed upon stout-hearted Martin Alonzo Pinzon (who actually owned and commanded one of the two vessels that accompanied the discoverer on his fearful voyage) a nephew—one Diego, a lad of whom any ship-owner and captain might justly be proud. He it is whose "Fearful Voyage into the Unknown Ocean" Mr. CORYELL narrates. How well he does it, and with what skill he brings before the reader the very spirit and atmosphere of the time, all will be ready to admit long before the last instalment of this thrilling story has reached them.

ANOTHER "MATE" STORY.

Allusion has been made above to KIRK MUNROE'S serial stories, the last two of which were entitled "Dorymates" and "Campmates," respectively. This year we shall have another of the "Mate" series, the scene of which is laid along the coast and among the Everglades of Florida. Its title will be "Canoe-mates," and those who have read the other "Mates" will know without being told that a treat is in store for them. A great charm of this writer's works, apart from the fine, manly tone that pervades them, and the perfectly natural series of thrilling adventures with which they bristle, is the exact knowledge that the author shows of the subjects with which he deals. Be his hero sent "down in a coal mine" or out on the high seas, on the plains of the great West or among the keys and Everglades of Florida, the author always seems to be perfectly familiar with his ground, and as a consequence the reader follows him with unflinching interest, and willingly lends himself to the illusion that the young hero is real flesh and blood, and his adventures a chapter of personal history.

OTHER STORIES.

Besides the above serials, there will be others, shorter but hardly less interesting. "Gracie's Godson" makes his bow in this number, and this remarkable young scapegrace will win so many friends for his author, E. H. HOUSE, that they will be eager to see the opening chapter of "Natty Barton's Magic," also by Mr. HOUSE.

The girls will be enchanted with "The Fate of Belfield," by Mary Selden McCobb, one of the brightest of story-tellers for young readers, as also with "Lily Darrow's Venture," by Angeline Teal, and "Otto's Chance," by Lucy C. Lillie, while all, boys and girls, young and old, will take delight in W. D. Howells's fantastic tale of "The Pumpkin-Glory."

And what shall we say of other old friends, whose names have not yet been mentioned—of Howard Pyle and Thomas Nelson Page, of Captain Charles King, David Kendall, Macdonald Osley, M. L. M. Davis, W. O. Stoddard, Mary E. Wilkins, Sophie Swett, Nora Perry, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and others whose names will suggest themselves to many of you as the authors of your "favorite stories," and so would be entitled to be mentioned here did space permit? Never mind; they will all be with us, with new candidates for your favor in prose or verse.

SPECIAL NUMBERS.

A feature of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE will be the Special Numbers, which will be published on special occasions. This is one of them, and is appropriately named the "Anniversary Number." The others will be the "Thanksgiving Number," the "Christmas," "New-Year," "Easter," and "Fourth of July" or "National" number. These will consist of twenty-four pages each, and will be distinguished by specially designed covers.

The Christmas Number will be devoted to the holiday aspect of this great feast of Christendom, and to the honor of the jolly patron saint of Christian children. Among its contents will be a comic operetta entitled "Bobby Shaftoe," by H. C. Bunner, with original music by Oscar Weil. It will be found "just the thing" for young people with bright wits and tuneful voices to perform; and judging from the popularity of the two previously published operettas by the same author, it would seem to be destined for a long "run" on many an amateur stage.

The New-Year Number will be a "Columbus" number, fittingly opening the four-hundredth year from the great discovery.

OLD THINGS AND NEW.

Our old friends well know what we have done for them in the various lines of reading and activity in which they are interested—in Travel and Adventure, History and Biography, in Science and Mechanics, in Sports and Pastimes. It is the aim of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to anticipate the wants and tastes of all its readers, and give them to read articles and practical papers bearing upon all their pursuits and interests. Almost every subject has heretofore been treated in its pages; but if, as the wise man said, "there is nothing new under the sun," at least the old subjects are constantly showing themselves in new aspects, and so never grow old.

The "World's Fair for Boys and Girls," a detailed announcement of which was made in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for October 13th, is something new that cannot fail to attract the eyes of the youthful world. Every boy and girl in the country is entitled (subject to the conditions of age) to try for one or more of the 4000 prizes.

Four thousand prizes! Think of it! Was ever so gigantic an enterprise projected for boys and girls? Was ever such an inducement offered to "ride one's hobby?" For this is what it amounts to. These competitions are by no means intended to supplant or in any way interfere with school work. Indeed, the subjects have been selected carefully with a view to avoiding those usually taught in schools, unless in trade-schools. It is out-of-school work; it is, in fact, riding one's hobby with a set purpose towards a certain goal. No boy or girl should attempt to enter for more than one or two branches of this many-sided competition, for no one can expect to excel in more than one or two branches. The "Honor Prizes" are for the highest excellence shown by boys and girls respectively in the entire "World's Fair," and not for the greatest number of exhibits shown by any one competitor.

In addition to these competitions there will be frequent puzzles to look forward to, and an announcement will shortly be made regarding two portraits which every boy and girl in the country would like to have, and which every one may possess.

Lastly, bear in mind that the growth and advancement of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE are largely in your hands, for the larger the army of our readers, the richer and better we can make the paper. We cannot reach with our advertisements all young people who would like to become our readers, though we try to do so. You can do a great deal, each one of you, towards swelling the army of our readers, and every new recruit you bring into the ranks will be not only a guarantee of increased effort on our part for your entertainment, but also a source of pecuniary profit to you. How, say you? By the HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE coupon system. If you have not made yourself acquainted with it, write at once for particulars.

WONDERFUL.

"Oh yes," answered Freddy, in reply to his father's question. "It's perfectly safe to skate, for the ice is two feet thick, and the water is only twelve inches in the deepest part."

A LATE FALL SONG.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour?
Well, at the present moment he
Is looking for a flower.

SYMPATHY.

"Our baby is awfully nice," remarked Mabel. "It pulled my hair yesterday, and then cried because I did."

TEACHER. "Now, Tommy, tell me who first discovered whale-bone."

TOMMY. "Jonah."

DIDN'T WANT THEM.

"Tommy," said his mother, "if I get you a new suit of clothes you must promise not to climb trees or play marbles until they are worn out."

"Then," answered Tommy, after a moment's reflection, "I guess I don't want them."

AS YOUNG EYES SEE IT.

AUNT JANE. "What a disgraceful spectacle those two tipsy men are making of themselves!"

ROBBIE. "Yes: a pair of spectacles, auntie."

BE ACCURATE.

TEDDIE. "Dordie, I can't do out wiz you till I det dwessed. I'm all over dirt."

DORD. "You mustn't talk so carelessly, Ted. You are not all over dirt; the dirt is all over you."

HE COULDN'T HELP IT.

BARCLAY, who is undergoing severe punishment, because he has been suspected of letting a kitten loose in the school-room, laughs as though he enjoyed it.

TEACHER (*hanging up the rod*). "Barclay, why do you laugh?"

BARCLAY. "I can't help it, Miss Bray. You're whipped the wrong boy."

FINANCIALLY CORRECT.

TEACHER (*in a New Orleans school*). "Durand, what does *impecunious* mean?"

DURAND (*who has but one name for a half-dime*). "An impecunious boy is a boy that has not a picayune to his name."

SILLY INDEED.

WALLIE. "Josie, I didn't think you were so cowardly as to need a light when you go to bed."

JOSIE. "I don't need it when I go to bed, Wallie. I need it after I've got to bed. I want to see how to go to sleep."

SIGNS.

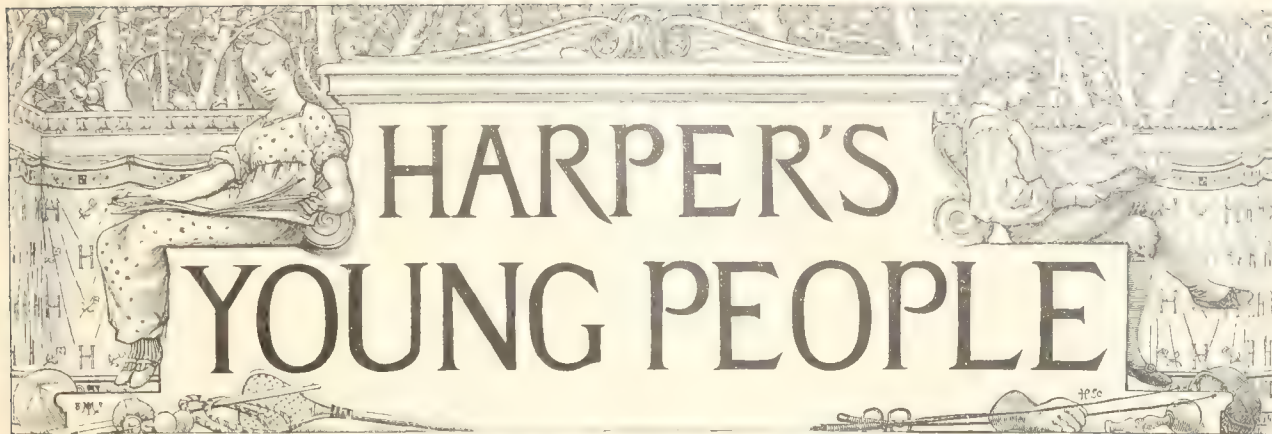
If a boy refuses an extra piece of pie, you may rest assured that the pie is particularly bad.

If a bird is caught by a cat, it is a sure sign of bad luck—that is, for the bird.

You may always feel certain that the sweetest apples are those just out of reach.

When a dog barks at the moon all night it is a sure sign of insomnia—on the part of others besides the dog.





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DIEGO PINZON,

AND

THE FEARFUL VOYAGE HE TOOK INTO THE
UNKNOWN OCEAN A.D. 1492.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

CHAPTER III.

DIEGO'S terror of his cousin was in no wise assumed; it was very real; for Martin Alonzo Pinzon, besides being the acknowledged head of the Pinzon family and a very masterful man, was the legal guardian of Diego, and had his future in his keeping.

"Good Fray Bartolomeo," pleaded Diego, earnestly, "do not take me to my cousin. I will mend my ways; indeed I will. And you may put any penance on me, and you shall see how cheerfully I will do it."

"Thou shouldst have thought of all that before," said the friar, feeling a pity for Diego that he would not betray, because he believed the mischievous lad needed a severe lesson.

"You do not know my cousin," said Diego, mournfully.

"'Tis plain thou dost," said Fray Bartolomeo.

"The flogging he would give me I care little for," said Diego.

"Be not too sure; his arm is not that of 'old Bartolomeo.'"

"If I said 'old Bartolomeo,'" said Diego, cajolingly, "you must believe it was said with affection. Don't you know how we sometimes say 'old' when we wish to use a term of endearment?"

Fray Bartolomeo smiled on the other side of his face, but turned a grim eye on Diego. "*Gracias* for thy affectionate remembrance of me, even with the thought of the scourge in thy mind; but it must not blind us to the fact that thou didst purloin a choice melon from the garden, having previously flouted Fray Antonio, and having subsequently seduced thy fellows, and done many things which thou shouldst not have done."

"It was very wicked of me," said Diego; "but would you for that have me taken from the convent and carried to certain destruction?"

"Tut!" said the friar, scornfully.



"But he will do it," whined Diego. "You heard what the man said—that he had not yet his complement."

"Tut!" said the friar again.

"I see how it is," said Diego, trying a new tack: "you bear me malice for calling you old, and you would have me removed from the bosom of the Church. You care nothing for my future welfare. 'Tis unchristian to hate me so bitterly."

"Tut, tut! tut, tut!" said the worthy friar, uneasily. "'Tis because I cherish thee in my heart, thou scape-grace, that I will not do thee the wrong to punish thee insufficiently. How many times have I praised thee for thy facility in declension and conjugation? How often have I told thee that thou wert the best student of them all, and wouldst be a credit to us but for thy scampish tricks? How often hast thou cajoled me, in my love for thee, and escaped the punishment thou shouldst have had in justice?"

"You have indeed been very good," said Diego, watching the face above him out of the corner of his eye; "why, then, will you wreck my wretched life now? I tell you, Martin Alonzo will snatch me from the convent, and take me with him. I feel it in my heart."

There was uneasiness in the heart of the friar, for he loved the boy, and there was enough in what he said to make an impression on his fears too. Martin Alonzo might do the thing Diego dreaded, or pretended to dread. Diego saw that the good man wavered, and a grin overspread his countenance. The friar, chancing to look down, saw the grimace.

"Thou art an ungrateful little wretch!" he said, angrily. "Thou wouldst play upon my affection for thee, and then laugh at my credulity. I think sometimes, Diego Pinzon, thou hast no heart at all. Now, say no more. I will not listen. I caught the smirk on thy face, and it hath undone thee for a certainty. Thou shalt learn the iniquity of making a mock of thy elders. Say no more."

Diego hastened to remove the impression the friar had received, and strove with much earnestness and artfulness to work once more on the feelings of his teacher; but it was without avail. When he pointed out with great particularity what the dangers of the voyage were, Fray Bartolomeo merely gave a grim assent; when he enlarged on the pity of taking him from his religious studies, the friar only snorted ominously. In short, they came to the house of Martin Alonzo Pinzon, and went in. Martin Alonzo was evidently saying his last farewells at that moment, and was in great haste to be away.

"Good-day, Fray Bartolomeo," he said, in his abrupt fashion. "Whom have you here? It is my cousin's son, Diego? Good-day to thee, lad. I suppose thou hast come to bid me a last farewell, like these women. As if I were never to return! Well, *adios*, if you will. Is he a likely lad, Fray Bartolomeo? How come on the humanities?"

His rapid, abrupt manner of speaking gave little opportunity for an answer, and the friar saw that it was a poor time to be there on such an errand; but he was so convinced that Diego would be unmanageable without a chastisement and warning from his cousin that he spoke out clearly and to the point:

"The humanities come on well enough, and no one can do better than he when he will; but I have come to tell thee, Martin Alonzo, that he needs a strong hand to correct him, or he will never arrive at grace."

"My time is short," said Martin Alonzo, gruffly.

"It needs not much of it to give him a taste of thy vigor and a word of warning."

"A sorry sort of remembrance he would have of me then, reverend brother."

"He will honor and bless thee in the end," said the friar.

"What hath he done that calls for my intervention?" demanded Martin Alonzo, eying Diego curiously.

"Much in the past that hath been inadequately dealt with, and to-day these several things: He flouted the gardener, Fray Antonio, when he rebuked him for stepping on his melon vines; he—"

"Good cousin," said Diego, hastily. "I did but as Fray Antonio bade me."

"What did he bid thee do?" demanded Martin Alonzo.

"He bade me think twice ere I set foot to ground again, cuffing me soundly lest I should not remember."

"Ah!" said Martin Alonzo, a twinkle lighting up his stern eye.

Diego, who was quickness itself, caught the twinkle and went on before Fray Bartolomeo could continue his catalogue of misdeeds.

"And then I begged him to enlighten me further, since I was not certain that I had construed him correctly."

"Thou didst flout him," said the friar, indignantly.

"What didst thou?" demanded Martin Alonzo.

"I did but lift my foot thus," said Diego, demurely suiting the action to the word, "and count, so: 'I think once, I think twice, and down she goes. I think once, I think twice, I think once, I think twice,' and so on."

It was so comically done, Diego being a capital mimic and actor, that Martin Alonzo and the women of the household laughed uproariously in spite of their seriousness. Even Fray Bartolomeo was fain to turn his head.

"'Tis thus he ever saves himself the punishment he deserves, and then laughs in his sleeve at his own cajolery," said the friar, resuming his grave face.

"He is a very cunning knave, then, is he?" said Martin Alonzo, thoughtfully.

"If thou knowest him not, he will cajole thy anger into love, and so escape his just dues."

"How does he with his Latin?" asked the sailor.

"Excellent well, I will say. He hath a positive gift for languages."

"But he is full of mischievous pranks, you say?"

"Like a very monkey for mischief."

"And he needs a sobering discipline?" said Martin Alonzo, his voice taking on something of its sea roar.

"Sadly," answered the friar, trembling a little for the boy; "but do not forget he is but a child."

"How old is he?"

"Fifteen, good cousin," said Diego, in affright. "But do not be so wroth with me. The worst that I did was to break bounds that I might come into port to see you start on your great voyage, good cousin."

"And purloined a melon and seduced his comrades to eat it with him," interposed the friar, seeing a softening of Martin Alonzo's face, owing to the cunning explanation of his reason for disobedience.

"Thou hadst an interest in my voyage, then?" demanded Martin Alonzo.

"The rogue will cajole him!" murmured the friar.

"Such an interest, good cousin!" said Diego, enthusiastically, at the same time chuckling to think how he was like to escape.

Martin Alonzo bent a singular look upon him, and turned to the friar. "He hath a quick wit and a turn for languages, you say?"

"Both."

"But to-day he hath purloined a melon, flouted one of the brothers, broken the bounds, seduced his comrades into evil, and perhaps hath done other things not yet known."

"Oh," whined Diego, immediately cast down, "if you cannot be satisfied with what is known!"

"And," went on Martin Alonzo, "you say he hath been a sore trouble in the past, and that you have felt yourself unequal to the task of fittingly punishing him?"

"Even so, Martin Alonzo," admitted the friar.

"And you wish for him now a punishment that shall be a warning to him?"

"I love the youth, Martin Alonzo; but it is for his good," said the friar, who found it hard to bear witness against Diego.

"And you think that without an adequate punishment he will not be the ornament to the Church that he otherwise would?"

"I wish I could think differently," said the friar.

"And I wish," said Diego, desperately, having given up hope, "that you would do the worst and have it over. I can stand a flogging if it must be, but I hate suspense."

"You shall be relieved of that," said Martin Alonzo. "I have thought of the thing which will at once be a punishment for him, a boon to me, and a relief to you."

"And that is—?" asked the friar, not without uneasiness himself.

"He shall go the voyage with me," said Martin Alonzo.

"I need another hand, and he is agile and strong, and will suit me as well as another—better, it may be, since he hath such a strong interest in the voyage."

"It must not be," said the startled friar.

"It shall be," said Martin Alonzo, in such a tone and with such a fire in his eye that Diego felt himself unequal to any words, though the friar, indignant at the trap he had led Diego into, protested vehemently.

"I am his guardian, I think," said Martin Alonzo.

"You brought him here for my discretion, and he hath not yet been yielded up to the Church. If he had been, I would be the last to say a word. He hath not been, and he goes with me. It is the last word. Wife, make a hasty bundle of the clothing of our son, which he hath outgrown. We have but a minute to waste. Cousin, look not so glum, over a thing which so short a time ago awoke thy enthusiasm. Thou goest with me. Friar, I wish you good-day. *Adios!*"

Diego said not a word to his cousin; he knew that it would have been useless. To the friar, however, he addressed a reproach:

"I told you how it would be."

"Thou didst indeed, my son," said the worthy friar, humbly. "But do not despair, for I will hasten to the prior and have his intervention."

Martin Alonzo laughed in his beard, and Diego felt that his doom was sealed. He saw the friar go out of the house, and he saw the hasty preparations of the women of the household to get him an outfit; he listened to their words of comfort and hope, and to his cousin's gruff assurance that he would not be taking the voyage himself if he thought there was danger in it; and all the while his mind was only on the words he had spoken in mischief to the young convict—"He is very young to die!"

They seemed cruel now instead of only mischievous, and he wished very heartily that he had not uttered them. And so he sat in melancholy silence until he heard Martin Alonzo saying to him:

"Pick up thy bundle, cousin; kiss the women, and come. Why, how glum thou art! And thou with the gift of language! Come, they are waiting for us, and the Admiral, Christoval Colon, or Christopherus, as he and thou, when learned in Latin, would say it, will be impatient."

Diego heeded not the banter in his cousin's voice, but resigned himself to his fate, with no attempt to hide his grief and terror. He took up his bundle and dejectedly followed his cousin out of the house. Usually, when going to punishment, he would bear himself as jauntily as if going to a feast—that is, when all hope of escape was gone; but on this occasion he had no spirit to simulate what he did not feel. He went with drooping head and lagging step.

When they reached the *Pinta*, as the vessel of Martin Alonzo was named, a sharp word from his cousin sent



"HE IS VERY YOUNG TO DIE," SAID A MOCKING VOICE.

Diego over the side in short order. He was just conscious of some conversation taking place about him—a short quick talk—and then he was hustled forward and told to put his bundle down.

There must have been some curiosity under his despair; for he remembered afterwards looking about him, and making certain observations that did not in the least tend to dispel his fears.

The vessel on which he found himself, and which was destined for the most perilous voyage in the knowledge of man, was a rickety little craft no larger than those which he had seen sailing along the shallow coasts of Andalusia. It had no deck amidships, and carried houses forward and aft only to shelter the crew and captain, and to contain the most perishable of such freight as she carried.

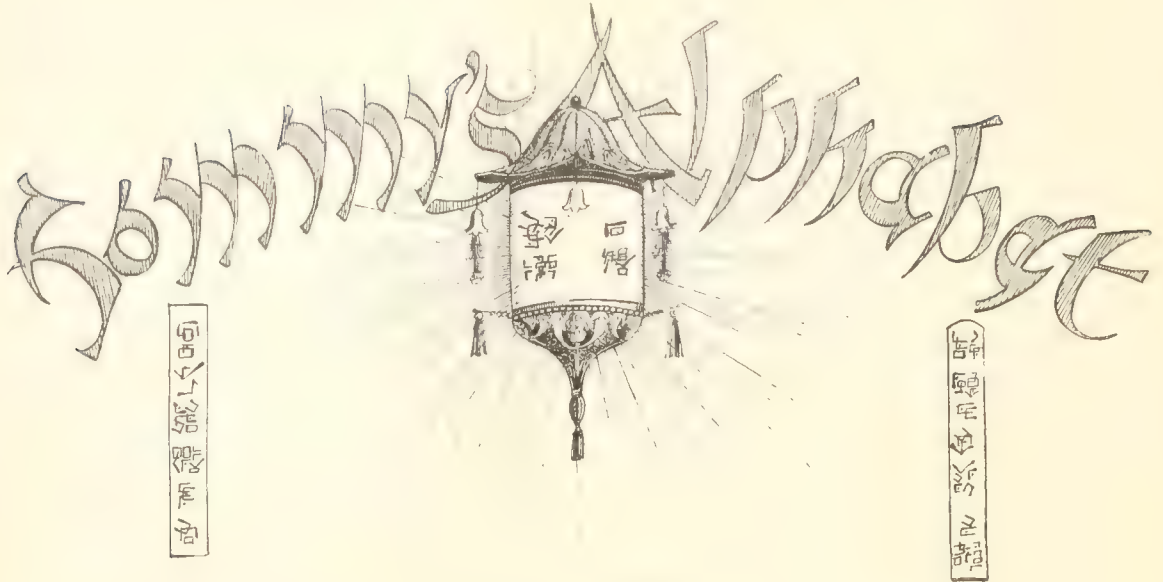
There were about thirty persons on board the vessel; but it was plain that all were not workers; and afterwards he learned that some of them were simple adventurers, and that some were officers sent by the Queen Isabella.

The other two vessels had already lifted anchor and were dropping down the stream, and it was not long before the *Pinta* was doing the same. But even when the anchor was up, the shouting of his cousin—the roaring, rather—did not cease, nor did the sullen scuffling of the crew.

He had no idea what he was expected to do, and he was in no mood to ask anybody, even if he had known whom to ask; so he let his bundle lie where he had dropped it and moved over to a part of the rail which seemed to be out of the way of the sailors, and leaned over it in the dismalest manner imaginable. As he stood there, he was conscious of the approach of some one, but he did not turn to see who it might be.

"He is very young to die," said a mocking voice, and he knew, before he looked around, whose the voice was; but he turned, nevertheless, and looked into the eyes of the young convict whom he had giped in those same words.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



BY MARY V. WORSTELL.

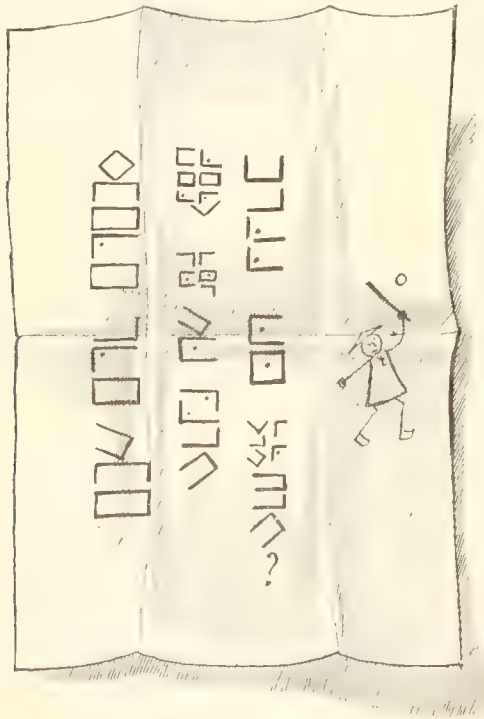
A CASUAL visitor at the Centreville School would have said that among the sixty-five children in attendance, Tommy Hoyt was perhaps the least attractive—the *casual* visitor, mind!

For, alas! Tommy had no claims to beauty. His hair was of no particular color, and his eyes—well, now I

Now Miss Hamilton, Tommy's teacher, was very pretty. Tommy looked up to her in much the same way as a little Roman boy centuries ago might have looked upon a splendid gleaming statue of Minerva herself. What Miss Hamilton didn't know, *nobody* knew. So thought Tommy, and he never was happier than when rendering her some little service. He liked her eyes, and her smile, and her hair, and the way she dressed. There were others besides Tommy who liked the new teacher. The trustees were loud in her praises, for she had done wonders for the school during the ten months it had been under her charge, while each trustee flattered himself that having so capable a teacher was due to his own discernment.

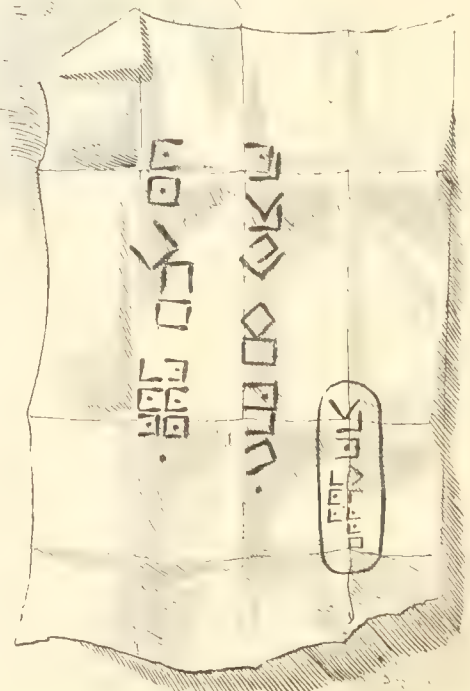
June had come—a hot dusty day in June, when every one felt listless, and every one longed to be out of doors,

"Not to be doing, but to be."



TOMMY HOYT'S LETTER

think of it, his eyes were not at all bad; frank blue eyes they were, with a smile always lurking about them ready to change itself into a gleam of mischief on the slightest provocation, and often on no provocation at all. His other features were just ordinary, though his even white teeth made him look jolly and companionable when he smiled. In spite of the fact that he was not blessed with "the fatal gift of beauty," I must add that Tommy was very popular. A game without Tommy Hoyt was not nearly so much fun as a game in which he joined.



SAM COLVILLE'S REPLY.

It was hard work to listen while Horace Ketcham "bounded Turkey," or Clara Jenkins described the course of the Volga. She had just concluded triumphantly, "and empties into the Caspian Sea," when Miss Hamilton's eye caught sight of a bit of white paper flying through the air. It seemed to have come from Tommy Hoyt's desk. A little later she was speaking of Odessa, I think it was, when a second bit of paper flew through the air, this time from Sam Colville's desk to that of Tommy Hoyt. Miss Hamilton knew that a rule had been broken, for communicating during school hours without permission was, of course, forbidden.

Instead of reproving the culprits there and then, she merely said: "Tommy, please bring that note to me. And you, Sam, may bring me the note Tommy tossed to you a few minutes ago."

The notes were placed on the teacher's desk, and the geography lesson went on. In due time it was finished, and then school was dismissed. All of the boys and girls drifted out into the bright June sunshine—all except Tommy Hoyt. Miss Hamilton had said she wanted to see him. "I'm in for it now," he thought, ruefully.

When they were left quite alone, the teacher picked up the two bits of paper, and said, "Tommy, you remember the rule about communicating during school hours?"

"Yes, 'm."
"Why, then, did you break it?"
"I—I didn't think."
"Do you know why the rule was made? I made it so that when I am hearing a class recite I can give my whole mind to it, and need not divide my attention between the class and the rest of the scholars. Don't you think the rule is a good one?"

"Yes, 'm."
"Now will you not help me to be a good teacher by keeping the rules I make?"
Help her! That put the matter in a new light.
"You just *try* me, Miss Hamilton, and see if I don't," he answered, emphatically.
"Thank you, Tom. I know you will keep your word.

Here are the notes," she answered, handing them to him.

"Aren't you going to read 'em?" he asked, in some amazement. Then he added, "Miss Wilson used to read every note she could get her hands on."

Miss Hamilton smiled. "I am not Miss Wilson; and, at all events, I am not going to read your notes."

Then the fun flashed all over his merry face as he said, "Oh, please do; I should like you to!"

"If you wish me to, Tommy, I will," she said; "but—"

She unfolded first Tommy's note, and then Sam Colville's, and read as follows:

"Where are the fellers going to play ball on Saturday?"

"On the Common. Pa says we may.
SAM COLVILLE."

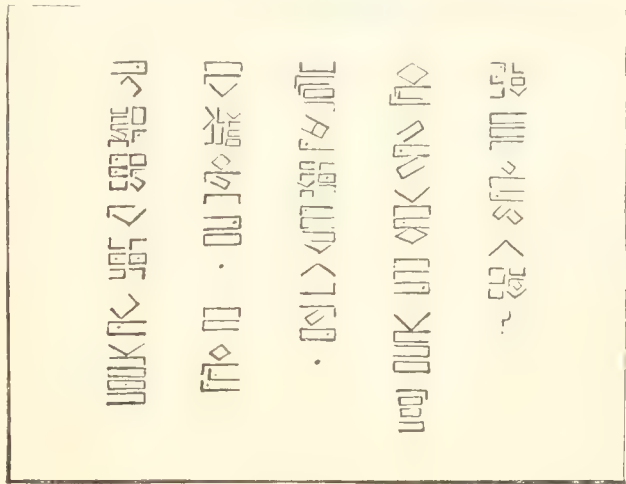
Miss Hamilton had been a school-girl herself only three years before, and she laughed like a school-girl when she saw the queer hieroglyphics.

"Well, Tommy! I didn't know you were as proficient in Chinese as in doing your sums. Where did you learn to make such queer characters—from a fan or from a tea-box?"

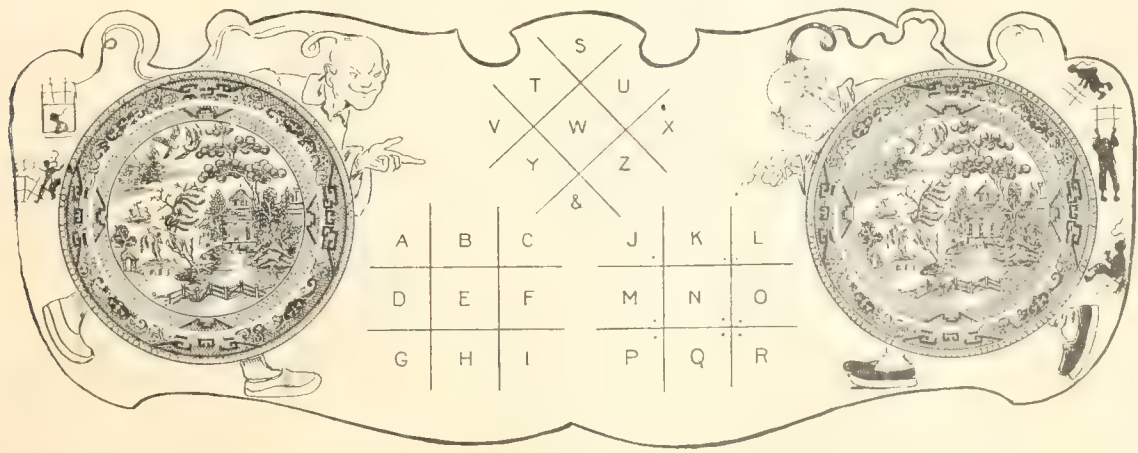
Miss Hamilton forgot her dignity as teacher for a while, and listened in a way that gratified Tommy intensely while he explained the curious secret alphabet he had devised. It was really very simple, although it looked so complicated. I give the "key" that Tommy furnished, merely adding that the letters were placed one *below* the other, instead of in horizontal lines.

With this as an aid, Miss Hamilton soon deciphered the two little notes, and, of course, she felt obliged to correct Tommy's spelling. When that duty was discharged to her satisfaction, she wrote a note to Tommy. He, being familiar with the letters, translated it readily. You may fancy whether he was pleased or not:

"My brother Robert is coming to spend his vacation with me. He will bring two fishing-rods & a gun. Will you show him some good places for trout & rabbits?"



MISS HAMILTON'S NOTE.



A YOUNG AERONAUT.

BY JESSIE WRIGHT WHITCOMB.

NOBODY ever really knew how it happened except Dan and the aeronaut; but several thousand people saw that it did happen. Dan had never heard of psychology, or of the processes of the mind, and he could not have explained the steps his mind took to lead him to do what he did do; but he *felt* that there were reasons, and his feelings were as clear and efficient to him as sunlight itself.

Dan remembered the first time he saw the aeronaut. Dan was a good-for-nothing little street boy, who sometimes sold newspapers, and sometimes blacked shoes, and sometimes did other things for the benefit of his fellow-townsmen; but he oftener did just nothing but amuse himself in company with other bare-footed foster-children of the streets.

And the aeronaut always remembered the first time he saw Dan. He—the aeronaut—stood at the corner of a vacant half-block, where he was going up in his balloon the next afternoon, and watched for a moment the antics of a dozen little rascals who were making a circus of themselves. He noticed Dan particularly, a boy of eleven or twelve, with a face brimful of fun, and with legs easily first in limberness in that particular crowd. Whatever any boy tried to do, Dan could straightway do it better. His superiority and his pride therein aroused the animosity of some of the boys who had been too often surpassed; and when he finally undertook to do something beyond his powers, and utterly failed, and rolled over—white, and with a little cut in his head to the feet of the aeronaut, there was no pity for his mishap, only mocking cries, which hurt him more than his fall.

He tried to pick himself up, but reeled, and then it was that the aeronaut steadied him, and let him lean against him until he felt better. The aeronaut told the other boys that they could not have come so near success if they had tried a week; and one of the little boys, with a well-developed sense of justice, echoed the sentiment, and the shouts changed into awkward expressions of sympathy and good-natured chaff.

The aeronaut thought no more about it; but Dan—a new world had opened for Dan, and a new era—the era of hero-worship. And when, not an hour later, Dan found that this young man was the aeronaut, the star of the next afternoon's performance, he was speechless with a sort of sacred joy. He recalled to himself the aeronaut's appearance—his clothes, his expression, the tones of his voice. A circus was coming to town, and the aeronaut was to make his ascension in the interests of the circus.

Dan's highest ambition had formerly been to be connected with a circus. Now he underwent another revolution. To be like the aeronaut in every particular was the one thing in life for him.

At four o'clock a large crowd assembled to see the balloon ascension. Dan was on the ground, as was every boy in town; but he looked with other eyes than theirs at his hero. How fine he was in his beautiful tights! how strong he looked! how confident! Men and boys crowded around the balloon and around the aeronaut; some even spoke to him, brushed against him, and yet hardly seemed conscious of the good fortune that was theirs.

Once, when the balloon was almost ready, and the aeronaut had tried the parachute, and was about to cry, "Let go!" he saw Dan, looked straight into his eyes, and knew him and smiled, and said: "Hollo, Dan! You here?" Said it to him—Dan—knew his name.

The next thing Dan knew, there was a rustle in the crowd, and the balloon had started. A cheer rose with it; but it seemed to Dan that the exultant shout, in which he joined with all his heart and lungs, had hardly left

the air when it changed to a sound of horror. There was a ringing in his ears, and he ran with the crowd; and some way he was in the front rank when, very gently and tenderly, the men raised the aeronaut, white and limp, from where he had fallen on the stones under the telegraph wires. Driven by the wind he had struck the wires, and now the men could not at first decide whether he was dead or alive.

"A doctor!" "Take him to the hotel!"

And it was Dan in all that crowd who seemed to have the swiftest feet, and gave the proper word at the hotel, and sent three doctors there as quick as a flash. Though nobody knew it was Dan.

And Dan waited, with a lump like a base-ball in his throat and an awful weight in his stomach, until he could beseech a doctor to tell him what was the matter. The doctor paid very little attention to him, but Dan gained courage.

It wasn't very dangerous, either, as it turned out. The aeronaut staid in the little hotel, running up a bill, and fretting his heart out to be up and away. His bones were not broken, but he had injured his back; he could not understand just where or how, but every time he lifted his head, he felt as though he was falling, and he was quite sure he would never be well again. They told him one day that a little boy had been asking for him every morning, and so it happened that that very day, when Dan asked pleadingly how the aeronaut was, he was taken upstairs. His heart beat like a trip-hammer. He tiptoed along, fearful of making a noise, while he was still almost the length of the hotel from the aeronaut's room, and when the very door itself was reached, and he was pushed inside, he tried not to breathe at all.

"Is it you, Dan?" asked a voice from a narrow bed in that narrow room. The voice wasn't much like the cheerful voice Dan had heard last.

"It's me," said Dan, in a stage-whisper, steering toward the bed, and wondering what it was that gripped his throat so, and why he saw everything double.

It seemed a terrible thing to him that his aeronaut, so strong, so wonderful, should have to lie there stretched out under that white spread, with his head on that white pillow, with a hollow look about his eyes, and the blue veins in his wrist showing so plainly. The aeronaut took Dan's hand in one of his, and looked at him with a faint amused smile—the first smile he had indulged in since his fall. That was too much for Dan. He stammered out the thing he had been practising to himself as the correct thing to say:

"Glad you ain't done fur; that yer goin' to be around pretty soon."

And then, to his intense mortification for weeks afterwards, he sank in a little heap on the floor by the bed, and with his face in the aeronaut's palm, and clutching the arm with his two little grimy hands, he sobbed as though his heart would break. The aeronaut patted his head and said, with a little tremble in his voice,

"There, there, Dan, don't; you'll make me worse."

And Dan made a mighty effort, and gulped down his sobs, and wiped his face on the sheet—another thing that caused him pangs of remorse later—and pulled up a chair to the bed, and tried to cover his defeat. "You got them flowers," he said, his face brightening as he saw three roses in as many stages of decay. "I brought them flowers three mornings, but I didn't sposed as you'd git 'em."

The aeronaut gave one of the small hands a good squeeze. He had wondered who could have sent him a flower, sick and alone, a stranger to all that town. Dan talked on, forgetting himself more and more, and the aeronaut laughed occasionally, and looked wistfully at him when he twirled his hat, and said he must be going.

"I ain't no good at visitin'," said Dan, reddening. "I never visited nobody before; but if you *could* put up with me comin' again, I'd look up a lot of things to tell you."

That was the way Dan came to visit the aeronaut every day, and learned so much about him. He found that even aeronauts have troubles, very gnawing, fretting troubles, too, sometimes; and that his aeronaut's anxious look when he was silent, with his eyes fixed moodily on a spot on the wall, his nervous eagerness to get well, his despondency when that sickening giddiness would master him, all arose chiefly from the fact that he was "dead broke," as he said, was quite out of money. Even after he began to sit up, he felt sick and weak and down-hearted. His doctor told him that he was doing finely; that there never was a better recovery; that he must expect his head to trouble him for a while; that he must just rest and take things easy and not worry, and he would be all right—things that couldn't come easy to a penniless aeronaut, and he chewed his mustache and looked savage.

Dan was worried too. He thought and thought, and never succeeded once in thinking of anything feasible or sensible. He had had reason enough to lose his first notion of the aeronaut, as of some one invincible, superior to fate. His feelings for the aeronaut were on a truer basis, but none the worse for that.

The aeronaut was growing desperate. His one idea was to make another ascension as soon as possible, and so pay the unpaid portions of his hotel and doctor's bills. His mind dwelt on it constantly, and Dan knew it.

In the evenings, when Dan would be sitting near him by the one window, the aeronaut would tell him stories that would make his blood curdle; stories that he would have gloated over a month ago, but which now, with his friend put in the hero's place by his ready imagination, made him sick at heart.

One evening after one of their talks, the aeronaut said that he was well enough now to go to work, and that he was going the next day to the manager of one of the opera-houses, and have an ascension advertised for the coming Saturday afternoon up at the Fair grounds.

Dan said nothing, but pressed his hands together and gritted his teeth, and tried to grasp the idea that was creeping up in his mind feeling for the light. He could not tell just what it was, but he felt something in him—something that might avert this awful catastrophe.

The arrangements were made. The balloon ascension was advertised for Saturday evening between six and seven o'clock. It had not been so easy to arrange things with the manager.

"I am afraid you won't go up."

"Yes, I will go up," said the aeronaut.

"You fellows never do go up when you're advertised. You'll have a headache or sprained ankle or something."

"Yes, I will go up," was the dogged answer.

"Well, you must. Get a crowd together all paying admission, and then have it slump through; it's no way to do business."

If ever any one was watched, the aeronaut was by Dan. Dan's idea was growing. Friday night it stood forth in his mind in perfection. He might fail. Yes, that was the horror of all that Saturday up until seven o'clock.

The aeronaut could not be bothered with him much that day, and Dan kept out of his way. He was out on the Fair grounds, and saw the trench dug, and the wood brought for the fire, and the poles put up, and the guys fastened. He saw the aeronaut examine the parachute and the swing. He saw the great blackened balloon suspended like a folded umbrella from the rope between the tops of the two poles. He knew the meaning of everything, just what was done and what was to

be done, for he had heard every detail over and over again from the aeronaut.

He saw the aeronaut put his hand to his head, and reach out the other as though to balance himself. Seeing that brought again into Dan's mind the sickening



DAN SOBBED AS THOUGH HIS HEART WOULD BREAK.

thought, "Suppose he should fail," and he threw himself flat on the ground, his face in his arms, and thought it all over again, every step.

"Anything the matter, Dan?" The voice was very gentle, and Dan couldn't see why the aeronaut should feel obliged to speak that way.

"Nothin'," he said, almost curtly, but eagerly examining the aeronaut's face. "You hadn't oughter try it, had you?" he added, half timidly, as he picked himself up.

"Oh, I'm all right," was the reply, with affected carelessness. "The people are coming already, Dan, and I must go down town again yet, and I'll be busy, and I want to thank you, Dan." Dan's chest heaved. "You've been a very kind boy. I wish I could do something for you. I—"

But Dan clapped his hands on his chest, and started in a bee-line for the grand stand, only to get away out of sight before he should again utterly disgrace himself, and he knew he should strangle if he couldn't move. Across the race-track, over the fence to the grand stand, and then back of it, and any one who had seen him would have wondered what that crazy boy was doing. He rushed around in a circle, slapping his chest with his hands, and throwing his head back into the air as a chicken does when it drinks. When he had recovered sufficiently to again appear in public, the crowd was gathering.

Dan watched it all as in a dream. When he was hit by the sticks he merely rubbed the place of contact in an absent way, and moved aside. He saw things. He saw the ice-cream wagons drive in, and the peach wagons, the apple wagons, and the melon wagons. They were all there. The inside of the race-course was full of people. The grand stand looked black. Carriages were everywhere. It was six o'clock.

Then there was a cry, and a rushing of the boys toward one corner, and there came the aeronaut. The fire



HE TOOK HIM IN HIS ARMS AND HUGGED HIM.

was started, and the insignificant umbrella-like thing began to swell and swell. The parachute was brought out and laid on the ground. Dan could not seem to believe that the aeronaut could feel anything but strong and well, but after looking at the parachute, Dan saw him put his hand to his head again. It meant so much to Dan—that little involuntary motion.

The balloon swelled and swelled, and tugged and swayed the poles. The cord across the top was loosened, and still the huge thing pushed up. The people on each side were ordered away, and the poles fell to the ground with a heavy thud. The excitement in the crowd increased. The balloon was held at the bottom by a few men, and three by-standers held the guys. The parachute was fastened on. The fastening cord was brought down to the swing. The swing was attached. Men and boys crowded quite close to the aeronaut, and nobody noticed Dan—the pale set face, the fire in the dark eyes, the tension of the muscles in the bare brown legs, the alert waitingness about every inch of him. The time had come for him to act out his idea.

Just at the last minute, as the aeronaut held the swing with one hand, Dan saw him put the other to his head.

Then came the ringing shout, "Let go, everybody!" and the huge black mass sprang into the air, straight upward, like some live thing.

A deafening cheer rose from the grand stand and from the outskirts of the crowd in the racing track, but there was an awful silence inside, for the balloon was gone, with a little barelegged boy dangling in the swing, while the aeronaut stood immovable, gazing upward at that blackening speck of a boy.

All he knew was that as soon as he shouted the final order, he had received a blow that made him involunta-

rily put his hands to his head, and then the balloon was gone.

All the crowd knew was that a boy hit the aeronaut, and slipped into the swing like a streak of lightning. But they were silent. It was no time for words, only for watching.

The aeronaut alone knew what that horrible feeling was to the novice—the feeling of being hurled immeasurable miles with a swiftness that strangled the life out of one.

And Dan? Dan had only one bit of reason left at first—just to hold on, hold on. "Hold on," he said to himself. Then he trusted himself to open his eyes, and he wondered that the world was so large; and where was his town? A mass of ant-hills. His foot could cover them all.

But when it looked like that, he knew he must unfasten the parachute.

Now, "Hold on."

He slipped the knot, shut his eyes, and died. He thought he died. It was a living nightmare of falling. That was when the aeronaut closed his eyes for a second. Could the little fellow hold on through that? He had gone to a fearful height.

Then Dan became conscious of a check in that mad headlong descent into unspeakable blackness. He saw that the parachute had righted itself, and was extended over him like an immense umbrella. And all the world was growing smaller again, and his town was growing larger; and he could see the people on the Fair ground, and that he was going to fall outside of the Fair ground

entirely, in a little barn-yard, or else on that picket-fence.

He could hear the roar and shout from thousands of throats, and could see the rush toward him—could even see the aeronaut himself; and then he dropped behind a barn, square down on a little haystack, with a jar that made him see stars; for poor Dan did not land scientifically. His only guide in ballooning was to hold on as tight as he could.

The shouts and hurrahs were coming nearer; and Dan tried to realize that he was alive, and that the aeronaut was alive, and that he himself had been up in a balloon.

There the crowd came; and when the aeronaut saw Dan sitting so peaceably on his little haystack, he gave a cheer, and took him in his arms and hugged him then and there.

Dan never could believe that afterwards. "Hugged me—Dan? Pshaw! 'tain't likely," he would say, scornfully, to himself.

And the boys whooped and cheered, and men shook hands with him; and when they reached the race-track, young men in their carriages who had meant to rejoice themselves by doing honor to the aeronaut did honor to Dan, and shook hands with him, and cheered for "the little aeronaut"; and Dan felt higher up in the world than he did when he was in the balloon—and the aeronaut was always beside him. Lots of money had been made, and everybody said that the balloon ascension was a perfect success.

"Couldn't have been better; went very high, and no accidents. They do say it was a little boy went up, not the aeronaut at all; but I can't see any reason for that."

And only Dan and the aeronaut ever really knew just how it happened.



TABLEAU OF "THE SHEPHERDESS AND THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP."—DRAWN BY LILIA FIELD EMMET. [SEE PAGE 34.]

THE FAIRIES' DANCE.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

(NOT in the morning when the breeze
Set all the leaves astir,
And music floated from the trees
As from a dulcimer,
I saw the roses, one by one
Bow gracefully, as though
A fairy dance were just begun
Upon the ground below.

The lilies white beside the walk,
Like ladies fair and tall,
Together joined in whispered talk
About the fairies' ball;
The slender grasses waved along
The garden path, and I
Could almost hear the fairies' song
When blew the light wind by.

I waited there till noon to hear
The elfin music sweet;
I saw the servant bees appear
In golden jackets neat;
And though I wished just once to see
The happy little elves,
They were so much afraid of me
They never showed themselves!

"THE SHEPHERDESS AND THE SWEEP."

A Tableau.

BY LYDIA FIELD EMMET.



IN the same fat, friendly volume between whose covers live "The Ugly Duckling," "The Little Match Girl," "The Snow Queen," "The Brave Tin Soldier," and a score of other old and familiar favorites, is to be found the history of those venturesome little lovers who are the hero and heroine of this tableau.

It seems a very strange combination for so dainty a person as the Shepherdess to let a little sooty Sweep come so near her fine clean dress, and put his arm around her gay silk bodice. But the lovers in the story, it will be remembered, were only made of china, and Hans Andersen explains that the Sweep "was as neat and clean as any one else; for that he was a sweep was, of course, only to represent something, and the porcelain manufacturer could just as well have made a Prince of him." These lovers decided to fly from their home on the drawing-room table, and from the tyranny of an old, nodding china Mandarin, who claimed to be the grandfather of the Shepherdess, although, it appears, he had no proof whatever for the assertion. However that may be, he disapproved of their union; so they ran away out into the world by way of the chimney.

The picture shows the pair after the gallant little Sweep has carefully helped his ladylove through the perilous journey to the top of the chimney, where she, upon find-

ing that the world is much larger than the drawing room below, is so disconcerted by the discovery that she bursts into tears. The story goes on to say that in spite of the brave and reassuring words of the Sweep, she declared "she would never know happiness till she was at home again." So of course there was nothing to do but to go home again as fast as possible. Upon returning they found that, fortunately for them, the spurious Chinese grandfather had been broken in pieces on the floor in an attempt to stop their flight. He being out of the way, of course the Shepherdess and her Sweep lived happily together in their old home till they too got broken.

The Sweep's clothes must look very old and shabby, and can be made of black, or very dark invisible brown, or gray, thick, coarse flannel. The edges should be left unhemmed and ragged. An old soft dark felt or knock-about hat completes his very incomplete costume.

The dainty Shepherdess's toilet is not so soon disposed of. To begin with, her hair, which is carefully arranged in puffs and lightly powdered, is surmounted by a close wreath of small roses, slanting down a little toward her left ear. The petticoat is quilted, and should not extend further than to the calf of her leg. The little bodice is made close-fitting, with a whalebone in front to hold the point down, and the sleeves are tight, and stop just above the elbow. The over-dress, which is gathered full all round and fastened to the body, is slit open in front and plaited up to the waist. It should be made long enough to hang to the bottom of the under-skirt in the back. After it is put on, it can be bunched and looped up in full paniers on each hip. The neck, which is cut square in front and almost high in the back, is edged by a full white mull or lace frill two inches wide. The sleeves are trimmed in like manner.

As to the colors used in the dress, no strict rule need be laid down. She must look like a Dresden-china figure, and that is a wide latitude for color. Her dress may be of satin or silk; but rather an effective way of imitating china is to use the shiny side of paper-muslin. One very pretty scheme of color would be to make the petticoat canary yellow, worn under an over-dress of white, striped or flowered with yellow. Her wreath would be of yellow roses and a few small dark green leaves, and her slippers and stockings respectively yellow and white. She would look sweet in a little pale pink shiny muslin petticoat, with an over-dress of chintz striped in either green, sky blue, or pink, and sprinkled over with little bunches of roses. There are so many exquisite Watteau chintzes and silks and brocades to be had now, and they are all so pretty, that it is almost unnecessary to be at the pains to describe them. One could hardly go wrong in making a choice. The only thing to guard against is putting too large a pattern in such a very small dress as this. The Shepherdess should not be above four or five years old, and the boy six or seven. Any pretty, pale, dainty color, such as apple green, canary yellow, robin's-egg blue, or rose pink would be suitable for the under-skirt, slippers, and ribbons, with a flowered and striped over-dress.

The chimney could easily be knocked up by a carpenter. It need only have three sides, and the top can be made by three or four layers of boards of different widths. After it is made it would be great fun for boys and girls to put on overalls, and take some big brushes, and give the chimney a rough coat either of terra-cotta-colored paint or kalsomine. Never mind getting it on smooth; the rougher and blotchier the better. After this it might be unevenly marked off in white to look like bricks. Some ivy tacked against it would improve the effect if it happened to be convenient to do it, although it is not necessary.

The background should be a large sheet of soft, dull,

light grayish-blue lining muslin—the color that would be known as light electric blue. It should be stretched very smooth, and hung some distance behind the chimney, so that the shadows of the figures will not fall on it, and prevent its having the effect of sky.

INDIAN CLUBS FOR GIRLS.

BY E. A. MATTHEWS

GIRLS, if you feel the need of regular health-giving exercise, you will find nothing better than swinging the Indian clubs. Many who cannot afford a tricycle or a pony, or who do not live near a good gymnasium, are trying to find a substitute for these favorite aids to good health. And to these the clubs offer the means for delightful exercise and amusement, and one whose price comes within the limits of the scantiest purse. Indian clubs have long been used by professional trainers and the gymnasts of all the colleges, but it is a novelty to see them in the hands of girls.

They may be used in classes, accompanied by music, or alone in the privacy of the home. The former method is, of course, the most pleasant, as there is always a charm in work or play where others share it. A teacher of gymnastics in one of our charitable institutions thus describes her exercises in classes:

"We meet once every day, and swing the clubs for one hour, keeping time to the music of the piano. Our idea is not so much to develop muscle in excess, as to gain elasticity of the muscles and suppleness of motion. Thus we cause the heart to beat full and strong, and at the same time induce free respiration and the fullest expansion of the lungs, such as would be impossible to obtain in any other way. In the sweeping curves, with the arms extended at full length, the pectoral muscles lift the ribs upward and carry them outward, allowing free entrance of fresh air into the apices of the lungs. More than half the people never take a really full breath; that is, they never fill the lungs entirely and completely with fresh air, partly from negligence, and partly because of some impediment in the fit of the clothing."

If there be the slightest tendency towards consumption, or any other trouble of the breathing apparatus, the Indian clubs will prove a wonderful boon to the sufferer. The following exercise, taken regularly every day, at least morning and evening, will soon make a new girl or boy out of the delicate patient.

Stand by the open window, head erect, shoulders thrown back, and mouth closed. Inhale the fresh air slowly through the nostrils until the lungs are filled to the utmost capacity. Then exhale just as slowly until every particle of the now used-up air is emptied from the air-vessels. Unless one has tried these slow and careful breathings, it is impossible to realize the difference between these and the half-way method of every day.

Singers and speakers soon double their power of holding the breath, and the increased quantity of oxygen thus taken into the system paints roses on the palest cheeks.

If these exercises are taken just before an evening of study or other mental work, they will aid wonderfully in making the task a pleasure. If one has taken cold, or is suffering from indigestion, there is no better way to stir up the blood, or "swing off" the trouble, than the graceful Indian-club exercise.

These clubs can be bought in almost any large town, costing from fifty cents to one dollar or more the pair, depending upon the weight and the finish. For girls the proper weight is one and a half or two pounds. It is best to start with a light club, and as the muscles grow strong change the weight accordingly. They can be made at almost any carpenter's shop, so that no one need be without them on account of living in the country.

In swinging the club, almost any dress may be worn if it be loose enough. Of course the girl who wears corsets will not care to practise gymnastics. A loose blouse waist and plain skirt, such as is usually worn for lawn-tennis, is the very best style of dress for all physical exercise.

At first the unusual strain will make the muscles sore, and perhaps blister the hands; but these troubles are soon over, and the club-swinging becomes an unmixed pleasure as well as benefit.

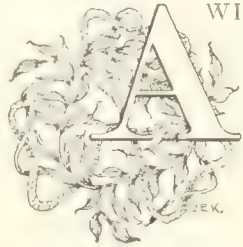
A physician in recommending it, says: "Those with weak lungs should begin with gentle movements, and gradually increase. Do not practise until you are tired out, for then much of the good will be lost. Any one who will take up this exercise, judiciously practising every day in a well-ventilated room, or out-of-doors when the weather will permit, will certainly find beneficial results. As a physician, I recommend it, because it is much more enjoyable, and much cheaper than taking medicine."

GRACIE'S GODSON.

BY E. H. HOUSE.

Part XX.

IV.



WILD howl of rage bore testimony that the orator had rightly estimated the spirit of his party. After a very brief deliberation it was unanimously resolved that no sound of cheerful clangor should be permitted to arise from the fence from that time forth. The "kids" should have none of their favorite lullaby until the mother was

prepared to pay for it at the fair and reasonable valuation stipulated by the committee through their authorized representative. The league of six was divided into sections for patrol duty, and in case of any attempt by a stranger, or by the smaller boys of the present crowd, to perform at reduced prices to the injury of the union, an alarm was to be given, and a general rally called for the suppression of cheap labor. This state of things was to be maintained for a week, or longer if necessary; but it was felt that grinding capital, in the person of the lady of the house, could not hold out more than a day or two in face of the opposition organized and directed by the newsboy and his indignant retinue.

At nine o'clock in the evening the Baby, careful to avoid detection by his mates, presented himself, according to appointment, at Mrs. Sheldon's door. He was admitted by a servant, who, under instructions, led him once again to the sick-chamber. The fond mother could not doubt that it would gratify the boy to be received there—to witness for himself the beneficial change brought about by a few hours of undisturbed repose, and to be rewarded by the little girl's acknowledgments, as well as her own. She hoped that he would thus be inspired to renewed exertions on behalf of the patient for whose welfare he was striving, at least in part. It did not seem credible to her loving heart that even the most abandoned of his class could look upon that frail and delicate creature without being touched by sympathy and stirred by unselfish emotions. She believed, moreover, that by this unusual mark of confidence she could appeal to the sense of humanity that must be lingering somewhere within him, and in this manner confer a better return for his service than that of the mere payment in money. It would have been hard to convince her that all these fancies were based upon an entirely misplaced faith, and that it was utterly beyond her power to kindle a spark of generosity in that hardened and unenlightened soul. A face like his, she told herself too trustfully, surely could not represent a wholly evil mind.

The invalid was wide awake when he entered, and as he stepped to the bedside he pulled off his cap with a quick movement, and deposited it, as before, in the bosom of his shirt. Either he remembered the admonition of the afternoon, or a new instinct of propriety had dawned upon him. He did not open his mouth, but waited for some other person to break the silence.

"Gracie dear," said Mrs. Sheldon, "here is the little boy who stopped the noise in the street for you. We could have done nothing without him."

The child fixed her eyes earnestly upon him before replying.

"I'm so glad," she presently murmured. "It did hurt me dreadfully, mamma."

"Won't you thank him for the pains he took?" continued Mrs. Sheldon.

"He knows I thank him," answered Gracie. "Of course he knows."

"I thank you too," said the mother. "We are all grateful. She could no sleep until you sent the boys away. You can see how much good you have done."

"With her always being good," inquired Gracie.

"Ask him, dear."

"Will you?" said the child, again turning her gaze upon him.

He glanced first at Gracie, and then at Mrs. Sheldon, with a very uneasy expression. This sort of questioning was not in his calculations. Were they trying to make him forget that they owed him half a dollar? No; the little girl was too sick to be put up to any such trick as that. She wasn't the kind, either, to play shabby games on a fellow. What eyes she had—how big and bright; though it was the disease, to be sure, that made them so big and so bright. He wondered how they looked when she was well. Did she speak that way when she was up and running about—so soft and chirpy? "Just like a bird might," he thought, "if a bird could say things."

"Will you be good again, and not have any noise to-morrow?" asked Gracie, once more.

The boy nodded his head affirmatively, but gave no response in words. Possibly he was conscious of the absurdity of binding himself by a ridiculous pledge to "be good," though ready to adhere to the more practical part of his agreement.

"He has promised, dear; I know he will," said Mrs. Sheldon. "And now say good-night; you mustn't talk any more."

"Good-night," repeated Gracie, smiling at him from her pillow. "Come again soon."

He seemed on the point of answering in some fashion, when the nurse walked into the room and uttered an exclamation of discontent at seeing him. Instantly his face grew dark and morose, and he drew away, muttering, "Gi' me my half-dollar and let me go."

Mrs. Sheldon went for the money to a toilet stand in a corner, upon which several pieces of jewelry were lying exposed. The boy followed her movements with a strained attention. Had she perceived the fierce avidity with which his eyes rested upon the flashing gems, she would have hesitated to indulge the kindly purposes she had in view, and recognized the weakness of attempting reclamation by any means at her command. But her amiable disposition prompted her to judge all who came near with the utmost charity; and even in this extreme case she could make no exception.

For several successive days the Baby maintained his hold upon her consideration by the thoroughness with which he performed the duty he had assumed. It needed all the ingenuity he could exercise to preserve discipline among his disorderly band, but through a full week he succeeded in keeping their expectations alive, and persuading them that their true policy was to wait for overtures from the other side. At the end of this time Gracie's recovery was so nearly assured that Mrs. Sheldon's worst apprehensions had disappeared. The child would soon be well enough to be removed to the country, and the noises of the street were no longer likely to cause her serious injury.

V

The Baby came regularly each evening for his stipend. Once or twice he was seen by Mr. Sheldon, who chaffed him to a point of high irritation. Mr. Sheldon also chaffed his wife, declaring that she had been duped by a midget of an impostor; that a word to the police would have accomplished everything the tatterdemalion pretended to secure; and that the warm-hearted lady had simply been carried away by the delusive good looks of the young scamp, and cajoled into the belief that he was better than the average of his order by the light of his

large blue eyes, the glow of his complexion, and the glitter of his golden hair. But Mr. Sheldon knew perfectly well all the while that the protection of the police could have been obtained in such a matter only at great trouble and cost; that at all, and he was, in fact, well contented to avail himself of the newsboy's agency, without inquiring too curiously as to the methods employed. He was correct, however, in his supposition that the lad was no better than the average of his tribe. He might have gone a great deal farther. The Baby was not only much worse than the average, but, through corrupt associations and debasing influences, had reached a depth of badness below which it would scarcely have been possible for him to descend.

Throughout the whole of his unhappy life the poor outcast had had no chance. He knew nothing of his father or mother, and had never heard even his own name. He had grown to his present age in the midst of the most depraved surroundings, and been taught to believe that the only natural laws were those of self-preservation and indiscriminate pillage. In conformity to these, he kept no earthly end in view but the immediate satisfaction of his individual necessities. He was a newsboy not especially by inclination, but because this calling helped him in the easiest way to a livelihood. He would have preferred to steal, and meant to when he grew older, but the time for adopting that agreeable and exciting vocation as a regular career had not yet arrived. If opportunities presented themselves, however, there was no reason why he should not turn them to account; and unless he was greatly mistaken, one of the prime opportunities of his life was now beckoning him to improve it.

What had hitherto stood most in the way of his ambition was the deplorable effeminacy of his personal appearance. With the spirit of a man, as he imagined, he was disgraced by the exterior of a girl. He would have given anything to exchange the good looks which by some freak of circumstance clung to him through all vicissitudes for the utmost coarseness and ungainliness that nature could provide. When he was younger, he had lain awake nights fretting over this irremediable misfortune. For a while he would not admit to himself that it was irremediable. He was not prepared to go to the length of damaging his sight or destroying the usefulness of his teeth, but he ardently envied the bleared eyes and tobacco-stained tusks of the "toughs" whom he admired. He did his best to hide the odious red and white of his skin under coatings of grime, and tortured his invention to discover schemes for reducing his hair to subjection. This was the severest of his trials. He once prevailed upon a friendly shoeblack to "shine his head up" and put a first-class five-cent polish on his tawny mane, but the result was not sufficiently lasting to be thoroughly approved. A companion fertile in suggestion proposed shaving his crown and pricking Indian-ink into the scalp, but it could not be shown that this expedient had ever been successfully practised, and it was dismissed without trial. It might be true, the Baby admitted, that you could take the curl out of a puppy's tail by cutting it off, but that was because the tail would not grow again, whereas a boy's hair would grow; and it was a question which never could be answered to his satisfaction, whether the curl in his case was not a more burdensome affliction than the color.

During all his visits to the sick girl's chamber the young rogue's thoughts were bent upon plunder. His quick sight had caught the glimmer of the jewels upon the toilet stand, and he had listened greedily to the statement that the windows were left open at all times. He had observed that a trellis thinly covered with vines was affixed to the front of the house, and after diligent examination from without and within, it was plain to him that no extraordinary agility would be required to effect a se-

cret entrance. He did not know whether the little invalid was ever left alone at night, but this he would endeavor to learn. At any rate, there would probably be no wide-awake watch kept as soon as she began to get really better.

On his second evening call Gracie greeted her odd visitor almost like an acquaintance. With her pretty smile and pleasant voice she bade him welcome, and told him she was ever so obliged for the quiet and comfortable day he had given her. As before, he manifested no desire to be sociable; but since it was to his advantage to make himself as familiar as possible with the locality, he thought it well to prolong his stay by entering into conversation.

"What is your name," asked Gracie, as he stood looking stolidly at her.

"Nem'mind my name," he said; less gruffly, however, than when Mrs. Sheldon had put the same question.

"But you must tell me," insisted the child. "How can I talk to you if I don't know your name?"

"Well, some folks calls me the Baby," he replied, half sheepishly, half defiantly.

"Why, that's what mamma and papa often call me!" exclaimed Gracie. "How funny!"

"That's all right," the boy exclaimed. "You *are* a baby; I'm a man!"

"Oh!" said Gracie, somewhat doubtfully. "But you ought to have a name, and Baby belongs to me. I shall call you Robin."

"Why Robin, dear?" her mother inquired.

"Because his face is like my picture of Robin Goodfellow, and he has been good to me; that's one reason. Then look at him, mamma—he's all red, just like a real robin; don't you see?"

The Baby mumbled in a manner denoting dissatisfaction. The compliment made no impression on him, and the allusion to his distinguishing hue offended his pride. Still, if she wanted to call him Robin, why not? It sounded nice and comfortable, as she said it, and, so far as he could judge, it was an improvement upon either of his more familiar titles.

From that time he was Robin to the child and to all who saw him in the Sheldon house, except the nurse, whose aversion never diminished, and who refused to speak of him except as "the brat" to the servants, and "that saucebox" to her employers. Her hostility did not make it appear at all necessary to Mrs. Sheldon that he be excluded from the premises. She was pleased with anything in which her darling found even a trifling interest, and she also continued to harbor the fancy that it was for the good of the wayward vagrant to breathe, if only for once or twice in his life, an atmosphere made pure and wholesome by influences unknown in the sphere to which he belonged.



"GOOD-BY, GRACIE," HE REPEATED.

VI.

For six consecutive evenings the newsboy reappeared, always receiving his half-dollar, although toward the end he displayed an unaccountable reluctance to taking the money in Gracie's presence. On his last regular arrival he was informed that the nurse was no longer in attendance. This satisfied him on more grounds than one. He detested her cordially, in the first place, and he also knew that her absence would facilitate the execution of the difficult scheme which he was planning. Already he was on fairly easy terms with the child, and the assurance that his particular enemy was out of the way made him quite cheerful.

"I'm all well now, Robin," said Gracie. "Mamma won't let me get up yet, but I'm truly well. You ought to be glad of that."

"So I am," he replied, shortly.

"Mamma thought once that I was going to die."

"Oh no; guess not."

"She did, and so did you. I heard you say it, Robin."

He felt his face flush and scorch him, at which he was very angry. "Didn't mean to," he growled.

"But I knew you were sorry," she said, consolingly. "Never mind; I shall soon be as strong as ever. Nurse has gone, and I'm going to sleep alone every night."

"Shouldn't think they'd let yer," he whispered, glancing stealthily around at Mrs. Sheldon, who was busy in another part of the chamber.

"Why, yes, I always do when I'm not sick. Of course papa and mamma are in the next room, and the door stays open."

"O' course."

"And a fortnight from to-morrow we shall go to the country, if I am able to travel so soon."

The boy started, and looked keenly into her face. He had not hitherto given himself time to follow out all the consequences of her recovery.

"A fortnight from to-morrow—Friday," he said, slowly. "That'll be the 1st of August, I reckon."

"I don't know. You'll come and see me before then?"

"I'll come if yer mother's willin'."

"Indeed she will be. Mamma, Robin must promise."

The mother made no objection. He understood, however, that the nightly calls were not to be continued. Mr. Sheldon had notified him that, as the term of his contract was at an end, the daily allowance of fifty cents would be stopped; but had added that in case there should be no renewal of the street disturbances during the next two weeks, he might look for a good round sum—say five dollars. The Baby knew perfectly well that there would be no more trouble with the fence. The boys had grown tired of the business, and had chosen another locality for their play-ground. He was not such an idiot, however, as to give this fact away to the Sheldons. He told them he should have to be on watch all day long, that it was the toughest job he ever put his fist to, and that it was wearing the flesh off his bones. Oh yes, the money would be well earned, and he would turn up without fail at the right time to get it.

After obtaining all requisite information on this point, the Baby withdrew. He was particularly grumpy about accepting the last half-dollar which Mrs. Sheldon proffered him, and snappishly refused to recognize its existence until he was out of Gracie's room. But he took it readily enough then, and would have taken a dozen more with all the pleasure in life if he could have laid his hands upon them.

The fortnight went by, and he again stood, at a late hour of the evening, by Gracie's bedside. Many times during the interval he had prowled about the neighborhood after dark; but he had taken good care to escape observation, and, indeed, had not usually commenced his wanderings until after respectable citizens had gone to sleep. No one in the house suspected how constant and vigilant his attendance had been.

"How long it is since I have seen you, Robin!" said the child. "I have missed you."

It was quite true. The rough boy of the streets had an attraction for the delicately nurtured girl, which could be explained only upon the principle that the sharpest contrasts are often the most closely drawn together. Her mother thought that she regarded him with the same interest she would have felt in a big, shaggy, handsome dog or pony. Gracie was fond of animals, and this was not the first time that her fancy had been caught by an out-of-the-way living plaything.

"Yer father said I was to come to-night," answered the Baby.

"But you needn't have staid away *all* the time. I'm going to-morrow, and you don't know when you will see me again."

"I sha'n't never see yer no more," he declared.

"Yes, you will, you foolish Robin. You can come in the morning and wish me good-by, and after I get back in the fall you'll *always* see me."

He shook his head, saying to himself it was no use taking notice of such nonsense. He did expect to see her once—just once—but she would not see him, or know anything about it. A pretty mess if she should!

"Just think of not coming to see me," she resumed, "after helping me to get well."

"D'yer s'pose I did help?"

"Be sure you did, you naughty boy. Mamma says you kept everything still in the street ever so many days, so that I could sleep and rest. Don't you know that?"

"Oh yes, I know a lot," he replied, with a bitter vehemence which he could not himself account for, and which he had no sort of doubt was wholly unnecessary and stupid.

"Well, I sha'n't forget it, Robin; not ever."

She gave him a bright smile, which in some way made him uncomfortable. She had smiled at him often enough before this, and it had not bothered him a bit after the first. It seemed to be the right thing for her to do, or it might be that most things she did seemed to be right. But this time he did not like it.

"I'll have to be goin'," he announced, abruptly.

"Yes, it is growing late," assented Mrs. Sheldon, approaching the bed.

"He will come for good-by to-morrow," said Gracie.

"Can't do it, nohow," the Baby protested. "Can't get off work till evening."

"Then you must bid her good-by now."

"Yes, I will." But he paused a considerable while, and then added, "What'll I say to her?"

The child laughed playfully, and the mother, not understanding his indecision, said: "Anything you choose."

"Good by, Gracie."

He looked up at her in hesitation and perplexity. "Kin I call her Gracie?" he asked.

"Certainly you may."

"That's my name, Robin," said Gracie, with good-humored gaiety.

Mrs. Sheldon was struck by a sudden swift change that came over his countenance. For a single moment all the precocious hardness melted away, and the expression he wore offered no contradiction to the beauty of his features.

"Good-by, Gracie," he repeated. The words were indistinctly uttered, and Mrs. Sheldon had another cause for surprise in what she took to be his unprecedented diffidence. Whatever the feeling was, it created within him an effect so peculiar and disagreeable that he lost no time in getting out of the room. Nothing exasperated him more than the puzzling sensations which occasionally came over him when he was in communication with or thinking about the "Sheldon kid."

His spirits were brightened before he left the house by the present of a five-dollar note from the head of the establishment, "for trying to behave himself and giving Gracie something to talk about." This was intended by Mr. Sheldon as a token of final dismissal. He did not approve of certain plans which his wife had partly formed for the future, and deemed it advisable to let the "little freak" sink back to his normal obscurity during the absence of the family from town.

"You never can make anything that isn't crooked out of that sort of trash," he affirmed. "Give him a good send-off, and let him scamper away out of sight and mind. That will be best all around."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STEADY WORK VERSUS CRAMMING.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

SEVERAL boys were not long ago talking about their studies, and one of them said, airily: "I don't believe in killing myself by plodding and digging a whole year. I go on moderately till within a few weeks of examination, and then I cram with all my might. I get along just as well as the fellows who have been grinding for a twelvemonth."

Do you indeed? I wonder whether, if it were foot-ball, or a boat-race, or any trial of athletic skill which was in question, this boy's opinion would be the same. Probably not. He would at once see the common-sense aspect of the case. No argument would be needed to convince him that a spurt toward the end of a training period which had been undertaken half-heartedly would harden his muscles, and give the steadiness of nerve and

hand and eye necessary to success. In athletics, discipline tells.

It is equally so in mental work. Discipline does for the mind what exercise does for the body. It is the patient repetition of effort day after day that makes the strength of reason and of memory, so that you are growing, little by little, as a tree grows through the summer heat and rain. To cram at the end of a year's course may help you to pass an examination, but it will not give you any real facility in getting ready for life.

For that is what school-work and college-work mean, boys—preparation for life. Whether you are to be in business, or to choose a profession, you will find yourselves by-and-by in the thick of a struggle. You will need those faculties which make you quick to decide and prompt to execute. You will find around you those who will dispute your claims to a place of advantage, and it will be too late then to undo the mistakes of the preparatory time. To cram for an examination is a blunder unworthy of boys who think and look ahead, as I hope my readers do. Steady, honest, patient work, in the long-run, always pays.

Here is possibly the answer to the query, "What becomes of the brilliant students?" For we must confess that a brilliant examination is not always a successful test when it comes to putting one's powers to the proof in actual daily work, not at school, but in the shop, the office, or the profession. My theory is that many of these show pupils depended on coaching and cramming for their success, and not on fidelity all along the line.

HOW TONY SOLD ROSE-BUDS.

HE was only a dog, but a remarkably clever one. He belonged to the class known as shepherd dogs, which are noted for their sagacity and fidelity. His master was a little Italian boy called Beppo, who earned his living by selling flowers on the street.

Tony was very fond of Beppo, who had been his master ever since he was a puppy, and Beppo had never failed to share his crust with his good dog. Now Tony had grown to be a large strong dog, and took as much care of Beppo as Beppo took of him. Often, while standing on the corner with his basket on his arm, waiting for a customer, Beppo would feel inclined to cry from very loneliness; but Tony seemed to know when the "blues" came, and would lick his master's hand, as much as to say: "You've got me for a friend. Cheer up! I'm better than nobody; I'll stand by you."

But one day it happened that when the other boys who shared the dark cellar home with Beppo went out early in the morning as usual, Beppo was so ill that he could hardly lift his head from the straw on which he slept. He felt that he would be unable to sell flowers that day. What to do he did not know. Tony did his best to comfort him; but the tears would gather in his eyes, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he at last forced himself to get up and go to the florist, who lived near by, for the usual supply of buds.

Having filled his basket, the boy went home again, and tied it around Tony's neck. Then he looked at the dog, and said: "Now, Tony, you're the only fellow I've got to depend on. Go and sell my flowers for me, and bring the money home safe, and don't let any one steal anything." Then he kissed the dog, and pointed to the door.

Tony trotted out in the street to Beppo's usual corner, where he took his stand. Beppo's customers soon saw how matters stood, and chose their flowers, and put their money into the tin cup in the centre of the basket. Now and then, when a rude boy would come along and try to snatch a flower from the basket, Tony would growl fiercely and drive him away.

So that day went safely by, and at nightfall Tony went home to his master, who was waiting anxiously to see him, and gave him a hearty welcome. Beppo untied the basket and looked in the cup, and I should not wonder if he found more money in it than he ever did before.

This is how Tony sold the rose-buds, and he did it so well that Beppo never tires of telling about it.

A SURPRISED BEAR.

"AS to your question about grizzlies," said the traveller, "I'll tell you my first and rather remarkable experience with one of those varnints. I was a kid, not yet twenty, and new to the region of the Sierras, having come from the East but a

few months before. On a moonlight night early in April, I was gently meandering home on muleback. I was unarmed, with the exception of a pocket knife, for I had foolishly lent my pistol to a friend. I had almost reached the range, having only a short stretch of ground to pass. I had heard the settlers allude respectfully to 'old Ephraim.' They said he was fiercest in the spring, after his winter's siesta. He was always an ugly customer, and after a man had had a wipe or two from his talons, there was seldom enough left of that man to tell the tale.

"On this evening I speak of, I was very tired, as I had been riding all day. I had almost fallen asleep on my mule, when, my word! how that mule did jump! Standing ahead, as large as life, on the bank of a little brook, was a big grizzly. It grinned at me and growled in a way calculated to agitate the nerves of Ajax, the fellow who defied the lightning, much more those of a tenderfoot as I was then.

"I had heard enough to know that if I turned tail, that is the mule's tail, I could leave Ephraim behind me; but on the other side of him was home, and I had my share of grit even then. I had heard of a notion entertained by some people that a man can master the most ferocious wild creature by looking him in the eyes and advancing straight upon him. But even a greenhorn would back out of such an experiment with Ephraim, the most ferocious of all wild creatures.

"Suddenly I remembered that I had in my pocket a large box filled with friction matches, those made with plenty of brimstone for use in a strong wind. An idea occurred to me, and I patted and encouraged the mule, who trembled so that I thought she would drop down under me, and urged her boldly right in the face of old Bruin. When within a few feet, I suddenly struck a dozen matches, and threw them right into his open jaws. Never was there a more sudden change from malignant ferocity to the most abject cowardice. The huge brute actually covered and shook with terror equal to that of the mule herself.

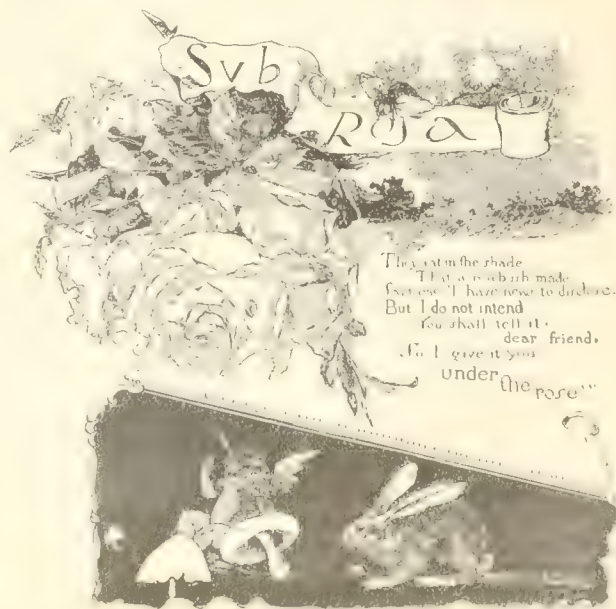
"This was something altogether outside of his experience. I suppose he thought he had struck a prairie fire on muleback. Even the mule saw the situation and gained courage. She advanced, and I kept up a continuous shower of burning matches. Luckily, a rather strong wind blew from me, and carried away the fumes. In fact, this is what brought the varmint to me, he having winded me. To cut things short, old Eph turned tail and ignominiously fled.

"Now, stranger, I might proceed to relate further how I stuck to the heels of that old grizzly, and kept setting fire to his fur until he was entirely burnt up; but in this sceptical age it may be well to suppress some of the facts of the case, for fear of being doubted."

STAND UP FOR THE WEAK.

FATHER. "I'm proud of my boy Tom. When he sees a smaller boy imposed upon he always takes his part."

LITTLE HARRY. "Just as he did with the chestnuts ma gave us this morning." Why, pa, he took nearly all my part and Eunice's, and then divided them with that big boy next door."





A SCAPEGOAT.

"WHAT IS THE MATTER, DEAREST?"
 "SOMETHING AWFULS—AUNTIE, MAMMA."
 "WELL, WHAT IS IT, SWEETHEART?"
 "MY D-D-OLE-BABY GOT AWAY FROM ME AND BWOKE A PLATE OUT
 IN THE PANTY."

A FORGETFUL BOY.

TEACHER. "Tommy, why didn't you learn your lessons for to-day?"

TOMMY. "Well, papa was sick and mamma had to be with him, and sister was away."

TEACHER. "How did that affect you?"

TOMMY. "Why, there wasn't any one to remind me of them."

WHERE HE WAS FROM.

IN new settlements when strangers meet, one of the first questions they ask of each other is, "Where are you from?"

Notes are always compared on the relative value of the different places, and stories are told of where the speaker was last, and where he expects to go next.

Once in a place which had promised big mining returns, and failed to perform its promises, two men met. They were Irishmen, and made friendly by the brogue, started a conversation. Presently up came the usual question from Dennis.

"An' where are ye from, Pat?"

"Bedad," answered Pat. "I'm from ivery place but this, an' it's from this place I'll be soon, he jabbers!"

TEACHER. "George, I think you would make a very good Judge—that is in one respect."

GEORGE. "Why, teacher?"

TEACHER. "Because in your reading, you pass so many sentences."

GEORGE (*laughing*). "Only the heavy ones, teacher; those with hard words, you know."

AN UNTAUGHT DIPLOMAT.

"You know, Nick," said his mother, "a gentleman never asks for things, no matter how badly he wants them."

"Why doesn't he?" said Nick, opening very wide his round four-year-old eyes.

"Because it is impolite and greedy. That is why it annoys me so to have you ask your uncle John, whenever he comes, if he has brought you candy. Remember, now, you must never do it any more."

"But it's my candy—he says so—and he wants me to have it."

"Then he will certainly give it to you, and you must wait his time for it. If I ever again hear you ask him, I will not let you have it. So promise me that you will not. I know my little boy wants to be a gentleman."

Nick made the promise with a very sober face. He was the normal small boy, not a little angel, yet he had been trained "upon honor," and felt that a promise once made could not be broken. This is the way he kept it. When Uncle John came again, his nephew, after greeting him, leaned meditatively against his chair, and said, "You didn't bring anything but yourself this time, did you, Uncle John?"

"Yes, I did," said Uncle John, with a laughing shout; "I brought a whole pound of candy, and after that, I wish it was two."

TOMMY'S PREFERENCE.

I LIKE the winter, drifted white,
 When on my yellow sled
 I go a-sliding down the hill
 Until my face is red.

I like the soft song-haunted spring,
 So rosy and so bright,
 When high against the cloudless blue
 I fly my purple kite.

I like the summer full of rest,
 When booms the happy bee,
 And I may play upon the sand
 Beside the sobbing sea.

I like the autumn, mellow, crisp,
 When nature's tinted gay,
 And shining chestnuts patter down,
 And I can shinney play.

I like the winter and the spring,
 The summer and the fall,
 But don't know which I like the best,
 Because I like them all.

R. K. M.



NOT SO BAD AS IT MIGHT BE.

MR. MOUSE (*to Mrs. Mouse*). "A MINUTE AGO WE THOUGHT OURSELVES IN A VERY BAD FIX, BUT, AFTER ALL, I AM INCLINED TO THINK WE HAVE REASON TO CONGRATULATE OURSELVES."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

DIEGO PINZON,

AND THE FEARFUL VOYAGE HE TOOK INTO THE UNKNOWN OCEAN A.D. 1492.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

CHAPTER IV.

DIEGO looked into the eyes of the boy who stood by his side, and in their sullen depths he saw a gleam of malicious triumph which he did not fail to understand. The boy was gloating over the plight he had fallen into.

It made it no easier for Diego to submit to the mockery of the other that he was being treated to his own sauce. The sauce was all the less palatable that it was of his own making. And then to have it served by a miserable jail-bird!

"You will do well to keep your distance," he said to the boy.

"Ha! ha!" jeered the boy; "so young to die!"

"Say that again," said Diego, "and I will so do to you that you will forget the jail you came from."

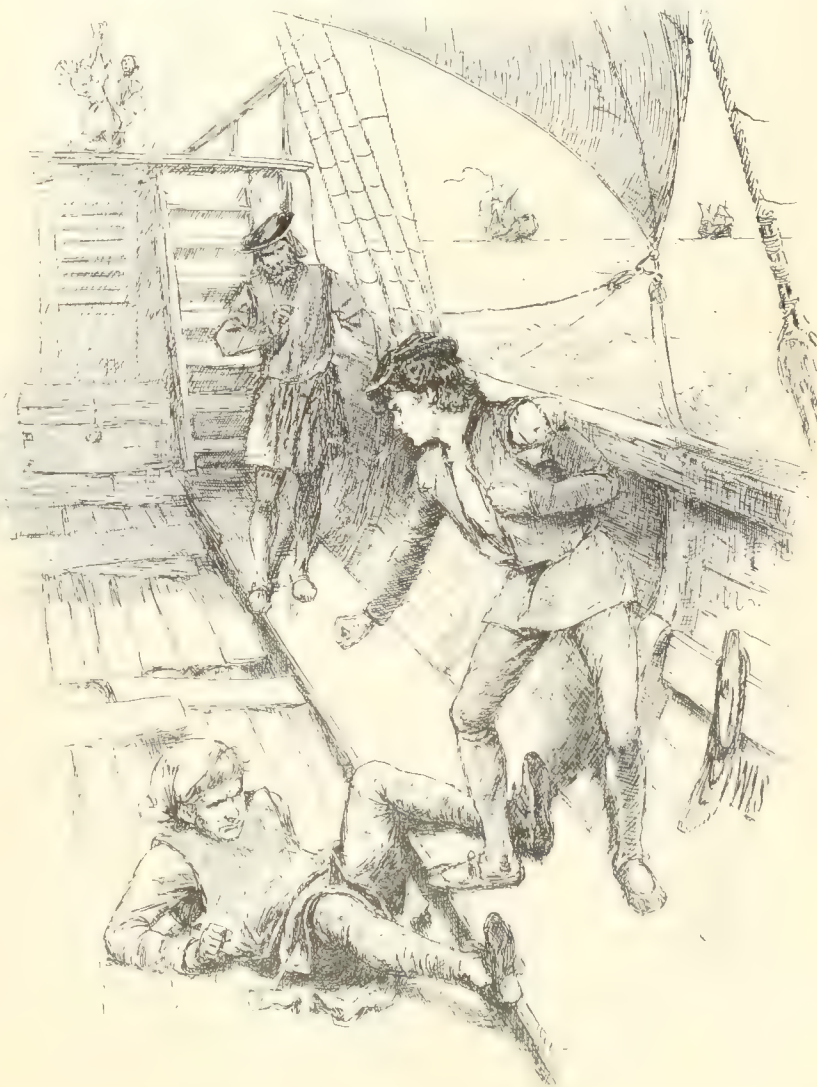
A flush rose to the sallow face of the boy, and he said fiercely, between his teeth, "So young to die!"

Perhaps you know how boys do in these days on such occasions. Four centuries have made no difference; boys did the same then. These two forgot their fellow-voyagers, and seemed to think they were alone on the narrow ledge that skirted the rail. They glared rage and defiance at each other; they measured each other from head to foot. Then, like a flash, for he was a quick boy, Diego struck the other boy on the cheek.

The latter was knocked off the ledge, but was on his feet and up again, and was rushing at Diego, when a strong hand caught him by the collar and lifted him off his feet, and another strong hand fell thwack, thwack, first on one side of his head and then on the other; and then he was dropped.

The two hands belonged to Martin Alonzo Pinzon; and as he aimed at impartiality, he had no sooner released

the convict boy than he caught up a rope's end and laid it lustily over Diego's shoulders, thus giving his cousin an opportunity to form an estimate of the difference be-



tween his method and Fray Bartolomeo's. The advantage seemed to be with Martin Alonzo, for Diego had no need to pretend a distress he did not feel. His anguish was genuine.

"Now," said Martin Alonzo, comprehending the scowling convict as well as the squinting Diego, "before this happens again, take thought that I am the master of this vessel, and can do all the fighting." Then he looked over the crew that had gathered quickly around, and added, meaningly, "All the fighting, mind you?"

With that he roared out another order, and it was a marvel how the sailors jumped to his bidding. As for Diego, he saw in his cousin another sort of man from the gentle, long suffering Fray Bartolomeo. Nevertheless, he and his antagonist exchanged looks of dislike.

However, they said nothing to each other, though each thought to himself that a more convenient time might come, forgetting that they expected never to see land again.

Well, the little disturbance, odd as it may seem, did much towards raising Diego's spirits. Besides, he was not much given to low spirits, and, with all his terror of the voyage, he was, like most of the other sailors, willing to forget the future, since there was no way yet apparent of avoiding it.

He had come on board so soon before sailing that it had not been possible to assign him to any duty, so there was nothing for him to do but watch the others work, or look over the rail at the shore as it seemed to glide slowly by.

One thing that he did especially was to follow his antagonist with his eye as he went about his work; and in spite of his dislike for him and prejudice against him, he could not help admitting that he seemed to understand the business of a sailor very well. And once he heard the man who had gone aboard with him address him as Juan Cacheco.

When the *Pinta* reached the mouth of the river, she dropped anchor again near to where the *Santa Maria* and the *Niña* were anchored. The former was the admiral's vessel and the largest, and the latter was commanded by a brother of Martin Alonzo, and was the smallest. The largest was small enough, and it did not surprise Diego to hear his own thought uttered in a dismal, surly growl on the other side of him.

"Three crazy tubs for a crazy voyage!"

Diego turned to see if the remark was addressed to him, and who had uttered it. It had evidently not been made to him, for which he was glad when he saw the ugly, sullen face of the companion of Juan Cacheco turned towards the other two vessels. He started to move away from the man, when the latter shifted his gaze from the vessels to him, and said, in a tone of half-sultry friendliness: "I think we're of the same opinion as to that. Eh, boy?"

"I know naught about it," answered Diego, without making any effort to conceal the repugnance he had for the man, whom he did not think of as a fellow-voyager, but only as a convict.

"Hah!" ejaculated the man, showing by his sudden change of tone and by his scowl that he comprehended Diego's feeling towards him. 'Tis the cockerel that crowed so bravely on the quay and changed his tone so soon after. We'll clip your comb before this voyage is half done, my little bird, or my name is not Miguel de la Vega."

Now Diego was as hasty of temper as he was lacking in prudence, as his quick and taunting answer showed.

"Miguel of the plain or Miguel of the prison, it is all one to me. Only I will say this to you, that you may find it harder to get my comb than you think. It may not be so easy to steal other persons' belongings on board ship as you found it on shore, perhaps."

"Ah! say you so?" was the answer of the man, his brows and lowering brow giving Diego a very unpleasant sensation, and making him wonder if a less sharp retort might not have answered his purpose as well.

He certainly had not made a friend of the man; but for the matter of that, why should Diego Pinzon, who was an honest boy, with good blood in his veins, and somewhat of a scholar withal, have any desire to be friendly with a man who had only escaped the punishment of his crimes by his willingness to risk his life in the perilous undertaking on which they were both embarked?

He moved slowly forward, thinking of these things, and making up his mind that he would speak to his cousin, and demand of him as a right that he should not be obliged to have his watch with any of the convict members of the crew. He had a very lively respect for his masterful cousin, but he could see nothing unreasonable in the request he had to prefer, and so looked about to see if there might be an opportunity to speak with Martin Alonzo.

There was no hope of finding the Captain of the *Pinta* idle at such a stage of the voyage; but at the moment Diego looked around he saw him standing aft, gazing aloft at some operation which his new crew was performing in the rigging, and performing very ill, if one might judge from his contracted brow. He gave a hasty, frowning glance at Diego as he approached, and then turned his eyes aloft again. Diego was not yet to be put down with a mere frown, and so held his place in front of his cousin until the latter looked at him again and said, gruffly,

"Well, boy?"

Diego cleared his throat for such a speech as he would have made at the convent to the reverend prior.

"I pray your pardon, good cousin—"

"Are you so in love with the rope's end that you crave more of it?" interrupted Martin Alonzo, brusquely.

"I do not understand you, cousin," stammered Diego.

"Then you shall, and that right speedily. Look alive, you lubbers aloft there!" he roared to the sailors in the rigging. "What! will you go to sleep on the yard? I'll be the death of some of you yet! Now harkee, boy," he said, with an abrupt turn to Diego; "Fray Bartolomeo said you were ready of tongue, and doubtless 'twas a merit in the convent, but on the *Pinta* 'tis only a dangerous gift. I, only, have the privilege of the gift of language here—all the others of you may as well know at once that the only gift you may exercise with safety is that of readiness of limb when I give the word."

"Yes, good cousin," said Diego, more meekly.

"And cousin me no cousins," said Martin Alonzo. "I am your Captain and naught else while we are on the voyage together. And now to the point. What word have you with me?"

Truly here was no soft-hearted fray to be cajoled with ready words. Diego choked a little, and then came to the point more directly than ever he had before.

"I came to ask that in arranging the watches you would put me with the honest men instead of with the convicts."

"Who speaks of convicts?" demanded the Captain, sharply.

"Why, 'tis well enough known that the crew is partly made up of prison men."

"Ay! is it so? And you are so nice that you must choose your company, eh?"

"I am a Pinzon," said Diego, with a touch of offended pride.

"A Pinzon! Ay, to be sure!" said Martin Alonzo, scornfully. "And, prithee, why are you going this voyage?"

"Because you forced me, and no other why," said Diego.

"Tut! will you quibble with me as if I were a fray at the convent? Why, then, did I force you? Speak up like a Pinzon, now!"

"Because I gave the good brothers so much trouble."

"You stole a melon, did you not?"

"Among other things, I did."

"And if you stole a melon, in what are you better than these men who stole purses, perhaps? You did it for mischief and to satisfy your gluttony, and how do you know what bitter temptations these men had? Now let me hear no more of your superiority. The men who are here are sailors, and I know nothing else of them until they force me to. As for you, your watch has been assigned, and your place is where you have been put. Now go forward, where you belong."

There was that in Martin Alonzo's tone and manner that kept Diego's ready tongue in check, and made him turn and go forward very meekly; though not without a tingling sense of shame at having been likened in so public a manner to the convicts he had despised.

He indeed had spoken softly enough; but Martin Alonzo had not. Perhaps his was a voice that did not readily lend itself to a whisper. Anyhow, he had so spoken that many on the little vessel had caught the pith of the whole conversation, and Diego felt very certain that, among others, Juan Cacheco had heard and was grinning with glee.

At that instant there was nothing he would have liked better than to have a pitched battle with that lad; but he had learned already to exercise some self-restraint, so he went into the forward cabin without even exchanging glances with Juan.

If he had felt disinclined to the voyage before, he felt much more so now, when the prospect of the future offered so strong a contrast to the past, which he had brought to a close by his own folly. More than once that night he had it in his mind to slip overboard and swim ashore; but the folly of it was too apparent for him to act upon the idea, and when the call came in the morning for the watch to go on deck, he was ready with the others.

It seemed to him when he looked around in the dim morning light as if especial pains had been taken to humiliate and cross him; for he found himself in the same watch with Juan Cacheco and Miguel de la Vega, the two whom, of all others, he would most have wished to avoid companionship with.

He had not much time for bitter thoughts, however, for Martin Alonzo had tumbled on deck at the same time with the sailors, and had at once begun to roar out order after order; so Diego, unless he was minded to taste the rope's end again, must needs jump to the word.

Fortunately for him, he was enough of a sailor to understand the orders given, and was nimble enough to acquit himself tolerably well—better, indeed, than many of the men, some of whom found themselves on board a vessel for the first time in their lives. Besides, he was soon engaged in a hot rivalry with Juan Cacheco, each boy striving to outdo the other in nimbleness and expedition.

The *Santa Maria* and the *Niña* showed as much life as the *Pinta*, and it did not take long for all to understand that the little fleet was now about to start in good earnest on the long and, as they believed, fated voyage.

Sullen curses and deep anathemas were muttered all over the *Pinta*, and it was plain to Diego that a more unwilling crew had never set sail. In the first moments of despair at leaving their native land behind them, the men had made little concealment of their words; but later, Diego noticed them whispering together in knots,

though always careful to give Martin Alonzo no cause for anger.

Diego noticed, too, that the convicts were not the only ones who whispered so suspiciously together; though of what was being said he could gain no notion, for at his near approach to any one of the whispering groups the whispering would instantly cease, and he would be re-



"NOW GO FORWARD WHILE YOU BELONG."

garded with scowling looks. Indeed, he was not long in discovering that he was in disfavor with the majority of the crew, and he very rightly attributed that fact to his cousin's loud voice, which had betrayed his, Diego's, feelings towards the convict crew.

His situation was so different from what he had always been accustomed to that it threw him into a very unhappy frame of mind. His bold temper and gay spirits had always made him an unquestioned leader among the boys at the convent, and his quick wit and readiness to acquire knowledge had made him a favorite with the friars, even when he was fullest of mischief. Here he was a sort of outcast. His cousin was unreasonably harsh with him; the convicts whom he had scorned despised and disliked him, and the honest portion of the crew passed him by with scarce a civil word.

The result of it all was to make him very sullen and dejected. His gay spirits deserted him completely, and he went about his work without a word for anybody, but always with a black look ready for any one who might challenge it, and particularly for Juan Cacheco, who took a malicious pleasure in the misery of the lad who had taunted him in his time of misery.

Had circumstances been different, Diego would have gone to his cousin with his fear of some mischief brewing on board the *Pinta*; but as it was, he felt that anything he might say would only be received with rough up-

braiding, and so, in spite of hearing now and again an ominous and threatening word dropped by the whispering men, when they did not suspect his presence, he kept silence and let the talk go on.

Mutiny was what he suspected; but from the few words he had overheard he was quite certain that the only object of the mutiny was to force Martin Alonzo to return to land, and he was too little in love with the voyage to care to prevent the sailors having their will in that respect. His thought was that if he could only get back to Spain, he would make good speed to the convent, and so conduct himself that there would never again be any need for extreme measures against him. Ah, if he could but be in those quiet, peaceful cloisters again!

Yes, he was really of a mind to let the mutiny progress; not merely because he had no sympathy with Martin Alonzo, but quite as much because the terror of the sailors, which had been daily growing since they had left land behind them, had communicated itself to him.

They were on the third day out now, and the faces of the men wore that dull, stolid look of terror, despair, and threatening which seemed to have transformed them from human beings to brutes, a likeness that was further borne out by the constant low mutterings that broke from their lips whenever two or three came together.

Whether Martin Alonzo suspected anything or not, Diego could not tell by any sign he ever made. The burly Captain went about the deck in his masterful, confident way, and the men were too much afraid of him to give him any cause for complaint.

On this third day, especially, when Diego was satisfied that matters among the sailors were drawing to a head, as if ripe for action, Martin Alonzo was absolutely free from any sign of suspicion. There seemed to be a storm brewing, and before he left the deck at night he had everything put in readiness to be made snug and tight at a moment's notice.

Diego was so certain that something would occur that night, that at the last moment his resolution to remain silent deserted him. It seemed to him that it would be right to make an effort to put his cousin on his guard; and with that purpose in view he placed himself nearer aft than he had any business to be, in the hope that Martin Alonzo, in passing, would give him the opportunity he sought for speech with him.

Well, Martin Alonzo saw him; but as it was a part of that worthy sailor's plan to give Diego a good lesson in obedience and subjection, he merely noticed him to snatch up a rope's end and order him forward with a sharp blow across the shoulders.

That effectually closed Diego's lips to him; but as he caught the sound of a jeering laugh from Juan Cacheco, as he passed him, he turned fiercely and muttered between his shut teeth,

"Your turn will come, you prison dog!"

"And so will yours; and sooner than you think," was Juan's answer, no less fiercely spoken.

"It won't be too soon," said Diego.

"Ah! won't it?" was all Juan's answer; but it had an ominous tone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TAKE CARE OF YOUR WATCH.

THERE is no other personal belonging to which good care is more necessary than a watch, and hardly any other that is more recklessly ill used. The baby plays with it, the housewife lays sticky fingers upon it; it is left open at night for convenience, or subjected to alternations of heat and cold by being hung against the chimney flue. There is the highest authority for saying that the best place for a watch is its owner's pocket. The pocket should be a clean one, and the watch be further protected by a chamois bag. It should be wound up with even,

steady motion, not too fast or too slow, and as near as possible at the same hour of the day. Morning is the best time for it, and if it is done while the watch has still an hour or two to run, there will be much less wear and tear of the mainspring. In fact, paradoxical as it sounds, a watch will wear out twice as soon by running one day in ten as it would if kept going all the time.

Let it lie flat as little as possible. When not in the pocket keep it hanging by its ring in a case of some soft thick stuff, preferably of wool or silk. Never leave the case open the night through. If you need to do it for even an hour, be careful to wipe the dust from the crystal before closing it. No case ever yet made is dust-proof. If such were possible, the watch-mender's occupation would be well-nigh gone, since it is the dust sifting in that not merely clogs the wheels and turns the oil on the pivots to gum, but acts as emery would, and wears away the works until they utterly fail to keep time.

Avoid jarring your watch, under pain of having it stop, until it grows worthless as a timepiece. Do not pin your faith too closely on its accuracy, either. With the very best of movements, variations will sometimes occur. Heat, cold, motion, vibration, location, any or all may make your watch fast or slow. One reason that ladies' watches are usually such bad time-keepers is that they are so irregularly worn—hence they have, about three days out of seven, a widely different environment.

Never use chalk, whiting, or any sort of powder to brighten a case. Never rub hard, and use only a clean chamois or a bit of soft silk. Beware of even a suspicion of moisture. A watch had nearly as well fall upon a rock as into water. If by chance such a thing happens, put the watch at once into alcohol—whiskey will not do—and leave it until you can hand it over to the watchmaker.

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.

BY AUNT MARJORIE PRECEPT.

IAM often surprised to hear sensible boys and girls boast of their quick temper, as though it were something to be proud of.

"I say more than I mean when I am irritated," acknowledges Fanny Flashup; "but then I am sorry the next minute, and take it all back."

"It's a word and a blow with me," says Ned Reckless, "but I never bear malice."

Now nobody ever makes a boast of being conceited, or stupid, or untruthful, but, on the contrary, you could not insult a friend more surely than by accusing him of possessing any of those traits. Yet nine out of ten persons are rather complimented by having their acquaintances declare that they have noticed their quickness of temper. The reason possibly is this: quick-tempered and hasty people are often very generous and kind-hearted. Impulsive in anger, they are also impetuous in their desire to give pleasure. So the two opposite qualities become confused in our minds, and in many cases when we are praising the quick temper we are really thinking of the generosity of heart.

I am very sure, however, that on reflection we all admire more the self-control which represses hasty words, than the ill temper which blurts them out with no regard to the feelings of others.

A great author, Thomas Carlyle, not noted for patience, once met with a great misfortune. He had written the first volume of a history, which had cost him no end of trouble and labor, and had lent it to a friend to read. A careless maid swept it off the friend's table, and kindled the fire with the precious manuscript. Mr. Carlyle bore the loss without one reproachful word, and everybody can see that he behaved nobly.

God is very good to us many times in our lives, but His goodness is never so great as when He prevents our ill temper from making us wretched for life. Suppose the book you threw at Dick when he called you a "fraid-cat," had glanced away from him and struck the golden head of baby in the cradle? It would have killed her. Suppose the knife for which you fought with Ted had

slipped and wounded him in the eye? Such an accident happened when two little fellows, brothers, once struggled for a penknife, and one of them in consequence has been blind during forty long years. I never see the dear old man, who often visits at my house, without thinking of the many years in which he has seen nothing, all in consequence of that miserable quarrel.

If we should think before we speak or act in anger, we should also think before we make promises. Some of us are very ready to pledge ourselves to do this or that thing for a friend, quite forgetful of what we already have on hand.

"Ellen is so very obliging," says Aunt Mary. "She is always ready to help me when I am busy."

"Yes; but to do so Ellen forgets that she must throw a great deal more work upon her mamma and elder sisters," is the home verdict.

Do not call this a sermon, dears, yet please remember its text—"Think before you speak."

ARTHUR'S MIRACLE.

BY KATE WOODBRIDGE MICHAELIS.

ARTHUR had a dollar. It was a whole dollar, large, round, bright, and shiny—very shiny indeed, for Arthur had spent at least an hour polishing it on the knife-board with brick-dust, and when you couldn't see the scratches, he had certainly improved its appearance very much.

Arthur had never before had a whole dollar to spend exactly as he pleased, and the thought of all it would buy had kept him awake for two nights. At least he thought it had, and he certainly had heard his father snoring in the next room, and the bell in the church steeple striking four.

Once in a while he almost made up his mind to buy presents for the whole family, including the kind uncle from England, who had exalted him to the proud and happy position he now held of possible public benefactor. But the family was large, and then Uncle John had said so plainly, "Buy yourself something with this, my boy," that he was not quite sure he would be justified in expending his fortune on others.

Arthur's mother had suggested putting it in the bank and letting it "grow," but she admitted that it would take some time for the one dollar to turn into two, and as Arthur was quite sure that the fairy-godmother uncle was coming back in three months, and might—he was such a noble-hearted man—give him, not, of course, another dollar, but perhaps a quarter, or even a half, that he felt he might safely spend his treasure.

Arthur's father had offered to borrow the money, but his generosity did not seem to impress his son as much as he had expected it to. The offer was refused on the spot.

Arthur's sisters had suggested *dolls*, as if a boy of eight, old enough to have a whole dollar, would not scorn such an absurd suggestion! You may be very sure he did not ask them for advice again. Of course in his heart, even before he had consulted his Sunday-school teacher, Arthur knew that a good little boy would at once buy a book, probably a Bible; but he had two Bibles already, and besides, he didn't *want* a book; he wanted something he had never had before, and could never have without this bright, shining, beautiful thing that was to bring everlasting joy into his life.

Verily the possessor of vast wealth has his trials!

Ever since Thursday the dollar had been weighing down his soul as well as his pocket, and now it was Saturday, beloved of boys, and with his best suit on, his shoes shining as if they too had been treated to a course of brick-dust, he sallied forth, vowing to himself to re-

turn minus his dollar, but plus something—something that would deserve to be spelled all in capitals.

Up and down the streets he wandered, peering in one window after another, stepping into one shop to inquire the price of skates, then recalling the fact that as it was



HE WAS ATTRACTED BY A BRILLIANT AND CURIOUS SIGN.

now April, he would have to wait some time before using them, and examining instead tops, jack-knives, and foot-balls, each one proving so much more attractive than the others that it was quite impossible to decide upon a choice.

At last, as he was watching a woman sewing on a sewing-machine at an opposite window, and thinking that if they only cost a dollar, sewing-machines that one could mend one's own stockings and trouser knees with, without the knowledge or disagreeable comment of the family, would be nice things to have and save a good deal of scolding, he was attracted by a very brilliant and curious sign on the wall, right above the woman's window. It was evidently new, very sparkling and beautiful, and it read, "Teeth taken out."

Arthur stood and looked at it for a moment with deepest interest, also with a slight shudder, remembering his sister Molly's graphic and painful description of the removal of an aching tooth.

He was glad that *he* had never lost a tooth since his small baby ones tumbled out, when or how he knew not. He snapped his teeth together reflectively as he walked on, his eyes still on the sign, when, in the very moment of his intently regarding it, it disappeared from his view, and instead of it he read, "Without any pain."

Arthur put his hand to his eyes; then he looked again. Yes, there it was, plain and distinct, "Without any pain."

Could he have made such a curious mistake in his first reading? He walked slowly backwards. Two steps. He looked again. "Teeth taken out" was staring at him.

It was a miracle. Arthur had a dreadful recollection of having for a rash moment doubted the reality of the fiery chariot and the whale—Jonah's whale; he had even said to his sister Jeanie, as they walked home from church, that he didn't see the use of miracles, even if they did happen. *If* they did happen! Never again would he doubt anything that was told him; had not a message just been sent him straight from heaven that if he wanted his teeth taken out, it wouldn't hurt him?

The woman sewing by the window stopped to smile and nod at the pretty curly-haired boy with such a serious almost solemn face who kept stepping back and forth right opposite her, but he took no notice of her attempted friendliness. Finally he sat down on a hydrant to consider.

Did he want his teeth taken out? He hadn't thought of it before, but then he hadn't known that it could be done without pain. Didn't that, when you came to think it over, make a great difference? Besides, had he any right to disregard such a message? Jeanie, who was sometimes most unpleasantly good, had advised him to pray about spending his money, if he wasn't willing to give it to the poor, and he had, he blushed to remember, made a face at her. If after that God sent him a message, wasn't it his duty to be obedient?

Of course, *teeth* were out of the question. It was even doubtful if such an accomplished dentist—one who could take out teeth without pain—would consent to take out one for only a dollar; but perhaps, when he mentioned that Uncle John was coming back from California in three months, and might give him another present, he could be prevailed upon to wait for part of his money.

Arthur crossed the street, mounted the stairs, and knocked at a glass door ornamented with gold flourishes, his hand in his pocket tightly clasping the precious dollar. After a moment's delay the door was thrown widely open by the most splendid-looking little man that Arthur had ever seen.

He had a large flashing pin on the front of a large and white shirt front; his coat went back from his waist as if he had pinned back the corners, and ended in two funny little tails hanging down his back; his shoes were shining and black, and tied with wide ribbons.

"How do you do?" asked Arthur, more from a sense that it was necessary to open a conversation than from any real fear that such a splendid-looking man could possibly be ill.

"I bear myself well—very well, thanks, monsieur. Is there anything I can do for monsieur this fine day?"

(Monsieur! Think of being called monsieur—a real grown-up man's name, older even than mister!)

Arthur felt this was almost a second miracle. He drew the dollar shyly from his pocket and held it out, warm from the loving clasp of his small hand.

"I have only a dollar," he began, timidly, feeling that to such a pin-owner and miracle-performer even his great round dollar must seem small and insignificant; but the man, superior as he was to ordinary mortals, was still able to estimate truly the value of the precious coin.

"Ah!" he said, politely, taking the dollar, and looking curiously at the pretty boy with his flushing cheeks, "monsieur says that he has *only* a dollar; but a dollar is a great deal; it will do much—very much."

"Would—do you think for it—is there enough—would it be enough to pay for having a tooth taken out?"

The man examined the dollar carefully, stealing a side

glance meantime at the little eager face. He rang it on the table, struck it with his nail, shut one eye, and held it up between the other and the light.

"It is a fine dollar," he said, slowly. "It is not possible that it is all the property of monsieur? It is much money for a young gentleman."

(*Gentleman*, you notice, not "little boy," as a common dentist like Molly's—taken out *with* pain—would most likely have said!)

Arthur nodded, glowing with pride.

"Yes," the dentist repeated, holding the dollar off at arm's-length to look at it, his head on one side; "it is fine—very fine—so shining! Monsieur"—with a sudden burst of frank confidence—"for such a dollar—such a dollar as this—I would—yes, I would take out a tooth!"

Arthur drew a long breath. The die was cast. He would go home without his dollar, but able to say for the rest of his life, "I have had a tooth taken out—*without pain*."

Silently he followed his new friend into another room, where the only furniture was a large chair, a case of murderous-looking instruments, and a cuspidore. With the dentist's aid, the little boy climbed into the chair, and laid his head obediently back upon the rest. The dentist pulled Arthur's mouth open, not quite so gently as Arthur had expected—but then, of course, when a man is going to do such a thing without pain, you must allow him some privileges—examined the teeth, above, below, then looked wonderingly at the child.

"Which one is it?" he asked.

"Which one?" Arthur echoed, wonderingly, in his turn.

"Yes, yes," the man repeated, a little impatiently. "Which tooth will be taken out—that does ache?"

"Oh!" Arthur responded joyfully, quite relieved, "none of them ache. You can take out any one you like—that you would be willing to pull for the dollar, I mean."

The man stepped back, and looked at the boy as curiously as he had before looked at the dollar.

"Do you mean that you want me to pull out any tooth in your head," he asked, slowly, "just for the pleasure of having a tooth pulled?"

"Without pain," Arthur answered, eagerly; "that was what the sign turned into—without *any* pain."

"And it is your own money?"

"All my own. My uncle gave it to me two days ago."

For a moment the man looked down into the bright, eager little face, and his own softened; then it hardened again. "Little fool!" he muttered. "Why should I care? He's got to learn a lesson some time—that's a sure thing. As well now as any other time." Then, turning to the table, he took up a large steel forceps. "Open your mouth," he said, briefly.

Crash! bang! boom! what was it? Only a little boy at an open window, in the arms of a frightened-looking man, water on his face and clothes, a terrible agony in his head, a ringing in his ears, a broken tooth in the forceps on the floor. Arthur sat up with an effort, putting his hand to his forehead.

"I thought," he said, brokenly—"I thought I felt a pain. What do you think was the matter? Wasn't the dollar enough?"

The man shook his head solemnly, a relieved expression in his face. "That was it," he answered. "It's just as well to tell you; it was hardly fair on me, but you seemed so set on it, and you hadn't a one-dollar tooth in your head; that was really a two-dollar one, and, of course, you see—"

"Yes," said Arthur, very sadly, "I see, but I wish you'd told me first."

HOW THE VOTES WERE RECORDED.

BY BENJAMIN NORTHROP



"I THOUGHT," HE SAID, BROKENLY—"I THOUGHT I FELT A PAIN"

Then he went carefully down the stairs, for everything seemed to be swimming before his eyes, and crept slowly home.

When he reached there, he was not sorry to find that the whole family had gone to tea at his aunt's, and said he might come afterwards, if he wanted to. But he didn't; he only wanted to put his poor aching little head on his old nurse's shoulder, and be cuddled and petted and comforted, just as if he had been her baby again.

Of course, as she said herself, she wasn't wise enough to be able to tell about miracles, but she thought she'd like to have the settling of the man that abused her dear child like that!

Arthur was asleep when they all came home that night; but Susan, the dear old nurse, was not, and that may account for what puzzled and delighted Arthur when he came down to breakfast next morning, heavy-eyed and swollen-cheeked, expecting to be questioned and laughed at, if he escaped being scolded, and found that neither then nor at any other time was he asked how he had spent his dollar.

When Uncle John (who was very fond of Susan, by-the-way) came home from California in the fall, he took Arthur to walk with him, bought him a beautiful pair of skates, a gyroscope, and a jack-knife, also a book, which, by a curious chance, happened to tell Arthur all about the working of some changing signs, which, Uncle John said, any one would certainly think miraculous if he didn't quite understand them.

When Arthur came home, the first thing he did was to show his dear Susan his treasures, and tell her about the signs, and she seemed quite as much surprised as he was at his uncle's happening, when he knew nothing about Arthur's miracle, to explain that very subject.

Perhaps she *was* as much surprised as she seemed to be.

IF you had been a passenger on an elevated railroad train in New York city on Tuesday evening, November 3d, you might have seen a policeman carrying a bag in his hand or suspended at his side from a strap over his shoulder. At certain stations you might have seen him hurry to the platform, and look up and down the station. Perhaps he would find what he was searching for, and perhaps he would not. But at the next station he would then be more successful. Another policeman would meet him, hand him a batch of papers done up in sealed envelopes, and hurry away as if his life depended upon the haste he made. These two policemen were among the 1600 bluecoats who were employed from the closing of the polls at four o'clock on the afternoon of election day until three o'clock the next morning collecting the result of the voting. The newspapers and the tax-payers also employed 7000 men to record the popular will, and make it known to the world.

It was a great undertaking that this army of men accomplished—greater perhaps than you have any idea of. A little less than a century ago, when Thomas Jefferson was elected President of the United States, the result of the balloting was not known for three months. This was partly due to the form of balloting and partly to the difficulty which the messengers had in carrying the election returns by stage or on horseback from the remote parts of the country to Washington. Then the Legislatures of the various States elected the President and Vice-President. Now the people of each State vote for their choice directly.

This simplifies matters, but it does not explain how it is possible to read the exact result of an election in a State where over one million votes are cast at our breakfast tables the morning after election day.

Let me explain how the vote of the great city of New York is recorded and reported to the newspapers of not only the metropolis, but of the whole world. The same system, in a more or less perfected degree, prevails in all the big cities of the land and in the country.

At precisely four o'clock in the afternoon the doors were closed in each of the 887 polling-places in New York city. The inspectors of election began their real work at that very instant. No time was to be lost. The votes had to be counted, and they had to be counted rapidly and correctly. At each polling-place were stationed two policemen. They had just come from reserve duty in the station-houses, and they looked fresh. They had need for all the strength they possessed, for the night's work was as hard as the fighting of a mob would have been. They were the official messengers. In some election districts the vote was light, and the result was known before nightfall. In others, where the vote was heavy, and many of the voters deposited mixed ballots—that is, ballots which contained the names of some Democratic and some Republican candidates—the result was not known until early morning.

There were 240,234 votes cast in New York city on election day, and so carefully and quickly were these votes counted that the readers of the great morning newspapers could have read at three o'clock in the morning, had they been awake and out-of-doors, that Mr. Flower, the Democratic candidate for the Governorship, had received a plurality of 58,847.

This is the way it was recorded: In each polling-place the inspectors began counting the votes cast for the candidates for the Governorship. This was finished first of all. As soon as these ballots were counted, the clerk of the board of inspectors wrote the figures down upon two separate slips, one for the Associated Press Association, which sends news to newspapers that are published in other cities and towns, and another for the Chief of the Election Bureau, at Police Headquarters. These slips were then put into envelopes and given to a policeman, who hurried with them to the station-house to which he belonged. Here there were seated from ten to fourteen reporters in a large room

on the second or third floor of the building. At a table sat the Captain of the precinct, or one of the Sergeants.

Back of the tables, leaning against the wall, was a line of messenger boys, some in uniforms and some without. When the envelopes were brought to the presiding officer, he tore them open, and read the figures out loud. The reporters at once jotted them down upon their own slips, which were provided for them by their newspapers. When enough returns came in, the reporters' slips were bundled into large envelopes and the messengers started on a run for the various offices in Newspaper Row. As a rule, each reporter had two messengers.

As soon as the policeman had delivered his slips, he hurried back to the polling-place for more returns. Meantime another officer had left the station-house, and gone at the top of his speed to the nearest elevated-road station. If the road was a long distance from the station-house, as is the case in some of the up-town districts, the messenger was mounted on horseback. In the districts above the Harlem River and on Washington Heights the messenger who brought the returns from the polling-place was also mounted.

But to go back to the policeman who started for the elevated road. As soon as he reached the platform, he waited for a train to come along with a policeman on it. When such a train came, he handed to him his envelopes, and rushed back to his station-house, only to repeat the trip half a score of times during the night.

We have got our slips started down town. Now for the end of the journey. At the nearest station to Police Headquarters the police messenger left the train, and went down stairs. There he met a mounted officer, who galloped down the street to the marble building where the Chief of Police and his aids do the executive work of the department. Here, in a large upper room, where the Police Commissioners usually try cases which may be brought against unworthy officers, one of the Police Inspectors read off the figures to another assemblage of reporters and to the police recorders, who entered them in large books made expressly for the purpose. This ended the history of that slip of paper.

Within a few days the inspectors of election in each polling-place took the sealed ballot-boxes to headquarters, where, in due time and with due solemnity, they were counted, and the result, which we all knew about the day after election, was announced as though no one had ever heard of it before. This cost a great deal of money. The whole cost of the election to the taxpayers was about \$250,000, but that included the printing of the ballots, the wages of the inspectors, the building of election booths, as well as the counting and recording of the votes. Think of it, over a dollar a nose New York pays for the annual counting of noses!

How about the newspaper slips? They were sent scurrying down to Newspaper Row, as I have described to you. When the

messenger boys reached the newspaper offices, they hurried up stairs to the editorial rooms, where the slips were taken from them, and they sent back to the station-houses whence they came, to repeat the trip. If you had gone into any one of those editorial rooms at any hour during that night you certainly would not have recognized it, however well you might have been acquainted with it. Such a scene of activity and bustle you hardly ever saw. The big room where the reporters write their articles was filled with large square tables, and around these sat from twenty to one hundred men. Before them were long sheets of queerly ruled white paper. At one end of a table a man was reading out the figures sent down by the reporters. At several of the other tables other men were doing the same. It would be impossible for one man to read all the figures, and keep up with the reporters. As soon as the figures were read, other men wrote them down in separate columns on the white paper. Then these sheets were turned over to other men to classify, add, and make grand totals. It was a strangely assorted lot of workers you would have found. Men were there who are never seen inside of a newspaper office from one year's end to another except upon the night of election day. They are, for the most part, expert bookkeepers who make their living out of figures. Several are bank clerks hired for their special fitness in adding long columns of figures almost at a glance. Among the workers, of course, were many newspaper reporters and editors.

In the rooms where the editorial writers write comments upon the news and tell their readers what to think, the editors were in a state of excitement. At one moment they were despairing because their favorite candidates seemed likely to be defeated, and at the very next moment perhaps they would rejoice because more figures had just come in which put a different phase upon the matter. They took the figures when the grand totals were made, and then wrote articles summarizing the result, and explaining why the people had voted as they did. Just as often as the votes in a district were added, the result was taken to the stereopticon man, who flashed the figures upon a canvas in front of the office.

Then you ought to have heard the crowd in the street cheer and yell, and you ought to have seen some enthusiastic men throw up their hats and dance like wild Indians in a show. It was a great night, but, nevertheless, almost every one is glad that election night only comes once in a year.

There are two local news associations in New York. A news association employs reporters just as newspapers do, and they collect all the news. This is written and manifolded or duplicated as letters are duplicated by the type-writer. These articles are then sent to all the newspaper offices. Some of the smaller morning newspapers did not send out reporters to all of the station-houses, but relied upon one of the news associations to supply them with the figures.



THE VOTE FOR A NATIONAL FLOWER—A NEW CANDIDATE.

GRACIE'S GODSON.

BY E. H. HOUSE

Part XXX.

VII.

FOUR hours later the Baby stole into the silent street upon which the Sheldon house was situated, and reconnoitred. The night was well suited to his purpose; heavy clouds were in the sky, and there was no meddlesome moonlight to be feared. He did not think it necessary to take extraordinary precautions, for he had been in the habit latterly of roaming through the district at all hours, and he knew how deserted it was sure to be in the early morning.

"Never catch a cop on this beat after dark," he said to himself; "it's too genteel."

He pushed back the iron gate slowly, to prevent it from creaking, and wedged a stone beneath it so that it should not close by itself. Then he crept stealthily across the garden, avoiding the gravel-walk and stepping only on the grass, until he stood under the window to which he proposed to climb. The blinds were shut; but he had no doubt that he could push them aside, and he knew he should find no other obstacle to his admission.

He had brought with him a fishing rod and line of the simple pattern with which boys of his class occasionally waste their time on the city piers. Leaning this against the trellis, he started upward, taking the greatest pains to keep from rustling the vines or shaking the woodwork. He had no difficulty in making his way aloft. His shoes had been left at home, and he planted his bare feet on the crossbars as noiselessly and securely as if he were endowed with the acrobatic instincts of a chimpanzee.

"Couldn't have been better," he chuckled, "if they'd ha' built it for me o' purpose."

When he had gone as high as the length of the fishing-rod he stopped and wound a loop of the line around his neck, and then proceeded, carrying his odd implement in this manner. The window was about twenty feet from the ground. On reaching it he turned about and examined the space below.

"I kin risk a jump," he reflected, "if old Sheldon wakes up and drives me hard. He won't shoot. They're all too soft for that here."

He did not at first unfasten the blinds, but merely moved a slat in its socket, and peered through the crevice. A lamp was dimly burning at the bedside, and by its light he could see everything within with sufficient distinctness. Gracie was alone, sleeping peacefully, her sweet and innocent face turned directly toward him. He looked at her steadily for some minutes—much longer than he was aware of—before giving attention to any other object. It would have satisfied him better if she were not so plainly visible. Casting his eyes about, he perceived that the door through which he had been accustomed to enter was wide open. He remembered the passage beyond it, and understood that the parents must be in the opposite chamber. The heavy breathing of a man warned him, in fact, that Mr. Sheldon was dangerously near. But there was little to be alarmed at in this circumstance. It was a good thing, on the contrary, to be thus assured that the head of the household was not awake. A door on the other side of the room was closed, and it was not likely that any interruption would come from that direction.



IN AN INSTANT HE SLIPPED THROUGH THE WINDOW.

Preparations for the journey of the following day had evidently been prolonged to a late hour. Many articles were removed from the toilet stand, and the contents of a chest of drawers had been taken out and placed near a trunk. But the jewels which he had longed to possess himself of were lying precisely where he had seen them, and were almost within his grasp as he stood clinging to the window-sill. Not only these shone in plain view, but he also saw glimmering in a velvet-lined box, on the top of the chest of drawers, a cluster of gems which he rightly judged to be of much greater value than the trinkets with which he was familiar. Was it possible that he could get these too into his clutches? Such good luck was almost too much to hope for. He would not, at any rate, consider the matter until he had gathered in the more accessible plunder.

He now swung the blinds gently, stirring them but a fraction of an inch at a time, to make sure that the hinges should not grate. When they were out of his way, and the whole breadth of the window was clear, he pulled up the fishing-rod and hung a large hook at the end, upon a piece of line some six inches in length. This he cautiously pushed into the chamber until it hovered over the toilet stand, about five feet in advance of him. The first object he fished for was a slender gold bracelet. He had considerable difficulty in getting the point of the hook under its edge, but after this was accomplished it was a simple business to lift the prize over to his reach, to disengage it, and drop it into his pocket. One after another he secured in the same way a second golden bracelet, a watch chain, and a small breastpin in the shape of a cross. He was drawing this last toward him, when his wandering glance fell upon Gracie. He stopped short, and an indescribable thrill ran through him—another of the queer disturbances to which he had latterly been subject; disturbances hitherto foreign to his experience, and all the more unwelcome from his inability to resist or explain them.

"These gimcracks don't belong to *her*, anyway," he

meditated. "They're worth too much, and they're too big—all except this one. I might shove this one back."

But the impulse had barely shaped itself in his mind when he stifled it in angry disgust at his folly. Was he losing his wits? He felt himself turning red with shame. He might as well be a baby in earnest if his backbone was worth no more than this to him.

He deposited the little breastpin with the rest of the spoil, and went on hauling in a few less costly trifles, with an occasional hungry look at the more substantial and tempting assortment in the far-away corner. There was the making of him in that pile, he calculated. One ring alone, if its gleam could be trusted, was equal to a fortune, and there were at least half a dozen clustered together, of various qualities. What were his chances of getting at them? It could do no harm to think them over, whether any result came or not.

Presently he detached the hook and cord which he had thus far put to such profitable use, and taking a lump of soft putty from a pocket in his shirt, moulded it into a ball on the tip of his pole. If he could only cover the distance to the top of the chest of drawers, and make a dab at two or three of the precious stones, the game might be played safely enough. But a single trial showed that the stretch was too great. It was distracting. Why had he not brought a proper pole, instead of a toothpick like this? He wondered if there was time to go in search of another. No, that was out of the question. Yet to give up such a splendid mass of booty, when nothing stood between it and him but a half-dozen yards of empty air, was enough to drive him to frenzy.

As he gazed ravenously, the blood seemed to run like liquid fire through his veins, and a feeling of blind desperation took control of him. Come what might, he would not leave without an effort to make those treasures his own. It was worth risking his liberty or his limbs, and almost his life. A fury of greed was upon him. He lowered the fishing-rod to the ground outside, and in an instant slipped through the window, alighting noiselessly on the floor. The thick carpet deadened his footsteps, and enabled him to walk without a sound to the open door. Closing this with a deftness of touch that showed he had not thrown aside the methods of prudence in the madness of his rash resolve, he turned the key, and sprang behind a large arm-chair for concealment in case the lock should snap so loudly as to awaken the sleeping girl. But the click was scarcely audible, and she did not stir.

Watching her narrowly, he swiftly crept around the bed and stood facing the box which contained the brilliants. The collection was not so magnificent as he believed, but it was dazzling enough to have set the covetous instincts of a much more mature thief glowing at white-heat. It made him giddy to have them so near his eyes. And they were all his, or would be in less than five minutes. Should he take box and all, or transfer the contents to his pockets? The box, by all means. It was heavy, but he could get it down into the garden without much effort, and empty it there, comparatively at his leisure.

Thus deciding, he lifted it with both hands, and started to return to the window.

VIII.

"Are you looking at my bangles, Robin?"

The voice was gentle and subdued, as he had always heard it, and the words came in a drowsy little murmur, but a thunder-clap could not have fallen upon the Baby's ear with a sharper shock. He staggered as he set the box down, and the room seemed whirling around before his eyes; but even in that moment of terror and confusion his cunning did not desert him.

"Hush! hush!" he said, in a tremulous whisper, running hastily to the bedside. "Don't speak so loud. Yer mother's fast asleep."

"Oh yes; then she left you to take care of me, I suppose."

"Talk soft, I tell yer. She's all tired out. I'm a-lookin' after yer while she rests."

"Poor mamma; I'll be ever so careful. Did you come to say good by again?"

"Yes, yes; that's what I come for."

"I'm glad I waked up. Thank you, Robin; you are always a good boy. Do you like to see my bangles?"

"Them things? I seen 'em just now."

"Please bring them here; I will show you."

The boy obeyed her mechanically, keeping a close watch upon the door he had locked, and with every muscle ready for a dash to the window at the slightest sound from another part of the house.

"But these are not mine; these are mamma's. Turn up the light, Robin; see how beautiful they are. My bangles are smooth and plain. Won't you look for them?"

Her bangles! Then the things now in his pockets did belong to her—some of them at least. He stared at her wildly and half dazed.

"Where'll I find 'em?" he said, huskily.

"What makes you speak so strange, Robin?"

"So's not to make a noise. Hush!"

"Oh, but you look strange, too; your forehead is all wet."

"It's nothin'. Lemme get your things."

He went to the table, and while pretending to make a search, contrived to remove the ornaments from his pockets without being observed by Gracie.

"These what yer want?" he asked, returning.

"Yes, these are mine." She lifted the little breastpin and held it out to him. "See, Robin, this was for you."

"What d'yer mean?" he said, taking it from her with a shaking hand.

"One evening, after you went away, I made mamma promise me—if I should die—to give it to you for a keepsake."

"No, yer didn't! Yer didn't do it; don't yer tell me that!" The poor wretch dropped the cross upon the floor and hid his face, now haggard and distorted with pain.

"What's the matter, Robin? I didn't die; I'm well again, you see. You mustn't cry."

"I ain't a-cryin'. I never cried in my life. It's hot here; I'm goin' away. Gi' me them shiners; I'll put 'em back; I'll put 'em all back."

He did this hurriedly, and then picked up the pin he had let fall, and laid it on the bed.

"You may keep that, Robin," said the child. "I know mamma will let me give it to you. I want you to have it, because you felt so sorry just now."

The boy caught at his throat and breast as if he were suffocating. Never had he felt a pang like that which now shot through him.

"D'yer want to drag out—my heart—and stamp on it?" he gasped. "No, no," he added, with a sudden change of manner; "don't be frightened. I wouldn't frighten yer for the whole world—Gracie. I'm sick, that's all. I'm not fit to be here."

"Poor Robin, how white you are! No, I never am frightened. But if you are sick I will call mamma."

"No, no," he stammered; "I'll be all right as soon as I get out. Don't say a word. Keep still just a minute more."

"But you must take the cross to remember me by."

"I can't do it; wish I could, but I can't. If you had some cheap thing to give me—"

"This is cheap enough, you silly boy. I want you to have it."

"Then I will, and thank yer. And I'll say good-by—the last time."

"Till I come home again," she answered, cheerfully.

"The last time; the last time!"

He sprang to the window, and had one foot over the edge before she guessed his intention. Startled at the unexpected action, she raised herself on her elbow and called out loudly: "What are you doing, Robin? You'll kill yourself!"

He whirled about, and lifted his arm with a gesture of entreaty. As he did this the trinket slipped from his fingers and fell upon the carpet. At the same moment a rush was heard in the passage, and a heavy blow was struck against the door. His head began to spin, but though dizzy with excitement he still had no fear of capture, for the door was locked, and he knew he could reach the garden with a bound. Even at this desperate crisis he had other thoughts than those of escape.

"I can't go without it," he exclaimed, darting back and stooping for the cross. He found it in an instant, but before he could fling himself outside of the window, the child, roused to an activity of which he could not have believed her capable, leaped from the bed and seized him by the arm.

"You are crazy, Robin!" she screamed.

"Lemme jump!" he cried, hoarsely, struggling, though not with violence, to release himself. "Yer'll be the death of me!"

While the words were on his lips, the door at the extremity of the room, which he had not thought it necessary to secure, was thrown open, and in a flash Mr. Sheldon was upon him, gripping his neck fiercely. A second later the boy was sprawling on the floor and the enraged father glaring down at him with flaming eyes.

"Oh, papa, take care; it's Robin," pleaded Gracie, crying piteously in her agitation and affright.

"Get back to bed, dear," Mr. Sheldon replied; "I have him safe."

"Yes, yer've got me," sneered the Baby, "and how did yer get me? Yer don't s'pose *she* could ha' held me if—"

"If what, you ruffian?"

"If I hadn't been afraid o' hurtin' her?"

"Gracie, are you hurt?" her father hastily exclaimed.

"Why, no, papa; it's Robin!"

"Yes, yes; go to your bed."

Mr. Sheldon was on the point of calling for his wife, when that lady entered, in great alarm.

"This brute has broken into the house," said the husband, pointing to the Baby, who had now risen. "And see; what's this he has in his hand? Gracie's gold cross—the thief!"

"I gave it to him, papa. He didn't want to take it, but I made him."

"Indeed! Then where—" Mr. Sheldon glanced around the room, and, to his amazement, saw that although the other valuables had been somewhat disarranged, they were all apparently in or near the places where they had been left.

"Why did you come here?" said Mrs. Sheldon to the Baby, more sternly than he had ever heard her speak.

Loyal little Gracie would not leave her protégé undefended. "He came to bid me good-by again," she declared, with great animation, sitting upright in her bed.

"Hush, my daughter!" her mother commanded, folding the grieved little creature in her arms. "Say nothing unless you are asked."

"But you don't understand, mamma," Gracie remonstrated, too eager and anxious to yield the accustomed submission. "He has been here ever so long. I showed him all your ornaments, and we talked about everything."

"How did he get here?"

"I don't know; he told me—" Gracie checked herself, recalling the deception of the lad's first speeches.

"Well?"

"He told me a story, I'm afraid," the girl confessed, hanging her head.



"OH, PAPA, TAKE CARE; IT'S ROBIN," PLEADED GRACIE.

"You may be sure he did," cried her father. "The fellow is all lies. You came in by the window, you impudent vagabond. What was it for?"

"You heard what she said," replied the Baby, stolidly, and hunching his shoulders.

"I heard that, but I want to know the truth."

"George, if it *should* be the truth," said Mrs. Sheldon, appealingly, as the culprit remained silent. It did not strike the devoted mother as so very unnatural that a rude outcast of immature years should have become romantically attached to her child, or that his adoration should manifest itself in fantastic escapades.

"Nonsense, Helena! How can you say such things? Do you imagine a fellow like this can be moved by the feelings which you attribute to him? There! let us end the matter. Look to Gracie, and I will question him in our room. Are the servants astir?"

"I think not."

"Very good; they are not to be called until I have need of one of them."

Ordering the Baby to follow him, he went to his own chamber. This time Gracie made no protest. She was sad and bewildered. The discovery that her Robin had been guilty of falsehood was a stroke that shattered her simple trust in him.

"Papa will do what is right," said her mother, striving to soothe her. "You know he never wishes to be harsh or unforgiving." But she felt that the boy had forfeited every claim to forbearance, and had little hope that her husband would be mercifully inclined toward one who had so shamefully abused her kindness and trust.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMATEUR FOOT-BALL LEAGUES.

IN amateur contests the feeling that inspires all true lovers of sport is that the best man may win. The very idea of sport consists in contests between two equally matched players or bodies of players; hence the leagues. It is more interesting to win a prize at school over the heads of half a dozen fellow-students than to be the only industrious one in a class of drones. So is the honor of winning greater if each step of the way is marked by honest, hard struggle. But it would be altogether unfair for a boy in the primary class to compete with a senior, and this rule applies equally to sports. The winner of each class receives equal honor, however, although the greater interest may be given to the older ones where the battle is fiercer. So to equalize the players, especially in foot-ball, are leagues formed; for there is no just way of handicapping whole teams, as may be done in individual athletic contests.

Each team must rise or fall on its own merits, and although it would be no disgrace for a grammar-school to be beaten by one of the large college teams, there would be no fun in watching such a game. Sport would be a misnomer for such a contest, where the result is clearly known from the start. The true idea is where the player of a vanquished team can leave the field and say, "Well, they beat us fairly, but they had to fight hard to do it." Then you know that it has been a good game.

The principal foot-ball leagues consist of four classes, the Intercollegiate Association leading. This league is formed of the elevens belonging to the larger Eastern universities of Yale, Princeton, Wesleyan, and the University of Pennsylvania. Harvard belonged to this league until last year, when the players withdrew, owing to some unfortunate misunderstanding. Lehigh University, which has a capital team in the field this year, is very anxious to join the Intercollegiate Association. This college belongs to no regular league, and is desirous of filling the place left vacant by Harvard, or even to oust Wesleyan, whose present eleven is rather weak. But it is too late now to change things, as the first game was played on the last Saturday in October, when Princeton and Wesleyan met on the field. Each one of these teams will play the other, and the grand championship game will be fought on Thanksgiving day between Princeton and Yale. The field of the Manhattan Athletic Club, New York, is to be the battle-ground, and everybody knows what a turnout of coaches and tin horns there are, not to mention the thousands of people who yell themselves hoarse, on that day.

It is natural that the elevens of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton should be the strongest and best in every way. They have a larger number of students from which to choose their players than the other colleges have. After finding the best raw material to work upon, their larger following is better able to afford facilities for playing and training. Even if the smaller colleges had the same material to begin with, they do not give the time to athletics that the others do. One continual round of practice and training is necessary to attain perfection in playing. Leaving the trio of leaders out of the question, the other colleges prove formidable antagonists to other than college teams.

There is a New England association of foot-ball teams, composed of Williams, Dartmouth, Brown, and Amherst colleges, who play in the same order as the Intercollegiate. There are also a number of other colleges, such as Cornell, Lehigh, and Lafayette, who belong to no league, but put up strong games with the others they meet in match games during the season, Lehigh, as has been said, regarding her eleven as worthy of admission to the Intercollegiate Association. A new league is about to be formed among the colleges in Ohio, and another one in

the South, so the game seems to be gaining ground in all parts of the country.

Though some colleges give more time and money to the improvement of their teams than others do, it is safe to say that, notwithstanding the grades of players, a man reaches the top at college. After that time his hours of play are necessarily limited, and even the poorest college team has more hours of practice than he can afford to give. He may have been the best player on the eleven that won the intercollegiate championship, but as soon as he has graduated he is forgotten. And these young gentlemen feel very badly over it too, and sad is the lament of the "has beens," as they are called. Some go back for a few years to "coach" the team to victory, but that is only a single case. When the doors of their *alma mater* close behind them, foot-ball, as they once played it, is a thing of the past. But all do not abandon it, by any means.

There is a league called the Amateur Foot-ball Union, composed of the New York, Crescent, and Orange athletic clubs. With these teams many ex-college players ally themselves. The Staten Island Athletic Club was in it originally, but could not put forward no team, and therefore withdrew. The Manhattan Athletic Club was also one of the union; but a resolution was passed by the governors of the league that no player residing more than one hundred miles from New York should be allowed to play, and that compelled the Manhattans to get out. They had a strong team, but some of their best men hailed from Ohio and further West, and the rule prohibited them. So the Manhattan Athletic eleven has to be content with match games; and the first one they had with one of their old rivals for the championship resulted in plenty of hard hitting and bad feeling generally.

These teams of the athletic clubs which strive for the athletic championship are largely composed of men who made their mark in college at the game. But they cannot compete with the colleges, although they try very hard. Being men of business, they cannot devote every waking thought to foot-ball. College men can do that, and let their studies go as they do sometimes—but business is business. They cannot train at all times, nor practise new tricks and plays, for every moment of their spare time must be devoted to remembering what they once knew; but they put up some very good games.

The Amateur Athletic Union is perhaps the first step backward in foot-ball, when the players are mature, and perhaps the small boys in knickerbockers are envied as they fall over one another and hit right and left without regard or rule. But leaving the small boys, the first forward steps in foot-ball may be centred in the interscholastic associations. Of course the parents of these players would object to their travelling about the country for the purpose of playing foot-ball, so they must confine their games to local teams. Therefore, only where there are plenty of schools can these leagues be formed, and that confines them to the large cities, where there are schools unlimited. The interscholastic associations are formed of elevens from the larger preparatory schools of New York and Boston. Many of the students are big boys who will enter college in a year or two, and there, it may be, win a place on the Freshmen teams, and finally be one of the great championship players.

The Interscholastic League of New York City is formed of teams from the Berkeley, Cutler's, Harvard, and Dwight schools. They have a regular schedule and organization, after the manner of the larger leagues. These are practically the first steps in foot-ball, and form the primary department of the game. The honors of the championship are as great to them as the glories which come to the victors in the famous Thanksgiving-day game. The play may not be so well thought out, the players not so strong; but that merely emphasizes the necessity of leagues. The boys play with heart and soul, and make

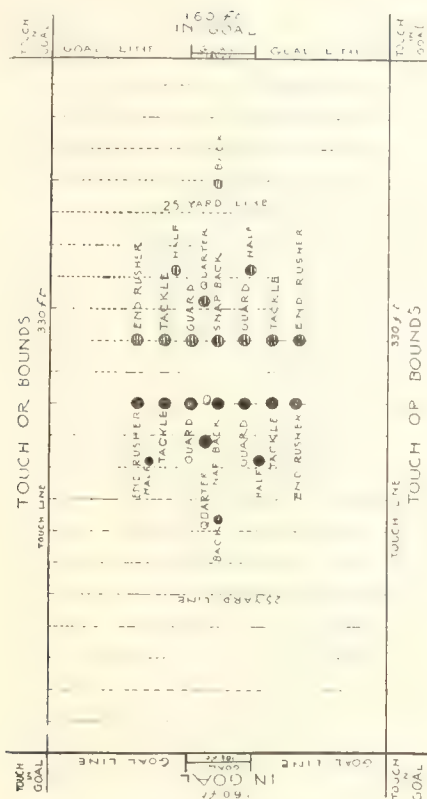


DIAGRAM OF FOOT-BALL FIELD.
(From "American Foot-Ball," by Walter Camp.)

THE FOOT-BALL FIELD.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the game we reproduce from Mr. Walter Camp's excellent little work, *American Foot ball*, a diagram of the field. It will be seen that it is 330 feet long by 160 wide, and is marked with 21 white lines 5 yards apart. These are to assist the referee in determining how far the ball moves at a time. The goal-posts are $18\frac{1}{2}$ feet apart, and the height of the cross-bar is 10 feet from the ground.

The points scored are valued as follows: Goal obtained by touch-down, 6; goal from field kick, 5; touch-down failing goal, 4; safety by opponents, 2.

The time of a game (Intercollegiate rules) is two halves of 45 minutes each, with an interval of 10 minutes between them.

A WATCH THAT STRUCK FIVE.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

DURING the reign of Alexander II., of Russia, one of the banks of Moscow was swindled out of a large sum of money. Colonel Olonetz, then in command of a regiment of Cossacks, was suspected of being the adroit scoundrel, but there was not enough evidence to convict him, although he was under arrest in one of the towns of Novgorod.

The missing link in the evidence was the one necessary absolutely to prove that the Colonel had driven the vehicle which had stood outside the bank, and which had been traced from Moscow into the district of Novgorod, where it had been abandoned.

One morning a confederate of the swindler stopped at the door of a country smith shop in the district, where the smith, Ivan Feodor by name, was hammering away on his anvil.

"Good-morning," cried the visitor, his suave manner in keeping with his fine clothes. "About ten days ago you shod a black horse for a heavy-built, dark-faced, military-looking man."

"I don't know," replied the smith, as he leaned on his sledge. "I shoe a great many horses—black, brown, gray, and piebald—for all sorts of people, and I don't tax my memory with it."

"He drove a pair of black horses, with flowing tails and manes," particularized the visitor. "They were harnessed to a black carriage with panels picked in with green. The man had a loud, clear voice, and—"

"I remember the occasion distinctly," interrupted Ivan Feodor.

"But I don't *want* you to remember with distinctness," the stranger bluntly said.

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed the smith. "Then why press me so minutely?"

"I'd rather your memory was vague—nay, exceedingly treacherous," the other said, in a significant tone. "I have one thousand rubles here," he added, with a shrug of his shoulders. "They are yours just as easy as that," and he snapped his fingers.

Ivan Feodor was at once on the alert. He was needy, greedy, unscrupulous. "I'd like to make a thousand rubles that easy," he said, with a grin.

"Who wouldn't, I'd want to know?" asked the stranger, at the same time displaying a bag of coin. "You may be called upon to testify to-morrow. Now, you know, you need not be able to recall the man, the team, or the occasion, with anything like definiteness. You can edge away, when questioned, without your conscience troubling you about it afterward."

"I understand you," responded the smith, with a grin, his eyes on the bag of coin. "Really, I don't know that it *was* ten days ago. It might have been twenty. There are many dark-faced men and many dark horses. As I

an interesting game. The player who wins the game to-day by his own extraordinary effort may be known years hence in college as "Smith, who made that famous run in '95," or "Brown, who kicked the team to victory in '96." They are working hard for the present in order to win the laurels of the future. Ask any young foot-ball player if it is not worth while. Ask any old college victor if these boys are doing well, and he will probably find fault with their manner of play, and at the same time sigh for the glorious days that they may know. There is no royal road to anything, and the crown of the "has beens" is dim compared to the prospective radiance of the "may bes."

In Boston the Groton, Exeter, Andover, Hopkins Grammar and Latin schools, and the Worcester Academy, form the other interscholastic league, with their rules and schedules and governors just like any other. And from these two leagues in the sister cities may rise the coming generation of college players.

There are other leagues in this broad country—leagues by the dozens—but they are more or less local, and the interest confined to their own vicinities. There are Freshmen teams in nearly all of the colleges, and athletic club teams from many of the athletic organizations, and grammar and preparatory school elevens by the score. But the leagues here mentioned are the principal ones in each class. The game of foot-ball is like a great hill. The interscholastic players are fighting their way up one side, where the prospect is cheering and beautiful; the college men have reached the top, and are there battling for supremacy; while the men whose play-days are nearly over are on the other side, where there are rocks and ditches and all sorts of inconveniences, that cause them to relinquish their position after a while. But the men fighting on the dark side have the same idea that animates the younger players, and the cry that comes from all is, "May the best win!" And so shouting, everybody seeks to make his team the best in its class, and that is true sport.

didn't repair the carriage, I am not sure that I looked at it. I had no occasion to."

He laughed cunningly, whereupon the visitor said: "I find you can do me a service. Here is the money."

The smith took the bag with an avaricious chuckle. "But my wife saw the man and the team," he slowly said.

"Oh, she did, eh?" cried the visitor. "But I have no bag of rubles for her. Perhaps they will not send for her."

"Anyhow, her memory is ten times worse than mine," Ivan Feodor said, with a significant leer. "Then, too, my boy was looking on."

"Pooh!" cried the other, as he walked away.

The next day the officers of the law arrested the smith, his wife, and his son, a bright, honest, observant boy, and took them before the magistrate.

Colonel Olonetz, the prisoner, was present at the hearing, but the smith and his wife would not swear to his identity. The one thousand rubles had befogged their memories, and the conflicting character of their testimony was purposed.

A look of gratification came to the face of the prisoner, for he knew the evidence was not sufficient to convict him. His equanimity was a little disturbed, however, when the prosecuting officer of the Viceroy of the valosti (district) called the blacksmith's son to the stand.

After it had been ascertained that the boy knew the nature and responsibility of an oath, it was administered.

"What is your name?" he was asked.

"Paul Feodor," was his prompt reply.

"How old are you?"

"Fourteen years, sir."

"You are Ivan Feodor's son?"

"I am, sir."

"You are learning your trade with him?"

"Yes."

"You saw the stranger and his team about ten days ago?"

"I did, sir."

"Describe the horses."

"They were black, heavy, handsome."

"With flowing tails and manes?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were they well mated?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your mother said they were not matched in size or color."

"They were a well-matched pair," insisted the boy.

"What do you know about the carriage?"

"It was a new carriage, painted black, with panels picked in with green, and wheels of the same color."

"Your father testified that the wheels were painted red; your mother said they were yellow."

"The wheels were black, sir."

"Colonel Olonetz, stand up!" ordered the prosecuting officer. Then he asked Paul Feodor, "Is this the man who drove the team?"

"He is, sir," answered the boy, fearlessly.

"Are you positive about it?"

"I am, sir."

The direct testimony of the boy annoyed the Colonel, for he saw that it was not without effect.

"I claim the right to cross-examine this boy," he said.

"Proceed," the prosecuting officer quietly rejoined.

In spite of the most adroit and persistent questioning, the Colonel could not get the boy to stultify himself; he did not even succeed in confusing him.

"What hour of the day was I at your father's shop?" he asked at last.

"At five o'clock in the afternoon," replied the boy.

"Your father says I was there at noon; your mother

says I was there in the morning. Why is your memory any better than theirs?"

"You were there at five o'clock in the afternoon," persisted the boy.

"How do you know?" fiercely asked the Colonel.

He did not in the least suspect that the answer to that question would cost him his commission and banish him to Siberia.

"Because you looked at your watch," slowly and impressively replied the boy; *"and it struck five while you held it in your hand."*

The Colonel sat down with an ashen pallor in his face, his knees weak, his hands twitching.

"What do you say, Master Feodor?" cried the prosecuting officer, as he sprang to his feet. "Do you mean that the watch struck?"

"It did, sir. It struck five. I never knew that watches struck."

"Colonel Olonetz," the prosecuting officer blandly said, "be so kind as to allow me to look at your watch."

The timepiece was ungraciously surrendered to him.

"A valuable old heirloom," the officer said, admiringly. "A relic of the sixteenth century, no doubt. It is one minute of five o'clock now."

He held out the watch in his flat open palm. He lifted his other hand in a waiting gesture, a perfect stillness filling the room. The silence was broken by the watch striking five times with silvery distinctness, and the prisoner's doom was thereby sealed.

"Ivan Feodor," the officer said, frowning, "your hearing is bad, your vision dim, your memory too accommodating. I dismiss you for an honest boy's sake."

Paul Feodor's part in the affair was narrated to the Viceroy, who in turn informed the Emperor. The latter was highly pleased, and made a mental note of it. At least the boy, after he grew up and had mastered his father's trade, became Chief of Farriers in the Emperor's favorite brigade.

OYSTERS ON TREES.

THE other day I heard somebody speak of "oysters hanging upon the branches of trees on the borders of the Chesapeake Bay."

"That sounds like a fairy tale," thought I to myself.

I determined to investigate. So I said: "I always supposed oysters grew under the water. I never knew they hung in clusters on tree branches like apples. Curious sort of oysters those must be which grow on trees along the banks of the Chesapeake!"

"Chesapeake Bay has the finest kind of oysters," said the Talking Man. "The reason they are sometimes found growing on tree branches is this. The spawn of the oyster floats about in the water, tossed by wind and waves. It has the quality of attaching itself firmly to any solid substance it touches. Sometimes it might be the bottom of a ship, a rock, or a tree branch. You know the bottom of a ship often needs scraping on account of the shell-fish adhering to it."

"Now the branches of trees often droop into the water. They do it along the borders of the Chesapeake the same as on the banks of any other river or bay. At high tide such branches will be covered with water, and when the tide goes back, the branches come to the surface again."

"The spawn sticks on those boughs when they are beneath the waves. In a few days the tiny oysters begin to develop, and before long at every low tide the branch can be seen hanging out, with little oysters growing all over it."

"Sometimes a branch which is often under water will be nearly covered with small oysters. It looks very odd, of course, but it's a common enough sight down there."

"Grow? They don't grow very large, to be sure. To attain perfection an oyster must be always under water, and these hang half the time out of it. When they are exposed too long to the hot sun, they die. Their weight often causes them to fall off."

"Little oysters are sometimes transplanted. Not off tree branches, but from the beds at the bottom of the bay. They are planted in oyster-beds in other places, where, in a couple of years, they grow to maturity."

"It sounds funny to talk of picking oysters off trees," said I, "or even of seeing them grow there."

"Funny enough. But they do grow there. I've seen it lots of times," said the Talking Man. "That's the way queer stories get about. Somebody hears of a thing and doesn't understand the sense of it. And most people never stop to ask what it means. They either repeat the story for a marvel, or say they don't believe it."

E. L. C.

SULTAN'S UNFORTUNATE END.

SOME people are inclined to regard the number thirteen as unlucky, and it is certain that Sultan found a great deal of ill luck in his thirteenth year. Sultan was a shepherd dog—a large black fellow—and he lived just thirteen years. The home of his mistress was in New Jersey, and on the last Saturday morning in August he was untied, and allowed to go on a ramble. Sunday came, but no Sultan, and the neighbors were notified of his unusual absence by his anxious owners. He was much admired, and a large number of acquaintances wondered where he could be.

Not far away, in a place called Mine Hill, were some mines; and on the following Monday, as the superintendent was passing a deserted shaft, he heard a faint whine, and looking down, saw Sultan seated on a narrow ledge of rock, about 160 feet below the level of the earth. Below him was a pool of water into which the poor dog had probably fallen, and the next day another of the miners saw him swimming about the water in a vain endeavor to find some means of escape. Day after day the water subsided until it nearly reached the level of the shaft, which was about 420 feet deep, and Sultan followed the water, dropping from ledge to ledge. It was impossible to offer any assistance to the poor fellow, for the shaft was unsafe, and though a brave young miner offered to attempt a rescue, the superintendent would not allow him to risk his life.

So it went on for days and weeks, and Sultan was slowly starving to death, for no food could reach him. He had disappeared behind the jutting ledges, and all that told of his presence was a faint whine. But nothing could be done on account of the danger to human life, and as the days passed, the pitiful whimper of the dog grew fainter and fainter. Plenty of suggestions were made, but none were practicable; and the last news was that Sultan had to be left to his fate.

THE CONSCIENCE OF A DOG.

"I DON'T see how you can talk about a dog's conscience," said the Small Boy. "A conscience is what we feel sorry or glad for our actions with. It reproaches us when we are wicked, and makes us feel happy if we are good. If we listen to it, it tells us when what we are going to do is right or wrong."

That was a very wise definition of a conscience for a small boy.

"And doesn't a dog's conscience do those things?" asked the Big Woman. "Doesn't a dog look ashamed when he has disobeyed you, and wag his tail when he has done something praiseworthy? Doesn't he slink off to do what is forbidden, because he knows he is going to do something wrong? Doesn't he sometimes act as if he repented, and wanted to atone for a sin?"

"Yes, Dash does all those things," said the Small Boy, thoughtfully.

"Occasionally a dog's conscience acts in a funny way," continued the Big Woman. "I heard lately of a little dog which was fond of chewing his master's clothes-broom. He was punished for it several times, but kept up his naughtiness whenever he wasn't observed. At last he reduced the broom to a stump. Then they took the stump and gave him a severe beating with it. Being much mortified, he ran off, and did not come home all day. The next day he walked in with a brand-new clothes-broom, which he laid at his master's feet. He wagged his tail, jumped about joyfully, and looked as proud as if he said, plainly: 'Here's your clothes-broom. I have made amends for my mischief. Am I not a splendid fellow?' I suppose he thought he had gained the right to chew up unlimited clothes-brooms."

The Small Boy laughed. "That was a smart little dog."

"Oh yes, he was smart. But after all, he was not as honest as he wanted his master to think. An honest little dog would have tried to earn money to buy his master a new clothes-broom. This dog simply went down to the village store, watched his chance, and stole one."

The Small Boy laughed harder than ever.

"And then," went on the Big Woman, "they had to whip him for the theft. That dog's conscience must have been terribly mixed up. It never could have been clear to his mind why it was wicked to tear up a broom, and then wicked to replace it."

"How could you teach a dog the difference between right and wrong without teaching him each thing separately?" asked the Small Boy.

"You couldn't. You could not teach a dog abstract right and wrong. The master trains the dog's conscience, teaching him what he must do and what he must not. His master's orders and wishes make the dog's conscience, and a bright dog knows when he disregards them. The dog I told you of had been taught that it was wrong to tear up a broom, but never that it was wrong to take a broom out of some one else's house to replace it. No one thought he would do such a thing."

"Then a dog hasn't got a conscience of his own, after all?"

"Well, he has, and he hasn't. He has a good-sized conscience for an animal, but it wouldn't be very big for you."

"I mean to try to teach Dash that he must never steal anything, anywhere, or at any time," said the Small Boy.

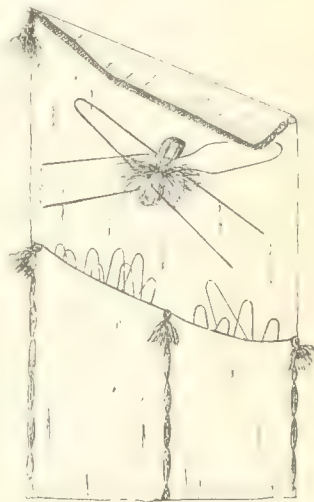
"Well, perhaps you can do it," replied the Big Woman.

E. L. C.

A HAIR-PIN CASE.

ALTHOUGH the case this was copied from was made of birch bark, the same idea can be carried out by using leather or cardboard instead.

If you use birch bark, you will need a strip of the bark nine inches long and three and a quarter wide. The pockets are formed by folding one end up three inches, and slanting it as shown here to form the smaller pocket; the edges are caught together with a thread of floselle over ten strands of it, thus giving a finish to the sides. The pocket is divided also by the floselle. Little tassels are made of the same, and fastened at the corners of the pockets, and also at the left-hand side of the top, the opposite corner being curled over and fastened with an invisible stitch. The hair-pins are gilded, and sewed on with the silk.



THE CHIPMUNK.

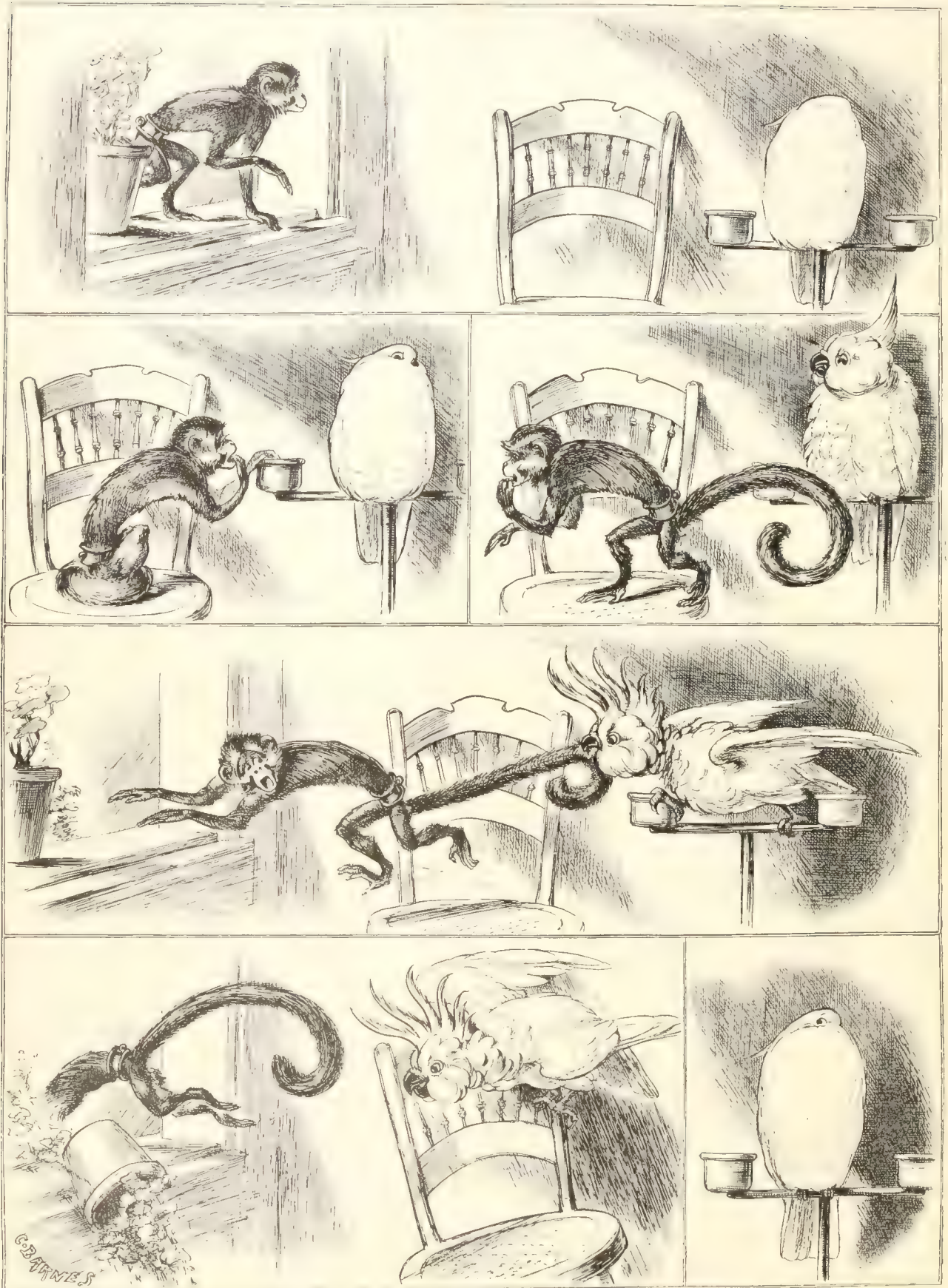
NOW that russet leaves are tost
In the mornings keen with frost,
Now that nuts have burst the burr—
Chir-r-r! Chir-r-r!

You may hear it,
Hark! how clear it
Rises from the elm and fir!

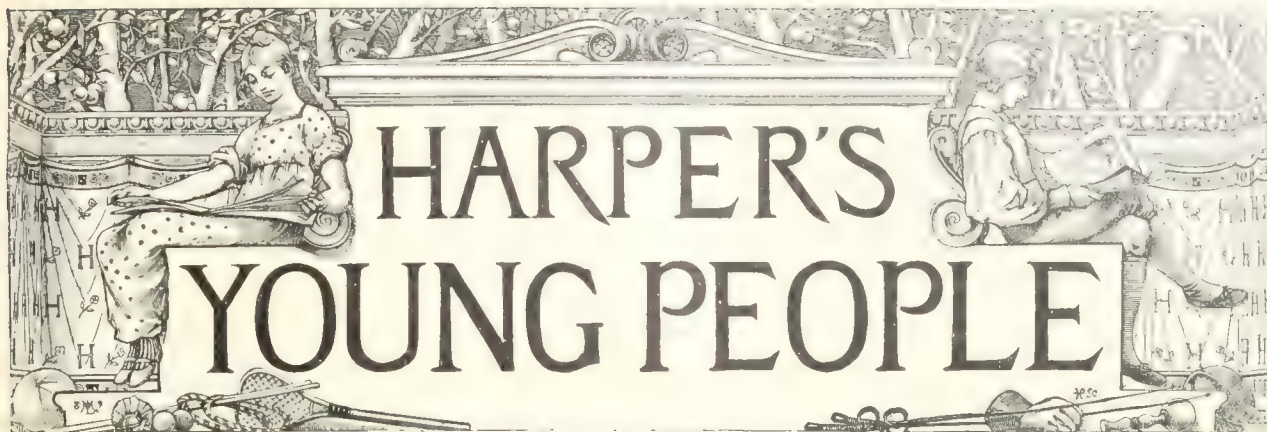
'Tis the cheery chipmunk's call,
Cold-defying voice of fall;
List the merry chatterer!
Chir-r-r! Chir-r-r!

He's not sober,
Though October
Is among the days that were.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.



JOCKO STEALS POLLY'S DINNER, BUT DOES NOT ESCAPE UNPUNISHED.



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DIEGO PINZON, AND THE FEARFUL VOYAGE HE TOOK INTO THE UNKNOWN OCEAN A.D. 1492.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

CHAPTER V.

ALTHOUGH under not more than half her full spread of sail, the *Pinta* was dashing freely through the constantly roughening water, responding, like the good sailer she was, to the freshening breeze.

Night had come on with a black sky, and it was only now and then and with the utmost difficulty that the lights of the other vessels could be seen, rising out of the darkness for an instant, only to be engulfed as if forever.

All through his watch Diego had divided his interest between these appearing and disappearing lights and the possibility of some action on the part of the conspirators on the *Pinta*. His anxiety on that score had been sharpened not a little by the ominous tone of Juan Cacheco's words to him.

But alert as he was, nothing occurred that was in the least suspicious, and his watch was relieved without anything having taken place to justify his fears; and as his belief was that the man Miguel was at the head of whatever plot there was, he felt reassured when he saw him, after a few muttered words with one of the new watch, plunge into the close cabin where the men crowded together to sleep.

The company of those who disliked him, whether they were asleep or awake, was never pleasant to Diego, and, moreover, the bad air and odors of the close cabin were almost sickening to him, though a good sailor; so he did not follow his watch into shelter, but determined to remain on deck as long as the rain, which threatened, held up.

With this intention he crept silently to a corner, where a coil of rope offered a support for his head, and curled up, intending to sleep there. It is easy enough to imagine what thoughts must have come to the desolate and lonely yet high-spirited boy as he lay there, clinging to his coil of

rope to steady himself under the increasing motion of the boat. The bitterness of the present was mingled with regretful thoughts of the happy past.

The night was fresh, but not really cold—not cold enough, anyhow, to prevent his sleeping where he lay, and he had already dozed and opened his eyes twice or thrice, when it seemed to him that something like an animal stole past him, and he stared with wide eyes to see



"HUSH!" WHISPERED JUAN. "THERE IS A NOISE IN THE CABIN."

what it might be, or to determine whether or not he had been merely dreaming.

Not quite dreaming, nor yet wide awake. Something had passed him with a stealthy step and crouching body, and dark as the night was, he could distinguish a human form: and, indeed, what other living thing was there on board the vessel? Dislike is sometimes keener than love, and it was this that led Diego to the quick conclusion that the crouching figure moving so softly and cautiously aft was that of Juan Cacheco. And it seemed to his strained eyes that there was a gleam of a knife blade once when a lantern swung around the foremast.

His first thought, with a gulp of terror, was that the convict boy was stealing aft with the intention of murdering Martin Alonzo Pinzon; but then, though the idea was not an irrational one, he reflected that it was not likely, since the after-cabin was too full of friends of his cousin to make the thing possible for a boy to accomplish. And yet Juan's errand must be a wicked one, or he would not go about it in such fashion.

But be it what it might, Diego was determined to understand it, and, with that idea, was rising softly, when a new terror was added to the first by the sudden apparition of a man skulking along the opposite side of the vessel. And there was something about the movement of the man that made Diego fancy at once that he was Miguel de la Vega.

Some evil it certainly was that took these two wretches out on deck when they should have been asleep in the fore-cabin. Diego was a brave enough boy, and at this moment was nerved by the desperate feeling that his own safety—life, perhaps—depended upon his action; but, notwithstanding, a chill of fear crept over him as he stole from his shelter by the coil of rope and followed the dim figure of Juan.

He wondered at first that none of the sailors of the watch challenged the two skulking figures, for it was inconceivable that they had not yet been seen by some one. Then it came over him, with a new accession of terror, that all of the watch must be in collusion with Miguel and Juan.

And if that were so, might not their errand be the murder of his cousin? But no; it seemed so unreasonable that they should attempt that, with the cabin so full of friends of the Captain. However, he was determined to watch Juan, who had paused for some reason, and if he saw him turn into the cabin door, he would throw himself on him and shout for help. He would have done that anyhow, but he was afraid of making a mistake, and of thus calling down on himself the wrath of his cousin.

Juan had stopped, evidently to listen for some noise from the cabin, and, as if reassured, had gone on again. Diego saw him pass the cabin door, and felt relieved of his greatest fear, but was still certain that some evil was the object of this stealthy excursion. Could it be the helmsman?

No; that was improbable, for the sea, having grown rough, had made the helm so difficult to control that the man there had called a companion to help him, and it seemed unlikely that Miguel and Juan would take the uncertain chances of assault on two able-bodied men. Besides, what would be the object, since it was more than probable that the two men were in sympathy with whatever plot there was on board?

Indeed, though they must have seen Juan and Miguel too, they paid no attention to them, but kept up a conversation in a low tone, as if they stood there quite alone. What should Diego do? What could he do but hide in the shadow of the cabin and wait?

And so he waited, and watched Juan, who had crawled to the starboard rail, and was exchanging some whispered words with Miguel. Then of a sudden Juan rose to

his feet, and, to Diego's eyes, seemed to drop over the side. His first impulse was to cry out and run to the rail; but he checked that, knowing that the boy could not have deliberately jumped overboard as a result of all his mysterious preparation.

Again the impulse was strong to slip into the cabin and warn his cousin that something unusual was going on, and again the fear of being put in the wrong restrained him, and he did nothing but wait for something else to happen which might throw light upon what had gone before.

Juan was gone what might have been five minutes before his head appeared above the rail again. Miguel at once rose to his feet and helped Juan carefully to the deck, the men at the helm studiously keeping their eyes turned the other way all the while.

What did it mean? What had been done? What ought he to do? It seemed incomprehensible that those two should have made all that mystery for nothing but to enable Juan to idly get over the quarter-rail; but what object could there be in it? Perhaps there was a port-hole through which the knife of the prison boy could be thrust with fatal effect! Diego shuddered at that thought, and shrank behind the cabin, feeling that he might have been wasting precious time, and that it was now too late for him to do any good.

But at least he could brave the possible displeasure of his cousin, and go into the cabin to ascertain if any foul deed had been committed. He told himself that he would do so as soon as the two conspirators had returned to the fore-cabin.

He stole to the mast and crouched at its foot, thinking to be better hidden there. Juan appeared around the corner of the cabin on the same side that he had first passed it, crouching by the rail and peering on every side. Suddenly he stopped, and stared towards where Diego hugged the shadow under the mast. Diego waited breathless, intending to leap towards the cabin at the first sign of discovery.

But after a minute of peering Juan resumed his progress, and Diego turned his head to watch for Miguel. Dislike and ready suspicion had done for Juan, however, what they had already done for Diego, and had caused him to recognize Diego in the half-hidden figure at the foot of the mast.

He had moved on, as if freed from the doubt that had made him stop, and then had turned again quickly and had leaped on Diego from behind; so that, almost at the moment that Diego had espied Miguel coming along the starboard rail, he had felt himself seized by the neck and borne to the deck.

Fear and anger combined gave him courage and strength, however, and he twisted under the grasp of his antagonist, and gave utterance to a yell at the same moment that he grappled with Juan.

"Help, Miguel!" cried Juan, finding himself unable to cope with Diego, and fearing another yell that would arouse the sleepers in the cabin.

And before Diego could utter more than a hoarse cry, he was caught by the neck in the strong hands of Miguel, and despite his struggles, was in a fair way of being choked.

"Who is it?" he heard Miguel whisper.

"The boy Diego," was Juan's answer.

"Ah! and he was spying on us?"

"I think so."

There was an instant of silence, during which Diego felt the grasp on his throat relax, and he made a furious, desperate effort to free himself.

"Ah! would you?" said Miguel, angrily, and once more tightened his grasp on Diego's throat. Then he said, suddenly: "The little spoil-sport! The best place for him is over the rail. Bear a hand, Juan, and we

will send him to find better company, since he seems to dislike ours."

"What! throw him overboard?" demanded Juan.

"What else?"

"No, no. I won't do it," was the hasty answer.

"Why, you little fool! do you think our lives will be safe if we leave this little friar to tell the Captain what he knows?"

"I will not do murder," said Juan, in a frightened tone.

"Then out of my way and take no part in it. If it is his life or mine, I shall not take long in the choosing. You're a fool, Juan."

"You shall not do it," said Juan, laying hold of Diego, who was as still now as if senseless, though, in fact, he was aware of all that was going on.

"Out of my way, boy!"

"I will cry out and alarm the cabin," said Juan.

Miguel cursed him for his folly, and demanded what he would have done then.

"Make him promise not to tell a word of what he knows."

"Ay! he'd promise anything for his life's sake," said Miguel. "So much for having a boy to work with."

"He'll keep his promise," said Juan, positively. "Let him speak in a whisper. Say, Diego, will you promise—will you swear on the crucifix not to speak of what you have seen to-night, or of what you suspect? Let him speak, Miguel."

"And let him yell out and arouse the cabin," retorted Miguel, in a surly growl.

"If he tries to do it, throw him over," said Juan.

Diego shook his head, as well as he could, to intimate that he would not cry out. Juan seemed to understand the movement, and again urged Miguel to loose his grasp. And indeed it was about time he did; for Diego was losing consciousness. Miguel unwillingly did as Juan urged him, and the latter spoke quickly to Diego.

"Will you swear as we ask you?" he said.

It was a minute before Diego could recall his senses to make a reply. Then he demanded brokenly, "Have you done harm to my cousin?"

"Not a thing has been done to him," answered Juan.

"Have you taken any life?" asked Diego.

"Fool! no. Will you swear?"

"What have you done?"

"Holy St. Martin!" growled Miguel, "does the little priestling think we are confessing to him?"

"You will learn soon enough what has been done if you will swear; but if you do not take the oath, and that at once, it is like you will not be alive to learn," answered Juan, angrily.

"I will swear," said Diego.

"Where's a crucifix?" said Juan to Miguel.

"You may be sure the priestling has one," answered Miguel. "And let me warn you, boy," he said, savagely, "if you break your oath, you shall not escape."

"Here's my crucifix," said Diego, "and if I swear I will keep my word. Now what shall I swear?"

"Swear that you will say nothing of what you have seen or heard," said Juan.

"Stop!" growled Miguel, suspiciously, "make him swear in such a way that he cannot get around it."

"I will swear honestly what you like," said Diego, indignantly.

"You are too ready to swear," said Miguel, with all the suspicion of ignorance.

"Hush!" whispered Juan, suddenly. "There is a noise in the cabin. Swear as I said," he ejaculated hastily to Diego.

"The Captain!" muttered Miguel, with an oath, and he and Juan crawled away, attempting to drag Diego with them.

But he was not minded to bear them company, and tore away, only just in time to avoid a vicious stab from the knife that Miguel drew from his belt.

"We will hang for it!" he heard the object of his growl. "Curse you, Juan, for a soft-hearted fool! Curse you!"

The man was in such a rage that Diego expected him to brave all consequences and rush after him; so he ran aft near to where Martin Alonzo was standing, and waited. Miguel and Juan had disappeared into the fore-castle, however, and he was not molested.

Martin Alonzo, like the thorough seaman that he was, had been waked from his sleep by an unusual motion of his vessel; and as he had lain down in the full expectation of being disturbed by the coming of the storm he had foreseen, he had leaped out of his bunk and rushed out on deck. His first thought had been that the disturbance had been caused by the storm; but when he reached the deck, and discovered that the storm had not yet burst, albeit the wind was fresh and the waves running high, he sprang to the men at the helm and roared out:

"What's wrong? Can't two of you hold that helm steady? She yaws like a blind mule on a hill-side. Steady there!"

He pushed the men angrily away and caught the helm in his own strong hands, and braced his feet to keep the rudder steady. Still there was a quivering, unsteady motion to the vessel.

"Whose watch is it?" he roared. "Is it yours, Lopez?" as the third mate came hurrying aft. "Have you turned lubber like the rest? Have you lost your wits because we're three days out! How long has she been yawing like this?"

"Just commenced it," was the surly answer.

"What are you doing for'ard? Couldn't you tell that something was wrong with the steering-gear? All hands on deck, and have everything made snug! Jump now! Let go the main-sheet and bring her upon the starboard tack. Jump, you lubbers! Do you think I want her brought about, you sea-calves? There! that steadies her. Here, take this helm, and keep her where she is."

The vessel was alive almost from the first roar of the Captain, and everything was being done as expeditiously as possible, although most of the people aboard of the vessel were wondering what was the cause of so much excitement. The Captain, however, gave no one much opportunity for reflection; for as soon as he had given the helm into other hands, he had issued more orders looking to lightening the canvas, making all snug, and to keeping the vessel steady.

Diego had quickly seen that there would be nothing for him to do but to take part in the execution of the orders of Martin Alonzo, and he had jumped like the others at the first word. The only care he had was to keep away as far as possible from his two recent antagonists, and this he accomplished, notwithstanding the manifest efforts of Juan and Miguel to have a word with him.

He had wondered how he would be able to keep them at a distance after the excitement had subsided; but he had no need to concern himself about that; for no sooner had Martin Alonzo put the vessel in condition to hold her own than the storm that had been threatening broke upon them, accompanied by sheets of rain, forked streaks of lightning, and peals of thunder; so that until daylight dawned there was little idleness for any of the crew.

The rudder worked so badly that the vessel would not head as she was put, and in consequence shipped so much water that all hands were kept busy bailing her and pumping too.

When morning dawned, the first thought was of the other vessels, and great was the relief to see them laboring in the great waves not far away; though in the event of danger to the *Pinta*, the others could have

done nothing for her in such a sea. Still, there was some comfort in the companionship of the vessels. What Diego thought most of, however, when the first streaks of dawn lighted up the gray waste where sky and water were hardly distinguishable, was that now his life would be safe from Miguel.

He had made no effort to have any communication with his cousin; for that efficient sailor seemed to know what was wrong better than he could have told him, and any information he could have given seemed to him superfluous. He felt sure, of course, that whatever had happened had been the result of the action of Juan; but as no danger seemed to threaten in consequence, he decided that it would be wisest to keep silence. He knew, too, that everything he did was watched by Miguel.

The *Pinta* was quite bare of canvas by this time, and was laboring frightfully. Martin Alonzo had made several efforts to ascertain what was wrong with the steering-gear, but without result, since it was dangerous to go over the side during the gale, and he had determined to postpone his investigation until the storm had somewhat abated.

All this while he had been without food, even when the sailors had been supplied with theirs, and as the wind was now blowing steadily from one quarter, he left his brother, Francisco Martin Pinzon, in charge of the deck while he went for a hasty bite of something.

He had hardly taken two mouthfuls, however, as it seemed, when the vessel suddenly shuddered from stem to stern, and in a moment more was rolling like a log in the trough of the sea. With two leaps he was out of the cabin and at the helm.

Something in the gearing had snapped, and the rudder was useless. It looked as if the vessel would be swamped in another minute. The water poured over her low rail, and the yards dipped into the waves at each roll.

No man on board expected to survive that hour, and more than one who had not prayed for many a year knelt where he clung to some rope and tried to recall the forgotten words.

Diego found himself side by side with Juan Cacheco. "You did this," he cried, furiously.

"I didn't expect this," answered Juan, his face blanched with terror.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HISTORICAL DIAMONDS.

THE largest known diamond is called the Braganza, which is among the crown jewels of Portugal. It is meant, weighs 1680 carats, and is valued at over \$25,000,000. The largest cut diamond in the world belongs to the Rajah of Mattan, Borneo. It weighs 367 carats. One of the most interesting diamonds in the world is the Orloff diamond, which belongs to the Czar of Russia. It weighs 194 carats, and is as big as a pigeon's egg. It was once one of the eyes of a Brahman idol. When the temple was destroyed in an Indian war, the Shah Nadir obtained this diamond. It was stolen by a French soldier, who sold it for \$10,000 to an English sea captain. He sold it to a Hebrew dealer for \$60,000, and in 1775 Catherine II. of Russia bought it for \$450,000. The Florentine diamond, the fourth cut diamond in the world in size, is another romantic stone. It weighs 139½ carats, and was picked up by a Swiss peasant, who sold it to a priest for half a crown. The priest sold it to a man in Berne for \$1000. It subsequently became the property of Pope Julius II., who gave it to the Emperor of Austria. It is still one of the Austrian crown jewels.

Queen Victoria's largest diamond, the Koh-i-noor (Mountain of Light), also has a more or less true story. It was the property of the Rajah of Malwa in the fourteenth century, so the tale goes. After the conquest of Malwa it became the property of the Sultan of Delhi. It weighed, meant, 793½ carats, but the Shah Jahan, who owned it in the seventeenth century, sent it to a Venetian

lapidary to be cut. He reduced it to 186 carats, and left it lustreless. It next became the property of the grandson of the Sultan Arungzebe the Great. Nadir Shah invited him to a feast, and by trickery got the diamond from him. It was finally deposited in the treasury of Lahore, and after the annexation of the Punjab it was presented to Queen Victoria, when it was estimated to be worth £140,000. It now weighs 106 carats, and is worth less.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S EARLY YEARS.

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

II.

IT was a glad day in Hodgenville when it was made certain that Zechariah Rinby was going to open a school. There never had been a school in that section of Hardin County, and very few of the boys and girls could read. Their parents were poor, and were working hard to get a start in life, and had not much money to pay for maintaining a school. Though many of the people could not read, they did not want their children to grow up in ignorance, and so when Zechariah Rinby came, the people made a bargain with him to teach the children reading and spelling. He was an Irishman, and belonged to the order of Trappist monks. The school would last only a few weeks. The master "boarded round," spending a night or two at each cabin. It was not much that the people could pay him, nor was it much that he could teach the children. There was no school-house, but they could use a deserted cabin.

From the settlement by Mr. Hodgen's mill, from all the clearings along Nolin's Creek and Knob Creek, came the boys and girls trooping to the cabin. Some of them lived far away and came on horseback, the mare trotting along with three or four rollicking barefooted boys and girls on her back. They had only the spelling-book, with its few pages of reading, no arithmetic or geography. The boys wore buckskin trousers and jackets and rabbit-skin caps, the girls linsey-woolsey gowns and poke bonnets or were bareheaded.

One of the smallest boys is Abraham Lincoln, five years old, who goes with his sister Sarah, two years older, more than two miles through the woods to learn to read and spell. He already knows the alphabet. His mother has taught him, but now he stands in a class with those older than he. When it comes to spelling, they find that Thomas Lincoln's little boy works his way to the head. The school is soon over, lasting only four or five weeks.

Two years went by before Abraham Lincoln had another opportunity of attending school. His father had moved to another farm on Knob Creek, eight miles from his former home. George Hazel was the teacher. Like Rinby, he taught only reading and spelling. When the class had gone through the book, he turned the leaves to the beginning, and went over the pages again.

The forest leaves were falling and the winds of November were rattling the acorns and walnuts to the ground when Thomas Lincoln, not satisfied with his Kentucky home, crossed the Ohio River with his wife and children to establish a new home in Indiana. They made their way through the woods twenty miles from the river to Pigeon Creek. There was no roof to shelter them, but in a day or two they were at home in their "half-faced" cabin, as the settlers called it—a cabin like a hunter's camp, enclosed on three sides, but open on the fourth, with a bark-covered roof to shelter them from the storms. It was open on the sunny side, where a fire of oak and hickory logs was kept burning. The corn-cake was baked and the bacon fried over the glowing coals. We may think of Abraham Lincoln and his sister Sarah gathering the falling leaves, and making a bed for themselves



GOING TO SCHOOL AT HODGENSVILLE.

and their father and mother upon the ground. For twelve months, while the new house of hewn logs is building, this camp is the home of the family. If the winds of winter chill them, they heap logs higher upon the blazing pile. In this home Nancy Hanks Lincoln went on with her daily toil. She was not unmindful of the education of her children. There was no school, and she taught them reading and writing. No preacher came on Sunday, but they read the Bible together, and talked about its solemn truths.

Once more the family had a house of hewn logs, with a loft overhead reached by pins driven into the logs, up which Abraham and Sarah could climb to their beds beneath the roof. The floor was not laid, neither was there a sash in the window, when the family moved in. It was a glad day, but the joy quickly changed to unspeakable grief. Sickness broke out in nearly every family of settlers on Pigeon Creek. The loving mother, whose eyes seemed ever to be looking beyond the things around her, was stricken down. The nearest physician was many miles away. The autumn leaves were falling. There was a glory on the forest—russet and crimson and magenta hues. The corn ears were ripening in the harvest field as Abraham Lincoln stood beside his dying mother. There has ever been loving intimacy and confidence between them. She has seen what his father has not discovered—the deep nature of their boy, his kindness of heart, sympathy with suffering, regard for what is right and good, impatience with wrong, and a longing for a nobler life. She has seen the unfolding of his intellect. He has asked questions which other boys do not ask, has read what they do not read. He has been quick to attend to every want. With his hand clasped in hers, he hears her parting words: “I am going away from you, Abraham, and shall not return. I know that you will be a good boy, that you will be kind to Sarah and to

your father. I want you to live as I have taught you, and to love your heavenly Father.”

The voice is faint and feeble, but he will ever hear the words. Years will go by, but they will ever remain in memory. In the full vigor of manhood, as he recalls them, he will not think it unmanly to say, with tearful eyes and choking voice, “All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my mother.”

The eyes closed, the tired hands were clasped above the weary heart. The husband made the coffin, and the neighbors bore her to the burial-place beneath the oaks and walnuts.

Never before had there been a day so heart-breaking to Abraham Lincoln. He could not bear the thought that his mother should be buried without appropriate religious services. What was there about this boy ten years of age that impelled him to write a letter to Rev. David Elkin, one hundred miles distant, asking him to come and preach a funeral sermon? He was not prompted by his father; it was his own spontaneous action. What other boy in Indiana, or in the wide world, would have written such a letter? The good man was greatly touched by it, and though it would involve a journey of two hundred miles in the going and coming, he accepted the invitation, fixing the Sunday when he would be there.

To every cabin in the vicinity the notice was circulated. From far and near on the appointed day the people came. The services were held by the newly made grave—the prayer, the singing, the sermon commemorative of her character.

Nancy Hanks Lincoln was at rest. She had done what she could to make her boy a manly man. Her face and form might fade from his memory, but he never would forget the words that had fallen from her lips. In after-years he would recall them, and say, with quivering lips, “All that I am, I owe to my angel mother.”

THE "WILD WEST" MESSENGER-BOY.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

I WAS greatly pleased when Ed Bolton entered the messenger service in my district. I had always admired Ed, who was my old schoolmate in Ward Six. He had a dash and vigor about him which were particularly captivating to a lad like myself, with flabby muscles and near-sighted eyes. You may like to hear about Ed's most distinguished feat in the messenger service.

It was on a dark evening in December, last year. We were sitting in order, we messenger-boys, on our bench at the station. No. 1 and No. 2 had just gone on long and disagreeable errands. Ed was No. 3, at the head of the row. No. 4 was a boy on duty for only one day, to take the place of our regular No. 4, Jack Prime. Then came I, No. 5.

This No. 4 had made lots of fun for the rest of us all day. (It had been a dull day, with little to do.) He was tall and slim, and very awkward. He carried himself as if his bones were put together by too long ligaments, so that they "wobbled." He talked in a bashful way, and blushed when any one spoke to him. Ed invented some two dozen nicknames for him, such as "Rickets" and "Beanpole" and "Shorty." We pretended, when he came back from his errands, that he had been gone a shockingly long time, though I really think he did well enough for a beginner.

Across No. 4, then, that evening Ed was talking to me, and the other boys were listening for the most part. Ed was in high feather. He was a great reader of the five-cent boys' weeklies like *Captain Sly's Detective Marvels* and the *Weekly Budget of Adventure*. He usually fancied himself the hero of the latest serial story, and would adopt his name and rehearse his adventures as if they were his own. We came to believe him half way, he talked with such spirit, and looked so bright and brave.

That night I'll never forget it—he was Mosquito Jim, the Texas cowboy. He had run away from home with nothing but a pistol and unbounded courage. (Ed often intimated darkly that if he was absent the next day it would be useless to look for him, for he would never be taken alive, never!) He had fallen in with a band of marauding cowboys. His skill and pluck at once placed him at their head. They were his enthusiastic followers. They would die for him. One of them—poor Bill, whom Ed named with tears in his eyes as he told the story—did die for him.

Oh, it was a wild life on the great heart of the plains! (We city boys listened with open mouths and glistening eyes.) One day, just six months ago, he had planned a raid on a passenger train. His band, suitably disguised, had boarded the cars, had ridden until they reached a long stretch of lonely land, had forced the engineer to stop the train, and compelled the passengers and express agent to hand over their money and valuables.

"But ah, boys!" Ed exclaimed, tragically, while we crowded closer, quite disregarding, in our eagerness to hear, the comfort of No. 4—"ah, boys, there was a lovely maiden on that train, as beautiful as an Egyptian Princess. She came to me, with tears in her lustrous eyes, and begged me to restore the plunder, and set the train on its way again. I did so without a word. I turned to my band. I bade them obey their captain, on the honor of cowboys. They gave back the money without a murmur, withdrew from the car, and we all gracefully tipped our hats as the train moved off."

"But how did you get home?" asked No. 4, who had been listening in a sleepy way.

"Hush-sh-sh!" came in angry tones from the rest of the boys, and Ed went on.

"I formed my band in military array. 'Brave lads,' I cried, with tears in my eyes, 'no more of this wild life

for me. A lovely maiden on that departing train has shown me with a flash of her bright eyes the error of my ways. I am a cowboy no longer. Farewell!' I gave them a military salute, put spurs to my horse, rode rapidly home, and here I am!"

We all drew a long breath. It had been a thrilling story as Ed told it, and we looked upon him as a very Bayard for nobility and bravery.

Just then Mr. Mason called out, "No. 3!" (Mr. Mason is the man at the desk, you know—our superintendent.) We hardly expected work that stormy night, but here had come in a man in a great hurry, with a big, important-looking envelope to be taken to Bleakman Street. I heard Mr. Mason tell Ed where to take it, and turning to No. 4, I said,

"Whew! I'm glad I'm not No. 3 just now."

"Why?" asked No. 4.

"Why?" I repeated, in astonishment. "Don't you know about Bleakman Street? It's the worst part of the city. I've heard of a messenger-boy who was set upon there by a gang of roughs and beaten almost to death, and made to give up his parcel. That's why. And such a night as this, too!"

"It's lucky Ed is such a brave boy," drawled No. 4. "But look at him!"

I did look. What was the matter? Ed was as white as a sheet! I could see the big envelope tremble in his hands. He was begging Mr. Mason to let him off!

"It's not dangerous at all, my boy," I heard Mr. Mason say, kindly, "and it's your turn."

"But No. 4 is bigger than I am, sir."

I actually heard Ed say that! And then, when Mr. Mason sternly bade him do his duty, he broke into great blubbering sobs, threw the envelope on the desk, snatched up his hat, and went home. That was the last the service saw of its "Wild West Messenger-boy."

"No. 4!" called Mr. Mason, looking with a smile after the departing figure. (I am sure, from his remarks later, that he had heard Ed's glorious romance.)

Then I became panic-stricken in my turn. Bleakman Street was the bugaboo of us messenger-boys, never mentioned save in a tone of awed respect. Many terrifying stories in regard to it were current among us. No. 4, a mere supply for a day, would never go into that rendezvous of thieves and rowdies; and I came next!

But No. 4 rose promptly, took up the envelope with a respectful bow, walked with a smiling face to the hat-rack, and waved his hat at us as he went out into the storm. How we cheered!

And No. 4 is our No. 3 now, in place of the "Wild West Messenger-boy."

TALKS TO BOYS.

(THE LAST LITERARY WORK OF THE LATE P. T. BARNUM.)

INTRODUCTION.

THE late Mr. P. T. Barnum, as is quite generally known, I was fond at times of contributing to the press, and had in recent years many calls from editors for special articles suitable to their columns. As he began his career in his teens as a country editor, it was natural that he should always retain a tender liking for all that belonged to the types and the printing-press.

Occasionally, when his leisure was intruded upon, and calls for articles from his pen were numerous, I have taken notes of his talk, and put them as closely down as words would warrant, when he would revise and re-revise the whole matter to his own liking. In this way, just before he was prostrated by his last illness, he began a series of "Talks to Boys," which were to go through some twelve or more numbers. Unfortunately only two were finished, and while the first was signed, and both

approved by him (the second seeming to him to be the best representative of his thought), his serious situation broke the series off suddenly. I have reason to believe, however incomplete as they are, that they will attract no little attention for what they contain, and will yield in addition a touching interest as being the last of Mr. Barnum's attempts to reach the public through the press.

J. L. BENTON

I

It is pretty well understood by the public that I have a fondness for young people, and care more for their regard than for almost any other fame. Whether this gives me the right or the qualification to talk to boys, I will not undertake to say. I am perfectly well aware that no class is so hard to address. None, it is certain, can see through any sham sentiment or fallacies in argument better than they. But I always like to come in contact with these young critics, who are to be our successors, and if I can give them the benefit of a little wisdom gained from experience, or amuse them for an evening hour when their books and play spells are over, I shall be happy to do so.

How many boys I am to address, it would be interesting to know. It would probably puzzle a United States census agent to tell. But a very large number must read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, as it goes into so many families and homes. I must first say to them all that when I was a boy no such array of periodicals as we now have, of which this is a noble example, with its bright reading and pictures, was to be had or imagined. You have therefore one great pleasure at your command, my young friends, which those of us who were boys so long ago did not even dream of. I hope that you take frequent advantage of it. You will want to play a good part of the time, no doubt; most boys do, and get the privilege. But there will be hours when school tasks and play spells are done with, when you can learn to like, with a little effort on your part, a quiet half-hour with a good magazine like this, or with some appropriate book.

The habit of reading, though, does not come, Minerva-like, full grown. Like everything else we do for advantage, whether we are men or boys, it needs usually to be cultivated, though many boys naturally love to read. You don't mind, I am certain, whittling with your jack-knife for a whole day if you wish to make a tug-boat, or you will work vigorously to make a kite. It is all very well to do this, but, you see, it requires a certain amount of work to secure your triumph and joy with these things. I am sure there never was a boy who would hesitate to do this work when he thought what the result of it was to be.

Abraham Lincoln, of whom you have all heard, laid the foundation of his greatness when he was a boy by taking time to read. He did not have the great variety of good books and papers that are to be had now; but he found the best he could, and made the most of them. As gas and kerosene lamps were not in use in the time of his boyhood, and even candles were not to be obtained by him, he was glad to avail himself of a torch made from a pine knot, and sitting over the fireplace on a winter night in his home, which was a rude cabin, I dare say he enjoyed what he read better than anything he found to read in later life, when all the modern books and facilities were at his hand. I know this is not a new story that I am telling you; but it illustrates so well what I want to say that I would be glad if you could hear it over and over again, so that you may never forget it.

It supplies for all of us, in fact, a very good lesson to remember. It makes emphatic the truth that what we get through difficulties we get most thoroughly and retain longest. You will learn when you are older that into all your attainments and successes a question enters

which we call *cost*. In other words, you have had to give something for them—time, toil, or money. At any rate, either you have given it, if you have obtained the object you desire, or some one else has given it for you. Do you remember the story of the King who asked the great mathematician for some easy method whereby his boy, whom he inclined to favor, might be enabled to obtain a knowledge of mathematics? But he was told "there is no royal road to geometry." Neither is there to any desirable success. It would not have been a favor to the King's son if there had been, and he had been allowed to travel it.

Perhaps you think when at school that some of your text-books are very hard to understand, and that they are very dull. You don't see the use of them, perhaps, and you conclude that while they may seem different to others and be good for them, you would be very willing to get along without them. I think we have all felt somewhat so when we were boys; so it is not the exception in your case which you may be inclined to think it is. When you have lived longer you will see that no knowledge or experience, no matter how useless it appears to be *now*, is without some benefit. It will come into play and do you a service very likely in after-years, that you could not have dreamed of beforehand. And, like the blacksmith's arm which grows from its exercise, your minds will get strength from the very efforts to master any subject, disagreeable or otherwise.

When some of our first regiments went to the late civil war—particularly those from New England—there were among them men of all vocations and trades. This fact was not much thought of when they enlisted, but after they went into the field the diversified knowledge of the Yankee boys was constantly brought into use. If a broken-down railway engine was needed that refused to go, there were men among the troops who could repair it; if a bridge was to be made for fording a stream, some of the soldiers knew just how to make it, and could construct it with the scantiest materials and under great difficulties.

Never was Lord Bacon's apothegm that "knowledge is power" better exemplified. I have never known a person yet who lamented that he learned too much when he was a boy, or that he had devoted too much time to the pursuit of knowledge. But it is an ever-recurring lament—and will be during their whole lives—of the great multitude who have lived past their school opportunities that they failed to do, through inexcusable neglect, what they might have accomplished.

Lest I treat this serious matter, however, too seriously, I will dismiss it for the present at this point. In some future talk I will speak of amusements, as well as instruction, and show how they are often combined with success.

P. T. BARNUM.

BABY'S BACK.

THE baby's been far, far away
Adown the great big railroad track.
I overheard his papa say,
"I'm glad to see my baby's back."

A POSTPONED THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY MARY SUTTON MCCOBB.

"AND you *promise*, honest, true, that the steamer shall reach New York by November 23d, so I may surely be at home Thanksgiving day? You *promise*, Captain Barton? And you'll go to Salem with me and eat turkey, and see your school-boy friend—my precious daddy? Doesn't your heart just dance a hornpipe, Captain, at the thought of a real old-fashioned New England Thanksgiving like those you used to enjoy?"

"Excuse my emotion, Aunt Elsie! I've had a lovely four months here in Glasgow, and bless you for a Scotch darling! But, oh! you don't know what it is to be a Massachusetts girl, and dote on culture and the baked bean, and to love your own Bunker Hill 'Monymink' and Thanksgiving day! Tom's coming home from Dakota, Captain Barton—my grown-up brother Tom. And my married sister Eleanor, she's coming too, with her husband under one arm and her baby under the other. And there 'll be turkey, Captain, and cranberry sauce, Captain, and squash pie, Captain, and three kinds of pudding, and nuts and raisins, and games in the evening, and 'Auld Langsyne,' and all the rest of it, Captain. The steamer shall *certainly* reach New York by November 23d, you *promise*, Captain Barton?"

Priscilla Saltonstall, of Salem, Massachusetts, stopped breathless, and beamed on the Captain.

Captain Barton, of the steamship *New England*, shook his portly sides, and beamed on his old friend's daughter. "We'll fetch it, if it's within the power of mortal man," said he, in his big hearty voice. "I'll take special good care of your lassie, Mrs. McDonald, and deliver her 'C. O. D.' to her pa. My wife's going along, and there's an extra berth in my daughter's state-room. Prompt on board at eight o'clock A.M., Miss Priscilla, and a good night's rest to ye."

Priscilla's small steamer trunk stood ready. She had insisted on putting in a gray crêpe gown, "in case of a festive occasion on board"; also she had packed a jaunty Redfern jacket and a Gainsborough hat "for Sundays and New York."

For constant wear, she had a shaggy navy blue ulster, which buttoned from chin to instep, and wrapped her close and warm. The blue cloth cap would cover not only her chestnut hair, but her forehead and ears if necessary.

That chestnut hair with its golden glints was Priscilla's chief beauty. Chestnut hair with golden glints is rare. That is the reason why Priscilla turned to look a second time at a young woman standing near the steamer's rail.

For now the *New England* had swung clear of the Glasgow docks, and was gliding down the river Clyde to the Frith beyond. The steerage passengers had not yet been banished to the forward part of the ship, as they would be later, and among them was this young slender woman with hair like Priscilla's own. But the face was full of care, and the eyes drooped sadly. That was not like the happy girl's face, crowned with its shining tresses.

The stranger looked at Priscilla. Priscilla, looking at her, became aware of a small boy clinging to the woman's skirt. He was holding up his right hand, as if it pained him. Every now and then his mouth twitched, as if it were hard work to keep from crying. His legs were very thin. The coat which he wore was threadbare, and its sleeves were too short to cover the small red wrists. He kept looking up to his mother in a pitiful sort of way. Priscilla heard her say,

"The doctor; there must be a doctor, if we could only find him."

The helplessness of the two went right to Priscilla's

heart. She stooped under the rope beyond which steerage passengers might not pass.

"You are in trouble?" she asked, coming close to the woman. "What is the matter with your hand, little boy?"

"Some boilin' water scaldt it, miss," said the woman. "We was that hurried to ketch the steamer we couldn't stop to get help. I *couldn't* miss the bo't, miss, for I'd news that my husband was terrible sick in New York. Don't cry, Timmy! Don't cry, dear! Come, now!"

The tears were in the mother's eyes. That was more than Priscilla could bear.

"I know the ship's surgeon," said she. "I went over in this steamer four months ago. Wait. I'll bring Dr. Deems."

The astonished surgeon found himself suddenly captured, whisked up the companionway, and hurried toward the steerage. He was an elderly man, naturally slow of motion and also of comprehension, but when Priscilla held up the little blistered fingers, exclaiming, "See there, doctor!" even stolid Dr. Deems took in the situation. The tiny hand was dressed with ointment and bound up in soft linen.

"I'm sure we're grateful," said the woman. "Thank the kind miss, Timmy. I guess we'll go below; it's so dreadful cold on deck."

It was cold, and it grew colder as the steamer came out on the broad Atlantic. The wind, which whistled in her wake, had lately been hobnobbing with the north pole, and dancing among the icebergs of the Arctic Ocean.

But Priscilla was not cold. Wrapped in shawls and rugs, she lay in her steamer chair, or, together with the Captain's daughter, played "ring toss" with Mrs. Travers, the pretty English bride, and Mr. Travers, the adoring bridegroom, who brought forward a couple of healthy English boys to join the fun.

Presently the bride was seen to "smile a kind of sickly smile," and "the subsequent proceedings interested her no more." She was borne below by the adoring groom. The remaining four tried a game of shuffleboard, while the Captain stood by, proud of his two girls, who ate and enjoyed their five meals a day, though every lady and half the men forbore.

"And we're making splendid time!" cried Priscilla, gayly. "We're sure to be in New York before Thanksgiving day, at this rate. How many knots was it yesterday, Captain?"

Polite John Bull, Jun., offered to keep the account in Priscilla's little "log."

"Two hundred and ninety miles on Saturday."

"Oh, *call* it 'knots,'" expostulated Priscilla. "A knot's a *nautical* mile, you know."

"Two hundred and eighty *knots* on Sunday; three hundred, Monday; two hundred and seventy-five, Tuesday; two hundred and ninety, yesterday. Shall we make it three hundred and ten to-day, Captain?"

"I reckon we're not so fast as the ocean greyhounds. We'll get our Thanksgiving, Miss Pussy. Now would you four like a peep at the engine? Hear her pulse a-beating? Steady—steady—steady; she's a vigorous old party, she is."

The Captain took the young folk amidship. But when they reached the iron ladder leading down to the machinery, Priscilla was missing.

She had dropped behind, for passing near the steerage she had caught sight of the woman with the chestnut hair. The child was near by; both were shivering in their scanty garments, and they looked so shrivelled and wan that it seemed as if the boisterous wind might blow them away.

"Oh!" said Priscilla, stopping short.

The mother looked up, trying to smile, though her

teeth chattered. "We've been so seasick, miss. I thought the fresh air would do Timmy good; but I don't know as he can stan' it. It's very close down below, miss."

Priscilla knew that. She had gone into the steerage on a former voyage. She remembered the berths built five abreast. She had taken a few whiffs of the air, which, in spite of attempted ventilation, was impure.

"You *must* stay up here," she said, eagerly. "Just wait a minute."

The two crouched down and waited.

Priscilla ran off and returned. "I have more wraps than I can possibly use—far more," she said, speaking rapidly to avoid contradiction.

She enveloped the woman in a thick Himalaya shawl. As for Timmy, he looked like a small Scotch mummy swathed in a McDonald "plaidie."

"Sit here, in the lee of this steam-pipe," said Priscilla, and too weak and too thankful to resist, mother and child obeyed.

"What have you had to eat to-day?" asked Priscilla, gently.

The woman shook her head. "The food was good, but oh, we *couldn't*."

Again Priscilla sped away. "I'm going to 'insult' the stewardess to the extent of fifty cents," she declared to herself.

Presently she came back, swaying with the motion of the vessel, but managing to carry unspilt a bowl of chicken broth.

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes," she quoted cheerily; and again she was obeyed.

"It's worry makes me worse than usual," apologized the woman. "My husband, miss, he was coachman to a rich lady in New York, but he's lost his place, being down with a fever. I was home to mother's. She was sick, and sent for me. She died last week. I can work if I can only get to *him*. It seems as if this ship stood stock still, I'm that daft."

"We are going at full speed," said Priscilla, encouragingly. "The Captain's sure we shall make three hundred miles to-day. You'll keep Thanksgiving with your husband, Mrs. McWhirten. Like as not he's getting well, just from the hope of seeing you."

The woman stretched out her hand. "How you do hearten me up!" said she.

"Just listen, and see how that blessed engine is working away! And we are spinning—actually *spinning* along. Keep a stiff upper lip, Mrs. McWhirten, for—Dear me! what's that?"

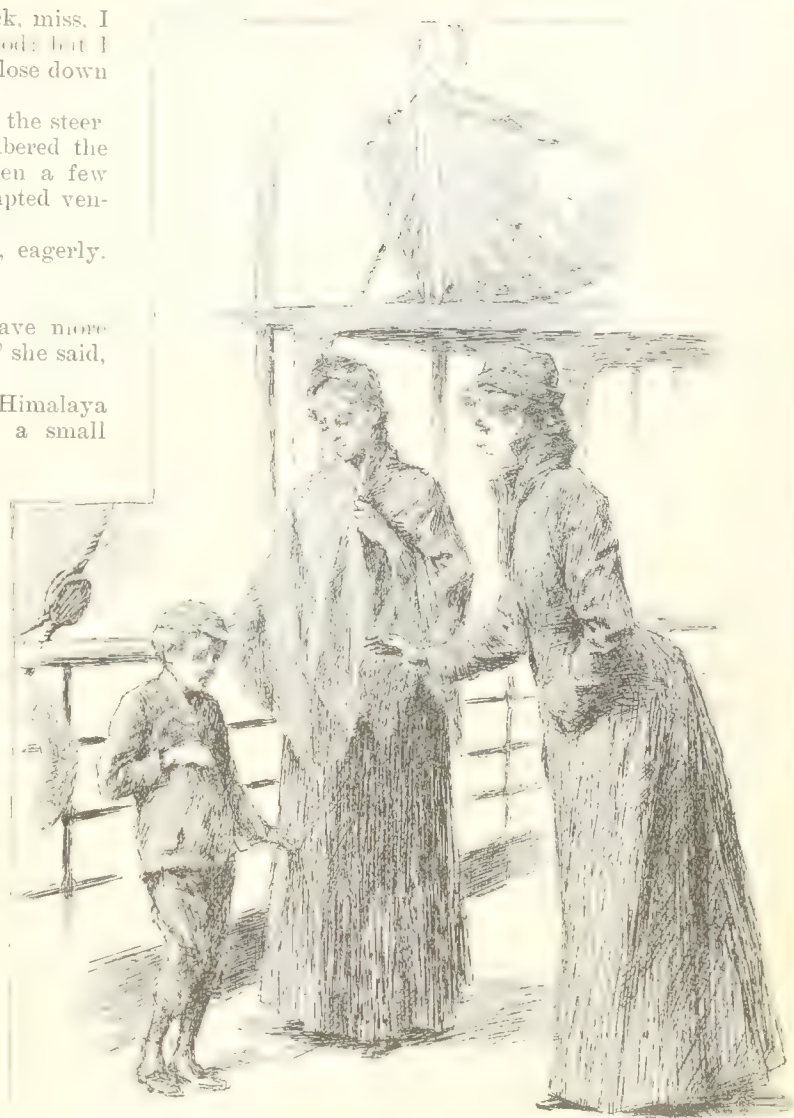
She sprang to her feet, her face as white as death. Mrs. McWhirten seized her arm.

There was a sudden crash. The ship shivered from stem to stern, then rolled heavily from side to side. The pulse of the engine ceased.

There was a sound of hurrying feet. There were shouts and cries. Up from below hastened men with scared faces. Women half clad, ghastly with terror, implored to be told what had happened.

"Struck a rock?" "A rock in mid-ocean?" "Sprung a leak?" "Has the boiler burst?"

Then from mouth to mouth flew the words, "The shaft has broken!"



"WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH A LL HAND, THIR BOY?"

That was the truth. The huge beam which connected the machinery amidship with the screw at the stern had snapped like a brittle pipe-stem. The blades hung motionless.

For an hour confusion reigned. Then the Captain came on deck. The passengers clustered round him. Even those in the rear heard his voice, it was so clear and loud.

"Great delay. No danger. Possibly the shaft can be mended, but no counting on that. In the mean time up with the sails. We shall not attempt to return to Glasgow with the wind dead east."

The passengers pulled themselves together. The relief from fear of immediate wreck was something. People tried to joke and laugh.

"A good long voyage ahead."

"All right! We're bound to make port by 1900, if we only keep at it!"

"England expects every man to do his duty."

"If pluck's the article called for, you won't find America behind-hand."

The white canvas was already swelling in the stiff breeze. The brave *New England* set her bow squarely

ahead. She knew what was expected of her. That day she made sixty miles. Good!

Then the wind shifted. It changed to the south, then veered to the east. The *New England* tacked, tacked, tacked, but still pressed on. Only fifteen miles was that day's record.

The "funny man" among the passengers got up a negro-minstrel troupe to enliven the evening. Priscilla and the Captain's daughter were drawn into a group of young people to play "Muggins" and "Throwing Light." No one permitted himself to be dull, not even when, on the eighth day from Glasgow, a dead calm fell on the sea and the sails flapped idly.

Constantly Priscilla stole away to her friend of the steerage. The delay was heart-rending to Mrs. McWhirten.

"My husband! oh, my sick husband!" she cried, and the tears stole between the thin fingers which covered her face.

Then it was that Priscilla spied the Captain on the bridge, sweeping the horizon with his glass.

"Of course," exclaimed Priscilla, "he's looking for a ship. A vessel may leave in sight any moment—any moment, Mrs. McWhirten. Don't cry, or you'll fail to catch the first glimpse of her. Watch for a ship, Timmy boy! Watch for a ship to tow you ashore to your father!"

But it was not for a ship only that Captain Barton strained his eyes. He knew what this cloudless sky, this motionless sea, might forebode. His masts were stout, but the *New England* was not built for sailing, and an angry red stained the west where sky and water met.

Nevertheless, the Captain put an encouraging hand on Priscilla's shoulder.

"We'll scarce make land before the 27th," he said. "But if we reach New York then—and we may; give us a good wind and we may do it yet—you would have time to take a fast express for home, and get your Thanksgiving, after all."

Priscilla nodded back at him. "That's all I ask," she said.

For two days and a night they had lain becalmed. The second night the wind arose. It came with a rush and a roar. The water seethed under the *New England's* bows. The masts bent ominously. Rain and sleet descended in torrents. The Captain never left the bridge.

The third night darkened. Then the storm laid itself out to do its worst. The steamer was tossed like an egg-shell from one huge wave to another. It was driven hither and thither. It pitched, it rolled, it stood upright on its stern like a balky horse, it plunged madly forward. The passengers were tied into their berths. Priscilla clung with her ten fingers to the slats of the berth above her, and was barely kept from falling to the floor by her "weather-board."

There was a noise of shattered crockery and of state-room furniture banging about. Then, above the din, came one tremendous crash—the mainmast split and fell. The tattered canvas was cut away and drifted off into the night.

After that the storm abated. The ship heaved to and fro in the trough of the sea. A jury-mast was raised, and the bow kept straight. That was all that could be done.

"About seven hundred miles off the Newfoundland Banks," the Captain said. "Our hope is now to sight some steamer. I've broken my promise to you, Priscilla," he added, softly. "No Thanksgiving day for us, my dear."

Priscilla smiled bravely up at him. "I forgive you," she said, and made a dash for her state-room.

It was not only the loss of the festive day she mourned, but the thought of the misery they must be going through at home overwhelmed her. The *New England* much

overdue. No word to say she was still afloat. The knowledge of her people's anguish cut into Priscilla's heart with sharp stabs. She wrung her hands. Then she sat up straight and shook herself. "*Stop that!*" she said out loud. She stood upon her feet and marched to the steerage.

"A vessel is sure to come, Mrs. McWhirten," said she, speaking rather faster and louder than was necessary. "And all this time your husband is probably getting better. Come, Timmy, come up on deck, and I'll play a game of jack-stones with you."

Ah! the five days and the five nights which followed. The *New England* drifted—now forward, now back, now to the east, now to the west—just as the wind and water dictated, so did she. The American flag hung Union down on a tall pole, signalling "distress." Twice the Captain burned red lights at night.

There was a burst of excitement when the smoke of an outward-bound steamer was seen on the horizon. But she failed to hear the *New England's* guns, or, for some other reason, passed on unheeding.

Again they waited. The food held out, and no one knew that the drinking water was diminishing ominously.

The eighteenth day since leaving Glasgow dawned slowly. Did Mrs. McWhirten dream, or did somebody really shake her vigorously as she lay in her berth? She opened her bewildered eyes, and beheld Priscilla.

"A steamer in sight! Come! come!" Then the vision vanished.

How can I tell of the frenzy of joy which seized the passengers of the disabled *New England*? Nearer and nearer she came—the *Cornelia J. Perkins*, a "tramp" steamer from Antwerp, laden with window-glass, leather, and pig-iron. She paused to the leeward. A boat from the *New England* speeds across the water. Back she comes, bringing one of the *Cornelia J. Perkins's* officers. Captain Barton talks with him apart. The news is given.

Heavily laden is the *Cornelia J. Perkins*. Scarce any accommodation for passengers. Running short of provisions. Still, she will receive on board twenty persons from the *New England*.

"And one extra for me," adds Captain Barton, in an undertone.

She will then make for Halifax, and send help.

"Count on a tow by the fifth day from this."

Then it was that Priscilla, close to the Captain's elbow, overheard what no one was meant to suspect.

"For God's sake, hasten," said the Captain; "we have sprung a leak!" Moving backward, he saw Priscilla. "You are to go," he said to her, authoritatively.

Lots were cast. No one selfishly fought for precedent. Ten women, ten men, were to go on board the *Cornelia J. Perkins*. There were one or two voluntary exchanges made. Mr. Travers, for example, gave away his chance, and staid with his bride.

"Bid me good-by now, Priscilla. Tell your father I took better care of you than of my own daughter. She and her mother stay with me." He wrung her hand and left her.

There was a hurry and a bustle, but in less than ten minutes all arrangements were made. Into the ship's boat stepped the lucky twenty, among them a slender girlish figure in a closely buttoned blue ulster, her chestnut hair showing but a little under her cap, which was drawn down over her forehead and ears.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! Give them a hearty send-off, my friends. As for the rest of us, we shall soon reach land. We know where we are. And there's the dinner-bell."

The Captain, at the head of the table, looked stanch and brave. Not one of the passengers knew that the *New England's* stern pumps were working desperately night

and day, that the utmost exertion could scarcely keep the entering water under. Not one knew.

Not one?

In the cabin doorway suddenly appeared a girl. She wore a gray crêpe gown, though this was scarcely a "festive occasion." A jaunty Redfern jacket did its best to keep her from freezing. A Gainsborough hat covered her chestnut hair. She was leading a small boy.

"Captain, will you give Timmy and me a bit of mutton? We're hungry, Timmy and I."

Captain Barton stared as if he had seen a ghost. "Priscilla Saltonstall!" he gasped. "I saw you in the boat. I saw—your hair."

"You saw my ulster, Captain. You also saw my cap, but the hair belonged to Mrs. McWhirten. She *had* to reach her husband. She has left Timmy with me. Won't you give us something to eat, please, Captain?"

Captain Barton was angry, perplexed, admiring, and overwhelmed. "God bless you!" he cried. "God bless you! You're a fool—you're a tramp! You're—you're—you're a—My soul! what will your father say? But—God bless you, my dear!"

It was later when he drew Priscilla aside. "Before you gave up your chance to that McWhirten woman did you hear what I said about the condition of this ship?"

Priscilla turned a little pale, but her eyes were steady and clear. "I did, sir," she answered.

"No other passenger knows," said the Captain.

"No other *shall* know," said Priscilla Saltonstall.

And now my story is done. But did no help come? Was there no Thanksgiving day? Do you suppose I would have told such a melancholy tale as that? Not I! Help did come. None too soon, but it came. Two great tugs and a pilot. Into Halifax Harbor floated the rescued *New England*. And there on the pier were not only Mr. Saltonstall, but Mrs. Saltonstall and Tom.

"Came by telegraph," said Tom.

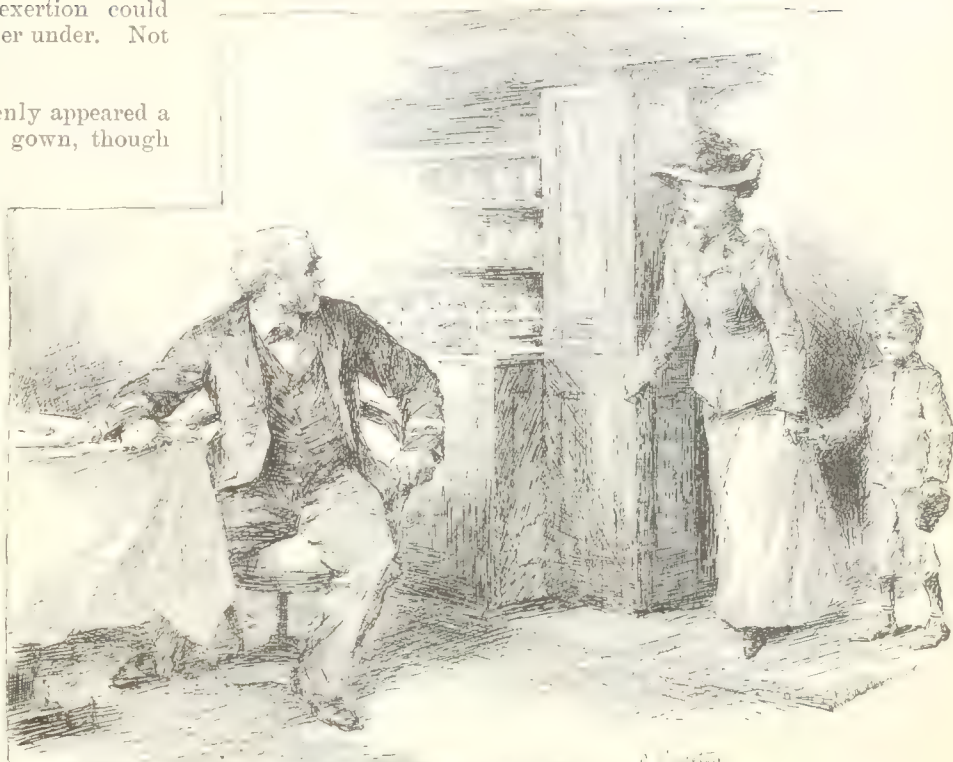
What a welcome did Priscilla receive! Three pairs of arms struggled to get hold of her. Three pairs of eyes feasted upon her. Then home they went as fast as locomotives would take them. There they found sister Eleanor with husband and baby.

Still no Thanksgiving day. They waited till Captain Barton could leave his ship, and bring himself, his wife, and daughter.

Then well on in December—it was almost encroaching on the rights of Christmas, but no matter for that—there was *such* a feast.

And out in the servants' quarters who should be holding high carnival but Mr. McWhirten, Mrs. McWhirten, and Timmy. For Priscilla had told their story to her father, and lo! the Saltonstalls' coachman had lately "given notice." Mr. Saltonstall went on to New York and interviewed Mr. McWhirten.

"Give me a week, sir, and I'm your man," said that



"CAPTAIN, WILL YOU GIVE TIMMY AND ME A BIT OF MUTTON?"

worthy, and he threw away his medicine, rose up, and found himself well.

No wonder Mrs. McWhirten's eyes shone. No wonder Timmy's little stomach ached with happiness and pie.

Captain Barton tried to make an after-dinner speech. He stretched out his right hand toward Priscilla.

"She knew another blow might come, and we drift to Jericho. She knew the leak might get the better of us, and we take up quarters in Davy Jones's locker. She gave up her chance all the same. That's what I call pluck. Your daughter, Dick Saltonstall. I remembered you at school, and the stock hasn't degenerated. And praise the Lord who 'bringeth them to the haven where they would be!'"

He blew a mighty blast upon his nose and sat down. But remembering that he had forgotten something, he rose to his feet again.

"Amen!" said he.

Everybody laughed and everybody cried, but they all echoed the Captain's "Amen!"

A FINE OLD WAR-HORSE.

FOR fourteen years Uncle Sam has had a ward at Fort Riley, Kansas, that has lived upon the bounty of the government, and not been required to do a particle of work. This honor was accorded to none other than a horse—an old war-horse called Comanche—the only survivor of the awful Indian massacre when General Custer and his gallant command lost their lives. The horse was found shortly after the battle at Little Big Horn, all the other horses having died with their masters. Since the day he was found and cured of his wounds, Comanche has been tenderly treated by the soldiers and officers. Once in a while he has been equipped and led out in review, but no man has sat in the saddle since the day his master, the brave Captain Keogh, fell. Comanche has just died, and now his skin will be stuffed, and any one may see him at the coming World's Fair.

BEADS

for the

A NAME

BY

Margaret E. Sangster



Then he said, soberly,
 "Dear little maid,
 I am told that in church
 you laughed and you
 played.
 What shall I do with you,
 Ruth, little woman,
 Punish or bribe you? The
 conduct was human.
 Yet as an Endicott, child,
 you must learn
 Courtesy, fitness, the
 graces that earn
 Man's approbation, and—" Here he sighed deep;
 Well might he sigh, little Ruth was asleep!

When she awoke, a great string of bright beads,
 Each carven crisply with flowers and seeds,
 Hung on the arm of her father's oak chair.
 "Here, little daughter," he cried, "we'll be fair:
 Bargains are bargains; these beads are your own
 When to church three time in order you've gone,
 And behaved there, my lass, as an Endicott should,
 Like a small princess, both stately and good."
 So the Judge bribed her, I happen to know,
 This time two hundred Thanksgivings ago.

Little Ruth Endicott grew up as sweet
 As a flower that blooms on the edge of the wheat,
 Married, and queened it for many a year.
 Fame of her beauty was told far and near,
 Fame of her kindness, too, and her good deeds,
 Came down the centuries with her gold beads.
 Daughters and granddaughters born of her line
 Have the gold hair with the same burnished shine.
 One of them wears the same sweet elfin grace,
 Looks at me now with the same snowdrop face
 Little Ruth Endicott wore in the glow
 Of the hearth-light two hundred Thanksgivings ago.

And as I fingered *her* string of gold beads,
 Curious, and carven with blossoms and seeds,
 Gayly she smiled, "I deserve them in truth,
 Christened so soberly old-fashioned Ruth,
 After a grandmother *ever* so great,
 Once a great lady, who wore them in state,
 But who was shockingly naughty, I fear,
 Just on the eve of her own seventh year,
 When, little darling, she fidgeted so
 In church-time two hundred Thanksgivings ago."

LITTLE Ruth Endicott, tripping and airy.
 Sweet as a snow-drop, and wee as a fairy.
 Found it hard work to sit still as a mouse
 Through the long three hours in the Lord's
 house.
 Where in the chamber would you know,
 This time two hundred Thanksgivings ago.

Grandfather had led her down, and did,
 Mother, however often at a whisper, "Be still!"
 Parson looked down from the pulpit's high
 perch,
 Wondering that some were restless in church;
 Sternly the fithing-man shook his gray head,
 Till little Fidget turned blushing red.

Yet in the whole congregation was not
 One child so naughty as Ruth Endicott

When they came home to the Thanksgiving dinner
 Father called to him the poor little sinner;
 Sweet as a snow-drop, and wee as a fairy,
 Never was culprit so dainty and airy,
 So father thought, as the broad satin vest
 Made to the good-tinted fingers' nest;
 Fathers were fathers, like ours, you know,
 This time two hundred Thanksgivings ago.

THREE FOOTBALL CAPTAINS.

HOW many boys who intend seeing the great Thanksgiving day game between Yale and Princeton realize the days and weeks of preparation that have been necessary to bring the players on the field "fit"? How many appreciate the planning by day and the disturbed dreams by night the captains of those teams—in fact, the captain of any college eleven—undergo up to the day of the great final match? From the time of his election to the last of November the football captain's responsibilities are of the greatest. He must be by turns a politician and a general; he must combat the influences that surround every student honored above his fellows; he will have schemes of every description for defeating his rivals laid before him to great length and plausibility; his sympathies may be aroused where his better judgment holds out a warning, but despite all temptations if he would succeed he must lay out his course clearly and follow it unerringly.

His lot is a trying one indeed. Probably the retiring captain has left him with only a few veterans to form the nucleus of his team; he looks about for new material; some old men are promised to return, and possibly rumors reach him of wonderful players that are to enter college from the preparatory schools. But when the term opens and the football squad dwindles down to one or two veterans, his heart sinks within him. Then comes the weary process of developing the green material, the shaping of policy, the loss of good players laid off by accident. Then the date of his big match looms up, and he sees how much there is to do and how much he could do with a few days more. Finally the day before the game arrives, and he finds himself unable to do anything but plan and plan and plan, until his head swims. The momentous query, "Will he win?" is ever before him. At last he is on the field with his team, they line up, and he is glad to relieve his pent-up feelings in work. In two hours he is borne from the scene of victory on the shoulders of his enthusiastic collegemates, or perhaps he trudges off the field unnoticed, tired, and defeated.



T. L. MCCLUNG, YALE.

T. L. McClung, of Knoxville, Tennessee, like Trafford is an Exeter man. Indeed, they began their early athletic work together in that school, entered college the



B. W. TRAFFORD, HARVARD.

same year, and, in fact, have followed wonderfully similar courses in their respective universities. Both have filled the position of first base on their nines, and, finally, both have reached the highest athletic honor of the college course—the football captaincy. McClung had the double honor of being elected captain of the '92 baseball nine, but resigned in order to give all his time this autumn to football. He was first brought into decided prominence in the Yale game against Princeton in New York during his Freshman year. In spite of his youth and inexperience of college work, he had succeeded in obtaining the position of half back on the 'varsity, but was the green man of the team, and hence was carefully used.

In the second half of that game, Wurtemberg, who was playing quarter for Yale, was disqualified; and nine-tenths of the Yale men felt that although the old blue was ahead, the loss of the regular quarter would turn the scale against them. After a short consultation, Harvey was seen taking off his sweater, and McClung, to the great surprise of all, was sent in at quarter, while Harvey took McClung's position at half back. The young Freshman proved himself equal to the occasion, playing a steady game throughout, never missing a signal, nor making a wild pass. Only those who know the duties of a quarter can appreciate the task set the boy, but these know how many fears must have passed through McClung's mind when he stepped into the place behind Corbin.

Last year the running of McClung was the feature of the Yale-Princeton match at Eastern Park. Never has there been such an exhibition of dodging as he displayed during the second half of that game. It seemed impossible to send him into any place so cramped that he would not extricate himself, and reappear, staggering, it is true, but still running, on the other side of the Princeton line. Old college men went nearly wild over it, and no player ever had more praise than was bestowed on McClung that day. This year, although laid up for some time with an injured hand, he seems still to possess that marvellous ability to see and take advantage of any opening that may offer in or behind the line. He is not a kicking half back, but essentially a running one, and his interference is well timed. He is one of the most popular men at Yale both on the field and off.

B. W. Trafford, of Fall River, Massachusetts, entered

Harvard in the fall of 1889, and immediately secured a position on the 'varsity team. His brother, Perry Trafford, was one of the strongest men in the Harvard rush line, and the younger Trafford had heard and seen plenty of football at Exeter before he went to Cambridge. He showed at once that he was of the right stuff to make a player, and in that his Freshman year he had a kicking duel with Ames upon Jarvis Field in the Harvard Princeton match which conclusively proved him a game man, for Ames at that time was one of the best punters in the association, and a man with several years' experience. Trafford's work for Harvard in that year was doubly remarkable, because his rush line could not then give him the support which the forwards of the opposing teams gave their full backs.

Last year, at Springfield, when Yale, having won the toss, choose the goal from which a strong wind was blowing, and the Harvard men could feel that wind blowing sharply in their faces, and driving the ball down toward their goal, Trafford, by his strong low punts, kept giving his forwards and the Harvard adherents moments of relief from the pressure until the welcome call of time at the end of the first half announced that Yale, with the wind in her favor, had been unable to score, and that from now on Harvard would have the advantage. In the second half, toward the latter part of the game, when Yale, with an almost superhuman effort, had crowded Harvard down into her own goal, it was Trafford's kicking that again afforded relief, and sent the ball out into midfield.

When Cumnock graduated in June, Trafford was elected his successor, and entering the field this fall with only a small nucleus of the team which had defeated Yale last November, he has already developed an eleven that bids fair to be as strong as the old one. Trafford himself is doing some of the finest kicking ever seen on the football field. He kicks easily and accurately, but with sufficient force to send the ball strongly. In addition to his kicking ability, his interference for his running halves when they go forward into the line is cleverly performed, and almost invariably gives the runner a fair start.

Ralph H. Warren, of New York city, the present captain of the Princeton football team, made his early reputation at Lawrenceville. When in 1889 he entered

commented on the promise of this young player as a half back. At this time Wagenhurst was playing end for Princeton, but upon the passing of a rule barring professionals, it became necessary for the orange and black to find some other player to fill this very important position, and Warren was the man chosen. Little did he know at that time what an opportunity he was to have for distinguishing himself in the greatest match of the year. He played a strong active game throughout the season, and on Thanksgiving day, when the Princeton team lined up against Yale for the final test of superiority, Warren and Donnelly were the two ends.

The first half of that game dragged through without either side scoring, both sides working like beavers to gain some slight advantage. The great crowd was breathless with suppressed excitement, and during the brief intermission between halves none cared to talk much.

The second half began, and after a short period of advance and retreat, Ames tried a drop at Yale's goal. It was a long kick, and passed to the right of the goal posts. The Yale full back attempted to fall on it, but it bounded past him, and shot toward the base of the stand behind the goal. There was an awful hush as three men dashed on after it. These three men were Staggs of Yale and Donnelly and Warren of Princeton. Staggs was nearest the ball until it struck the stand, but as it bounded off, Donnelly shouldered Staggs, and Warren fell on the ball, scoring the touch-down which won the game. What a yell of joy went up from the wearers of the orange and black! And Warren was a hero.

Last year Warren was seriously crippled throughout the season by an injury to his knee, but despite this, he played in the final game. This year, after Jesse Riggs had resigned his captaincy, and the prospects of Princeton looked dark indeed, Warren was the man chosen to lead the forlorn hope. Already he has changed that forlorn hope into one of by no means a gloomy character. He has filled his line with men who are rapidly becoming proficient; he has brought out some first-class material behind the line, and, best of all, he is fast making a team of his men, with all that the word implies.

FOOTBALL IN BURMAH.

IN Burmah they play the game in a manner totally unlike the sport as we know it, but they call it football just the same. The Burmese ball is made of light bamboo wickerwork—about the size of the knot in the player's turban. Imagine such a ball in use at a Thanksgiving-day game, with a dozen able-bodied men piled on top, and endeavoring to get hold of it. The result would be a beautiful flat mat of light bamboo wickerwork.

There is no team-work; the game as played in Burmah is run strictly upon individual principles, and each man has his play all to himself. Knees, elbows, feet, heads, and shoulders play their part, and the main object is to keep the ball in motion, and at the same time to prevent it from touching the ground. Incidentally the players assume positions that would cause a professional contortionist to abandon his calling. As has been remarked, they call it "football" in the country of the Burmese; but we who possess civilization and are prone to discriminate would term it "juggling." But it is nevertheless a wonderful game, requiring skill and proficiency. When one player has had enough, and exhibited all his particular tricks of play, the ball is passed on, and whoever gets it proceeds at once to have an exhibition on his own account. Thus it is passed all around, and the spectators are duly edified and delighted. The *élite* of Rangoon society may rejoice in the game, but when the light of advanced civilization has driven away the shadows of that land, and progress is implanted in their midst, then will sure-enough football gain a footing. And perhaps horns, yellow coaches, and other evidences of enlightenment will then play their part too.

Harper's Weekly.



RALPH H. WARREN, PRINCETON.

Princeton he had already been counted on as a coming 'varsity man, but it was for a position behind the line rather than in it. In fact, several of the newspapers

GRACIE'S GODSON.

BY E. H. HOUSE

Part XV.

IX.

MR. SHELDON paced the floor, thinking rapidly. The case certainly presented strange features. He had seen for himself that the boy need not have been caught if he had chosen to exert his strength in repulsing the little girl. He had stood almost passive while her arms were wound about him. That was to be noted in his favor. As to the jewels, he had handled them all, and made no attempt to carry a single one away, except the trifle which Gracie insisted she had forced upon him. Yet why should he be in the house at all? It was a most mysterious business; but the more he reflected upon it, the less he was inclined to press an investigation. It would compel him to defer his visit to the country, and bring upon him and his family a notoriety not at all to his taste. He particularly dreaded the ridicule which, he foresaw, would attach to his wife for the injudicious confidence she had lavished upon this young housebreaker.

After deliberating perhaps five minutes, he stopped walking, and announced his decision thus: "You are in better luck than you deserve. It will be more trouble to me to have you arrested than to let you run clear. You can go, and a good riddance to you."

The Baby did not stir. He too seemed to have something to turn over in his mind. He waited so long that Mr. Sheldon sharply bade him bestir himself and leave. The only response was a most unexpected inquiry:

"Am I to go for good?"

"Good or bad, I don't care. What do you mean?"

"I mean, will yer ever let me come here again?"

Mr. Sheldon laughed in mockery at this daring flight of audacity. "You have cheek enough for a regiment of burglars," he said.

"So I sha'n't never speak to her after this?"

"Who—my daughter? Not if I can help it. Come along, and make haste."

"Then I won't go," said the boy, stubbornly.

"You won't? We shall see about that!" exclaimed Mr. Sheldon, beginning to lose his temper at this crowning exhibition of insolence.

"I don't go out of the house no such a way as this. I'll stay where I am till I'm run in, and then I'll take my term in Sing Sing. That's what's the matter with me, and yer may make what yer please of it!"

The Baby's intention was so energetically stated, and with such intensity of emphasis, that Mr. Sheldon more than half suspected he was dealing with a lunatic; but he was not left long in this misconception.

"Yer kin send for a cop, and I'll blow the whole trick. I came here to lift them di'monds and things—just that an' nothin' else. I had half of 'em stowed in my pocket one time. I'm a thief, that's what I am. Now bring along yer police an' yer handcuffs; I'm ready!"

Here was a real surprise. The rascal was in earnest; there could be no question about that. He looked his captor full in the face, which he had not done before, and there was a glitter in his eye which betokened spirit at least, and dogged resolution.

"Why do you tell me this?" inquired the astonished gentleman.

"'Cause yer say I sha'n't see her no more."



SENT HIM FORTH INTO THE DARKNESS.

"Do you think you are fit to see her?"

Mr. Sheldon was vexed with himself as soon as he put this interrogation. What business had he to be parleying with the cub? The proper course was to get him out of the way as quickly as possible. But he had asked the question, and would hear the answer.

"I *ain't* fit to see her; I know that well enough—but I want to."

The Baby's face was ghastly to look at after he had uttered these words. His teeth were set fast, the muscles of his mouth were contracted, and his forehead was twisted and wrinkled with the effort he made to hold himself in restraint. Tears gathered in his eyes—not such tears as are shed on light provocation of boyish grief or shame, but tears that were wrung from him by an anguish the like of which he had never known before, and which he was as unable to comprehend as to control. They scalded him as they fell upon his cheeks, but he made no attempt to wipe them away, and kept his lids wide apart, staring straight before him. He felt that it was a degrading weakness for one of his stamp to cry like a sick girl, but he would not add to it the greater weakness of concealment. Since his treacherous nerves had given way and allowed all his pluck to forsake him, he could certainly gain nothing by setting up a ridiculous pretence of fortitude.

Mr. Sheldon was a practical man of the world, and if anybody had related to him the incidents in which he was now taking part he would have laughed at the notion that the lad could be sincere. But the evidence of his own senses could not be resisted. The suffering was genuine, whatever the cause, and he was not so hard or severe a man as to be able to witness it without a shade of pity. Was it indeed conceivable that the unconscious influence of a little child had brought this untamed animal to such a degree of subjection? He had heard of similar occurrences, particularly in romances and on the stage, but had never considered them entitled to much credit. Yet who should presume to limit the possibilities of human nature, or determine by what hidden impulses the mind could be swayed for good or evil? If the boy

were not deceiving himself, as well as trying to deceive others, he might be on the verge of a transformation through which the plan of his whole life could be reshaped. Had he, the prosperous and fortunate citizen, the right to crush out this chance that was perhaps struggling to assert itself for the regeneration of a vagabond and criminal?

He had not often been called upon to consider his moral obligations toward people of a lower social station than his own, and he was by no means pleased with the position in which he now found himself placed. But it was not his habit to shirk responsibilities, when he once realized that they rested upon him, and after pondering awhile he came to a conclusion which he thought just and reasonable, and which alone, he believed, could lead to satisfactory results.

"Listen to me," he said, putting himself face to face with the self-avowed thief: "This may be a more serious moment than you suppose, and you will do well to drop all nonsense and take a long look ahead. You are free to go now, and choose your own road for one year. I don't want to see you or hear from you in that time. If you can come at the end of it, and prove that you have led a decent life, and are endeavoring to make a man of yourself, I'll befriend you—and so shall my little girl, if she likes. I sha'n't give you a penny to start with. If you're not a fool, you'll know why; if you are a fool, it doesn't matter, for then you'll not come back anyway. That is all I have to say. As to the future, it depends entirely upon what show you can make one year from now."

The Baby drew a long breath. "I'll do it," he said, sturdily. "To-day's the first of August, eighteen eighty-nine. Yer'll see me on the first of August, eighteen ninety. I sha'n't give yer no trouble till then. There's—there's just one thing yer might do for me before I go. I know I ain't got no right to ask it, but yer might be willing."

"You can't speak again this night to anybody here," replied Mr. Sheldon, stiffly.

"Course not. I didn't go to think o' that. What I meant was, perhaps yer'd let me take the pin she gave me—the bit of a cross. It'd do me a heap o' good if yer could. If yer don't—"

"Well, if I don't?"

"No matter, then; it's all right. Perhaps she'll keep it for me till next year. Will yer—will yer tell her I spoke of it?"

"You shall have it now."

Mr. Sheldon brought the little clasp, and having handed it to its new owner, led him down stairs, and sent him forth into the darkness.

"A black night for the poor beggar," said the man of ease and prosperity, as the Baby disappeared in the gloom. "Will he ever get a glimpse of daylight, I wonder?"

X.

Early the next morning a soiled envelope was found in the hall, with Mr. Sheldon's name pencilled upon it in large and uneven letters. It had been thrust under the front door, and it contained a five-dollar note, which was immediately recognized as the one given by the master of the house to the Baby on the previous evening.

The Sheldons went to the country, and remained two months. Shortly after their return another envelope, cleaner and more carefully addressed, was left in the same way for Gracie's mother. Three dollars in notes were enclosed, and a scrap of paper, on which was written, "Six halves—S.B."

There was no doubt as to where the money came from, nor why it was sent. Mrs. Sheldon was much gratified, and her husband began to hope the lad was working out his fortune in the right way. Nothing was said upon

the subject to their child, whose recollection of the night of adventure grew dim as the months rolled by.

Summer came again, and as the end of July drew near, Mrs. Sheldon frequently spoke of the singular appointment, and discussed the prospect of the Baby's reappearance.

"I shall be sadly grieved if he does not come," she said.

"I shall be disappointed too," Mr. Sheldon acknowledged. "It is the only fairy story I ever was mixed up in, and if our fairy stories can't end as we want them to, what is the use of having any?"

"Why do you call it a fairy story?" asked the lady.

"Blind mother, where are the eyes of your imagination?" laughed her husband, as he pointed toward Gracie, who sat in the same room, but out of hearing. "Can you look at the guiding spirit of it and repeat that question?"

They were sojourning at a watering-place during the holiday season; but Mr. Sheldon was so much interested in the result of his experiment that he willingly made arrangements to bring the family to town for a week, and the 1st of August found them temporarily at home. The morning and afternoon of that day passed without any sign from the Baby; but this was to be expected, as Mrs. Sheldon was reminded when she began to show indications of uneasiness. And in the evening, sure enough, there came a ring at the street door, and a letter was presently brought in by a domestic, with this request:

"The messenger asks you to let him stay in the hall, sir, till you finish reading it."

Mrs. Sheldon was for having him introduced and her daughter sent for at once, but Mr. Sheldon checked her, saying that the boy's suggestion was a sensible one, and had best be followed. He opened the missive, and read aloud, as follows:

"THE ENTERPRISE BANK-NOTE CO.,
NEW YORK, August 1, 1890

Mr. George Sheldon.

"DEAR SIR,—My youngest employee, Robin Grace, has requested me to send you an exact and unprejudiced statement as to his character for honesty and uprightness. It is with unusual satisfaction that I accede to his wish.

"He entered my establishment eight months ago in the humblest capacity, application having been made on his behalf by a society whose recommendation was sufficient to insure his admission. I was informed that he sought employment here, knowing that our subordinate attachés are necessarily subject to the strictest surveillance, on account of the responsible nature of the business, and desiring especially to make for himself a record under the most rigorous conditions that could be imposed.

"I have never been made acquainted with his purpose, but it gives me pleasure to certify that throughout his term of service his conduct has been above reproach. I should be glad to speak of the intelligence he has shown in the discharge of his duties, and the general propriety of his demeanor, but he begs me to confine my testimony to the single question of his integrity, and in that particular his reputation is unblemished.

"If it is your intention to withdraw him from my office, he will carry with him the regard and the best wishes of his employers. If your arrangements permit him to remain, I can promise him the promotion of which he has proved himself worthy.

"I am, sir, yours very truly,
"C. C. ALEXANDER."

It was a charm to see the light in Mrs. Sheldon's eyes as she listened to these words of warm approval. Her

heart was filled with the content of a good woman who rejoices at the fulfilment of her generous hope for a fellow-being's rescue from degradation. She rose hastily, and left the drawing-room by a side door, saying, "I will send Gracie to bring him to us."

A minute later the little girl's feet were heard tripping through the hall. "Somebody for me?" she asked. "Come this way, please."

She entered from the obscurity, followed by a fine-looking lad of thirteen, neatly dressed in a dark blue knicker bocker suit, whose countenance shone with eager expectation. Mr. Sheldon would not have known him. Even his wife, who had hastened back to witness the reception, was unprepared for so thorough a change. There were the same striking features, and the clear, delicate complexion, but the uncouth wildness was gone, and the ungoverned restlessness had given place to a quiet and respectful bearing. He was the picture of a little gentleman as he stood in the doorway awaiting recognition.

"Why, it's my Robin!" cried Gracie, springing toward him with delight. "I always told you he was a nice boy. What do you think now, mamma?"

He had no reason to complain of his greeting, and a few minutes after the first salutation he was sitting at his ease and chatting as freely as Gracie's impetuous interruptions would allow.

"How handsome you have grown!" she suddenly exclaimed. "Are you not glad?"

"I'm glad if you are satisfied with me," he answered, very much flushed. Possibly he was not yet completely reconciled to the refinement and attractiveness of his personal appearance.

"I see your employer gives you your full name," Mrs. Sheldon remarked. "Have you found your parents?"

"No, ma'am," said the boy, turning still redder. "I thought—you know your little girl called me by one name—the only one anybody ever gave me in a friendly way—and of course I kept that. But I had to have another when I—when I—you know what I mean, sir—and I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind if I owed her the second one too. But I can change it if you don't like."

"I see," responded Mr. Sheldon; "Robin Grace; very neat and very well thought of. Gracie, this young man is your godson, do you know that? He is doubly your godson, for you have had the naming of him twice over."

Gracie did not understand at first, but when it was explained to her she vowed that nothing could be more to her fancy.

"Did you really, Robin, name yourself after me? How good that is! I didn't know you *could* do such a thing."

"I hadn't any that really belonged to me—not that I ever heard of—and there's no name I—not any that I

think so much of. So if your father and mother are willing—"

"Keep it, my boy, keep it," said Mr. Sheldon; "and I hope it will bring you good." He intended to say more, but a curious tingling in his nose, such as gentlemen of mature years do not like to have come upon them unawares, prevented him from continuing. Mrs. Sheldon, being a woman, did not care so much about preserving an undisturbed composure, and could let her voice quaver without feeling humiliated. So she kept up the conversation until her husband had taken



"WHY, IT'S MY ROBIN!" CRIED GRACIE.

care of the cold in his head of which he suddenly became aware.

"Well, Robin," he said at length, "we have a great many matters to settle in course of time, but the most important question is, who is to take care of you? Shall it be Mrs. Sheldon, or I, or Gracie? Gracie has the first right, I admit; but perhaps she isn't quite equal to it just at present."

"Oh, sir," replied the lad, overflowing with happiness, "I think I sha'n't have much difficulty in taking care of myself in one way, but if anybody is to take care of me in the other way—the way you mean—the best way—I hope it may be your little daughter. She did something for me a year ago that nobody else could have done. I didn't see how it was then, but I know better now; and I guess there's no other person that can look after me so well for a good many years to come."

"Robin, Robin, what funny things you say!" cried Gracie, to whose bright young mind these graver thoughts were not attuned.

"Oh yes," he persisted; "I sha'n't willingly have anybody but you for a guardian; but in case it gets too much for you sometimes, perhaps your father and mother will help you a little."

"There's not much fear of that, my lad. Unless I am more mistaken than I ever was in my life, the day is not likely to come when you will turn to either of us in vain, or when we shall be made to feel that we have misplaced our interest and confidence in Gracie's godson."

THE END.

A HARD WRESTLE.

BY DAVID KER.

"YOU talk of my hands being worth a lot, Mr. Alfred, and perhaps you are right; but as good and dry's work is most men's." Here the speaker glanced with patronable pride at the brawny arm that he condescended as he spoke, "but your head's worth as much any day, and more too."

The man who spoke thus was a stalwart young Cornishman, John Pengarrow by name, who, having followed his young master's fallen fortunes across the sea, was now riding with him over one of the higher mountain trade-lands of Peru, on the way to report upon a newly discovered mine which they had been commissioned to examine.

"Well, Jack, I think my head would be poorly off without your hands to back it," rejoined Alfred Tregarthen, looking kindly at his foster-brother; "and, now I think of it, those strong arms of yours would be just the thing for a job that's in hand now, by which there's money enough to be made, if anybody could manage to do it. Do you know that the Governor of San Felipe has offered a good round sum to any one who can take a condor [vulture of the Andes] alive for the new Zoological Garden that he's just starting in the town?"

"Why doesn't he offer a reward for catching a live whale while he's about it?" said Pengarrow, with a broad grin. "Why, I've heard that them condors live ten thousand feet and more up the mountains; and it's not every man, I take it, who would care to go and look for 'em up there!"

"True enough, Jack; but though they live at a great height, they often come down to the lower grounds, for all that. It's nothing for a vulture to fly fifty miles in search of prey; and you may trust him for sticking to it when he finds it, whether it's among the hills or down on the plain. This is just the place to fall in with them, too; so keep a bright lookout, Jack, and if you can manage to give one of them the Cornish hug, and lay him fairly on his back, it'll keep your pocket warm for a good while. But here we are at Mannel's store; and now, if you'll just ride on and see that the hut's all ready for us, I'll buy the things that we want, and have them brought up at once."

So saying, Alf Tregarthen leaped from his horse in front of the long, low, wooden building which was the only shop for many a mile round, while Jack Pengarrow rode briskly onward to the hut that they were to occupy, which he reached about half an hour later.

Strictly speaking, it was no very luxurious abode, having been originally built by a half-breed *vaquero* (herdsman), the last man upon earth to be particular about his lodgings. In fact, it was a mere hovel or rather box of crumbling rock and mouldering timber, the low roof of which was loaded with heavy stones to keep the fierce mountain winds from tearing it off.

But all this mattered little to the hardy young Englishman, who, having made his tired horse as comfortable as he could in a tumble-down shed at the back of the hut (which had once been a cow-house), was inspecting the interior of the shanty itself, and eying its stout walls with no small satisfaction, when his survey was suddenly and startlingly interrupted by an awful uproar outside, which sounded as if five hundred raving lunatics were having a pitched battle with an equal number of mad cats.

But this Chinese music was no new sound to Jack Pengarrow, who had lived quite long enough in South America to recognize in a moment the harsh screams of the great mountain vulture. Stepping briskly out of the shanty, our bold Jack headed straight in the direction of the noise—which seemed to grow louder (if louder it *could* grow) with every moment—till at length, coming suddenly round the angle of a projecting rock, he beheld a strange and hideous sight.

Upon a broad sweep of level ground at the foot of the rocky ridge on which the hut was perched four vultures were screaming and fighting over the carcass of a strayed ox, which, lost amid these grim solitudes, and overpowered by thirst and hunger, had fallen down and died in this desolate place.

Such a spectacle was only too common in that wild and lonely region, and had nothing in it which could in any way account, at first sight, for the violent start which our bold Jack gave as the ghastly tableau burst upon him.

Up to that time our hero had lived more in the plain than upon the mountains, and only twice in his life had he seen such vultures as these. But his keen eye, quick to discern every point of whatever came within its range, was at no loss to recognize their peculiar color, the fleshy border around their formidable beaks, their vast size, their long, coarse pen-feathers, and the curious helmet-shaped crest with which their gaunt heads were

surmounted. By all these signs Pengarrow knew at the first glance that the foul creatures before him were nothing else than the far-famed condors of the Andes!

Till that instant, the young Cornishman had not given another thought to the reward spoken of by his master as due to the daring man who might be lucky enough to capture a condor alive, but now matters had taken a new turn. Here, right before his very eyes, were four specimens of the much-coveted breed at once; and any one of the four, if he could but succeed in capturing it uninjured, would bring him in more money in a single day than he could hope to save out of his scanty salary in a whole year.

Such a chance was too good to be lost, and in a trice Pengarrow was crawling noiselessly along the ground toward the scene of action, wholly forgetting, in his eagerness, the danger of thrusting himself unarmed into the midst of these cruel and ravenous monsters.

But Pengarrow had vastly underrated the keenness of sight and scent possessed by these feathered brigands, in supposing them so completely taken up with their revolting meal that he would be able to creep right up to them unperceived. Though he made his advance as cautiously as the most practised hunter could have done, he was still twenty good paces from the carcass when he saw, to his bitter disappointment, all four of the birds give a sudden flap with their mighty wings, and rise into the air.

But ere Jack could utter the angry exclamation which rose to his lips, he saw that while three of the vultures soared at once to a considerable height, the fourth—evidently too much gorged and glutted to raise itself far into the air—flapped heavily away just above the ground for about fifty yards, and then settled again.

Now was the time! Springing to his feet, Jack darted in pursuit of the disabled pirate, and, pouncing upon it as it had pounced upon the dead ox, clutched its throat with both hands in a strangling grip, believing it already his own; for he had read in some book of natural history that a vulture when gorged with food becomes torpid, and quite incapable of resistance.

But unhappily—as often befalls in such cases—the vulture did not happen to have read the work in question, and failed altogether to behave as it ought to have done. So far from "becoming torpid and incapable of resistance," it showed fight at once, hit poor Jack such a slap with one of its wings that he felt as if struck by the sails of a windmill, and followed up this compliment with a dab of its terrible claws, which tore his stout jacket like paper from the shoulder right down to the waist!

And then began a fearful battle. While the condor buffeted him with its mighty wings, and struck at him so fiercely with its cruel claws that he was soon in rags from head to foot, Pengarrow struggled desperately to make good his hold upon its bare, slippery, featherless neck, knowing well that if once it could break loose from his grasp, one blow of that terrible beak would lay open his skull like a pickaxe.

But just as all seemed over with the brave Cornishman, and, in sheer despair of being able to take his ferocious enemy alive, he was doing his best to wring its neck outright, the fury of the condor's assault slackened for an instant—and that one instant was enough.

Putting forth all his strength, and bringing his Cornish skill into play to aid him in this very novel wrestling-match, the sturdy Englishman threw his whole weight upon his savage enemy, feeling that it was now life or death with him—the other three condors, called back by the furious screams of their companion, were now hovering overhead, and might at any moment pounce upon him and make an end of him.

One more terrific struggle, and then the vulture's strength gave way, and in another moment Pengarrow held it firmly beneath him, with his strong knee planted heavily upon its writhing body.

"That's right, Jack—give him the Cornish hug!" cried a well-known voice, as Alfred Tregarthen came panting up to the spot, just in time to aid his foster-brother in securing the valuable captive. "Well, I think your hands have been worth as much as my head *this* time, anyhow!"

Neither hands nor head went unrewarded. When Jack Pengarrow received, not many weeks later, the money that he had so bravely earned, he employed it in the purchase of a small patch of rocky upland not far from the scene of his adventure, in which Alf Tregarthen's keen eye had detected signs of rich mineral deposits; and this speculation turned out so well that its profits sufficed to redeem the lost Tregarthen estate, and to settle Jack and his young master upon it in comfort for the rest of their lives.



Christmas Carol .

Words by MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Moderato.

Music by RICHARD HENRY WARREN.

1. Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly,
2. 'Twas in the mid - night
3. And sim - ple shep - herd -

ring the bells, Joy-bells clear and sweet; Cheer-i - ly, cheer-i - ly, swing the bells, So glad the Child to
watch - es The ho - lv an - gels came, To send o'er dream - ing na - tions The mu - sic of His
peo - ple Have left the lambs a - sleep, And here, be - side the cra - dle, Their low - ly vig - il

meet. For, lo! in Bethlehem's man - ger, This ver - y day He lies, And o'er Him broods a moth - er, With
Name. And, lo! in Bethlehem's man - ger, While yet the an - gels sing. The East - ern kings are com - ing Their
keep. For, lo! in Bethlehem's man - ger, This hap - py Christ - mas morn. The Child has come to save us, The

hap - py, lov - ing eyes. Mer-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly, ring the bells, Joy-bells clear and sweet; Cheer-i - ly, cheer-i - ly,
spice and gold to bring. ho - ly Christ is born.

a little slower. ring the bells, So glad the Child to greet. *End 1st and 3d ed. Ending for last verse* *piano* A - - - men. *a tempo. D. S.* *mf poco a poco.* *slow.*

THE SECRETS OF THE SANTA CLAUS CHILDREN.

BY MARGARET ELZANDER.

THE Santa Claus children were in a state of great excitement during November and December. Dear old Santa and his wife were so busy preparing gifts for the thousands of children they knew that they had no time to notice the confabulations the children held in corners; and even if they had observed them, they would have pretended not to see, for the dear old people are themselves so subject to the epidemic of secrets which attacks every one about Christmas-time that they would have understood the symptoms of the disease in their children. The only cure for it, as every one knows, is to take no notice of it, and let it run its course; it will be sure to spend itself by the 25th of December.

So Father Claus and Mother Claus were blind to the mysterious bits of work which were whipped out of sight at their approach, always coughed violently when they came near a group of children whispering together, and, above all, asked no questions about the outlay of pocket-money with which the Claus children were none too plentifully supplied.

The truth is the children were determined that their parents should share in the general festival of Christmas. They thought it was high time the old people should taste the joys of receiving as well as those of giving, and all this ferment was about the gifts in course of preparation for their elders.

Santa Claus suffered from cold feet. Whether it was on account of his winter-night journeys, or whether the blood all rushed to his brain when he sat down to read, is uncertain; but the fact is the old gentleman felt the cold very much. So Snowflake Claus set about preparing a little article she had heard of in France, and which is there called a

CHAUFFE-PIED (FOOT WARMER).

A piece of warm material, 20 inches by 30 inches, was the first requisite. Snowflake had a piece of raw silk which had been left from some chair covering, and that answered nicely. This was folded so as to make an oblong, 20 inches by 15 inches. The two shorter sides were then joined firmly, thus forming a bag, with one long side for the opening (the other long side being formed by the fold in the material). Next several layers of cotton batting, 19 inches by 29 inches, were laid one over the other; they were covered on both sides with cheese-cloth or unbleached muslin, and stitched through at intervals to keep the cotton from huddling into one place. This was then folded to form a bag the same as the outside one, laid within it, and secured to it at the corners, and at intervals along the sides. Then the whole was lined with silk or silkoline harmonizing in color with the outside of the bag. A narrow gimp braid was sewn around to conceal the seams. It was intended that when Santa sat down to read, he could thrust his slippered feet deep into the recesses of this downy pocket and warm his toes. If Snowflake had been able to afford a piece of fur for the lining, she would have used it instead of the cotton batting, and in that way would have avoided the necessity of lining it again with silk.

Mother Claus had a weakness for fragrant odors, not strong perfumes, but for dainty suggestions of a lavender bed in full bloom, or a bunch of spring violets. So little Icicle Claus prepared for her mother a gift which she knew would suit her taste, and to her credit be it said she persevered in her task, and did not break off in the middle, as icicles often do.

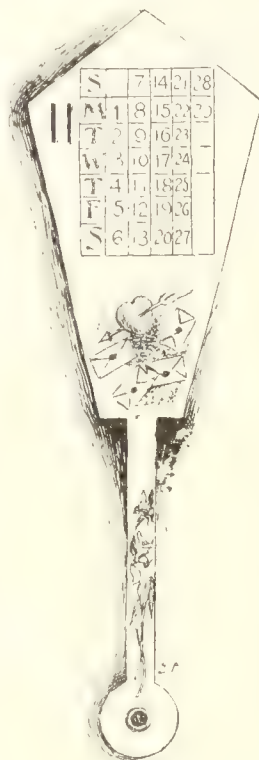
PERFUMED LININGS FOR BUREAU DRAWERS.

After secretly procuring the exact measure of all her mother's bureau drawers, she cut two layers of cotton

batting to fit each one. These were generously besprinkled with the finest kind of powdered orris root (the perfume of the best orris root most resembling that of violets). These she covered neatly with pale blue silkoline in a dainty pattern of trailing flowers. She would have used India silk for this purpose had she been able to afford it. The edges were ornamented with brier stitch, and the whole was tufted at regular intervals with tiny bows of China ribbon. For each of these linings Icicle procured four little thumb tacks, such as are used to attach drawing-paper to a drawing-board. These were intended to secure the downy linings to the bottom of the drawers.

CALENDAR.

Hoar Frost made for her cousin a very dainty and original calendar. A sheet of strong celluloid was procured.



Out of this were cut thirteen sticks for a fan of the shape shown in the illustration. Two little slits were made with a very sharp knife at the places shown. On one stick was the young lady's monogram in bewitching gilt lettering, and down the stick was a collection of glittering snow crystals. On each of the other twelve sticks was arranged a calendar for the month in the manner shown in the illustration, painted with sepia and a very fine brush, and down the stick was some dainty device for the month, done in gilt or colors—a chime of bells for January; a flight of valentines for February, etc. These thirteen sticks were placed one exactly above the other, and the cobbler was intrusted with the task of punching a hole through all of them, and putting a little brass eyelet-hole, like those put in laced shoes. Then a narrow white ribbon was run through the upper part of the blades, and its length so adjusted as to permit of opening or closing the fan.

If Hoar Frost had not been able to paint, she would have done all the lettering in pen and ink. She had the foresight to choose an irregular type of lettering, so that the imperfections should not be perceptible. Her designs were all copied from illustrated books.

BINDING FOR SCRATCH PAD.

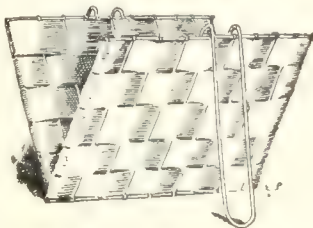
Uncle Jack Frost was a literary young man, apt to have brilliant ideas in the middle of the night, or when he was dressing, or, in fact, at any time when it was difficult to get at pen and paper. So his niece Crystal prepared for him a little "Commonplace Book," which combined prettiness with utility. First, she procured several pads of scratch paper. The size she chose was 9 inches by 5½ inches, but any other size would have done just as well. Two pieces of substantial cardboard were cut, each half an inch wider and a little shorter than the pad. These were joined by gluing between them a strip of strong material, leaving about an inch for the thickness of the pad. The whole was then neatly covered with brown linen.

Then a piece of scarlet silk braid was arranged about these covers, so as to seem to be tying up a package. The ends were brought to the inside of the covers and securely fastened. On the outside the braid was secured in place with a true bow-knot fastened by immense seals,

which Crystal had stamped with the cover of her father's inkstand. Two little loops of the braid were then fastened at one side of one of the covers; these were intended to hold the pencil. Lastly, another layer of the linen was put on each cover fastened to it on three sides, but with the side nearest the centre left open. Into the pockets thus formed the covers of the pad were slipped, and were thus held in place. As soon as Uncle Jack Frost used one pad, it was intended that another should take its place from the store Crystal had provided.

PHOTOGRAPH OR MUSIC RACK.

One of Santa's boys, North Wind, was infected with the spirit of fancywork, and made a rack for photographs or music. He bought a light wire gridiron, and bent back the handles in opposite directions in such a manner that they would form a support for the gridiron when it was opened at an angle of forty-five degrees. Ribbons were then woven in and out of the wires forming the gridiron, and they were fastened off with the help of a few stitches from a good-natured sister. Crystal said that had she been making it, she would have fitted in a little silken pocket, so that it could be used for scraps, but North Wind declared that he preferred to have it so that photographs or music of any length could be put in it.



BUREAU SCARF.

Starlight Claus made a bureau scarf for her mother. A piece of fine scrim of the requisite size was neatly hem-stitched. A shopping tour was made for some French cretonne which should have in its pattern long trailing sprays of delicately colored flowers. As Mother Claus was particularly fond of pale yellow, this was the prevailing color of the cretonne which was finally chosen.

A perfect trail of the flowers was carefully cut out and basted in an artistic position on the scrim. Then these flowers were outlined in button-hole stitch, very close, the length of the individual stitches being graded from long to short. The silk in which this outlining was done was so chosen with regard to color that the stitching seemed almost a continuation of the flower or leaf. Then the stamens and pistils of the flowers and the prominent veins of the leaves and petals of the flowers were gone over in outline stitch in colors as near to nature as possible.

Two or three scattered flowers and leaves were treated in the same manner at the ends of the scarf. Starlight was so delighted with the effect when finished that she started immediately to employ the rest of the cretonne on a bedspread to match.

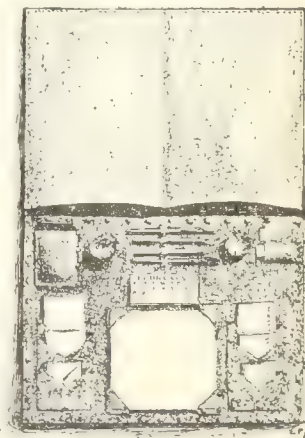
PORTABLE WRITING-DESK.

Little Moonlight made for her aunt a most convenient writing support. A piece of well-seasoned wood, 27 inches by 18 inches and half an inch thick, was procured. Next, a yard of dark felt, which material is two yards wide, was bought, of a color to harmonize with the prevailing color in her aunt's room. The board was neatly covered on both sides with the felt, which was secured at the edges by a row of small brass-headed tacks. One of the longer sides was left for the time being without any tacks. Three or four pieces of pale blue blotting-

paper, 10 inches by 10 inches, were laid one above the other in the position indicated in the illustration. Four little triangular pieces of felt were then tacked to the board to keep the blotting-paper in position, so that as one sheet should become soiled it could be slipped out, leaving the one below it to take its place.

Just above the blotting-paper was a tiny calendar, of the kind the pages of which may be lifted up so as to mark appointments for weeks ahead. At the left a piece of felt 6 inches by 9 inches, with one of its shorter sides hollowed out to form a V, was laid on the board. Just on top of it was laid one exactly like it, but two inches shorter, and on top of that still another two inches shorter than the last. The lower side and the two long sides of these coincided, and were tacked at once to the board. In these pockets were placed paper and envelopes. On the other side of the blotting-paper were placed similar pockets for postal-cards and telegraph blanks. Two little round bags were made of a size large enough to contain a travelling inkstand. Each was furnished with a double draw-string, and tacked to the board from the inside. One was to contain a travelling inkstand, and the other a bundle of fringes cut from a glove, and tied so as to make a pen-wiper not unlike a small broom.

A band of the felt about an inch wide was tacked on the upper part of the board, leaving loops just large enough for pens and pencils, and one somewhat larger for a paper-knife. In the upper right-hand corner a tiny pocket of the felt was lined with tracing-paper, to prevent the stamps from clinging in hot weather, and tacked to the board for stamps, and in the corresponding left-hand corner was one for a small address-book. Next, two pieces of felt were taken, one exactly the size of the board, and the other not quite as wide from top to bottom, but a little longer from left to right. These were stitched together by machine around two short sides and one long side and up the middle, the little extra length going to form the pockets. This was then tacked to the upper edge of the board, thus making the row of brass-headed tacks continuous. The flap thus formed could be lifted up, and then the two pockets would directly confront the writer; or when the lap board was not in use it could be pulled over the board, thus securing the contents of the pockets from dust. The pockets were meant to contain unanswered letters or miscellaneous papers. In making all the pockets Moonlight was very careful to have each somewhat wider than the article to be contained in it, so as to allow for the thickness of the article. It was intended that this lap board should be used when one wished to write at a low easy-chair rather than at a desk. Its chief advantage, however, lay in the fact that it could be easily taken away from home. It could be completely furnished with materials for correspondence, and when the little travelling inkstand was removed, it could be laid perfectly flat in the trunk. Little rings could be fastened on the back, and then it could be hung on little hooks screwed into the wall.



Now the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE must remember that these doings of the Claus children are to be kept secret. On no account is a word to be breathed to Santa Claus or any of his relations. These things are only spoken about in case the readers of this article should like to go and do likewise.

A MILLION DOLLARS IN COIN.

M. STEPANNI proposes to erect a Moorish palace at the World's Fair. One of the many attractions which he proposes to exhibit in this palace is \$1,000,000 in gold coin in one pile, a sight which he believes nearly every visitor will want to see. Of course great precautions will be taken for the safety of such great treasure. It will be in a strong cage, and, Mr. Stepanni says, "Just under the gold will be constructed a fire and burglar proof vault. To the doors of this vault will be connected electric wires. In the event of an attempt to rob the palace, my guards will press an electric button, the entire pile will fall into the vaults, and the doors will spring shut."

OLD WHITE WING'S LEGACY.

BY GORHAM SILVA.

AN admirer of good fowl, I am inclined to study their instincts, and to indulge my fancy to the fullest extent in their purchase. An unusual variety of fine breeds, as well as large broods of common fowl, are constantly to be seen on my premises. Among the latter is a homely old speckled hen with one white wing, for which she is named. A good layer and faithful sitter, she had never been known to desert her nest until upon the occasion which I am about to relate.

Heretofore aboveboard in all her transactions, laying her eggs in customary places, this year, contrary to all precedent, Old White Wing-stole her nest. She hid it cleverly under the currant-bushes growing along the garden fence, and near by a small gate. From the gate ran a narrow board walk to the kitchen door, where the water troughs were arranged, around which the fowl were wont to flock.

Old White Wing had been brooding her eggs some seven days, when, to my surprise, one morning I saw her aimlessly wandering about the gate, and bruising her way back and forth under the pickets. Presently she started up the walk. I noticed that she looked thin and moulting, that her head drooped, and that she came in an unusually humble fashion for even this, the most insignificant of Biddies.

As she pigeon-toed her way slowly up the walk, a fine splendidly feathered peacomb white Plymouth Rock hen separated herself from the others, sprang upon the upper end, and with lifted crest and stately tread, paced downwards towards the gate.

Midway of the board walk the proud hen and the humble hen met. Neither gave way. They stood gravely regarding one another, the humble common fowl chucking plaintively. Suddenly she raised her head, and with forced energy laid her small bill across the larger one of the proud thorough bred fowl. For a second or two the pair held close communion. Neither moved; not a feather stirred. Then Old White Wing began chafing her bill caressingly against that of the other. Soon she drew it away, and with her head more deeply drooped went trembling along the walk, and disappeared in the morning-glory vines that shaded the kitchen windows.

The peacomb white Plymouth Rock hen meanwhile stalked down to the gate, where she furtively darted out of sight among the currant-bushes.

"That's curious," I remarked to my wife. "I never knew Old White Wing to indulge in a constitutional before when hatching."

Other matters claimed my attention, and it was broad noon before I again thought of Old White Wing. Going down to her nest, I carefully parted the currant bushes above it, and cautiously peered in. To my amazement there sat the peacomb white Plymouth Rock hen brooding Old White Wing's eggs as tranquilly and as much at home as though they had been her own.

"Well, this is remarkable!" I said to myself, perplexed, as I released the bushes to settle again to their place over the nest.

On my way up the walk I called to the fowls. They flapped and fluttered from every quarter, but there was no White Wing amongst them. I grew anxious about the old bird, and proceeded to search for her. Beating the morning-glory vines where I had seen her disappear, I cried out, "Shoo, shoo!" but no hen scuttled away squawking. I grew more curious, and getting down on my knees pulled apart the tangled mass of vines that hid the foundation-stones, and crept along beside them. Near

the kitchen door-step I came upon Old White Wing. There she lay, stretched out—her lopping wings sprawled, her eyes wide open and bright—stone dead, and had probably been so for many hours.

The above incident is true in every particular. Does it not prove, in one point at least, that bird instinct is parallel with human intelligence, when so brainless a creature as a hen may possess the protecting intuitions of a mother? It is my firm belief that Old White Wing felt the grip of death upon her, and with true motherly devotion dragged herself out to procure hatching warmth for her progeny when she should be beyond giving it. But what about the mode in which she communicated her last will and testament to the peacomb white Plymouth Rock hen, who sat out her probation with unswerving fidelity, and brought off her chicks with proud satisfaction, scratching as faithfully for them as Old White Wing herself could possibly have done?

THE LITTLE GOOSEBERRY-BUSH.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

I AM a foundling, and never have seen my parents, though I have stood on tiptoe and looked around carefully.

The speckled nuthatch declares that one of his ancestors brought me hither a long time ago. I cannot say how that is, but my bushy green head is larger than three of the nuthatch's ancestors.

Far below me the world lies—a broad flat place with strange-looking creatures moving about on it. I sometimes think that I should like to live there; but that is impossible.

You suppose, perhaps, that I have nothing to do. Let me ask if you were ever an unripe gooseberry? If so, consider how hungry you were; and, I put it to you, who prepared your meals for you?

In spring I hang out my pretty green bells, and before they are fairly shrivelled, there are as many young berries. Oh, how slowly they fatten! Oh, how my roots work! For you must know that food is scarce so high in the world, and one has to pry into every crevice, to be thankful for bits of dead bark and mould, and the cast-off skins of spiders and beetles, and dead leaves that the north wind brings in the autumn. The highhole, who lives so near that by turning my head I can peep in at her nestlings, works no harder to provide them with worms than I do to provide good sap for my young ones. In these days I have plenty of company, for people come from far and near to spread their dinner upon the grass, and sit in a ring in the shade below, and the children spy me, and cry out, "Look at the little gooseberry-bush!"

My babies, where do they go? They are ripened at last, and hang there all soft and purple in their round prickly skins, when some saucy horny-beaked fellow chances this way and breaks them off without so much as saying, "By your leave, madam." And if by good fortune a single one remains hidden under its little notched leaf, it presently says farewell, and loosening its hold, rolls gently down to the country below, even as the highholes, when their feathers grow thick, must need desert the old nest and go seeking their fortunes. Heigh-ho! 'tis a puzzling world at times, but it is doubtless well ordered, and will come to good at the last.

Ugh! how cold it grows after my berries are gone! The wind which played with my leaves so softly now claps them rudely together, twists my branches, and threatens to pitch me down headlong unless I bow my head when his breath sweeps over me. I shrink farther and farther; I creep down the stem, and at last I take refuge in my tough clinging roots, and there I fall so fast asleep that no hurricane can wake me. The squirrel, who sometimes pelts me with shells from a

neighboring knot-hole that he has stuffed with acorns, tells me that half the world does likewise in winter; the woodchucks, for instance, that great tribe, retire to the ground, and scarcely stretch their legs till the spring sun shines again. He himself, however, is too frisky a fellow to be dreaming so long, and declares that on mild days he thrusts out his head, and that the whole earth is as white as the marble that gleams in the quarry; that the eaves of his house, and my very branches themselves, are strung with balls of glass that sparkle like dewdrops, and that, except for some gliding rabbit or shrill-voiced jay, a heavy slumber seems to be upon everything. When I think of these things, I feel that life is much alike for us all—yes, even for the great elm itself, and for the little gooseberry-bush who is carried midway between earth and sky, and whose lodging is only a crotch in its city of branches.

SEALS FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.

THE seal having attained an international importance through the disputes as to the rights of American and Canadian fishermen to kill him in Bering Sea, he is to be the subject of a very interesting exhibit at the World's Fair, in Chicago, in 1893.

This exhibit consists of models in papier-maché, representing the fur seal and walrus fisheries on the Alaskan coast. The animals to be represented, as well as the men who catch them, are being modelled in clay. One of the models shows a seal "drive." This model includes hundreds of mimic seals which Aleuts are driving along to the killing-grounds by waving cloths and shouting. Another illustrates a "rookery" on which the full-grown seals, bellowing and pugnacious, have "hailed up" out of the surf upon the islands to breed. Another model will show a hauling-ground of bachelor seals. The killing of seals will also be shown, a group of Aleuts being represented in the act of smashing their heads with clubs. There will also be represented a number of hair seals, which are not useful for their fur, but merely for food supply to the natives of that region. The walruses, now rapidly becoming extinct, are also to be reproduced in material that will give them a remarkably lifelike appearance. Hundreds of models in clay are being made of these animals, in order to represent the different species and sizes of each. They are to be cast in papier-maché, and painted.

A VERY FINE FIDDLE.

BY KATE CHOPIN.

WHEN the half-dozen little ones were hungry old Cléophat would take the fiddle from its flannel bag and play a tune upon it. Perhaps it was to drown their cries, or their hunger, or his conscience, or all three. One day Fifine, in a rage, stamped her small foot and clinched her little hands, and declared:

"It's no two way! I'm goin' smash it, dat fiddle, some day in a fousan' piece!"

"You mus'n' do dat, Fifine," expostulated her father. "Dat fiddle been o'er 'an you an' me t'ree time' put togedder. You done yaird me tell often 'nough 'bout dat *Italien* w'at give it to me w'en he was die, long yonder befo' de war. An' he say, 'Cléophat, dat fiddle—dat one part my life—w'at goin' live w'en I be dead—*Dien merci!*' You talkin' too fas', Fifine."

"Well, I'm goin' do some'in' wid dat fiddle, ya!" returned the daughter, only half mollified. "Mine w'at I say."

So once when there were great carryings-on up at the big plantation—no end of ladies and gentlemen from the city, riding, driving, dancing, and making music upon all manner of instruments—Fifine, with the fiddle in its flannel bag, stole away and up to the big house where these festivities were in progress.

No one noticed at first the little barefoot girl seated upon a step of the veranda and watching, lynx-eyed, for her opportunity.

"It's one fiddle I got for sell," she announced, resolutely, to the first who questioned her.

It was very funny to have a shabby little girl sitting there wanting to sell a fiddle, and the child was soon surrounded.

The lustreless instrument was brought forth and examined, first with amusement, but soon very seriously, especially by

three gentlemen: one with very long hair that hung down, another with equally long hair that stood up, the third with no hair worth mentioning.

These three turned the fiddle upside down and almost inside out. They thumped upon it, and listened. They scraped upon it, and listened. They walked into the house with it, and out of the house with it, and into remote corners with it. All this with much putting of heads together, and talking together in familiar and unfamiliar languages. And, finally, they sent Fifine away with a fiddle twice as beautiful as the one she had brought, and a roll of money besides!

The child was dumb with astonishment, and away she flew. But when she stopped beneath a big Chinaberry-tree, to further scan the roll of money, her wonder was redoubled. There was far more than she could count, more than she had ever dreamed of possessing. Certainly enough to top the old cabin with new shingles; to put shoes on all the little bare feet and food into the hungry mouths. Maybe enough and Fifine's heart fairly jumped into her throat at the vision—maybe enough to buy Blanchette and her tiny calf that *Unc' Siméon* wanted to sell!

"It's jis like you say, Fifine," murmured old Cléophat, huskily, when he had played upon the new fiddle that night. "It's one fine fiddle; an' like you say, it shine' like satin. But some way or udder, 'tan' de same. Yair, Fifine, take it—put it 'side. I b'lieve, me, I a'n' goin' play de fiddle no mo'."



BY MARY FLETCHER STEVENS.

I s'POSE you know, Virginia dear,
Thanksgiving day is almost here.
And now I hope you will not think
'Bout what you'll have to eat and drink—
Because it isn't right at all,
To be a selfish, greedy doll.

First place, you should be very glad
For all the blessings you have had.
Your pleasant home, your kind mamma,
And what a lucky doll you are!
You know she lets you have your way
About a dozen times a day!
She's very, very gen'rous, too,
And always shares a treat with you.

And here you should be thankful, dear,
That turkeys are so good this year.
And sweet-potatoes too, of course,
And lovely crimson cranberry sauce!
And squash, and little saucer-pies,
They're always such a great surprise,
Ice-cream, and nuts and raisins too!
Oh! I'm so glad I am not you,
Because, you see, you dearest sweet,
You cannot really, truly eat,
And so the thankf'lest thing is this,
You'll never know what fun you miss!



PREPARING FOR THANKSGIVING—FROM TWO STAND-POINTS.

A MATHEMATICIAN.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER (to *Infant Class*). "Who can tell what is meant by forefathers?"

SAGE OF EIGHT (*promptly*). "One less than five fathers."

THE REASON.

"WHY do you suppose Royal Worcester ware is marked with *four W's*?" asked one china connoisseur of another.

"I s'pose," remarked a ten-year-old nephew who had overheard, "the man that marked it stuttered."

HER VERSION.

"I HARDLY think I have any father; I hardly think I have any father," five-year-old Helen was heard repeating to herself.

"Why, child, what *are* you saying?" asked her mother.

"Oh, I've got to learn it to please my Sunday-school teacher; she says it's a prayer."

And so it was; but investigation proved it to begin, "I heartily thank thee, heavenly Father."

WHY NOT?

LITTLE ROY BRAYTON is of an observing and inquiring turn of mind, and has an easy way of reaching conclusions when a subject presents itself. The other day he heard his father speak of a chestnut colt which he thought of buying, and the mention of the colt set Roy's thinking machinery in motion.

"Pa," he said, "a little, wee little young chestnut pony is a chestnut colt, isn't it?"

"Yes, Roy."

"Well, when you see a very, very small horsechestnut, like the one Uncle Rob carries in his pocket to cure his rheumatism, why don't you call it a *colt* chestnut?"

THE TWINS.

So like are we that people say
They can't tell me from Jim,
But I can tell us any day—
I'm me, and he is him.

UNDENIABLE.

"You shouldn't be so restless in church, Charlie," said the minister to his little son. "I could see you moving and jumping about in the pew all through my sermon."

"I was stiller 'n you were, papa," answered Charlie. "You was wavin' your arms and talkin' all through church."

AT SING SING.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Willie, on seeing a zebra for the first time, "do come here, and see this poor little convict pony."

A QUEER TALE OF A GOOD BOY.

SMALL Tommy was so very good,
His playmates used to twit him,
And I have always understood
That's why old Rover bit him.

For Rover loved good food to eat,
Nor did he ever waste it;
And when he heard Tom was so sweet,
He nipped his leg to taste it. J. K. B.

AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.

TEACHER (to *Grammar Class*). "Charlie, what do two negatives together make?"

CHARLIE (*promptly*). "A composite."



THE FOXES AND THE TURKEY—A STORY WITH A MORAL.

TWO FOXES IN SEARCH OF A CHRISTMAS DINNER DISCOVERED A TURKEY.

EACH FORTHWITH CLAIMED THE BIRD, WHICH RESULTED IN A SPIRITED ARGUMENT AS TO WHICH SPED IT FIRST.

IN THE SQUABBLE THEY MET WITH MISFORTUNE, WHICH GAVE THEM AMPLE TIME TO CONSIDER THE FOLLY OF THEIR WAYS.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

POPS'S PROMOTION.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

WE lived a queer un-American sort of life there in Arizona while our little Corporal and his Apache playmate, Dick, were learning each other's language and each other's ways. From mid-April until late in October the heat was intense, so much so that in June, July, August, and September no drills or exercises of any kind took place between seven in the morning and seven at eve. East and west of us the mountains reared their scarred and rugged crests, but served as barriers to the cool breezes that sometimes were wafted down by the storm winds of the Sierras.

Our big, bare, treeless, shrubless quadrangle was levelled off on a plateau at the west side of the swift-flowing Verde. All the barracks, quarters, storehouses, and corrals were built of the mud-colored adobe—the sun-dried brick of Mexico and Spanish America—and, except close along the edge of the stream and high up among the mountains, there was no more verdure about the old garrison than you would have found in the midst of the desert of Sahara. The foot-hills and ravines to the west of us were sparsely covered, it is true, by a coarse fibrous grass, on which we “herded” our horses more for the sake of change of air than for any nutriment they derived from such grazing; and down in the flats to the northward the sage-brush thrived amidst the sand-heaps, and there the big lop-eared jack-rabbits had their home, and gave us many an evening's sport and early morning chase.

Summer at Camp Verde, down in that deep, hot, breezeless, rainless valley, was more like summer in India than anything I ever read or heard of; only we had no *punkahs* and no docile well-trained Indian *syces* to do our bidding—work the *punkahs* and fan the flies away or mix cooling drinks. Indeed, cooling drinks were not to be had at Verde, for neither ice nor snow could last in heat so dense and dry. Far up in the mountains, east or west, we sometimes froze the water in our canteens, making night scouts after the Apaches, but that was late in the autumn or during the winter. Of iced drinks, therefore, we had none, yet of cool spring water there was abundance.

Hanging by ropes in the shade of every veranda, cov-

ered with gunny sacks or old blankets, there swung in such breeze as we might be favored with huge five and eight and even ten gallon *ollas* (pronounced olleyahs) of porous unglazed earthenware. Over under the bank of the little Beaver, nearly a mile away, was a spring of cool clear water; and twice a day the huge water wagon, drawn by six mules, would make the round of the garrison, filling all the *ollas*, and drenching the blanket coverings. Rapid evaporation produces sharp cold, as all our young readers have been taught, and this was the system that enabled us soldier exiles to have cool water to drink, even if we couldn't have lemonade.

And all day long when the burning sunshine poured down on the parched and glaring parade no one could be seen upon its broad expanse except occasionally a squad of tawny, nearly naked Indian prisoners, with their watchful guard, working at the edges of the pathways or cleaning up along the line of the barracks.

Occasionally an officer or a soldier in white blouse and pith helmet might be going to or returning from the office, but from early morning until the sun slowly sank behind the curtain of frowning heights at the west, you could not suppose women or children had any part in such a life. Not one, as a rule, was to be seen, until Pops came to enliven the garrison; and then for a long time Dick and he, of whom I told you before,* were the only “kids” along Officers' Row.

“Indeed,” said Geordie's mother, “I have about decided that Geordie doesn't belong to us any

more. He sleeps here and eats here, as a general thing, but Dick and he are off and away right after sunrise, and seldom indoors again until nightfall. But we know nothing can go amiss with them after their experiences. Some of the men never let them out of their sight.”

The fact of the matter is, Pops and Dick had set up housekeeping themselves; and over in as cool a corner as could be found on the plateau, out of a condemned wagon body, some old boards, and three or four damaged tent flies, those two little scamps, aided by their trooper friends, had built them what Geordie called a “rancheria,” better than any house at Verde. And there, secure from molestation from marauders of their own kind, safe from visitation from the mountain Apaches,



POPS'S PARTNER AT BREAKFAST.

* “Pops's Partner,” HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 614.

with everybody ready to help and encourage and nobody to bother them, those two boys, Caucasian and aborigine, lived an ideal life, while we elders were fuming in our hot and stuffy quarters.

By tattoo each evening Master Geordie was stowed away in his little bed in the doctor's quarters and sound asleep, while Dick, curled up like a hedgehog, dreamed or dozed, as the spirit moved him, over in their "rancheria," back of the adobe wall of the quartermaster's corral. Like all Indians, Dick had some superstitious fears, and hated the dark. Nothing would tempt him away from his lair after tattoo had sounded. Even though alone in this wagon roost of his, he could hear, close at hand, the slow pacing foot-falls of the sentry over the corral, and the occasional challenge and reply that told him he had watchful protectors.

Everybody was good to Dick, not on Geordie's account alone, but because of the sympathy and tenderness felt for the little fellow, who, having lost his own kindred, clung to his pale-face playmate and chum despite the misguided efforts that had been made to drive him back upon the reservation. Many a time in the still watches of the night the sentry would scratch the taut canvas covering of "the kids'" playhouse and query, "All right, Dick?" and the little human weasel within, who slept with one eye and both ears open, would pipe up, "All 'ight!" and be in the Land of Nod again in less than a minute. Then again, some nights when fitful little gusts of wind stirred the dust-heaps and swung the open doors about the post, and told of storm and deluge among the great ranges to the north, and presently the distant rumbling of the thunder would swell to booming crash and roar, and far away towards the grand cañon of the Colorado the valley would light up with the glare and flash of the storm king's "tinder-box," and the northern heaven be rent by jagged streaks, or, in the twinkling of an eye, blaze like the noonday sunshine from range to range, little Dick would huddle closer in his nest, and hide his dusky face in his bony little arms. Then if some soldier whom he especially liked and trusted happened to be on guard, and coaxed him to the doorway and bade him look at the magnificent spectacle and listen to the boom of the tremendous cannonade, Dick would shudder and shrink, and his wonderment would find vent in one long-drawn word that sounded like "Hayshee!" and back he would crawl to quake and shiver and tremble, for all the world like a rabbit in its form, for, child of nature though he was, the little "Tonto" feared the direful wrath of the Great Spirit, and hid himself, terror-stricken, from the flash of the angry eye, from the thunder of that awful voice.

Once a party of his people following the trail of a detachment of troops and melting for bullets the solder of the emptied tin cans, found among the debris of the abandoned camp two round black iron things, big as their heads very nearly, with a cap or stopper made of soft metal like the solder which clung to the tomato and fruit cans. These big balls they carefully placed in the fire, and then squatted in a circle around them, waiting for that solder to melt and run to earth. Suddenly there came the voice of the Great Spirit from the midst of the flames, an awful crash of thunder, a fearful rush of flame, and hissing lead and whirring death bolts, and the fire was scattered all over the cañon, and those Apaches who could stir at all fled shrieking into the fastnesses of the rocks; and when at last the wise men of the tribe were summoned, and slowly, fearfully gathered about the place, it was found that a dozen of the tribe—stalwart braves, shrinking women, even a little child or two—lay stretched about the blasted spot, stone dead and terribly maimed and torn.

It was an awful lesson, and little Dick, shuddering, had heard the story time and again while still a wander-

er with his people. How could they know that those black balls were loaded shells of the howitzer, left behind by the packers in the morning's hurried start? Dick never saw the lightning nor heard the crash of thunder but his first impulse was to throw himself upon the ground and crawl for shelter.

Not so Pops. "Huh!" said our Geordie, disdainfully; "you're no soldier, Dick. That's only blank cartridges the giants are firing up in the Sierra Frisco;" and loudly did Pops proclaim among his hearers at the doctor's door his contempt for an Indian "what was afraid of thunder."

But there came a day in that glaring month of September, by which time everybody was practically used up by the long-continued heat, when Dick turned the tables, so to speak, on Corporal Pops.

Every morning, just as soon as the first blush of day came stealing up over the wooded range of the Mogollon (Mogolyone, we called it, as the Spaniards did before us, for you must remember they were actually building churches in the valley of the Rio Bravo del Norte—now the Rio Grande—before our forefathers came skirting the Massachusetts coast line in the *Mayflower*), and the cook fires began to twinkle about the rear of the barracks, the sentry at the guard-house would give the boy bugler a shake, and that young scamp would step forth from under the veranda, where he had been sleeping, and sound "assembly of the trumpeters," or, as it is generally known, "first call." Instantly every fox-hound and greyhound on the reservation would set up a joyous yow-yow-yow, and with a rush and scurry they would come leaping out on the parade to join the assembling musicians in the march at reveille, and at the same moment Pops would bestir himself, and go toddling in his long night-gown to his patient nurse's door, and clamor for her to come and dress him before she made the doctor's cup of coffee; and Dick's beady black eyes and quaint little dark face would peer out from behind his canvas screen, and his white teeth flash their grin of comfort at sight of the sentry and the coming day. Then he too, without the bother of being dressed, would go streaking across the sandy barren towards the troop kitchen with that odd pigeon-toed spring-kneed walk of his, and there would be his big slice of bread and sugar, a heaping tin of "hash," and a quart cup of soldier coffee all ready for the shy, silent little Apache (Pops was the only soul who could induce him to talk except in occasional monosyllable); and then, his breakfast finished, he would trot around in front, and squat in the slanting rose-hued beams of sunlight, and watch for the coming of his playmate Pops.

One day the little Corporal came late; did not come at all, in fact, until the trumpet sounded sick-call, and the doctor strode forth on his morning tramp to the hospital, whereupon Master Geordie suddenly appeared from behind the house, thrust his little hand into the big one extended to him, and said he guessed he'd go with papa.

"Why, where's Dick this morning?" queried the doctor.

"Oh, he's all right; over there somewhere; but he can wait awhile longer."

"But how's this, Geordie boy? Do you mean you haven't gone over to join Dick yet?"

"Why, no, not this time," faltered Pops.

"Why not, Geordie? You and Dick haven't had a falling out, have you?"

"No; only there's no fun over there any more."

The doctor smiled. Asking no more questions, he thought that none the less he had reached the explanation of the matter. Two days before an Apache-Mohave scout had been sent in to the post accidentally shot. Dr. Graham saw the wound was not fatal, and so assured his frightened patient, but the Indian was plainly much alarmed. He wanted "Apache medicine-man,"

and the commanding officer being a humane and kindly disposed old soldier, sent a cavalry trooper up to the agency for the desired practitioner, and by evening he had arrived, had caused his brother Apache to be moved out on the bluff back of the hospital and within full view and hearing of the kid's "rancheria," and there he built a little "wickyup," or brush shelter, over the wounded scout, produced his tomtom and rattle, and began his weird and outlandish incantations—singing, howling, rattling, thumping, and every now and then bending over the prostrate form, and "blowing away" the evil spirits.

Dick's beady eyes had taken in all the preparations while Geordie, overcome by the heat and fatigue after a morning's play, was soundly sleeping in his own particular corner of their den. Murnane, the jovial trooper, had peeped in at the boy and taken word over to Mrs. Graham that Pops was snoozing as usual, and Dick, twitted as he had been all morning about his dread of the "big shoot" in the Sierras, had resolved upon revenge. Just before the trumpets sounded first call for sunset parade, and when the men were all at quarters getting into their neat undress uniform, the weird wild incantation began out on the edge of the bluff. The sun had disappeared behind the heights; 'twas time for the Indian "bogies" to surround the wounded victim.

The moment that unearthly howl began, with its drum and rattle accompaniment, little Pops started up from sleep and stared wildly around. In an instant Dick's black snapping eyes were at the canvas door:

"Patchie come! Patchie come!" he shouted, excitedly. "Quick, *Ugashe*, run!"

Pops needed no second invitation. With every hair standing on end and his eyes starting with fear, the little fellow tore out of his den, and made a straight dash for the troop quarters full three hundred yards away. Sure that he would find the men springing to arms, he rushed into the barracks full tilt, panting, breathless, unable to speak, just as Dick's shrill peal of laughter told him from the rear, and the placid, whistling, singing, and brushing of the men equally assured him, he was the victim of a sell. In vain he strove to recover himself, to hide from his soldier friends that he had been scared within an inch of his life. His wild eyes, his heaving breast, his impetuous entrance, Dick's shrill, derisive laughter, and the distant howl and thump and rattle, all told the story.

The laughing, teasing soldiers thronged about him with eager questionings. "Which way are they coming, Pops?" "Are there many of them, Pops?" "Is it Skiminzin or Deltchay this time?" "Get your guns, fellows; the Tontos have jumped;" and poor Geordie, with a big lump in his throat, could stand it no longer. The ringing peal of the "assembly" released him suddenly from his laughing tormentors, or the little fellow would have broken down and burst into tears. As it was, Murnane could not console him as he led him home after drill, nor would he be reconciled with Dick.

But boyish quarrels are of short duration in most cases, and simply cannot live when there are only two boys in the camp. Truce was patched up between Apache Dick and Corporal Pops before the setting of another sun, and then there came a long peace and the episode which led to another stripe being added to the little fellow's sleeve, and he was Corporal Pops no more. Even Murnane greeted him as "Me saynior, the Sargint."

All around old Verde in those days the rattlesnakes were plenty. Our mail-carrier had been bitten at the spring in Cedar Cañon, and had died, swollen and black, before he could reach help. Several of our hounds too had been killed by snake bites. Two Mexicans and two or three soldiers had heard the sharp skirr-r-r of the rattles, and felt the sting of the keen little fangs, fortunately when they were so near the trader's

store that they could rush thither and be quickly stupefied with whiskey; but no one had met with any mishap of the kind within the limits of the post, and all the snakes that once had infested the garrison were believed to be killed or driven away, until one lovely evening in late



APACHE MEDICINE-MAN'S CURE.

October, just as the folds of the flag came fluttering down to the music of the sunset bugles.

Across the parade in front of the various barracks stood the long lines of troops in their dark blue uniforms. Here and there and everywhere beyond the flag-staff were the officers returning to report the result of the roll-call to the post commander. Far up on the crags of Squaw Peak and over on the lofty battlements of the heights across the Verde the setting sun threw gorgeous mantling of crimson and purple and gold, but down here around the parade, in the deep silent valley, the shadows of coming night had fallen, and on the veranda of the commanding officer's quarters, at the southern end of the Row, a group of ladies were chatting, while Mrs. Graham, leaning on her husband's arm, and looking a little flushed and tired, was just stopping to rest at the edge of the southern bluff. They had been down in Sudsville to see a laundress who was ill, and were now watching the beautiful effect of the evening sun-beams upon the rocky heights across the Verde. Up at the other, the northern, end of the parade, and close to the quarters where Jack and I lived, were Pops and Dick, busy at a game of tushaway—an improvement on the shinny of our boyhood, and, as played by the mountain Indians of Arizona, especially the Hualapais, a game requiring great skill and dexterity. On the doctor's piazza sat Geordie's fond nurse, smilingly watching his agile movements, and dividing her attention between him and his baby brother, who was lurching and toddling about the pillars of the veranda, taking occasional "headers," but struggling undaunted to his chubby legs, and "going at it" again. The air was so still that the soft, low laughter of the ladies over at Major B—'s could be heard distinctly across the parade, and the last report having been made, the commander was just turning away to return to his quarters, and the officers were re-joining their companies for the evening drill, when suddenly the silence was broken by an awful, agonized, prolonged shriek.

No one stopped to ask questions. In an instant a dozen officers and men were tearing like mad across the

sandy level to where, three hundred yards away, the Gabriels' nurse, screaming at the top of her voice, and dancing up and down in her anguish and excitement, was pointing to little "baby brother," who, apparently unconscious of any danger, was toddling out across the

and lifted Maria Jane into a chair, and gave her a piece of his mind; and Murnane and others of Geordie's friends came out and cut off the rattler's head and the "castanets" on his tail, and all were warned by the Corporal not to injure the skin. "It's a pair of Sergeant's stripes I'll tan out of that for Pops," said he. And so ended the excitement of the evening.

The very next day what does the Major do after evening roll-call but march over to the doctor's quarters, his Adjutant beside him, and three or four of us following in his wake; and Jack had a new pair of three-barred chevrons in the breast pocket of his blouse; and the ladies were there, and Dr. and Mrs. Graham, and baby brother, of course, and even Maria Jane; and then Pops and Dick were duly summoned, and we all assumed an air of official gravity.

"Publish the orders, Mr. Adjutant," said Major B—. "Stand attention, Corporal Pops!"

Whereat Geordie clapped his heels together, and fixed his little fingers at the seams of his little knickerbockers, and the Adjutant cleared his throat, and read:

"HEADQUARTERS—TH CAVALRY,
SPECIAL ORDERS: CAMP VERDE, A. T., October 2, 187—. No. 10000."

"For prompt, daring, and soldierly conduct, for having slain in single combat the renegade foe Rattlesnake, and for having thereby saved the life of his comrade, Private Graham, it is ordered that a medal of honor be prepared for Corporal Pops, unattached, and that he be promoted to the grade of Sergeant forthwith.

"Sergeant Pops is ordered on special duty at regimental headquarters, and will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

"By order of Major B—."

Then Jack bent down and pinned the big new chevrons over the old, tarnished, narrow stripes on the little arms, and then we all touched our caps, and one after another shook hands with the young Sergeant, and congratulated him upon his deserved promotion.

MY FIRST DAY IN A COW CAMP.

BY HOWARD GIBBONS.

I HAD reached the summit of my ambition; the life of a cowboy lay before me. At last I was beyond the reach of the telegraph; even the end of the stage route was forty miles behind us; and as for bad neighbors, there were no neighbors of any sort within seventeen miles of the camp. I was in the heart of the Great American Desert, or the Great Basin, that region where the rain never falls in summer, lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Cascades. Roaming almost wild over these lava beds are immense herds of horses and cattle, as hardy as their predecessors the buffaloes. To look after and brand these rovers of the desert requires many men. In fact this region might well be called the home of the cowboy.

Our breakfast of coffee, beans, beef, and hot biscuit being over, the foreman caught from the corral a horse for each man. As most of the horses had not been handled for six months or more, and had been running wild all that time, each man prudently inspected the girth and straps of the saddle to see that they were all secure before saddling his pony. Riding these ponies for the first time in the spring is almost like breaking them when colts, or "broncos," as they are termed. To me, a new man, the saddling of my iron-gray pony



POPS EARNS HIS PROMOTION.

road as though bent on joining Pops and Dick. Her screams were echoed by poor Mrs. Graham far down at the other end of the line, and every one of us, rushing to the rescue, seeing nothing but the nurse, the baby, and the boys, realized in the twinkling of an eye what must be the cause of the outcry—a rattlesnake.

Fast as we ran, we were all too slow. We saw Pops and Dick stop their game, and look around in amaze. We saw Pops grab his little tushaway stick in tighter grasp, and go springing and shouting towards the unconscious little toddler already holding out his baby arms to his boy brother; we saw Dick, who was farther up the parade, go tearing after Pops, his little bare black legs working like the flashing spokes of sulky wheels on a race-track; we saw Pops's stick whirled high, exactly as though he were copying the "right cut against infantry" of his trooper friends, and saw something go writhing and twisting through the air just in front of where the baby boy had halted, astonished at the uproar, and then, as we came rushing to the spot, we saw Pops and Dick fall upon some squirming, struggling object with their sticks, thrashing the life out of it with boyish might and main. It was a big rattler, coiled, hissing, rattling, and ready for instant spring upon that tiny and innocent adversary, when Pops's practical aim snapped the creature's arching neck, and, in the nick of time, saved his baby brother.

Then we gathered him up in our arms, and loaded him with hugs and caresses; and then his screaming nurse flopped down on the veranda, but nobody gathered *her*; and some of us were consoling the toddler, who had now begun to cry; and others patting Dick on the back, and saying, "Bueno! bueno!" and another had run to tell poor terrified Mrs. Graham that all was well; and then the doctor, pale, speechless, with twitching lips, came, and held out his arms for his soldier boy, and little Pops exultingly piped out: "I killed him, papa, my *own* self. Didn't I, Dick?" he queried, eagerly.

And then both her boys were borne to Mrs. Graham, who hugged and kissed and cried over them in her quiet way, and begged people not to worry about her, and to forgive her for being so frightened; and then Jack went over

was by no means an easy or agreeable task. He swung twice around the stump to which he was tied before I succeeded in getting the saddle over his withers, and when I tried to run the girth through the ring, manifested an amiable desire to bite my shoulder-blades. But to hesitate was to be laughed at by every one present, and I had been reminded that I was a "tenderfoot" often enough that morning to last me the rest of the season.

Mounted at last! Luckily for me, my horse, when once bestrode, was a gentle one, and did not take the notion to "buck." By this peculiar and very disagreeable motion the half-tamed pony protests against the rider remaining in the saddle, and if the man is not accustomed to the trick, always with success. When I had gained enough confidence in myself to dare to look around me, it was just in time to see "Winchester Charlie"—so called because of his habit of carrying that weapon on his saddle—go diving over his pony's head in much the same attitude as a frog would assume in suddenly taking to the water. Then came some wild and dangerous riding, as it appeared to me, to catch the pony. Away they went over rocks and gullies. The next thing I knew, my horse caught the spirit of the chase, and joined in the pursuit. After a short sharp run the horse was caught and brought back. Charlie again tried his luck, this time with better success. In the fall he lost some of his conceit, and was very quiet for the rest of the day. The worst calamity that can befall a cowboy is to be thrown from a horse, since he considers his reputation as a rider impaired by a single fall.

All being now ready, we moved off to the north to drive a part of the herd to the corral, leaving the cook to take care of the camp and to prepare dinner. I soon began to gain confidence in myself, and by noticing the motions of the horses ridden by myself and companions, was convinced of the justice of Mark Twain's saying that "the American mustang is muscled with watch springs." If the one I rode that morning had not been wired with blue steel, how could he have gone galloping up shelving banks of crumbling gravel, over stretches of uneven ground full of sharp irregular rocks, over logs, stumps, roots, through swamps and morasses, where each step sank as if into feathers, and each hoof was raised with a muffled *thuck*? Over this last part of the road the horse did not gallop; his quick, nervous, floundering steps pulled him through safely where a heavier and less mettlesome horse would have mired. Taken all in all, for tough, willing, intelligent saddle-horses the broncos have not their equal.

My first experience of actual work was following a calf down the side of a mountain, where I would have much preferred to get off and walk. But as my horse seemed to understand his work, and went without being guided, I soon turned the calf back, and received the commendation of one of the men, who had taken it upon himself to act as my guide, champion, and adviser.

On arriving at the corral, the branding commenced. The brands are in the shape of some object, letter, or combination of letters. Each ranch-owner adopts his own sign or brand, which he is required by law to register at the county-seat. Every spring the herds are brought together, that the young animals may be marked with the owner's brand. The branding is done by heating irons red-hot and holding them against the animal to be marked. This burns the skin so deeply that the hair never grows again, and the owner knows his own stock by the scar that remains.

Being the new man, I was chosen to keep the branding-irons hot. While bending over to rake the blazing cottonwood sticks closer together, I was surprised to receive a blow which sent me flying over the fire. On

looking to see who had struck me, I recognized my friend of the morning, the calf I had run down. He had just been branded, and seemed inclined to divert his attention from his burnt side by punishing me. I hastily scrambled to the top of the fence, but none too soon, for his mother had had her Texas blood stirred up by his bleating while he was being branded, and she was fully prepared to interfere in behalf of her offspring. She was too unwary, however, and came close enough to enable me to give her a poke with the hot end of one of the irons I held in my hand, which induced her to go to the other side of the corral in a hurry. I then decided it would be discretion, at least, to move my fire to the outside of the fence.

The branding over, we proceeded to the camp for dinner. Although I have seen better meals, no one would have thought that there was anything to wish for from the way we ate. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in the shade of the quaking-asp and mountain-ash trees, telling yarns, running races, and sleeping.

After supper came the pleasantest part of the day, the time spent sitting around the camp fire talking or singing songs. One of the tents had been assigned to me, and into it my effects had been moved from my trunk. Lying on my back in the door of this tent, the walls of which were decorated with charcoal frescoes and monograms, I listened to the dreary howl of the coyote and the low, mournful note of the ground-owl, and watched the shadows from the fire-light play among the trees until I fell asleep. Here my new friend and protector of the day found me sound asleep, and covered me to keep off the night air.

About four o'clock the next morning the rancho, as the man who attends to the saddle-horses is called, went up a small cañon to bring in the bunch to the camp. He was assisted by one of the riders. Both men were mounted on horses which had been picketed out all night near the camp. After going about a mile from the camp, in turning a clump of chaparral they came suddenly on a silver-tip bear. Having left their guns at the camp, and not wishing to let him escape, they decided to lasso him. Down came the "riettas." By means of vigorous spurring of the snorting and unwilling ponies, one of the boys at length got near enough to drop the rawhide rope over the bear's neck, and with a quick turn of his horse he landed the brute on his back with his feet in the air. It was but the work of a moment for his companion to secure the



BRANDING A CALF.



A STAMPEDE.

hind feet of the animal in the same manner. By keeping as far apart as possible the ropes were kept taut, and the bear lay stretched on his back on the ground.

Now commenced the work of escorting the captive to the camp. As he was thoroughly aroused, all the man who was following the angry brute needed to do was to let him have a little slack rope, and he would follow the man who led at his best pace, all the while making demonstrations that were by no means pleasant. In this manner they soon arrived at the camp, where every one was still asleep, except the cook, who was busy preparing breakfast.

Getting as close to the beds as was thought safe, they set up the cry, "Bear in camp!" thoroughly enjoying the stampede which followed. We did not stop for clothes, but bolted, every man for himself, for the trees. Although the mountain air at sunrise was by no means warm, nobody ventured to return until assured by the report of Winchester Charlie's rifle, which the cook had found at last, that it was probably safe to go back and dress for breakfast.

While we were at supper that evening one of the boys, a peculiar scatter-brained sort of fellow, went to the corral for a rope, and, as he said afterwards, "just tossed his hat over the fence to see what the fools would do." He found out. With a snort and bellow the frightened cattle rushed towards the opposite side of the enclosure, those in the rear crowding the leaders hard against the side of the pen. The fence gave way with a crash, and the herd went flying in every direction, carrying the poles for some distance on their backs. For the next hour or so we busied ourselves in collecting the frightened and widely scattered bands of runaways.

Since the corral was gone, and the cattle a long way from camp, it was now necessary to herd the bunch for the night. At dusk the gentlest and best-broken horses were caught, and half of the men went on duty for the first part of the night, while the rest of us "turned in" early, since we should be called about midnight to relieve those on duty. Promptly at 11.30 we were aroused from what seemed to me about half an hour's sleep. Oh, how sleepy I was! Taking a hasty lunch, we saddled our ponies and started towards the herd. We found that

those on guard had built a fire on the opposite side of the herd from the camp, "so the boss could not see it," they said. As each man came round to it he would take a turn at warming himself until the next man came up.

All went well until about three in the morning, when I rode in to take my turn at the fire, and start Dave—the man who had stampeded the herd earlier in the day at the corral—on his beat. I was just in time to witness a rather startling performance. An immense steer, whose horns were enough to vouch for his Texas pedigree, walked out slowly from the herd towards the fire, snuffing the air in an inquiring manner. As quick as thought Dave stooped, and picking up a short firebrand, hurled it full in the face of the big brute. With a snort and startled bellow, the

steer wheeled and ran for the bunch. Almost on the instant that the steer turned bellowing towards the bunch the whole lot threw up their heads, snorted, and went tearing through the sage-brush towards the camp.

A few minutes before I envied those fellows who were sleeping, but now I felt it would be just as well for a man's health and good looks to have a swift horse under him, and to be behind that fright-maddened wave of hoofs and horns as to be in bed and asleep almost exactly in their course. Waiting just long enough to find by their hoof-beats in which direction they were headed, I "circled" to get on one side of them to head them off. To my dismay, I got too far to the front for comfort, and the next thing I knew the whole herd was thundering along at my heels, having mistaken the sound of my horse's hoofs for those of their leader.

My horse seemed to fully understand the situation, and did not lose any time in getting ahead. But a false step or a badger hole would be the end of both our careers. Having gotten ahead, I decided to turn short to the right, ride about three hundred yards, and stop. I did so. The cattle went by me like a whirlwind, and I enjoyed a good long breath of relief. I decided then and there that those cattle might go, and that I was perfectly willing to wait for daylight to come before I had anything more to do with them.

In the excitement of the race with them I had entirely lost my bearings. So, building a fire of sage-brush, I sat down and waited for morning to come.

Morning at last! Mounting and riding, I knew not where, I came to something which made me start and tremble. About a quarter of a mile from where I turned was a gully, some three and a half feet wide, and about as deep. If I had not turned, I should have plunged in here in a few moments more, with that moving mass of madness close at my back. As it was, the bodies of the cattle that had fallen in at first had made a bridge across it. Some of them were beaten out of all shape, and it looked as if there could not be a whole bone in the mass.

Cowboys are not much given to moralizing, but I came dangerously near it as I looked at the trampled flesh bridge, and thought over my experiences during the first thirty-six hours of my life in a cow camp.

THE INVISIBLE FEATURE.

BY AGNES BAILEY ORMSBEE

ESTHER ROBERTS stood in the parlor before the old-fashioned mirror with its tarnished gilding. The room was dimly lighted, excepting for the window next the mirror, where Esther stood holding the curtain back with one hand and letting a broad shaft of sunlight fall athwart the looking-glass. Esther's face wore a serious look as she gazed in the mirror, and there was a sad, wistful expression in the large gray eyes. She saw a round face well browned and rosy, a large nose, a larger mouth, and a chin whose firm lines were not hidden by the girlish plumpness. Her brown hair was smoothly brushed and braided, but the short straight bang was sadly rumpled as the nervous fingers pushed it up from the forehead, while Esther gave searching glances at her reflected face.

"I can't see it. I'm just like everybody else," she said to herself. "But there must be something different in me. Every one says so. Every one else sees it. Why cannot I? Then perhaps I could do something to make it go away, so mamma needn't be so tried with me." Esther's lips twitched, and, in spite of herself, the tears came trickling down her cheeks.

"Essie! Essie!" called her father in the hall, and quickly brushing away the tears, she picked up her hat and ran out of the room.

"Here she is, Sarah," said Mr. Roberts, as Mrs. Roberts came in hurriedly. "She was in the parlor, up to some mischief, I'll be bound," he added, with a friendly nod. "Whose birthday is it now that you are planning for off by yourself?"

"Dear! dear! Essie, I do wish you would not hide so. It annoys me to have you appear unexpectedly, like a ghost," said Mrs. Roberts. "But you're a regular Roberts, and they always have some scheme off by themselves. There! there! Button up your jacket; I hope you'll have a pleasant ride, my daughter," she added, with a kind smile, as she saw the hurt look on Esther's face.

There was a big lump in Esther's throat as she climbed into the phaeton beside her father, and it was some time before she knew that yellow-birds and bobolinks on the rails of the tumbling fences along the road were singing their loudest and sweetest. She scarcely saw the delicate ferns, the wild strawberries bloom, or any of the beauty of that bright June morning. She looked straight ahead, with her lips firmly closed, trying not to annoy her father with tears. Her own efforts, seconded by cheery words from her father, made her soon her merry self, delighting in the quiet peaceful scenes, and answering her father's teasing with lively chatter and laughing.

One would never dream, to see her, that she had anything to trouble her, yet she had had for a long time. What was worse still, this trouble was something mysterious, and had lain in her mind ever since she was a little girl. Among her earliest memories was one morning when, pushing back her high chair, she refused to eat her oatmeal. Mamma had said she must, and she had naughtily shut her mouth tight and pushed farther back from the table. Then she heard this:

"She's just like the Robertses, Charles; not a bit like the other children—always so determined. I'm at my wits' end to know what to do with her."

And Esther could recall so many days since that time when she had done or said something which mamma had pronounced "just like the Robertses." Grandpapa and Grandmamma Roberts were gentle white-haired people, and to be like them seemed to Esther the best possible thing. But somehow, although grandpapa and grandmamma were so beloved, being like them was apparently disagreeable, and frequently naughty. Esther could not bear to trouble her mother. She felt a great deal of pity

that such a good mother should have such a trying child. She pitied her father, too; but not so much, for he never said anything about her being different or difficult, and only laughed and joked when others said, "Just like the Robertses." But then papa always laughed when others were serious. She could remember he smiled at her when the dreadful fire burned up their home.

Esther tried to be a good child. She had hung up her hat and jacket and put away her playthings without being told ever since she was a tiny girl. Now she kept her drawers in order, didn't tear her dresses, sewed on her own shoe-buttons, went on errands quickly, and was thoughtful and helpful, trying to make up to mamma for being, as she imagined, so often an annoyance. But the Roberts peculiarity followed Esther. Mamma chose one dress, and if she preferred another, it was because she was a Roberts, and opinionated. If she moved the pictures and chairs in her room into fresh places, it was because she was a Roberts, and flighty and changeable. When she took chocolate cake instead of white cake, her brother John, who had a boyish habit of teasing, said, "The Roberts idea is dominant." What he meant Esther did not know, but she felt pursued. Uncle Sam called her "Roberts Junior." Papa's friends said she was "a chip of the old block," and then there was a laugh, in which papa himself joined. When Esther felt very, very badly about these things she longed to throw her arms about her mother's neck and to beg her to explain them. But the morbid fear that this would be "just like the Robertses, and too impulsive," kept her shy and silent.

On this morning, when she stole in to the old mirror, she thought she had found the key to the mystery. Her brother John, who sat grumbling over his history, burst forth:

"Bother take this! When was the battle of Lexington, anyway?"

"April 19th, 1775," answered Esther, quickly.

"Ah!" said mamma; "Esther always knows her dates."

"A strong feature with the Robertses," said papa, jokingly; "and they are usually on time, as I must be. Good-by."

So it was a feature! Something in her face! She would look for it, and the odd little girl made many plans to do away with it. But alas for plans! She could not see the feature. To her it was quite invisible. And although her ride made her forget her imaginary trouble, mamma's reproof when she persistently teased to go and visit her best friend, Madge Taylor, reminded her again, and she fled to her room. Why did she have to be so naughty? Why did she have to have that dreadful invisible feature?

The long afternoon wore away, while Esther forgot her worry in an old book which she found in the attic. She was absorbed, and never heeded the rainy damp wind pouring on her through her thin dress, for she was living in visions with the beauteous Mary of Scotland.

"Hollo!" cried John, as she came into the dining-room the next morning; "is the Roberts idea dominant?"

Esther tried to smile, but she felt weak and trembling.

"Oh no; it's the Roberts feature, you mean. That's always dominant with Essie," said Addie, thoughtlessly.

A torrent of tears burst from Esther's eyes as she turned fiercely to her sister. "I can't help having it; I have tried and tried! You're all cruel to me, and I've—" A moan ended the sentence as the poor child sank on the floor.

When Esther revived, she was in her own pretty room, with kind Dr. Duncan's face bending over her. She heard her mother ask in an anxious voice if the doctor knew whether the Robertses ever lost their minds.



THE START FOR THE HOOP RACE.

"Stuff and nonsense!" growled the doctor.

"But she screamed and raved so I was too frightened to know what to do. The Roberts—"

"Oh, go away!" cried Esther. "Won't you tell me?" she begged, in sharp eager tones, turning to the doctor.

"Tell you what?" asked the doctor, soothingly, as he motioned her mother to be silent, and carefully noted the bounding pulse and streaming eyes of his patient.

It took a long time for the doctor to understand, although Esther talked fast enough now that she had begun. But the telling brought many sobs and coughs, and when at last the fanciful story of her woes was done, she was completely exhausted.

"Yes, I can help you, my child; and the first thing is for you to take this and get rested and strong."

While Esther slept, the doctor talked with the mother.

"You see," he began, "she's a high-strung child, sensitive and dreamy. You must read between the lines with such a nature. She needs plenty of love, and should have no teasing. Everything is too real for her to enjoy personal jokes and gibes. I believe she is coming down with the measles. Better not say Roberts to her for some time," added the doctor, dryly.

Several days after the doctor talked with Esther about his own boyhood. "I had an invisible feature too, so I know just how you feel. I was always told I was a perfect Smith. There were lots of Smiths in our town, some of them disreputable fellows enough, and I worried for a long while as to which Smith I was like. One of them was finally hanged, and for a good while I expected to be hanged too when I grew up. But I have found out that every one has an invisible feature, for every one resembles some one else. People like you and I, who know what we want, have pretty big features; but that is really our good luck, especially when

the things we like are good and noble. Feature in this sense means character, or feature of the mind. So don't be a foolish child and worry over your face any more."

Esther got well, and her unhappy fancy disappeared as completely as the measles did; but she did not forget the unhappiness which her childish imagination had made for her.

HOOP-RACING.

WITH a view to adding zest and novelty to foot-racing, the boys of Brest, in France, have got up a hoop club. They start out for long races on the public highways (which in France are better than anywhere else), and do the distances in very creditable time. The winner of the principal race last month was a lad of some fifteen or sixteen years, who did the distance, about eight miles and three-quarters, in an hour. When one considers that he was driving a hoop before him, and that the course was not a cinder track, but a public road between two towns, the time is very good.

One would think that the French boy, with his national military instincts, would not be content only to race with his hoop; it would seem probable that it would occur to him to practise military evolutions with it. It would be a very pretty sight to see some thirty or forty boys, in uniform dress, advancing and retreating, wheeling and turning, forming fours and squares, and each driving a hoop before him. The French boys use wooden hoops, but iron hoops are better in every respect. The present writer can even now recall the feeling of pride and pleasure that he experienced when he exchanged the wooden hoop with which he played with girls for the iron hoop which only boys, and pretty stalwart fellows at that, could handle—or at least we thought so then.

DIEGO PINZON,*

AND

THE FEARFUL VOYAGE HE TOOK INTO THE
UNKNOWN OCEAN A.D. 1492.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL

CHAPTER VI.

IT was very fortunate for the well-disposed few, as well as for the disaffected majority of the crew, that the *Pinta* was commanded by so able a sailor and so cool-headed a man as Martin Alonzo Pinzon.

Many another man at such a time would have been utterly at a loss what to do; but Martin Alonzo acted with a promptness that gave the impression that he had been prepared for this very emergency.

He did not merely issue his orders in quick and precise terms, but bore a hand in the execution of the more pressing duties, and so animated the terrified sailors that they took heart to act briskly and in sympathy with his efforts. Drags were hurriedly prepared and thrown over, and after a time of doubt and fearful anxiety the little vessel swung around and brought her head up to the wind.

There was no hope of any assistance from the other vessels during such a high wind and rough sea; but Martin Alonzo had the distress signal run up as soon as he had secured the safety of the *Pinta*, in order partly to explain why he did not continue on his course, and also to prevent the companion vessels from leaving him.

Providentially—it seemed as if Providence interfered more than once in behalf of this daring enterprise—providentially the wind began to abate a great deal of its violence at this time; and although the waves continued to run very high, they were less dangerous by reason of no longer curling and breaking.

It still remained a hazardous thing to get over the vessel's stern to examine the steering-gear and rudder; but Martin Alonzo had such courage and such confidence in his strength that he performed that office himself. He tied a stout line about his body and slipped it up under his armpits, and then, commending himself to the care of his brother, climbed over the rail.

Diego knew that it was inevitable that so shrewd a seaman as his cousin must discover that the gear had been tampered with, and when Martin Alonzo disappeared over the side he looked around to note the effect on the conspirators. Many of the sailors looked frightened, but on the faces of Miguel and Juan especially he could see a desperate, hunted expression, as if they believed that their crime would certainly be fastened on them.

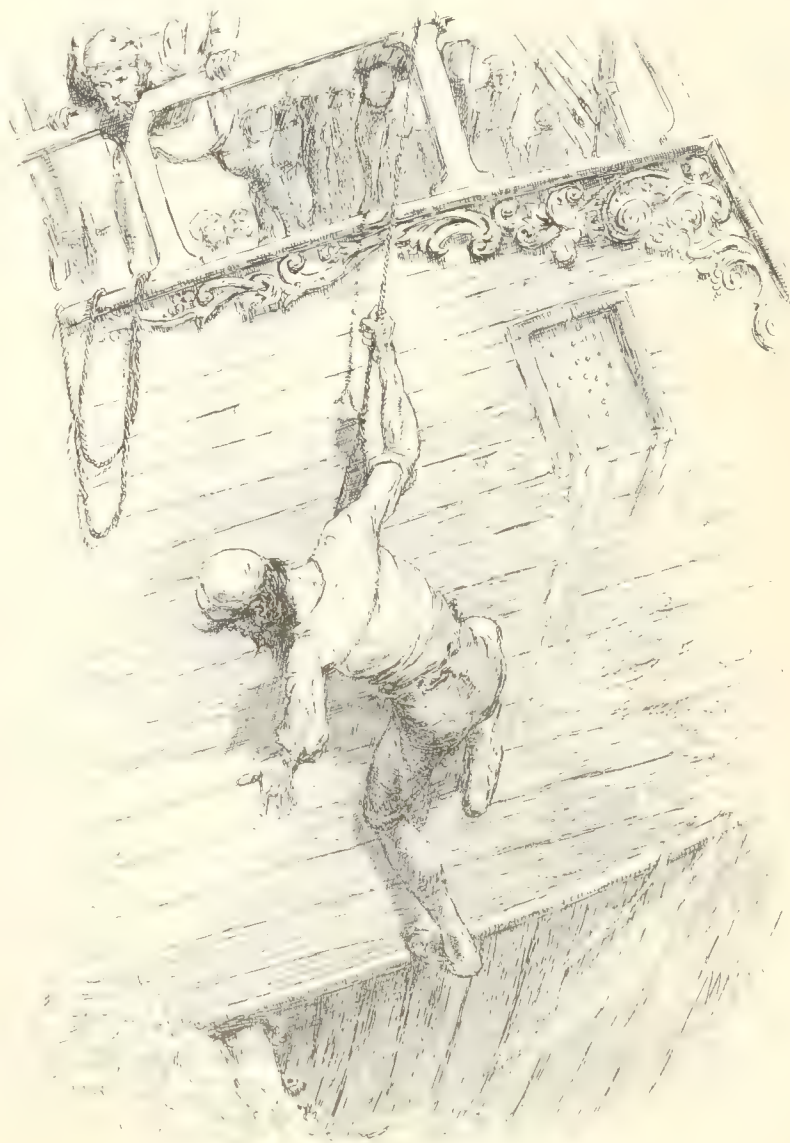
Diego himself was not without a deep concern, and his face was as pallid as any; for now that he knew the danger they had all been exposed to by what Juan had done, he realized that there

could be no excuse for his not hastening to inform his cousin of his suspicions. And he knew it would not make his case seem any better to plead that his cousin had repelled him so often that he had feared to warn him.

Presently he saw Miguel whisper to Juan, and then both of them glanced towards him. After that, Juan left the side of Miguel and made through the anxious crowd towards him. Now the last thing Diego wished was any intercourse with either of those two. He was uncertain enough of his own position not to wish it made worse by seeming to have any understanding with them, and so he shifted his place until he was as near as he dared to go to where Francisco Martin Pinzon stood.

Perhaps Juan would have followed him there had not Martin Alonzo at that moment lifted his head above the rail, and then climbed quickly on deck. His brother asked him a question relative to the nature of the injury to the rudder; but Diego noticed that Martin Alonzo pushed him sternly aside and stepped forward to where he could sweep the waiting crew with his keen glance.

It seemed to Diego as if that stern eye were reading every face, and he had no doubt that he had betrayed in his countenance all that he knew, when the glance passed over him. He looked involuntarily at Miguel and Juan, and could see that they were in the same dread



MARTIN ALONZO WENT OVER THE STERN.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 637.

as himself, and that the former, with the ugly expression of an animal cornered, was feeling nervously of the handle of his knife.

The look they both shot at him was one of mingled inquiry and hatred, and he knew that Miguel was regretting that he had been prevented carrying out his murderous design towards him.

It was as certain to him as it seemed to them that he would be questioned by his cousin, and his dread of Martin Alonzo was such that he caught at the rail to steady himself. Martin Alonzo had other work to do first; the rudder must be repaired as far as was possible before he did anything else, and the carpenter was called and instructed what to do.

He brought his tools and such materials as seemed to be needed and went over the rail. And all the while that he was making ready, Martin Alonzo paced back and forth in the limited space available to him, never taking his stern glance from the crew, which stood in the waist of the vessel, eying him with evident trepidation.

But not until the carpenter had made all his preparations and disappeared over the rail did the Captain utter a word. And when he did, it was sternly and harshly enough, but without that roar which had theretofore characterized his voice. He stepped to the ladder and sent a searching glance over the faces turned expectantly upward to his. Then after a moment of silence, during which more than one of the sailors caught a painful breath, he spoke.

"A foul deed has been wrought here." He stopped and waited as if to give time for his words to be fully understood. "Some scoundrel, for whom hanging is too good, has wrecked the rudder. The gear has been cut with a knife, and the rudder is separated and unhung." Again he stopped, and Diego stole a frightened look at Miguel and Juan. "Every life on board has been put in jeopardy. It is only by a mercy of God that we live now. It will be only by a further mercy that we shall continue to live. When I know the man who did it, I will hang him there," and he pointed with flashing eyes to the yard. "What! because ye like not the voyage will ye seek to drown us all? What! do ye think Martin Alonzo Pinzon is to be frightened from his purpose?" He stopped short and looked over the faces as if he would find one that expressed such a belief.

It is unlikely that he saw such a face; for of all there, those who were innocent of participation and those who were guilty, there was not one that did not answer his glance with one of fear or of respect. Once again before he spoke he swept the crowd with his eyes, but this time slowly.

"Diego Pinzon, come hither!"

He spoke sharply, shortly, distinctly, and Diego heard; but it was not until he spoke again that the boy found strength to move. It was then with a stagger rather than with a walk that he went to the foot of the ladder and turned his pallid face up to his cousin.

"Up, by my side!" said Martin Alonzo, sternly.

Diego climbed up with difficulty, and stood with pale face and beating heart by the side of the Captain of the *Pinta*. Martin Alonzo eyed him in silence for a few moments, and the crew waited breathlessly for what was to follow. In that brief space Diego understood that the whole crew looked upon him as a sort of spy, and that his cousin regarded him as a coward who could be frightened into telling aught he might know.

"Now, boy," said Martin Alonzo, "you know something of this; tell me what it is. Speak!"

Diego raised his eyes imploringly to his cousin's face, as if beseeching him not to force such a thing upon him; but Martin Alonzo held the safety of his vessel above the feelings of a boy, whose chief merit was his over-readi-

ness of speech when it was least desired of him, and so he repeated, threateningly:

"Speak, or I shall know how to make you!"

Diego drooped his head and was silent. Martin Alonzo thought he was obstinate, when in fact he was torn between doubt and anguish. What was his duty? The great muscular hand of the Captain fell upon his shoulder and gripped it tight, the angry man not realizing perhaps his own energy, and causing Diego severe pain.

"Will you speak? You had tongue enough awhile since. Speak, I warn you!"

Martin Alonzo was doubly angry now. Angry at what he believed was Diego's obstinacy, and angry that he should meet with a check before the crew. If he had doubted his ability to make Diego speak he would not have essayed it so publicly; but since he had essayed it, he was determined to succeed; for Martin Alonzo was a man who at all times would have his own way, and who was used to being supreme and undisputed when at sea on his own vessel.

Diego was well satisfied that nothing on the score of relationship would stand between him and the wrath of his cousin should he refuse to speak and tell what he knew. It was true, he might lie. How should any one know that he had cognizance of what had happened? Was it not more likely, indeed, that his denial would be the more readily credited in view of the fact that he had been a sort of outcast among the crew? Well, he did not even think of lying. A lie is the coward's refuge, and he was not a coward.

He was pale, he trembled, and his voice was unsteady; but when he looked up at his cousin his eye did not quail. "I had naught to do with it, and I have naught to say," were his words.

Martin Alonzo's face grew gray with sudden wrath. He was in no mood then to credit Diego with the courage he had before denied him. He only knew, or believed, that his vessel had been put in jeopardy by some miscreant, and that the boy before him knew who it was and refused to divulge his knowledge. Diego was no more to him than any other boy on the vessel would have been.

"You know, and you refuse to tell!" he said, hoarsely. "Now I ask you again, and I bid you think twice ere you answer."

Even at that moment—a terrible moment to him, with his fear of his cousin—the picture rose in his mind of Fray Antonio bidding him think twice ere he set foot to ground. Ah, the good fray! the sweet, peaceful days forever lost! It had been so funny then; it was so pathetic now.

"Who—who did it?" demanded Martin Alonzo, quivering with wrath.

"Why," cried Diego, with sudden indignation, "would you make a spy of me? They all hate me now, though they have no cause. I will not give them cause. I have naught to say."

He seemed to hear a murmur of approbation from the crew; but it died away as Martin Alonzo, in a voice hoarse with passion, cried:

"Have you naught to say? We shall see. Lopez, trice him up. Though he were my own son, he should not brave me so."

Diego understood the meaning of that—they were going to flog him. Alas! it was a common enough thing in those brutal days. Diego turned paler than before, but he looked into the angry face of his cousin, and said,

"And this is how you keep your promise to my mother!"

"Will you tell?"

"I have naught to tell."

"Then you shall be flogged."

"And I may say things I should not, Martin Alonzo

Pinzon; but the shame will be yours, not mine." And the pallor on his cheek gave place to a red flush.

"To the mast with him!" said Martin Alonzo, a flush showing also on his bronzed cheek.

CHAPTER VII.

AN audible murmur ran through the crowd of spectators, and Martin Alonzo knew, without looking, that it was caused as much by the well-disposed as by the disaffected among the crew, and he was certain that some of the cabin passengers had helped to swell the murmur; but he was not the man to deviate from his intention for the opinion of others, and so only repeated.

"To the mast, I say!"

So Diego was triced to the mast, and the crew driven in a body forward. The flogging would be no light thing, but it was the bitter humiliation that Diego dreaded most. He almost wished Miguel had thrown him overboard the night before.

Miguel! Yes, he was suffering this for him and for Juan. He had not taken the oath they had wished him to swear, and yet he was as faithful to them as if he had done so. And where were they now? Were they going to see him flogged? Would they let it be done?

He looked despairingly into the crowd of sailors, and saw many pitying faces, but not theirs. He thought bitterly that they might have given him the comfort of their sympathy. How could he know that at that moment Juan was struggling in the strong grasp of Miguel? How could he know that when he had been hurried to the mast, Juan had sprung forward, saying, "They shall not do that."

But it was so. Juan had first watched Diego with fear and hatred in his heart for him; but when he saw and understood how Diego was making a sacrifice of himself for him and Miguel, for two persons whom he disliked and whom he could be rid of by a word, the convict boy was stirred by a generous feeling that made him determine that Diego should not be flogged for him, and so he had muttered, "They shall not do that," and would have gone up to Martin Alonzo and accused himself. But Miguel was made of baser material, and would have nothing of the sort.

"Fool," he said, "what would you do?"

"They shall not flog him. I know how he will take it. The shame will kill him. He is brave. I will not see it done!"

He struggled to free himself from Miguel, but the latter placed his hand over his mouth, and quickly dragged him into the forecabin.

"Better his back scored than our necks broken, you fool!" said Miguel.

"I will not betray you. I will take all the blame," said Juan. "Let me go. I will cry out!"

"You are mad. I will choke you if you do not keep still. It will soon be over. Let us be thankful he has the courage to stand it."

But the noble generosity that swelled the boy's heart would not permit him to keep still, and while he seemed to acquiesce and submit, he was only gathering strength for a final struggle, so presently he wrenched himself free, and darting out on deck, frantically pushed his way through the crowd of sailors. When he reached



"TO THE MAST WITH HIM!" SAID MARTIN ALONZO.

the mast, however, Diego was no longer there. He did not know how time had sped while he was struggling with Miguel, and he gasped, "Have they flogged him?"

"No, they have taken him to the cabin," was the answer.

And this is how that had happened: No one, not even Francisco Martin Pinzon or Garcia Fernandez—the steward of the vessel, and a man of importance—had dared to interfere to save Diego from the anger of his cousin, though both desired to do so. But while Diego was being tied to the mast, the carpenter raised his head above the rail and whispered a few words to Francisco Martin, which he repeated to Garcia Fernandez.

They both looked at each other, and seemed to gain the same idea at once, for both sprang to the side of Martin Alonzo, and Francisco Martin said, in a low tone:

"Forbear flogging the lad, brother. The carpenter has imparted such intelligence to us as puts a new light on the matter. Let us to the cabin."

Perhaps by this time Martin Alonzo was glad of an excuse to refrain, for he turned to go, first saying to the third mate, "Hold your hand till I return."

"It might be wise to have the lad in the cabin with us," said Garcia Fernandez.

"Francisco Martin," said the Captain, shortly, "have him in the cabin."

So while Diego was shudderingly awaiting the shameful blow, he was released and taken into the cabin, where his elder cousin and the steward sat. Martin Alonzo did not look at him, but turned to his brother, and asked,

"What is it the carpenter says?"

"He says there is plain evidence that the rudder was tampered with before ever the ship left port, and that it is a wonder it did not give out ere this."

Martin Alonzo knitted his brow. "That should have

been discovered before we sailed. It was gross negligence that it was not," he said.

"So that you do not hold me accountable," said Francisco Martin, with a flush. "I will agree with you."

"I could not watch everything," said Martin Alonzo. "The rudder was tampered with before we left port; but it is certain that a knife was used last night to cut the gear. Boy, will you tell me what you know of this matter?"

It is probable that Garcia Fernandez saw a look of obstinacy gathering on Diego's face. The steward said, hastily, before Diego could give word to the answer that sprang to his lips.

"Your pardon, Martin Alonzo, but may I have a word with the boy before he speaks in answer?"

"Let it be brief," was the gruff assent.

"I do not know," said Garcia Fernandez to Diego, "whether or not you have anything to tell, and of course I appreciate your unwillingness to seem a spy on your fellow-sailors; but this is a matter that concerns your life and my life, and the lives of all of us. Bethink you, Diego, that what has been done once may be done again, and the more readily that it goes unpunished and undetected this time; and the next time the end may be our deaths. In that case it will be your crime as much as that of the man who does the act. To refuse to divulge what you know is generous and brave, it may be, but it is the madness of generosity and bravery."

Diego could not but be affected by the argument, but he had his side to present, too. He looked resentfully at his cousin, and said, "I put myself in my cousin Captain Martin Alonzo's way yesterday to warn him, and he thrust me aside with a blow."

"How was I to know what you had to say?" demanded Martin Alonzo.

"You might have heard me, at least. But no; you could not grant even that courtesy to my mother's son. I did not come this mad voyage to please myself, and I like it not; but I would have done my duty, and will do it now if you will but let me." Garcia Fernandez motioned him to hush, pointing to the gathering wrath on Martin Alonzo's face; but Diego was in the full tide of his wrongs, and was not to be hushed. "You have forced me to come when I prayed you not; you have likened me publicly to a thief and a convict; you have struck me unreasonably; and you have been willing to put a felon's shame on me. If your ship had gone to the bottom, it would have been your own fault in putting such a fear on me that I could not tell my plain duty. So I say to you plainly, that I know who cut the gear, and I will not tell you!"

There Diego stopped, and doggedly shut his lips, while Garcia Fernandez and Francisco Martin looked at each other in dismay.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SON OF HEAVEN AND EARTH.

BOYS who are studying Latin or Greek will sooner or later run across the name of Oceanus, the ocean. According to the mythology of the ancients he was the son of Cœlus and Terra. Cœlus is heaven, and Terra is the earth. Now it is astonishing to look beneath the surface of mythological stories and discover real truths. The ocean is literally the child of heaven and earth. There is a fascinating book called *Sketches of Creation*, by Professor Alexander Winchell. The author, who was a famous scientist, says that there was a primeval age of storm, away back in the darkness of the earliest epochs, when the rain tried to fall upon the earth, but could not because the earth was so hot that before the rain touched the surface it was turned into steam. In this form of vapor it returned to the clouds to be recondensed and to fall once again as rain. This process, accompanied by terrific lightning and thunder, continued until the earth cooled sufficiently for the water to rest upon its surface in its natural form. Thus the ocean was formed, and was literally the son of heaven and earth.

A GARDEN IN A BOX.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH

ANY boy or girl who will take a little trouble—for it is not necessary to take a great deal—can, with a small amount of money, have a charming little garden that will perfume the house at Christmas, or in February, or at Easter, according to the time of planting it. Fifty cents will produce a tiny garden of this kind, while a dollar purchases quite a bewildering mass of bloom and beauty.

The garden spot itself is usually the first consideration, but in this case it is just the other way. Let the garden go until the plants are selected, when you can tell better what kind of garden is needed; for you can buy your bulbs as early in the autumn as you choose, and keep them without planting for almost any length of time; or you can even wait and buy them in winter. This makes them very convenient for people who prefer doing things "when they feel like it." But once planted, they must be borne in mind.

Not the least delightful part of this garden on a small scale is, with the money in hand, to pore over a florist's catalogue, and get quite wild with all the gorgeousness promised for that small bill or large piece of silver. Hyacinths, tulips, crocuses, narcissuses, snowdrops, lilies, freesias, etc., etc., with all their varieties and colors, so easy to raise, and so lovely about blooming. What a wild confusion they do raise in one's mind as to which to choose when it is not possible to get them all! But beware of getting *really* wild, and expecting too much of the box garden.

Tulips are the cheapest, as some of them are not more than five cents apiece, and less by the dozen. They make a great show, too, with their rich colors, and a way they have of displaying all they are. Beds of them out-of-doors are very ornamental; but if one has only a tiny indoor garden—well, they do not perfume the house.

Crocuses have no odor either; but a dozen of these little bulbs can be bought for ten cents and scattered among the larger ones, where they will peep forth in the daintiest robes of white and gold and lilac and pink, like the first smiles of spring. It is quite settled, then, that crocuses are among the "must-haves."

The very best way of spending that money, after the crocuses are secured, is to lay it all out on hyacinths. They are deliciously fragrant, have many beautiful colors and shades of color, and they can always be depended upon. Some one has compared the hyacinth among winter bulbs to the rose among other flowers; for no garden is complete without roses, while some lovely ones are *all* roses. So our garden in a box shall be all hyacinths.

The little Roman hyacinth, with small clusters of single flowers, is pretty and cheap—four bulbs, promising red, white, blue, and yellow blossoms, can be had for forty cents. This dainty hyacinth has several flower stalks, which give it a more graceful appearance than its fine but rather stiff cousin, with her one great pyramid of bloom. Three Roman hyacinth bulbs can be planted in one pot that measures five inches across the top, and here they will live peaceably together, and attend each to her own individual affairs of sprouting and blooming.

Whether stiff or not, the lovely column-shaped mass of flowers which the statelier hyacinth sends up from its calyx of narrow thick leaves is always a delight, both for beauty and for fragrance, and half a dozen such plants will make a garden of themselves. They are both double and single, and it is often hard to tell which is the prettier. Those that have particular names, and appear in the catalogues as "Lord Wellington and Madame de Staël, beautiful blush shades; Countess of Salisbury, lovely clear blue; Czar Nicholas, delicate pink; La Can-

deur, a beautiful pure white; Jenny Lind, bright red," etc., cost from twenty to seventy-five cents apiece. But unnamed ones, except in color, and very pretty ones too, can be bought at ten and fifteen cents. With three of the half-dozen at ten cents, and the other three at fifteen, our hyacinths will cost just seventy-five cents.

This leaves twenty-five cents from a dollar for crocuses and freesias, the latter being tiny bulbs with leaves like grass. The trumpet-shaped flowers are cream-color, and grow in a row on the stem, which is bent where the first blossom begins. But what a wealth of sweetness these little flowers send forth! We cannot do without them if there is a dollar to spend—and if there isn't, we'll give up some of the others. Three freesias can be had for fifteen cents.

Now that we have made our selection and bought the bulbs, what is to be done next? The first thing is to decide when we prefer to have our flowers. It is too late now for Christmas blooming, as eleven or twelve weeks should be allowed from the time of planting them; and for the middle of February, the bulbs should be planted by the 1st of December. The planting may be done either in a box, or in pots to be placed in a box when they are brought into the light to wake them up thoroughly.

For when they are planted the bulbs must be left to take a nap of five or six weeks in some cool dark place where they can get ready for all the work they have to do later. But be sure that there are no mice about, for those little nibbling wretches are very fond of hyacinths, in the same way that the cannibal loves his fellow-creatures. They may be planted in earth or in moss or in water; but earth of the right kind—three-quarters of light rich loam to one-quarter of sand—is less troublesome and better for the bulbs. Water must have charcoal at the bottom to keep it pure, and it needs changing every two weeks, while the moss must be kept constantly wet. One or two waterings during their period of retirement, to keep the soil from getting hard and caked, will be sufficient for the earth-planted bulbs.

But earth is not the first thing to put into the pots, which should be the tall slender ones known as bulb pots; drainage must be provided for in the shape of small stones and bits of brick, or even pieces of bark or chips. A good layer of these at the bottom of each pot, and then the sanded earth, stopping short at rather less than an inch from the top.

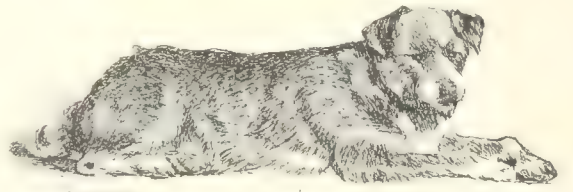
By planting in pots, which are afterward arranged in a box for the window, the plants can be better attended to, and moved forward or a little out of sight when they come into bloom, according to height and beauty as well as harmonious coloring. Meanwhile they are not idle while they are lying there in the dark. They are growing, but it is down instead of up. The threadlike roots are getting firm and strong, and when there is enough of them to bear such a heavy topknot, a little green sprout appears, and it is time to bring them into the light and heat.

It will be five or six weeks more before the flowers will show their pretty faces, and care must be taken not to put them out of countenance with a gaudy box. A tin one painted brown or very dull red will show the blossoms to good advantage, and a wooden one with bark nailed on is equally good. But avoid pictures or gay tiles, and cover the pots out of sight with moss.

It must be remembered, too, that to have even so simple a garden as this it is necessary to think about it a long time beforehand. But this is the way with almost everything that is worth having, and raising flowers is, therefore, something of an education. Lazy people and careless people never succeed with a garden of any kind; but a window box of hyacinths in bloom is more than a reward for such a moderate amount of labor and expense.

THREE PROFESSIONAL DOGS.

THERE is hardly any limit to the tricks that a dog may be taught, but it is seldom one thinks for himself, and chooses his own special line of work. Yet there are three dogs to-day who have set an example of independence to doghood in general, and taken up three different professions. Of course it is proper to exhibit a little doubt when you read this statement, but it is true, nevertheless. The dogs have not taken up art or literature or law, or, in fact, any of the learned professions, as we call them, but they have gone into the practical branches. One dog is a great railroad traveller, and famous all over the United States; the second is a canine Columbus, always bound on voyages of discovery; and the third belongs to a volunteer fire department. These professions have been adopted by the dogs themselves without any training, and two of them are absolutely independent,



RAILROAD JACK.

and recognize no man as master. They are not stylish dogs, nor educated dogs, nor do they belong to any of the aristocratic branches; they are plebeian in birth and appearance, and would not be tolerated at a bench show, and yet they are examples of wisdom to all their fellow-creatures, if the others only knew it.

Railroad Jack is the most prominent of this trio, who, by-the-way, have never met one another. This intelligent canine is attached to the railway mail service, and has a roving commission. He is about seven years of age, and ever since his second year he has been one of the greatest travellers of this country. Jack has a great fondness for mail-bags. He never cares long for any particular one, but seems to have an idea that the entire business is under his charge, and he is perpetually travelling about to make sure that everything goes right. Jack hails from Albany, and his name in private life is Owney; but Railroad Jack is his travelling name, and the one that has become famous. He wears a broad leather collar, which has attached a nickel-plated badge reading, "Post-office Owney, Albany, New York;" but beyond this distinguishing mark, Jack is a citizen of the entire country. Albany, however, is very proud of her representative, and Jack condescends to make his headquarters there, where there is a special apartment for his use.

Five years ago Jack made his first trip. He went to Boston by way of the Boston and Albany Railroad, and since that time has always regarded that route with special favor. His experience happened in this manner: A certain mail-bag in the Albany Post-office took his fancy, and when the bag was carried to the station, Jack went along with it. When it was thrown into the baggage-car, Jack followed, and he stuck by that particular bag until it reached the Boston Post-office. This done, Jack's attachment was over, and that very same night he took another mail-bag under his protection, and saw it safe to its destination in Maine.

As this was Jack's first trip, he was not acquainted along the lines, and for three weeks he was unheard from. Then he walked into the Albany Post-office one day, wagging his stumpy tail, and saw that a certain bag was all

right. Everybody was much amazed over his wonderful trip, but it turned out to be a mere run around the block compared with his later travels. The fondness for roving was awakened in Jack's heart, and a short time after he went away again, and was absent two months. The men that knew him regarded him as lost this time without doubt; but one day they read in a paper that Jack had arrived in New Orleans. He was identified by his collar, and for the first time Jack began to receive newspaper notoriety.

Then he left New Orleans, stopping over here and there when it pleased him, and by degrees he travelled the length of the country. And where do you suppose he ended this wonderful journey? Away up north, at St. John, New Brunswick. There is no doubt of the truth of this, for the newspapers kept track of him all the way, and he became famous. Just think of this wonderful dog going that distance by himself! Since that time he has been to San Francisco, and has covered the entire length and breadth of the United States. He has visited nearly every large city in the country, and has gone through the Eastern States so often that every railroad postal clerk knows him.

Jack is a thorough Yankee in his tastes, and decidedly independent, but seems to like the East best, especially the Boston and Albany Railroad, upon which he made his first trip. He is never molested, but allowed to do as he pleases, and is always well treated. It would not be well for any outsider to meddle with the bags Jack has in charge, and Jack seems always to know what man has the right. He was in a wreck once, and was thought to have been killed; but when the mail-bags reached their destination, Jack was with them. A little while ago he paid a flying visit to New York, and then started East again, where he is probably now travelling.

So much for Railroad Jack. His second professional brother is not so well known, for this sailor-dog is attached to one vessel. Some gentlemen were cruising down Long Island Sound this summer in a yacht, and one day as they crossed the bow of a large schooner a dog jumped up and barked furiously until the yacht had gone by. This seemed so strange that the yacht went about and came up alongside of the vessel, the dog watching all the movements with interest. The schooner was the *John Brooks*, of New York, and the weather-beaten old sailor at the wheel was glad to talk about his dog. The dog in question was not handsome, but smart human beings are rarely distinguished that way, and what he lacked in beauty was made up in sense.

This sailor-dog, so the Captain said, acted as the lookout in the bow. He was always vigilant, and content to share a night's watch when necessary. If there was any vessel ahead that went to cross her bow, the dog gave warning in furious barks. Whenever a light-house or a buoy came in sight, the dog was the first to notice it and give warning, running to whichever side it happened to be on. At night the dog could see further than any man, and when land was near or a light was ahead, the dog notified the Captain of it, and indicated the direction by looking in whatever way it was and barking.

If the Captain wanted to find a buoy to take bearings, he told the dog, and the latter always found it first. While the Captain was telling this, a point of land was rounded and a buoy seen on the port bow. As quick as a flash the dog spied it and barked, running over to the port bow, and then, satisfied that the skipper knew all about it, he returned to his post. While on watch the dog stood a little way back, with his forefeet resting upon a slight elevation, so that he could look about.

When the vessel was in her regular port the dog went ashore and staid there until she sailed again; but in a strange harbor a strict watch was always maintained by

the canine sailor, who took the greatest delight in discovering objects ahead in the water.

The dog that belongs to the volunteer fire department is more humble than these other two. He is a great thin specimen, rather ugly, and not at all prepossessing in appearance. But his delight in life consists in running to fires. He has gained the name of Medora, taken from the hook-and-ladder company to which he has attached himself. No matter at what time of day or night, as soon as the bell first sounds, Medora is seen running toward the truck-house. Then he is as happy as can be, and shows his delight by sundry gambols. He never interferes with the firemen, but waits on one side until the great machine starts out with a rush and a clatter, and then Medora follows.

When the fire is reached, he either stands afar off and watches the blaze or else lies down by the truck. When the gong on the machine is struck, he enjoys it immensely, and always likes to be near the fore wheels, so that he can listen to it. All the firemen of the company know him, and on such occasions he will only associate with those who wear uniforms. On meeting nights when the bell is tapped once or twice, Medora promptly turns up, and waits outside the door until the men go home. Then Medora seems to understand it, and he walks away sad and dejected, but sure to be on hand next time. Between fires, however, he is not much better than a tramp.

These dogs, differing so in condition and taste, have each chosen his own pursuit, and have become wonderfully proficient. It seems clear that dogs possess more than mere instinct, and, moreover, that they know just what they want to do, and then keep at it. That is more than some grown-up folks can say about themselves.

CHRISTMAS FANCY-WORK.

BY M. M. UNDERHILL.

IN these days of elaborate needlework it is often hard to find simple pieces that come within the scope of youthful ability; but the following suggestions may be helpful, as the articles mentioned are easily made.

It is the fashion nowadays to use small pin-cushions. A dainty and pretty one is made of a four or five inch square of Turkish embroidery, which need not cost more than fifteen cents. Edge this with a lace ruffle, and put it cat-a-cornered on a cushion, which should be six inches square, and neatly covered with silk. Fasten on each corner of this cushion a butterfly bow made of silk like the cushion, and unravelled in fringe at the ends. The lace ruffle should fall over these bows. In buying the square pick out one in which the color of the cushion you wish to use is predominant; such as a blue and olive square on a blue cushion, or a pink and green on a pink one.

There are several attractive little things that can be made by girls who have learned to embroider even in the simplest stitches. For instance, a useful gift for a gentleman is a pocket pin-cushion. To make it, take two round pieces of card-board, each two and a half inches in diameter. Cover them with heavy white linen, and on one embroider in Kensington stitch a tiny wreath of blue forget-me-nots tied with a bow-knot of ribbon in outline stitch. Overhand these round pieces together, and stick the whole edge thickly with pins.

A dainty case in which to lay handkerchiefs is a thirteen-inch square of white linen which has been neatly hem-stitched. Turn over the four corners to meet in the centre. In one of the corners embroider in outline stitch the word "Mouchoir"; in each of the other three corners a bunch of flowers—rose-buds, clover, or bluets, using silks of natural colors.

A simple table cover is made of blue, yellow, or red

butcher's linen, with a large effective pattern of flowers or foliage worked in white linen floss in the centre and corners, or else as a running border all around. These are very useful, as they can be readily laundered without injuring them in the least.

A little case for holding grandmamma's eye-glasses is made by cutting two pieces of card-board the shape of a pair of glasses. Cover them both neatly with chamois on either side. Then lace them together with fine silk cord, or with filosselle of a contrasting color, leaving one end open to slip in the glasses.

A dainty gift for a baby is a long-handled powder-puff thrust in a case. To make the case, cut a round piece of card-board three and a half inches in diameter. Cover it neatly on both sides with a piece of ribbon to form the bottom of the case. Then take half a yard of ribbon of the same color four inches wide, join the ends, gather one edge, and overhand it around the bottom piece. Half an inch from the top of the ribbon sew a casing of narrow ribbon, and run in a drawing-string of baby-ribbon.

A serviceable hat-brush can be made of four strands of Manila-rope, each three-quarters of a yard long. Braid them together, double them, and tie with a bright ribbon bow. The ends of rope are then fringed out and rubbed with beeswax to stiffen them.

JOHNNY'S COMPOSITION.

THE CAT.

THE cat is a very interesting animal. He is a small fur dog that meows, and has whiskers and several other things. He has four paws—two fore paws and two behind ones—and a tail. He has been known for many years, two of him having been said to be on the Ark, where he must have been tied up, or what would have become of the rats? Cats don't get to be cats until they are a year old, when they stop being kittens, which they are born as. It takes a kitten several weeks to get his eyes open, if he doesn't get drowned before that time, and he scratches when he is mad. My father says camels used to be cats, but got their backs up one day and couldn't get them down again, and so became camels. I never heard a camel meow, but I suppose they can, because they can do 'most anything, having seven stomachs and going many days without water.

The dictionary says a cat is a carnivorous quadruped, but that does not sound like a cat. The old Egyptians used to be very fond of the cat, treating him like a member of their own family, and making mummies out of him when he died. Some of these mummies still live. They used to hang people for killing cats in Egypt, because the cat was supposed to be a sacred animal, being a sign of the moon, probably because they are generally out all night. We have a cat named Tom, and he has six kittens, which he washes their face every day just like me.

Cats never fall out of anything without landing on their feet, which is why their feet are so soft, and they have to be killed nine times before they die, and sometimes they don't even then. They eat milk when tame, and when wild they cry like a baby until somebody comes to see what is the matter, and then they eat him, which is fatal, and teaches people to mind their own business, and not go seeing what other people's children are crying for.

A cat's eye is a very queer thing, looking like a slot machine all day and an agate at night, seeing better in the dark than in the light, like witches. Therefore they are said to be friends of witches, and some people don't like them on that account, but I do.

The two best cats that ever lived belonged to Dick Whittington, Mayor of London, who went out West and killed a lot of rats at a dollar a head, and took the money home to his master to get to be Mayor with, and Puss in Boots, who stole his master's clothes and ate a giant, thereby making his master owner of the farm and husband of a rich girl, whose father died and left it all to her.

My cat can't do anything like this, but he gets there just the same, and is very gentle to my little brother, who pulls his tail and doesn't have to wish he hadn't.

Altogether I don't know what we should do without cats, especially those that like to have them lying around just as we do.

Yours truly,

JOHNNY.

MUSICAL PRECOCITY.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

IT is a singular fact that a gift for music will show itself earlier than any other kind of gift. Mozart displayed his bent for music at the age of three. He would climb up on the piano stool and pick out the simplest concord of notes (major thirds) on various parts of the key-board. Of course Mozart must be regarded as an exceptional case, for he was the greatest musical genius that has ever lived. How much more generous his gifts were than those of other musical children must be seen in the way in which he took up the violin. He simply amused himself with it; but no one ever took his work seriously, until one day there came to his father's house Herr Wentzl, with six new trios of his own composition. Wentzl played first violin, Herr Schachtner, the court trumpeter, second violin, and Mozart's father the bass. Little Mozart begged to be allowed to play second violin, but his father reproved him, saying he had never had any instruction on the instrument.

"One need not have learned in order to play second violin," said Mozart.

Schachtner interceded, and the boy was allowed to play the second violin part along with him. Herr Schachtner, in a letter to Mozart's sister, says: "I soon remarked with astonishment that I was quite superfluous; I put my violin quietly down, and looked at your father, down whose cheeks tears of wonder and delight were running; and so he played all six trios."

The delicacy of the ear of some gifted musicians is marvellous. Mozart sometimes played on Herr Schachtner's violin and again on his own. One day he said to Schachtner, "Your violin is tuned half a quarter of a tone lower than mine, if it is tuned as it was when I last played on it." They sent for Schachtner's violin, and found by comparison that the boy was right. This reminds me of Josef Hofmann. A friend of mine used to wear on his watch chain a pitch-pipe tuned to the A of the Steinway piano, which at that time was a mere trifle higher than the standard pitch. You know pitch is measured by vibrations, the middle A making over 450 to the second. My friend's pitch pipe was 32 vibrations too high—a very small amount. One evening he and I were talking and laughing with little Josef in the corridor at the Metropolitan Opera-House, when my friend suddenly sounded his pipe and said to the boy:

"What note is that?"

"That is A," answered Josef; "but it is just a trifle too high."

SOME YACHTS' NAMES.

VERY few boys have any idea of the meanings of the names of some of our most noted yachts. *Gloriana*, the fastest of the 46-footers, takes her name from a species of rose. The *Queenie* is named after a character in Longfellow's "Hiawatha." She was the youngest of ten sisters, all of surpassing beauty. She married Osseo, who was "old, poor, and ugly," but "most beautiful within." *Alborak*, General Paine's 46-footer, is named after the animal brought by Gabriel to convey Mohammed to the seventh heaven. It had the face of a man, the cheeks of a horse, and the wings of an eagle, and it spoke with a human voice. The *Jessica* is named after the daughter of Shylock, in *The Merchant of Venice*. The *Thetis* is named after the mother of Achilles. She was a sea-nymph, the daughter of Nereus, the sea-god. The *Consuelo* is named after the heroine of one of George Sand's novels, famous because she resisted all temptation and was always a good girl. The *Brünnhilde* is called after the heroine of Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, the noblest woman in the world in her time. The *Freya* gets her pretty name from the Scandinavian Freya, the Goddess of Agriculture. The *Miranda* is named after the beautiful daughter of Prospero, in Shakespeare's *Tempest*. The *Nahma* is named after a fabled human girl, who became the bride of an angel. The *Namouna*, J. G. Bennett's steamer, gets her title from a famous enchantress of Persian mythology. Though said to be the first of created beings, she never loses her youth and beauty. *Nourmahal*, William Astor's steamer, is called after the beautiful Sultana in Moore's "Lalla Rookh." The *Daphne* is the daughter of Silena and Mysis, beloved by Apollo. The *Nyssa* is her sister, who loved Apollo because her sister would not.



A PAIR OF OLD-FASHIONED DANCING-PUMPS.

HIS IDEA OF THEM

"I wish I was a Chinese boy," wailed Tommy, "then I would be brought up to like washing, anyway."

MIDGET'S GOOD REASON.

OUR Midget is a little over three years old. Last summer she was taken down to Coney Island, and after an hour or two spent in seeing the sights it was ordained that her nurse should give her a dip in the salt waters of old ocean. In the bath-house the object of her visit to the beach was made known to her, but when she reached the water's edge she flatly refused to be taken in. "Nurse," said she, "I'm all over feared."

"But, Midget, you bathe in the water every day at home."

"Yes," said Midget, "that's in my little tub. This tub's too big, too big *entirely*."

And we brought her home without her sea bath.

POOR ECONOMY.

FATHER. "How did you wear your shoes out so quickly, Tommy?"

TOMMY. "I've walked to school, sir, so that I might save the five cents for something else."

TOMMY'S REPORT.

ON Chestnut Street I saw to-day

A very lively sight—
A poodle and a tabby-cat
Got almost in a fight.

The poodle showed his shining teeth,
While war glowed in his eyes,
The pussy clawed and spat and swelled
To twice her natural size.

When she was treed the sunshine glowed
On her unruffled fur:
She smiled to see the poodle jump
As though to gather her.

He barked and pranced, while on a limb
Contentedly she sat
Papa, which would you rather be,
A poodle or a cat?

R. K. M.

AN ALTERNATIVE.

BOBBY. "I'm afraid, papa, that you will have to get me a new suit or a new pair of skates."

FATHER. "Why so, my son?"

BOBBY. "Because the skates I have now are so old that I'll fall with them and tear my clothes—and I won't if I have a new pair."

THE ONLY USE FOR MONEY.

"If I gave you a quarter, what would you do with it?" asked Uncle John.

"Spend it, of course," replied Tommy; "that's all it's good for."

A GREAT PRESENT.

"WHAT are you going to give Santa Claus for Christmas?" asked Auntie.

"I guess I'll give him my stocking," answered May.

"Why, Santa Claus doesn't care for that," Auntie returned.

"Well," said May, "then he can fill it and give it back to me."

A THANKSGIVING POEM.

THE turkey gobbled so fiercely that it scared poor Tom away;
But Tommy gobbled the turkey, and so got even next day.

A NEW KIND.

"WHAT kind of a dog have you?" asked Robbie.

"A New-Yorker," answered Fred; "but his mother was a Newfoundland."

LIKE A POTATO.

A STUPID fellow was once boasting of his grand ancestors.

He was descended from Lord This and Duke the Other. His family were related to numerous other people who had lived long ago, and who had made themselves famous.

A quiet man, who had been listening to his boasting, remarked, "My friend, do you know what you remind me of?"

"What?" asked the fellow.

"A potato."

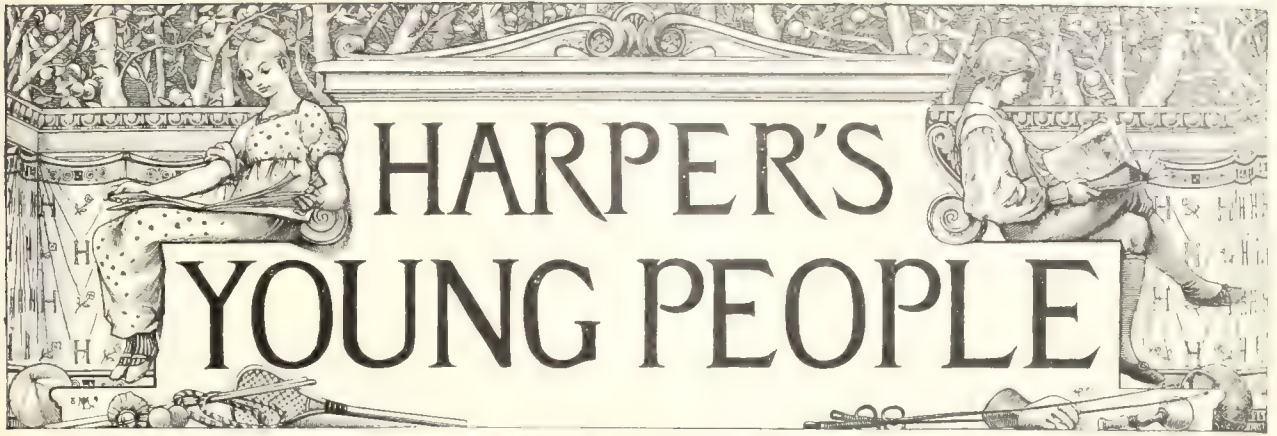
"A potato!" said the man, amazed; "why, in what way do I resemble a potato?"

"Because," said the quiet man, "according to your own account, the only part relating to you which is good for anything is *under the ground*!"



CONSTERNATION IN KITTENTOWN.

MR. AND MRS. MOUSE HAVE INVADED IN A COVEY, AND NOW TAKE THEIR DAILY OUTING WITH A FEELING OF GREAT SAFETY.



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CHRISTMAS MORNING—A SURPRISE—DRAWN BY JESSIE CURTIS SHEPHERD.

SERGEANT COOLEY'S CHRISTMAS.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.



He had known him for years, and every man in the garrison would have been proud to own such a war record as Cooley's. He had served seven enlistments before taking his final discharge from the service. He had ridden every inch of the old overland trail

with the First Dragoons before his last troop commander was weaned, and after years on the wild Western frontier, had been hurried to the Potomac, and rushed into charge after charge on the red soil of Virginia, and led the sorrel troop in the splendid dash at the breastworks of Pickett's line at Five Forks, and fell with a Southern battle-flag in his hand, and two Enfield bullets through the body.

No man in the thinned ranks of the regular brigade ever expected to look on Cooley's grizzled face again as the trumpets sounded "mount" and "forward" on the chase to head off those despairing but gallant remnants in the tattered gray. They pushed on to Sailor's Creek and Farmville and Appomattox, while Cooley was bundled into a neighboring farm-house, and one doctor after another looked at him, and said he couldn't survive such wounds. Yet he did, and was trundled back to City Point, and around by steamer to the big hospital at Annapolis, and when the war was over, and the regiment was sent by sea to the Pacific coast, who should turn up but Sergeant Cooley in a brand-new uniform and the seventh heaven of bliss.

The comely young woman who clung to the stalwart arm in that cavalry jacket had fallen in love with the brave trooper in his days of convalescence, and, to his almost incredulous joy, said "yes" to his timid, trembling offer of marriage. He was nearly twenty years her senior in age, but, said the regiment, Mrs. Cooley "outranked" him from the start. He worshipped the very ground she walked on. Nothing was good enough for his bonny bright-faced Maryland lass, and as he had saved up money and bought a little property here and there, he was able to indulge her in many a fancy, and to make the rude quarters of the married soldiers bright and attractive in many ways.

And she lent a busy helping hand, did Mrs. Cooley, and many a friend she made among the officers' wives, and not a few among those of humbler birth, who followed the regiment to far-away Arizona, and by-and-by there came a sturdy little Sergeant—a baby boy, with blue eyes like his soldier father, and with just such broad shoulders. Cooley was simply daft with joy over that episode. Nothing would do but he must name the little fellow after a famous cavalry leader whom the troopers gloried in, and mourned for months when he fell at Beverly Ford; and as the youngster grew apace, and was proudly exhibited by the old Sergeant to the officers who rejoined from time to time, with one accord they hailed the little fellow, not by his baptismal name of Benjamin, but the one by which their loved comrade of the old days had been so generally known throughout the mounted service. Little "Grimes" became a garrison pet who, as he increased in years and stature, developed such a wonderful capacity for getting into mischief and mud, that the later diminutive of "Grimy," given him by the other children, fitted him to a "t."

When, three years after the birth of the son and heir, there came a little baby sister to the wondering boy, old Cooley's bliss seemed to bubble over. He was First Sergeant of his troop then, and still an active campaigner so long as they staid in the dry, hot climate of Arizona. It was when the troop was sent to the *presidio* of San Francisco that the chill winds of the Pacific played havoc with

his system, and made those old Five Forks wounds the seat of racking misery; and at last, fairly well to do in life, "the old man," as many of the troopers called him, took his final discharge, and made the last payment on the ranch he had been stocking and fencing in close to the garrison of Fort Pierce.

Regularly twice a week when his old regiment was quartered there, Cooley and little Grimes used to drive in to the post to deliver butter and fresh eggs at the officers' quarters. It was a heart-break to the old fellow when the First marched away and a new regiment came in; but every officer of the old regular brigade knew Sergeant Cooley, and when the young subalterns saw their Colonel and Major and some of the "war Captains" eagerly shaking hands with the gray-headed veteran, it behooved them to treat him with every respect. Cooley almost cried with joy and pride when he told his wife how the new officers at the fort had greeted him; and—poor old boy!—he cried aloud in utter desolation when, only a few weeks later, his fond helpmeet succumbed to a sudden attack of pneumonia, and Grimes and little Fay were left motherless.

"The Sergeant," as every one still spoke of Cooley, was a changed man from that bitter day. "Only for the children," said Dr. Lane, "the old man probably wouldn't care to live." There was no one who did not feel for him in his bereavement. There were dozens of kind friends who went over from the fort to try to comfort him as he sat rocking to and fro, to and fro, for hours at a time, crying over little Fay, who nestled in his arms, too young to realize her loss. It was a twelvemonth or more before he seemed to care to come to the fort again, and then he was looking older and sadder by many a year. He had two or three stalwart cowboys on the ranch with him, and an assistant, whose wife did the cooking and mended the children's clothes. Ladies in the fort often besought him to let them take little Fay and rear her with their own brood, but he would not listen to it. When she was old enough to go to the post school, "Grimes" and his sister used to come cantering across the reservation lines every morning on their Indian ponies, and were often kept for luncheon and play until late in the afternoon.

No words could describe the old soldier's pride in those little ones, or his gratitude to every woman or man who did them a kindness, big or small. Wistfully he used to watch them at their play. Something which he could not describe convinced him that their dress was not like that of most of the officers' children. The material was all right—it cost him more, probably, for he was lavish in their behalf in the shops of the growing frontier town—but something was lacking, and when Mrs. Freeman saw the look in his eyes and read his thoughts, and, in her own graceful, tactful way, asked him if he would let her make some little changes and additions, old Cooley could have fallen down and worshipped her. It was Mrs. Freeman who cut and fashioned the garments of little "Fay" thereafter, and who ordered the school suit and "Sunday-go-to-meeting" garb for "Grimes," and the Sergeant was scandalized at the idea of things costing him less this way, when he was ready to pay double, than they did under his clumsy management before.

Things were going comfortably and even contentedly at Cooley's ranch that fierce winter of '77, despite his loneliness and his never-failing grief over the loss of his wife, when trouble came from an unlooked-for quarter. His kind friends of the cavalry were ordered away, and Fort Pierce was left with hardly a Corporal's guard. All through November he hoped that the Indian campaign far to the south, which had stripped the post of its defenders, would soon be at an end. All around them the mountains were deep with snow, and even in the valley there had been a fall or two, forerunners of heavier

falls to come. Some of the ladies at the post who could afford to do so had gone away entirely, taking their children to San Francisco or "the States." Presently it became evident that the Indian uprising was so serious that the troops might be gone all winter, and then a single company of infantry was sent to protect the big frontier fort; and these and the twenty members of the regimental band, with perhaps half a dozen officers, made up the entire force of the post.

One night the barking of his dogs aroused old Cooley, and he found that every one of his horses, mules, and even the children's ponies had been driven away by a gang of thieves. Morning disclosed the fact that three more ranches down the valley had been similarly visited and despoiled. Town and Sheriff were over twenty miles away, and the only horses at the post were the superannuated whites and grays which bore the bandsmen on parade, not one of whom could gallop a mile. Not until another day could a party be sent in pursuit, mounted on horses that were "stayers" at that sort of work; and when they were well up in the big range to the east a snow-cloud seemed to engulf them one and all, and the trail was lost both ways.

Old Cooley got back in the course of the week, utterly heart-sick and disgusted.

"The idea," he said, "of an old dragoon's being robbed and outdone by horse-thieves!"

"Could you find no trace?" asked the Captain of infantry to whom he reported the failure of the pursuit. "Nothing by which you could identify any of the men?"

"No, sir; and yet I feel sure the fellows that planned it are part of the gang always loafing about that gambling place in town. Of course they didn't go over into Montana with the horses. They know too much to be missed from their usual haunt just now. Horse-thieves are hanged on sight out here, Captain. It isn't like killing a man."

The Captain was sorry and sympathetic, but could do nothing, he said, and Cooley returned crestfallen to the ranch, where some comfort, at least, awaited him in hugging his youngsters to his heart.

Next morning he was back at the post, all excitement. Grimes, now a sturdy boy of ten, was with him, and it was the boy whom he proudly made spokesman.

"Let Grimy tell it his own way, sir," said the Sergeant. "Blest if he ain't more of a trailer than I am."

And blushing, Grimy told his story. While his father had gone to join the pursuing party on a borrowed "bronco," the boy took Bose, his pet among the dogs, and while the trail was still fresh, followed it out to the ford of the North Fork which joined the main stream half way down the valley towards Pierceville. Straight-away eastward went the trail, the prairie turf, gray, withered, and frost-rimed, showing plainly the recent imprint of scores of hoofs. If, as his father thought, the town gang had summoned their confederates from over the border, guided them in the night's work, and then hastened back so as to be seen at their usual occupation of gambling when morning came, and apparently eager to take part in the pursuit of the ruffians who had robbed their fellow-citizens, they could not have gone beyond the ford and got back to town by daybreak. They could not have turned back from the trail before they reached the ford without leaving their own returning hoofprints on the springy frosty turf. Grimes had heard many a story of Indian trailing in Arizona and the Modoc and Klamath country, and many a tale of how pursuers were sometimes baffled.

"If it is 'Buckskin Pete' and those scamps from town," he said to himself, "they won't leave any tracks for the foot to follow. They will take to the stream."

And so saying, he had followed on down the bank nearly a mile, eagerly scanning the stony shores and the soft

springy bank. At last, close to the spot where the shallow waters went foaming over a rapid rocky descent, the boy caught sight of the fresh imprint of a horse's hoofs under a low grassy ledge. Fifty yards further along he came



GLEAMING IN THE SUNSHINE, LAY SOME GLISTENING OBJECT.

upon another, and there the hoofprints mingled with those of a cattle trail, and there, right in a little hollow, gleaming in the sunshine, lay some glistening object, on which he pounced, with a shout of boyish triumph.

No need to search further. It was a plated silver flask cup, one of those peculiarly shaped affairs that fit on the lower part of a leather-covered drinking-flask, and it bore the initials T. E. B. on the base. Any moment the owner might come loping back in search of so damaging a piece of evidence as this. Grimes would not even risk the run homewards with his prize. Close under a rock at the edge of the water he hid it, rolled around and over it half a dozen big stones that completely protected it, and thither, the very night of his father's return, had he guided him, regained his prize, and told his story.

"Tim Burns's own," shouted the Sergeant, with delight. "Grimes, my little man, I'm proud of you."

And this cup was the piece of evidence duly laid before the Post Commander, who already knew the name, for Burns was one of the worst-feared, worst-hated, and worst-reputed men in the community. That night the Sheriff, with a little posse at his back, old Cooley gladly serving as one of the party, pounced on Mr. Timothy Burns when he was taking supper at the Grand Palace Hotel, a two-story frame building adjoining the one-story post-office, and despite furious language and no little resistance, landed him behind the bars of Beaver County jail.

This was the first week in December, and the sensation in Pierceville was something tremendous. Up to this time "Buckskin Pete" and his gang had held almost undisputed sway in the broad beautiful valley. Law-abiding and peaceful citizens were terrorized, officials were overawed, and in town half the men and women were believed to be in league with Pete. The bar-keeper, who had been trapped into an admission that he filled Tim Burns's flask at ten o'clock on the night of the "running off" of the stock, fled to the Sheriff in terror when it became known that part of the chain of evidence on which Burns was arrested was the finding of this silver-plated cup on the bank of the North Fork.

"They will kill me," he cried. "Hide me somewhere, or get me out of the country."

A discharged soldier, who had started a saloon in town,

slipped a pencilled note into old Cooley's hand. "Move your kids into the fort," it said. "Your life nor theirs ain't safe at the ranch."

The United States Marshal came to the garrison to consult with the Captain commanding. "I fear a formidable attempt at jail-breaking," he said, "and those desperadoes far outnumber the men who are brave enough to back us. Can we count on your help?"

But the Marshal was too late. That very night the bars of the jail window were filed through—some say to this day *from the outside*—and Tim Burns was free. More than a dozen men in Pierceville knew perfectly well whither he had gone; dozens of prominent street characters stuck their tongues in the cheek, and grinned sarcastically when they met the Sheriff; but no one could help the officers of the law. The only things that Burns left behind him were certain unsettled scores at the hotel and the bars, and these, he assured the officials in an ill-spelled note of farewell, would be as scrupulously paid as would be certain other scores against every man or boy who had conspired to get him into jail.

Old Cooley's lips trembled a bit when this was read to him. It was not of himself he thought; it was of his blue-eyed boy out there at the ranch, and of little Fay.

Two weeks passed by without a vestige of news of Tim Burns. No one knew to which one of the mining camps he had fled. One thing, however, was certain, several of his associates had gone with him, for the gang in town was perceptibly thinned.

"I'm glad I'm not in old Cooley's place," said the landlord of the Grand Palace. "*He* may forget, but Tim Burns won't."

And now Christmas week had come, and the valley was carpeted with a beautiful soft spread of whitest, purest snow; and the North Fork gurgled over its rocky bed, black and forbidding, and the great glistening peaks east and west seemed drawn closer in. Parties of bandsmen had been out into the mountain gorges for evergreens to deck the little post chapel, where all the children were to assemble on Christmas eve, and there was to be a wonderful tree, and Lieutenant Terry was to dress up as Santa Claus, and there were to be presents for each and every one. Grimes and Fay Cooley were to come in early, and spend the night with their friends the little Freemans; and the officers had clubbed together and bought for Grimes a beautiful Henry rifle, with his name engraved on a plate set in the stock, and Santa Claus himself was to present it, with neat and appropriate remarks, to the little man, who was quite the hero among the children. Firmly they believed that Grimsy actually captured the outlaw Burns, and never could Burns have got away had Grimsy been but left to guard him.

Tuesday was Christmas eve, and early Tuesday morning Captain Dale said to old Cooley, as he drove into the post, "Be sure you have the youngsters here by 7:30." And Cooley blithely answered, "All right, sir," and jingled away townwards in his one-horse sleigh.

News had come of the recapture of some of the stolen stock "across the line," and the Sergeant was eager to learn whether his brand was upon the shoulders or flanks of the recovered horses. Besides, the stage was to bring a package for his "babies," as he still called them.

The bugle had sounded retreat; the sunset gun had flashed its salutation to the dying day; the wintry twilight had given place to impenetrable darkness over the hushed and peaceful valley; lights were dancing across the snow-covered parade within the fort and gleaming in the chapel windows. It was "high time for Cooley and the kids to be along," as the Sergeant of the guard remarked, but not a sign had been seen from them, and, what was queer, said the sentry over on the bluff, "They 'ain't been a light at the ranch to-night."

This was significant. So much so, that the Sergeant ran to tell Captain Dale, and found him at his door in earnest conversation with Sergeant Newman of the band, whose panting gray stood saddled at the gate.

"Cooley started for home at two o'clock, sir. I'm sure of it; and I'm sure the men who rode out after him were three of Pete's gang," was what Newman was saying.

"There's no light at the ranch, sir, and hasn't been to-night," supplemented the Sergeant of the guard, in high excitement; and this was more than enough for Captain Dale.

"Mount a dozen men on the best horses you've got," he ordered. "I'll join you as quick as I can."

Ten minutes more, and the word was flying around the garrison that something was wrong at Cooley's ranch. Armed with carbines, an eager squad of bandsmen had trotted out of the north gate, Captain Dale at their head. A belated bugler galloped after them, and then everybody seemed to watch and wait.

How still was the wintry night! Not a breath of air stirring. Not a sound to break the soft murmur of the waters brawling over their rocky bed far out across the valley. A dozen anxious men, two or three anxious women had gathered about the sentry's post on the bluff, all eyes straining into the darkness, all ears intent on every possible sound. No one spoke aloud. Fifteen, twenty minutes they had hovered there, and now the chill keen air—or was it the excitement?—set some of them all a-shiver. Lieutenant Terry, abandoning the rôle of Santa Claus, came hurrying out with a signal-glass.

"Where away is the ranch, sentry?" he asked.

"Right out here, sir; just under the north star. Right—*Look there, sir! Flashes! They're firing now!*"

"By Jupiter! So they are. Bucketts, lend me your horse," shouted the young officer to the veteran Quartermaster. And away he went on the trail of the bandsmen.

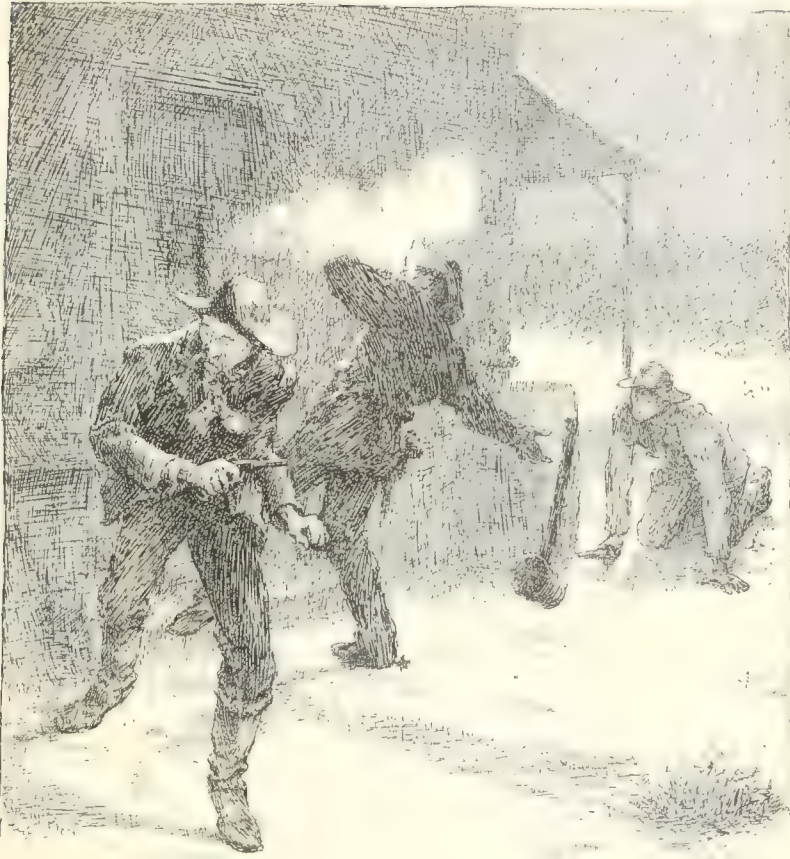
Half an hour later the feverish suspense of the party on the bluff became unbearable. More flashes, scattered, had been seen; and then—then at last, bright, beaming, radiant, there shone across the snow-mantled prairie the strong, serene, and steady glow of the big lantern at Cooley's ranch. An irrepressible cheer burst from every lip. A horseman came galloping in.

"Where's the doctor?" he shouted. "We want him, and the steward, and the ambulance."

"Who's shot?" "What's happened?" "Is Cooley all right?" "Are the kids safe?" A dozen questions rained on him at once.

"Cooley's all right, barrin' a scratch! It's Tim Burns that's jumped a ranch once too often. Little Grimes plugged him with the old man's pistol."

Then a cheer went up for Grimes; but not until late that Christmas eve could half the particulars be gathered. First of all, everybody had to run and tell somebody else that no less a scamp than Tim Burns had been sent to grass by a boy no bigger than Cooley's kid. Little by little, as various parties came in, the truth came out. Just before dusk a herdsman had galloped to the ranch, eagerly asking if the Sergeant were safe at home, and was overcome with dismay when he found that Cooley was not back from town. Hurriedly he told his story to the two men who were at the corral. Tim Burns, drunk, with three or four followers, had stopped at Wallace's, up six miles above, and declared his intentions of "doing old Cooley and his whelps" that very night. Revenge was what had brought him back. Luckily, they drank even more liquor; luckily, their confederates who followed Cooley from town were equally drunk. All the soldier in little Grimes was ablaze in a minute. The old man reached home safely just after dark, amazed to find doors and windows barricaded and ready for a siege. There was no time to question. Down came the drunken,



BANG! WENT A BIG REVOLVER.

furious gang, daring him to come out and fight. For a while they contented themselves with vainly emptying their pistols from safe distance at the dark and silent ranch. At last, liquor-maddened, Burns had crawled to the rear door, and strove to burst it in with a huge maul. Bang! went a big revolver. There was a howl of pain and rage, and the old Sergeant, rushing from the front to the back room, found little Grimes just poking his pistol through for another shot. But none was needed. Ten minutes more brought the dash of rescuers from the fort. Burns's rascally followers scattered like sheep, leaving him, swearing and groaning, in the hands of his captors, his arm shattered by the bullet, and with the morning sun he was turned over to the Sheriff for safer keeping and a final sojourn in a distant prison.

But you ought to have seen Grimy's face when Santa Claus presented the little rifle Christmas night! You ought to have seen the pride and joy that shone in Sergeant Cooley's eyes!

TALKS TO BOYS.*

(THE LAST LITERARY WORK OF THE LATE P. T. BARNUM.)

II.

THERE is a Persian saying to this effect: that the wise man knows what it is to be ignorant, for he was once ignorant; but the ignorant man does not know what it is to be wise, for he has never been wise.

I can say to my young friends that while they do not know, as their elders do, what follows boyhood, I, who

address them, know what it is to be a boy. I know for one thing that boys like and ought to like physical activity. I believe in horseback riding, rowing, mountain climbing, and all sorts of out-door sports as a prime requisite for boys. You cannot even read and study to any advantage if you are deprived of these pleasant exercises. But you can have all these, and still set apart a certain time for study. If it be but half an hour a day, you will be surprised to find out what you can do in that time. Even grown people who make reading profitable must do it systematically, and then steadily prevent any other occupation or pleasure from encroaching upon the reading hour. In this way, if you select good books, you will soon discover that you have added a permanent pleasure to your life.

Probably you cannot always tell what book you would like, for it requires some experience to do that. But your parents or teachers, or somebody in your list of acquaintances, can aid you greatly in this matter. It is so long since I was a boy, and the books of all kinds, with a few exceptions, have changed so much, that I doubt if I should be a very competent guide for you. But I feel sure of one thing—that as you like to exercise and run about so much in the open air, you will be very likely to enjoy any well-written account of out-door sports and adventures, or of travels by land or sea. Of books of this sort, those which

have been read by two or three generations of boys will be sure to please. I pity, at any rate, the boy who is old enough and has not yet read *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Swiss Family Robinson*.

Or I might say, perhaps, that if he has not read them, and is about to take them up, I congratulate him upon the pleasure that he has in advance. I don't think a boy ever read these books who did not wish he had been himself *Robinson Crusoe*, or who did not long to be shipwrecked, as the *Swiss family* was, and put to all their various straits and inconveniences.

Two Years Before the Mast is also another breezy book full of interest. But unless you are very fond of privations and hardships, I do not think there is much danger that it will incite you to go to sea. Captain John Smith's account of his experiences with the Indians of Virginia, the exact title of which I cannot now quote, is also a lively book for young readers, though I believe the very thrilling incident in connection with Pocahontas is not thought to be strictly true by more recent historians. Mungo Park was one of the African travellers whose books were read long ago, and he was a very interesting writer, and told his story well. But I suppose that Livingstone, Stanley, Du Chaillu, and others have now done and seen so much more than he did in Africa that his book must be considered quite out of date.

I approach more nearly the time of modern boyhood when I speak of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Although this was not written for a boy's book, it often pleases boys; and I have known certain boys who made it a point to read it through as often as once a year.

It may interest you to know what Benjamin Franklin thought of books. We cannot all of us, or any of us, perhaps, become the remarkable man that he was; but there

* For the first of these "Talks" and introductory note, see HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, No. 630.

is some profit to both young and old in knowing what so great a man—great in a large variety of ways—relished when he first began to read. He tells us in his autobiography that from his earliest years he had been passionately fond of reading, and had spent all the money he could procure for books. The particular books he read cannot all of them be had now, nor is it necessary that they should be, though Bunyan and Plutarch are still in date. But I will let Franklin tell his own experience. He says:

"My first acquisition was Bunyan's collection in small separate volumes. These I afterwards sold to buy a historical collection of R. Burton, which consisted of small cheap volumes, amounting in all to about forty or fifty. My father's little library was principally made up of practical and polemical theology. I read the greatest part of them. I have since often regretted that at a time when I had so great a thirst for knowledge more eligible books had not fallen into my hands.... There was also among my father's books Plutarch's Lives, in which I read continually, and I still regard as advantageously employed the time devoted to them. I found, besides, a work of De Foe's, entitled *An Essay on Projects*, from which, perhaps, I have derived impressions that have since influenced some of the principal events of my life."

Franklin was kept from his ardent inclination to go to sea by his love of books, and when he was apprenticed to learn the printer's trade he had his fill of them. He used to sit up nearly all night sometimes to finish reading an interesting book, so that he might return it the next day and secure another more easily. It is curious that Franklin should have read one of De Foe's minor works, and not have read, when a boy, *Robinson Crusoe*. But he was a more mature reader than most boys of his age are. He read Addison's *Spectator* before he was sixteen, and when he was sixteen he read a book on vegetarianism, which gave rules for practising it. As his brother was paying his board at that time, he thought he would try to board himself in the vegetarian way and economize. He therefore asked his brother to allow him all his board money on condition that he would board himself.

This offer was accepted at once; and so, by adopting a diet of rice, hasty-pudding, and potatoes, Franklin saved half of the sum allotted him, which went into a fund for the purchase of books. There are a good many more incidents in Franklin's early career that are interesting to both boys and grown persons, but I will not stop to write about them here.

Horace Greeley, my old and highly esteemed friend, has come nearer to being a Benjamin Franklin than any other American I know. He too, like Franklin, was both poor and studious. He says that he learned to read of his mother, who interested him at first by reciting to him old ballads, stories, and anecdotes, with which her mind was abundantly stored. This was when he was very young; but it gave him such a start that when he went to school he was able to "spell down" the whole class of larger scholars. He read the Bible through consecutively when he was five years of age. He said the first book he ever owned was the old *Columbian Orator*, and from this he used to speak pieces.

If I have spoken of Franklin and Greeley at some length, it is because they exhibit many traits worth copying, and show that mental cultivation, even under difficulties, can do much to make a boy's life a success.

P. T. BARNUM.

EMPTY HONORS.

"I s'POSE Columbus was a great man," remarked Bobby, "but my grandfather came over from England a long time ago, and he would have discovered America if Columbus hadn't."

CHRISTMAS EVE AT JIMMIEBOYS.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

T had been a long and trying day to Jimmieboy, as December 24th usually is to children of his age, who have great expectations, and who are more or less impatient to have them fulfilled. He had been positively cross at supper-time because his father had said that Santa Claus had written to say that a much-desired velocipede could not be got down through the chimney, and that he thought Jimmieboy would have to wait until the chimneys had been enlarged, or his papa had built a new house with more commodious flues.

"I think it's just too bad," said Jimmieboy, as he climbed into bed an hour later. "Just because those chimneys are small, I can't have a velocipede, and I've been gooder than ever for two weeks just to get it."

Then, as his nurse extinguished the lamp and went into the adjoining room to sew, Jimmieboy threw himself back upon his pillow and shed a tear. The tear crept slowly down over his cheek, and was about to disappear between his lips and go back again to where it had started from, when a voice was heard over by the fireplace.

"Can you get it down?" it said.

Jimmieboy sat up and peered over toward the spot whence the voice came, but could see nothing.

"No. The hind wheels won't go through the chimney-pot, and even if they would, it wouldn't do any good. The front wheel's twice as big as the hind ones," said another voice, this one apparently belonging to some one on the roof. "Can't you get it in the front door?"

"What do you take me for, an expressman?" cried the voice at the fireplace. "I can't leave things that way. It wouldn't be the proper thing. Can't you get a smaller size through?"

"Yes; but will it fit the boy?" said the voice on the roof.

"Lower your lantern down here and we'll see. He's asleep over here in a brass bedstead."

And then Jimmieboy saw a great red lantern appear in the fireplace, and by its light he noticed a short, ruddy-faced, merry-eyed old gentleman, with a snowy beard and a smile, tiptoeing across the room toward him. To his delight he recognized him at once as Santa Claus; but he didn't know whether Santa Claus would like to have him see him or not, so he closed his eyes as tightly as he could, and pretended to be asleep.

"Humph!" ejaculated Santa Claus, as he leaned over Jimmieboy's bed, and tried to get his measure by a glance. "He's almost a man—must be five years old by this time. Pretty big for a small velocipede; still, I don't know." Here he scratched his beard and sang,

"If he's too large for it, I think
'Twill be too small for him,
Unless he can be got to shrink
Two inches on each limb."

Then he walked back to the fireplace and called out, "I've measured."

"Well, what's the result?" queried the voice on the roof.

"Nothing," as the boy said when he was asked what two plus one minus three amounted to. "I can't decide. It will or it won't, and that's all there is about it."

"Can't we try it on him?" asked the voice up the chimney.

"No," returned Santa Claus. "That wouldn't prove anything; but we might try him on it. Shall I send him up?"

"Yes," came the voice from above, much to Jimmieboy's delight, for he was quite curious to see what was going on up on the roof, and who it was that owned the other voice.

In a moment Jimmieboy found himself in Santa Claus's arms, cuddled close up to the warm fur coat the dear old gentleman wore, in which position he was carried up through the chimney flue to the roof. Then Jimmieboy peeped out between his half-opened eyelids, and saw, much to his surprise, that instead of there being only one Santa Claus, there were two of them.

"Oh dear!" he said, in astonishment; "I didn't know there were two of you."

Both the Santas jumped as if some one had let off a cannon cracker under their very noses.

"Well, I declare!" said the one that had carried Jimmieboy up through the chimney. "We're discovered. Here I've been in this business whole centuries, and I've never been discovered before."

"That's so," assented the other. "We know now how America must have felt when Columbus came sailing in. What'll we do about it?"

"We'll have to take him into partnership, I guess," rejoined the first. "It'll never do in this world not to. Would you like to be one of our concern, Jimmieboy?"

"Oh, indeed I would," said Jimmieboy.

"Well, I say we let him help us this time anyhow," said the roof Santa Claus. "You're so fat, I'm afraid you can't get down some of these small chimneys, and Jimmieboy is just about the right size."

"Good scheme," said the other; "but he isn't dressed for it, you know."

"He can get a nice black soot down in the factory chimney," said the roof Santa Claus, with a wink.

"That's so; and as the factory fires are always going, it will be a nice warm soot. What do you say, Jimmieboy?" said the other.

"It's lovely," replied the boy. "But how did there come to be two of you?"

"There had to be," said the first Santa Claus Jimmieboy had seen. "The world is growing so fast that my work has nearly doubled in the last twenty years, so I had to get an assistant, and he did so well, I took him into partnership. He's my brother."

"And is his name Santa Claus too?" asked Jimmieboy.

"Oh no, indeed. His name is Marmaduke. We call him Marmy for short, and I can tell you what it is, Jimmieboy,

"He is as fine a fellow

As ever you did spy;

He's quite as sweet and mellow,

Though not so fat as I."

"And that's a recommendation that any man has a right to be proud of," said Marmy Claus, patting himself on the back to show how proud he felt. "But, Santa, we must be off. It would not do for the new firm of Santa, Marmy, and Jimmie Claus to begin business by being late. We've got to leave toys in eighteen flat houses, forty-two hotels, and an orphan asylum yet."

"That's a fact," said Santa, jumping into the sleigh and grasping the reins. "Just help Jimmieboy in here, Marmy, and we'll be off. We can leave his things here on our way back."

Then, before he knew how it happened, Jimmieboy found himself wrapped up warmly in a great fur coat, with a seal-skin cap on his head, and the dearest, warmest ear-tabs over his ears, sitting in the middle of the sleigh between the two huge, jolly-faced members of the Claus family. The long lash of the whip snapped in the frosty air, at the sound of which the reindeer sprang forward and dragged the toy-laden cutter off on its aerial flight.

At the start Santa drove, and Marmy prepared the toys for the first little boy they were to visit, handing Jimmieboy a lot of sugar-plums, to keep him from getting hungry, before he began.

"This is a poor sick little fellow we are going to see first," he said. "He wanted a set of choo-choo cars, but we can't give them to him because the only set we have is for you, Jimmieboy. Your application came first. I hope he won't be disappointed, though I am afraid he will be. A fish-pond isn't half so much fun as a set of choo-choo cars."

"That's so," said Jimmieboy. "But, Mr. Marmy, perhaps, if it's going to make him feel real bad not to get them, maybe perhaps you might let him have the cars. I don't want them too much." This wasn't quite true, but Jimmieboy, somehow or other, didn't like to think of the little sick boy waking up on Christmas day and not finding what he wanted. "You know, I have one engine and a coal car left of my old set, and I guess maybe, perhaps, I can make them do," he added.

Marmy gave the little fellow an affectionate squeeze, and said: "Well, if you really feel that way, maybe we had better leave the cars there. Eh, Santa?"

"Maybe, perhaps," said Santa.

And it so happened; and although he could not tell ex-



JIMMIEBOY AND THE BROTHERS CLAUS

actly why, Jimmieboy felt happier after leaving the cars at the little sick boy's house than he ever thought he could be.

"Now, Jimmieboy," said Santa, as Marmy took the reins and they drove off again, "while Marmy and I are attending to the hotels and flat-houses, we want you to take that bag there, and go down the chimney of the orphan asylum, and leave one toy for each little child there. There are about a hundred little orphans to be provided for."

"What's orphans?" asked Jimmieboy.

"Orphans? Why, they are poor little boys and girls without any papas and mammas, and they all have to live together in one big house. You'll see 'em fast asleep in their little white cots when you get down the chimney, and you must be very careful not to wake them up."

"I'll try not to," said Jimmieboy, softly, a lump growing up in his throat as he thought of the poor children



JIMMIEBOY IN THE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

who had no parents. "And I'll make sure they all get something, too."

"That's right," said Marmy. "And here's where they live. You take the bag now, and we'll let you down easy, and when we get through, we'll come back for you."

So Jimmieboy shouldered the bag full of toys, and was lowered through the chimney into the room where the orphans were sleeping. He was surprised to find how light the bag was, and he was almost afraid there would not be enough toys to go around; but there were, as he found out in a moment. There were more than enough by at least a dozen of the most beautiful toys he had ever seen—just the very things he would most have liked to have himself.

"I just guess I'll give 'em all the rest of these things, and keep the extra ones, and maybe perhaps they'll be for me."

So he arranged the toys quietly under the stockings that hung at the foot of the little white beds, stuffing the stockings themselves with candies and apples and raisins and other delicious things to eat, and then sat down by the fireplace to await the return of Santa Claus and Santa's brother Marmy. As he sat there he looked around the dimly lighted room, and saw the poor thin white faces of the little sleeping orphans, and his heart stirred with pity for their sad condition. Then he looked at the bag again, and saw the extra dozen toys that were so pleasing to him, and he wondered if it would make the orphans happier next morning if they should wake and find them there too. At first he wasn't sure but that the orphans had enough; and then he thought of his own hamper full of dolls and dogs and tin soldiers and cars and blocks at home, and he tried to imagine how much fun he could get out of a single toy, and he couldn't quite bring himself to believe that he could get much.

"One toy is great fun for an hour," he said to himself, "but for a year, dear me! I guess I won't keep them, after all. I'll just put them in the middle of the room, so that they'll all find them in the morning, and maybe perhaps—Hello!" he added, as he took the extra toys out of the bag; "they were for me, after all. They've got my name on 'em. Oh, dear! isn't it love—I don't know, though. Seems to me I'd better leave them here, even if they are for me. I can get along without them because I have a papa to play with, and he's more fun than any toy I ever had; and mamma's better'n any doll

baby or choo-choo car I ever saw. Yes, I will leave them."

And the little fellow was true to his purpose. He emptied the bag to the very last toy, and then, hearing the tinkling bells of Santa's sleigh on the roof again, he ran to the chimney, and was hauled up by his two new friends to the roof.

"Why, you've left everything except the bag!" said Marmy, as Jimmieboy climbed into the sleigh.

"Yes," said Jimmieboy, with a little sigh; "everything."

"But the bag had all your things in it, and we haven't a toy or a sugar-plum left for you," said Santa.

"Never mind," said Jimmieboy. "I don't care much. I've had this ride with you, and all together I'm pretty well satisfied."

Here the little assistant to the Claus brothers, lulled by the jingling of the bells, fell asleep.

It was morning when he waked again—Christmas morning—and as he opened his eyes he found himself back in his little crib, pondering over the mysterious experiences of the night. His heart was strangely light and happy even for him, especially when he thought of the little orphan children, and tried to imagine their happiness on waking and finding the extra toys—his toys—in addition to their own; and as he thought about it, his eyes wandered to the chimney-place, and an unexpected sight met his gaze, for there stood the much-wished-for velocipede, and grouped around it on the floor was a beautiful set of choo-choo cars exactly like those he had left with the sick boy, and a duplicate of every one of the extra toys he had left at the asylum for the orphans.

"They must have been playing a joke on me," he cried, in delighted tones, as he sprang out of bed and rushed over to where the toys lay. "I do believe they left them here while I was in the asylum. The—dear—old—things!"

And then Jimmieboy was able to measure the delight of the orphan children and the little sufferer by comparing it with his own; and when he went to bed that night, he whispered in his mamma's ear that he didn't know for sure, but he thought that if the orphans only had a papa and a mamma like his, they would certainly be the happiest little children in all the world.

ANTS.

BY EVA LOVETT CARSON.

IT is pleasant to be assured by naturalists that all the little torments we are familiar with in the insect world are of the greatest importance to man. Naturalists tell us we must endure with philosophy the bites of mosquitoes, while we reflect that mosquitoes render stagnant water pure, and so prevent much disease. Spiders eat flies, and flies, I believe, eat something else more undesirable. What can that be, I wonder?

And ants?

Well, an ant is one of the most serviceable insects we can talk about. In the first place, the ant is a great educator. She is proverbial for giving lessons in industry, patience, and helpfulness. We listen to her while she speaks of providing, in summer, food for the winter. She means we should lay by a store of knowledge for the days when we shall have need of it. When she drags a beetle through a hole only half the size of its body, she teaches us not to be discouraged if our first attempts do not invariably succeed. And when she helps a sister ant to pull a big crumb of bread over a pebble, we understand her to observe that the smallest of us is not too small to help some one else.

Besides her value as a moral lecturer, the ant is of some substantial benefit as well. In hot countries, where ants most abound, and where they are considered the greatest pests by the inhabitants thereof, they make themselves of use by devouring every dead thing—animal or vegetable—which they find. Bird, beast, or insect, plant or tree, it makes no difference to the ants. We are told that in some cases their voracious appetites

do not allow them to wait until the unfortunate creatures are dead. They fall upon and devour living ones.

Of their value as scavengers many stories are told. Once an American naturalist, travelling in Tasmania, wished to collect skeletons of snakes. So he killed his snakes, and left them on the ground, under a hot sun, and near an ant-hill. And the hot sun and the hungry ants did the desired work so well that after a few hours he collected his skeletons, cleaned and bleached.

The chasseur ants of the West Indies have a wide reputation as house-cleaners. It is not stated whether they carry on their business at regular seasons, but we are informed that when an army of chasseur ants is seen approaching a town, the inhabitants of the town empty all their closets and drawers, leave them open, stand the front door ajar, and abandon the house.

Then the ants enter the place "in regular armies, and in uncounted millions." Filling the houses from top to bottom, they destroy in it every living creature small enough for them to overpower. In these tropical countries many disagreeable small animals and insects infest houses—rats, mice, spiders, and flies, cockroaches, wasps, scorpions, and snakes, and dozens of other creatures. The ants do not leave one of these small things alive to relate the story. They make a clean sweep of everything. And when the ants have eaten whatever is eatable, and cleaned every house thoroughly of all impurities, they take up their march for the next town on their list. Then the inhabitants of the cleaned-out town joyously return to their renovated homes. They shut up their closets and drawers, with the agreeable reflection that after such a thorough cleaning the house will not want another overhauling for at least a year.

Sometimes I wonder if these chasseur ants could not be trained to do their house-cleaning when housekeepers wanted it done, instead of when they felt inclined to do it themselves. If such training were possible, the ants might be imported by some enterprising Yankee, and would meet a long-felt want in America.

THE DONKEY-BOY OF BEDRESHEYN.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.



stories that the Arabs most delight in illustrate the democracy of their society. The favorite slave may become Grand Vizier, and the humblest lad may come to great honor, and marry the Sultan's daughter. The Orientals are children in their imaginations, and perhaps these romances compensate for the actual despotism under

which they live. The fortune of Ahmed, the donkey-boy of Bedresheyn, may even now be expanding into a romance to delight the groups of sitters in the sun on the banks of the Nile. As the value of the little story is its truth, I will tell it as simply as I can, trusting that the readers will pardon its personal nature.

We crossed the river at Cairo one bright winter morning, and took the railway to Bedresheyn, to visit Old Memphis and the tombs and pyramids of Sakkara. There was, as usual, a crowd of donkeys and their screaming, pugnacious drivers at the station, and the common scene of pushing, wrangling, swearing (if there is swearing in Arabic) occurred before our party were mounted, and the little cavalcade set off on its way.

The way was altogether enchanting. The traveller who once has this picture in his mind never forgets it—the piled-up mud villages with flat roofs and minarets; the vivid green of the fields of wheat, lentils, doura; the little canals and irrigating ditches, and the scantily clad figures of bronze swinging the sweep of the shadoof over the wells; the ponds left by the receding Nile, where the fishermen were drawing their nets; the palms in groves or singly showing their aristocratic

outlines against the blue sky; the camels, ungainly, undulating, supercilious, with their ostrich necks and noses in the air, following each other in long procession on the high embankments; the fellaheen, in blue robes or black picked out with a bit of color in turban or shawl, toiling in the fields or driving loaded donkeys along the highways, singing, laughing, chattering, calling for backsheesh; the singing of many birds; the smell of clover; the sound of far-off minor voices coming over the fields; and, beyond all, the desert and the line of pyramids which had been looking upon the like scenes of pitiful human life for many thousands of years.

As our little caravan raced along and approached the desert, we became aware that the guide and master of it was the least of the donkey-boys. He was not the owner of any donkey; he was merely a runner behind one of them; but the little fellow had the spirit of leadership, and the others submitted. He knew the best paths; usually he was in advance of the caravan, clearing the way, shouting to the fellaheen and their donkeys to get out of our path, and turning aside the troops of camels which met us. We were beset with beggars, and as we came near the Step Pyramid we were annoyed by most persistent sellers of "antiques" (images, scarabs, coins, strings of beads, faces from mummy cases, scraps of grave-cloths, skulls, and hands of mummies), great hulking fellows, who ran beside us and importuned, and would take no refusal. To protect us from these harassers was the self-imposed office of our leader. The little fellow would rush at these men, belabor them over the shoulders with his stick, and imperiously order them out of the way, and they obeyed. He made it his business especially to look after the lady of the party, and if her own driver left his post, Ahmed was at once beside her with his reassuring smile and ample protection. With his quick intelligence, he did not lack means of communication, though his stock of English was as limited as his wardrobe. His only garments were a soiled little white felt skull-cap and a tattered blue frock which came below his knees.

But he used half a dozen English words as effectively as another with command of the language. A handsome, graceful boy, and he did not owe his beauty to clothes or to the use of water. He evidently slept in his shirt, and in his face, neck, and hands, and woke every morning into a fresh world without the least need of ablution. Where did this peasant lad get his dignity, his courtly manners, which would have become a King's son? And he was such a little fellow, only ten years old, and so poor! For three years, we learned, he had been running this route with the donkeys for the backsheesh he could pick up from howadji. But never did he show the least servile manner; not once all that day, even at the end, did he ask for backsheesh. He was probably the only native in Egypt that day who did not. He had the air of conferring favors, not asking them. And yet the handsome little face was so wistful to please.

"Nice donkey! Nice boy!" said the lady.
"Very nice lady," replied the little courtier, touching his cap with charming grace. If conversation lagged after that, Ahmed came forward with his stock of cheerful English.

"Good morning," "Good donkey," "Good one," repeated in all varieties to express his happy readiness and good humor. Never was boy before so alert, ready, intelligent, helpful, and manly. Occasionally as he ran he sang the little minor song that one hears in all the fields and highways.

When we had finished our sightseeing and eaten our lunch on the terrace of the Mariette Château, and the remains of the feast were given to the drivers and attendants, Ahmed took his portion modestly and ate without greediness; and while the others idled, he lent a hand to

the dragoman and servants in clearing away and packing up, showing himself the handiest and most obliging servant. While we rested, Ahmed's donkey, unsaddled, lay sleeping in the sand, and the boy, curled up between its legs, slept likewise. With the mounting and departure all the other boys were clamorous for backsheesh for the slightest service, such as holding a stirrup or tightening a girth. Ahmed was more useful than any of them, but he asked for nothing.

The boy commended himself to us in all ways. He was equally a favorite with his comrades. "Ahmed good boy," they all said. We became very much interested in him. He was so bright, so courageous, and with the rags of utter poverty had the manners of a young Prince. His story as we then heard it was afterward confirmed. His father had been a dealer in grain, and had recently died. His mother had died a year before. The Egyptians use one English word constantly to express the end of a transaction or the conclusion of anything. "Finish," they say on all occasions. I met a lad asking alms at Luxor. He was an orphan, he made me understand—"Father, mother, finish." That was Ahmed's condition. He had been left with a house and two little brothers in it absolutely dependent on him for subsistence. As he himself said, he had a "family" to support; the two small children he called "little ladies," regardless of sex. An older sister he had, who was married, and a half brother who, we understood, was also married; but the motherless little boy occupied the house alone with the dependent children. Since he was seven years old he had been running with the donkeys to Sakkara. He could not read or write, but he had gained by the hardest experience a good knowledge of his little world, and he was an expert in all that related to donkeys. To own a donkey himself was the height of his ambition, impossible ever to be realized. In reply to our questions, he said he should like to go to school. And why? To become a dragoman and wear a kufia!

We returned to Bedresheyn, crossed the Nile in a clumsy felucca (donkeys and all), and rode up the hill to Helman, the new village in the desert where the Khedive has a small palace and a mosque. There we dismissed the donkeys, and took the train for Cairo. After we had settled, there was the usual clamor for backsheesh. Ahmed did not join in it. I took him aside, and told him not to tell the other boys what he received, and not to let them get it away from him. He made signs that he understood, put the money in his mouth, and scampered off, the whole pack of boys at his heels, jealous of our partiality. The little fellow was not servile in his thanks, but showed gratitude in every line of his mobile face, and there were tears in his eyes.

"Good lady—good *one*; good gentleman—very good gentleman—good-morning." The last we saw of him, he rode away on his donkey, gay as a troubadour, shouting back, "Good-morning, good lady," and kissing his hands and touching his cap.

We deliberated much upon what could be done for the boy to give him a good start in life, and not injure him in the condition he must occupy. It would have been easy to give him a year's schooling in Cairo; but that would take him from Bedresheyn, and leave no one to support his "family." But if we could set him up with a donkey of his own, that would enable him to support himself and get ahead, and the schooling might come later. It was resolved to send for Ahmed and hold a consultation on his future; and next day Mr. Spiro, a Cairoan in the civil service, went out to Bedresheyn and brought the boy to town and to his own house. Before his introduction into society, however, he underwent a thorough course in the Turkish bath, and exchanged his rags for a suit becoming his new fortunes.

Ahmed had been in Cairo in all his life but once be-

fore, but when he was brought to our apartments in the afternoon, he was quite as much at his ease as he had been in his little skull cap and torn blue shirt. He wore the red tarboosh, a white gown open at the neck to show the yellow silk vest, striped stockings, and red shoes. Without the least embarrassment or forwardness, he greeted those he knew already and his new friends with, "Good-by, good lady; good gentleman," his face flushed with pleasure and excitement, standing, like a little courtier, until he was bidden to take a seat, but alert every moment for any little service of courtesy he could offer to any one in the room. Nothing, in fact, would have betrayed him as unaccustomed to his new surroundings except that his mind seemed to dwell a good deal upon his new striped stockings. The consultation lasted a long time, and was a sort of civil service examination of questions and answers through the interpreter. His replies showed an exceedingly keen apprehension, and the sort of ability that makes its way in the world with any fair opportunity. He had no suspicion of what was in store for him, but seemed perfectly satisfied with his new clothes and his new friends. He wanted very much to go to school; but when the question was put to him whether he would rather go to school or become the owner of a donkey, he reflected some time, and then said he would prefer to own a donkey, giving therefor reasons that had occurred to us. We talked with him then about the price of donkeys, and their care and profit.

"Suppose," we said, "you owned a donkey worth five pounds, what would you do with him?"

"Take such good care of him that in a year he would be worth ten."

Our first idea was to buy a donkey in Cairo, and send the boy home on it in triumph. But when we asked Ahmed whether he would prefer, if he were able, to buy a donkey in Cairo or Bedresheyn, he showed the greatest good sense in the matter. The Cairo market was unknown to him, he knew that the dealers were full of tricks, and he related instances of animals that had been "doctored" to impose upon purchasers.

"How do you know so much about donkeys, Ahmed?"

"It is my profession," replied the urchin of ten years.

He knew about the market in Bedresheyn, and that on the next weekly market-day a good one was to be sold. Would that one suit him?

"I never," he said, with his eyes dancing, "expected in all my life to own a donkey as good as that."

At length he was told that a donkey would be bought for him, and that he might go home and make the best terms he could for the animal he had in view, and we would come the following day and ratify the bargain if it proved a good one. It is difficult to describe the boy's face when he apprehended the fortune that had come to him. New clothes, especially the striped stockings, and a donkey in one day were almost too much for realization. But his manner was perfect; it was neither servile nor too exuberant; no Prince coming into his own could have shown himself more gratified and less inflated.

Before he went, we had some music. Ahmed had never seen a piano-forte before, but he expressed no astonishment at it, and showed by his changing face that he enjoyed the simple tunes that were played for him. And then he sang his own little song without needing to be urged and without forwardness.

The leave-taking was not so easy. The farewells had to be gone over and over again with all the resources of his vocabulary, and much kissing of hands and of the hems of garments, and graceful touching of cap, lips, and breast.

"Very good lady, good gentleman, good-morning, good *one*."

And the handsome little fellow's eyes were full of tears as he went away.

He went to his village with other suits of clothes beside the holiday white robe, and one can imagine the excitement in the little town when he appeared in his new raiment and told his adventures. At any rate, when we went out to Bedresheyn next day, it was very evident that a general interest was felt in the romance. After trying the donkeys that were brought for our inspection, we finally decided to take the one that Ahmed fancied, and by the help of the station master, bought him, saddle and bridle, for four pounds and a half. The proper writings were drawn up, witnessed, and sealed, transferring the donkey to Ahmed Tantawy Ali, that appearing to be the lad's full name. The Tantawy showed that his father was born in Tanta. The Arab sometimes takes also the name of his son, adding it to his own.

It is very difficult to know, when one is dealing with an Oriental, how to fathom relationship or underlying motives. It transpired after the transfer that the donkey had been purchased of Ahmed's brother or half-brother. But the Professor and I did not further inquire into it. As we wished to ride over to Old Memphis that afternoon, I proposed to Ahmed to be his first customer and hire his donkey. The lad insisted that it would cost nothing for either of us, but we equally insisted that business was business, and that his independent career as proprietor had begun.

First we rode into the village to see the "family" and the residence of Ahmed, which he had proudly told us was a good house and big enough to hold ten donkeys. As we passed through the narrow alleys of the village, Ahmed proudly marching before us and clearing the way, it was evident that his story was known, and that the good fortune come to him made a sort of holiday. Everybody was either in the street or doorways to hail and greet us.

It is impossible to describe Ahmed's house to those unfamiliar with the residences of the fellaheen. The lower room was half house and half donkey stable. There we found the "little ladies"—Ahmed's two puny, naked, pinched little brothers—and his elder sister. A stairway of adobe led up to a couple of chambers on the roof, little dens, in one of which Ahmed said he slept on a bit of matting. But he showed his house with much pride, and when we were in his chamber, away from the crowd in the street and pressing into the house, I produced from my pocket a kufia which had been sent by the ladies in Cairo. This his sister draped about his head, and with this visible signal of his change of fortune, we emerged again into the applauding street. Ahmed, erect and undisturbed by the applause, marched before us, rod in hand, with serious mien. He seemed born to his new importance.

When we returned toward sunset from the statue of Rameses along the high embankment by the gate of the village, a score of boys and girls of the town had aligned themselves on the road-side waiting our approach. As our little procession came on, Ahmed leading (for he had delegated the driving of his donkey to another boy), the line of boys and girls bowed with Oriental profusion, and cried aloud: "Ahmed Sheik! Ahmed Pasha! Ahmed Sheik!"

And Ahmed walked on with no more notice of the admiration and adulation than a real Pasha would have shown at the acclaim of a troop of slaves.

And so we left him, with his honors and his wealth.

"What shall I say, Ahmed, to the ladies in Cai?"

"Tell 'em," said Ahmed, "good-morning, tell 'em, thank you; tell 'em, good lady, good one."

How did this all end? Who can say? We saw the lad several times at Bedresheyn, and once he came to Cairo to see us. It seemed that the local police had interfered with him, forbidding him to come into the en-



"AHMED SHEIK! AHMED PASHA! AHMED SHEIK!"

closure at the station to compete for the custom of the howadji unless he paid them half a pound. As well as we could understand it, a transaction had occurred in which they had not participated; a donkey had dropped down out of heaven, as they expressed it, for the boy, and his brother had got a fortune of four and a half pounds. We made an appeal to the higher authorities.

Just before we left Egypt we saw Ahmed again at Bedresheyn. The new garments of the poor motherless boy were getting into the condition of those he wore when we saw him first. But he had been fairly prosperous. He had made about four sovereigns by hiring his donkey for the excursions to Sakkara. What would he do with the money? We advised him to lay it up for himself and "family" against the long idle summer season, when there would be no travellers to hire his donkey.

But now a new phase of fellaheen life came out. It seemed that his half-brother, whom we had understood was married, was not married, but intended to marry, and the windfall of four pounds and a half would enable him to make a proper wedding, to pay for the musicians and the processions and all the rest of it, and that Ahmed was going to contribute his four pounds to swell the grandeur of the occasion. Besides, Ahmed, though ten years old, had been too poor to undergo the Moslem rite for boys, and now he and his little brother next in age would take advantage of the wedding procession of his brother to enjoy this rite with the necessary public display, and the four pounds would pay the barber and the feasting and other indispensable festivities.

"Ahmed cannot do otherwise. It is the custom," said the interpreter.

MR. FIX'S BAMBINO.*

BY M. E. M. DAVIS.

I.

"ER-MORRER'S Chris'mas," said Judy; "an' ef you want ter see the Bambino you've got ter be good; you *bet* you have!"

"Where's the Bambino now, Judy?" demanded little Blaise from the depths of the big marble tub in which he

was snugly nestled.

"Out yander some'ers"—Judy waved her thin arms vaguely about—"in a stable, layin' on a pile o' straw, 'mong's the cattle, a playin' wi' John the Baptiss; an' ter-night, adzackly at midnight, all them cattle goes down on their knees ter the Bambino, an' John the Baptiss puts a gol' crown on the Bambino's head, an' a Angil comes down, spang thoo the roof o' the stable, an' takes the Bambino 'twix' his wings."

"How big is the Angil's wings?" interrupted Squinty Joe, the cobbler's boy, looking up from the shoe he was patching.

Judy did not reply at once. Her pale blue eyes wandered slowly around the court as if in search of some fit comparison for those wonderful wings.

It was a curious-looking place. The large open court was bounded on three sides by the time-stained, mildewed, moss-grown walls of a tall brick building, with narrow uneven galleries clinging sturdily to them, and innumerable doors and windows, and faded green jalousies, and fancifully moulded cornices. An irregular, tumble-down, wooden wing stretched across the upper side of the quadrangle. In one corner a steep outer stairway ran up to a little hooded portico, above which hung a large bell, whose rusty clapper struck the hours for an old clock set deep in the wall. A row of small cell-like chambers on the ground-floor opened directly upon the paved court, which was strewn with a nondescript litter of boxes, barrels, broken flower-pots, wash-tubs, benches—what not! A tangle of clothes-lines, hung with wet garments of many colors and shapes, extended from gallery to gallery in every direction.

"How big is the Angil's wings?" repeated Squinty Joe, impatiently.

Judy stared hard at a broad linen sheet which her mother had that moment pinned on the line, and opened her lips as if to speak; but lifted her freckled face suddenly toward the blue sky far overhead. A great, billowy, snow-white cloud there, whose fringe-like edges were underlined with gold, was drifting slowly before the lazy breeze.

"The Angil's wings," she said, impressively, with an upward gesture, "is a heap bigger'n yander cloud, an' a heap whiter, an' a heap shinier. An' he jes sets the Bambino 'twix' his wings, an' gives hisse'f a sort a shake, an' flops his wings sof' like, so's not ter skeer the Bambino, an' comes a-sailin', an' a-sailin', an' a-sailin' thoo the air. An' in less'n no time he's over Sain' Mary's Church, an' down he comes ergin, spang thoo the roof, an' lays the Bambino elost ter the altar. An' then—it's Chris'mas!"

"What's the Bambino *fer*, Judy?" asked Blaise, standing up in his tub, and reaching out to lay hold of her skirts.

Judy's voice dropped to an awed whisper. "The Bambino," she declared, "is *fer* *ever*'body. You don't haf-ter be rich ner good-lookin'; you don't haf-ter be a boss, ner you don't haf-ter wear good clo'es ter git a sheer in the Bambino. The Bambino don't ax no questions, he don't. He makes you good, 'n' he makes you love ever'-

body, 'n' he keeps the Baad M-a-a-n fum gittin' you! God sends the Bambino ever' Chris'mas inter a stable out yander some'ers, an' the Angil fetches him ter Sain' Mary's. He'll be there ter-morrer mornin'. But ef you want ter *see* the Bambino you've got ter be good, you bet, you—"

"*Humph!*" This derisive grunt came from Mr. Fix, who had crept out of the dingy cell where he had slept overnight, and was leaning against the jamb of the squat door, with his pipe in his mouth.

Mr. Fix was a dark-faced, scowling old man, with a stout ill-shapen body, short legs, and long crooked arms. A bushy mass of grizzly hair covered his big head and tumbled over his shoulders; his keen black eyes were overhung by a bristly shag of white eyebrows. An unkempt beard covered the lower part of his face, which was begrimed with soot. He wore a pair of baggy trousers whose original color was lost under many coatings of dirt and grease, and a flannel shirt with tattered sleeves that left his brown brawny arms naked to the elbow. An ugly sneer curled his lip as he pointed his stubby pipe at the knot of gossiping children.

"Tat be all lies, Judy Lammers," he said, in a guttural voice, and with a thick foreign accent unlike any of the varied intonations familiar to the court-yard—"all lies," he repeated, stamping his foot angrily; "'tain't no Bambino! 'Tain't no Angil! An' t' Bad Man 'll catch ye, Judy Lammers, fer tellin' t' shillen lies; an' t' Bad Man 'll catch t' shillen fer listenin'!"

Blaise and Hippolite cowered in their tub, clutching each other wildly. Squinty Joe crossed himself. As for Judy, she fled to the protecting shelter of her mother's apron, and clung there tearful and trembling.

Mr. Fix picked up his furnace and soldering iron, and trudged away on his daily round.

"Teen-a-f-e-e-x! Teen-a-f-e-e-x!" shouted a mocking chorus of childish voices from the galleries and windows as he crossed the court.

"Teen-a-f-e-e-x! Teen-a-f-e-e-x!" echoed the red-headed parrot, maliciously.

Mr. Fix shook his fist at the children with a muttered curse, and threatened the old bird with his soldering rod.



MR. FIX, GLANCING CARELESSLY IN, STOPPED SUDDENLY.

* *Bambino*, the small wax image of the Infant Christ displayed in Southern Catholic churches at Christmas.

He passed down the damp corridor where the dusky shadows still lingered, and came out into the narrow street. Here the chill morning air was freighted with a

merry sort of clamor that foretold a coming holiday; the women hurrying home from the French Market carried extra baskets stuffed with re-enforcements for the morrow's dinner; there was a turkey or a pig tucked under the seat of every high-swung milk-wagon that clattered by; heavy floats pounded along, fairly hidden under piles of Christmas trees and garlands of Christmas greens fresh from the swamp; the street venders were lustily crying their Christmas wares. Mr. Fix drifted with the crowd to the next corner, and lifted his own voice as he turned into a side street, in the shrill, long-drawn cry of his trade: "*F-e-e-r! F-e-e-r!*"

But who wants a pot or a pan mended on the day before Christmas? The old tinker threaded the busy stir of the Quarter, turning his sharp eyes right and left. Children were racing up and down the banquettes, shouting at each other and screaming for pure delight; men and women were pressing about the show-windows of the shops; grocery wagons were backing up against open corridors. Warm smells, as of freshly baked cakes and pies (set to dry perhaps on a table under the kitchen window) floated now and then into the street, and filled Mr. Fix's nostrils with a sweet savor which made him finger longingly the crust of bread in his pocket.

"*F-e-e-r! F-e-e-r!*"

The *marchand rabais*, trundling his low cart, found customers at nearly every corner. A squad of school-girls ran laughing after Suzette, the praline-woman, showered their nickels into her apron, and scudded away, crunching the sugary sweets between their white teeth. A little further on, the bottle-man had stopped his barrow, and a batch of children were haggling gayly for his stock of striped flags, gaudy pictures, and toy trumpets.

"*F-e-e-r! F-e-e-r!*"

The clothes-pole man, with his poles and bunch of sweet herbs and his basket of ferns, was beckoned first into one house, then into another, until he set his face homeward at last, grinning and empty-handed.

"*F-e-e-r! F-e-e-r!*"

Mr. Fix shook his head, frowning savagely. Decidedly nobody had any need of a tinker on the day before Christmas.

The short day was wearing away. Zigzagging from street to street, discouraged, but uttering from time to time his musical halloo, he found himself towards the middle of the afternoon beyond the outer limits of the town, and near the edge of the winding bayou creeping lazily along on its journey to the lake. There the level sweep on the hither side of the stream was green, in spite of the time of the year, and clumps of hardy yellow flowers nodded in the wind; the line of the swamp beyond glowed under the horizon. At the feel of the springy turf beneath his feet the scowl left Mr. Fix's forehead. Something almost like a smile of content lighted his dark face. The gypsy blood, dormant and almost forgotten amid the noisy streets and prim gardens and dusty byways of the city, awoke and danced along his old veins at sight of the untrammelled tangle of rushes and the free luxuriance of the swamp. A bird dipped into the grass at his feet, and rose, whistling; he cocked his head on one side and whistled back like a boy. He sat on the low levee by the bayou, with his furnace beside him, and ate his dry loaf with boyish relish, washing it down with brown clear bayou water dipped up in the hollow of his



HE WAS FOLLOWED BY ALL THE HOUSEHOLD.

hands. A vague remembrance stirred within him of sunny lanes and green hedges far away—somewhere—and of friendly voices that called him by the name that was his before taunting children had named him *Mr. Fix*. He even had a swift passing vision of a mother face bending over him and smiling down at him with big, soft, dark eyes. But that was gone before he could seize it, and he looked up to find that the sun was low in the western sky. A purple darkness, like a shadowy veil, had already gathered over the city, and through it shone the clear white flash of the electric lights.

He picked up his furnace and started homeward. The scowl came back to his forehead and the sneer to his lip. "T' world is a bad world," he growled. "T' people is all bad! T'ain't no God! 'N' I'm goin' t' skeer t' shillen. 'N' I'm goin' t' kill t' parrot!" he added, with sudden vindictiveness.

The faintly marked foot-path he was following led past the remnant of a fence which had once enclosed a house yard or a garden-patch. It had nearly all fallen, and lay rotting on the ground, but two or three panels remained standing, and against these leaned a low ram-shackle shed, whose rude door swung upon rusty leather hinges. Mr. Fix, glancing carelessly in as he passed, stopped suddenly, with his heart in his mouth.

There was the Bambino!

There was not the slightest room for doubt. A lean red cow, with a spotted calf rubbing against her, stood in a corner of the shed placidly switching her tail and munching a nubbin. The Bambino sat, amid a litter of shucks, directly under her heels. John the Baptist was nowhere in sight. Mr. Fix stared in a dazed sort of way at the Bambino. His blood seemed to be running chill, and a roaring was in his ears. The Bambino stared back at him with great solemn brown eyes. It was a very cunning little Bambino indeed. There was a faint pink flush on her round olive cheeks—for the Bambino was a girl—and the slanting sunlight which came in through a crack in the boards turned to a golden bronze the fluffy

dark hair that lay in soft rings on her pretty head, and fell over her forehead. There were large hoops of gold in her tiny ears, but her chubby arms and feet were bare, and a coarse blue woollen gown enveloped her plump body. Mr. Fix set down his furnace, and, as if impelled by some unseen power, crept into the shed. The Bambino, still gazing intently at him, tried to get upon her feet, but swayed uncertainly in the effort, and plumped heavily to the ground again, whereupon she threw back her head and laughed, showing her snaggly baby teeth. Presently she put out a dimpled hand and clutched the visitor's leg; a moment more and she had pulled herself up, and stood holding on with a tight grasp to his hand and smiling up into his face. Mr. Fix looked down at her, fairly holding his breath.

It was such a curious sensation! Never in all his life before could he remember the touch of a child's hand upon his own. Why, children always hid their faces in terror of him, or they ran hooting after him! A lump came into his throat, and he vaguely wondered what was the matter with him as he tried to swallow it down and could not. The Bambino held up her arms; he stooped down and gathered her in his own, casting an uneasy look as he did so at the roof, lest a great white-winged angel should come swooping down and snatch her away. He could not know, of course, that in a clump of reeds only a few rods away Gypsy Marah, her mother, lay a-dying, with not a soul in the whole world to know or care!

He caught up his furnace and hurried away at a run, looking fearfully over his shoulder from time to time. After a bit, however, seeing that no one—neither white-footed little John the Baptist nor the angel—followed, he went more slowly. The Bambino nestled against his shoulder, babbling gayly in unintelligible baby language.

The old tinker listened with a sort of awed delight. "'Tis Judy Lammers was right," he murmured. "'Tis God sent t' Bambino. And t' Bambino don't ask no questions. I'm goin' to be good," he added, aloud, to the Bambino, who was patting his rugged cheeks with her soft little hand.

Night was falling, and the wind, which came from the north, was cold, albeit perfumed with the Christmas roses that bloomed against sheltering walls. For Mr. Fix was now traversing the close streets of the French Quarter. All at once the Bambino began to whimper. He divined somehow that she was hungry, and he stopped short in dismay, for he had earned nothing all day, and where was the Bambino's supper to come from? But in a moment, like one who had learned the hard lesson of poverty, she ceased crying, put her thumb in her mouth, dropped her head on his shoulder, and fell asleep.

The streets were gayer than ever; the windows blazed with light; a tumultuous din of tin horns filled the air; errand-boys dashed about delivering belated bundles; a gay good-humored stream of people flowed up and down the banquettes. Mr. Fix shuffled along, jostled by the crowd. "*F-e-e-x! F-e-e-x!*" the cry broke from him involuntarily as he passed into the shadows of a quieter thoroughfare. A window on an upper gallery was flung up, and a head was thrust out.

"Hi, Mr. Fix!" a voice exclaimed. "Hi! This way, Fix, this way!"

He looked up and nodded, and the head disappeared.

The old man's first pleasure in the anticipation of a job gave way in a second to anxiety. He looked at the house across the street, then down at the sleeping child. What ever should he do with the Bambino? He could not take her over there; they might—Oh no, he could not take her there! His distress deepened.

"Hi, Fix!" the voice called, this time from the door, "ain't you a comin'?"

"Comin'! comin'!" cried the tinker; and he turned

and ran distractedly up the street a little way; then came back and stood irresolute in the arch of a dark passageway.

He knew it very well, that corridor; it was the entrance to Judge Dusac's house, and its hospitable *grille* stood open at nearly all hours. Many a pot had he mended for Aunt Polly, Madame Dusac's old black cook. He stole noiselessly down the tunnel-like passage to the court. A faint clatter of dishes sounded behind the closed door of the kitchen in the wing, and Aunt Polly's voice arose there, mellow and sweet, in a snatch of a plantation song:

"*De Dominiquee hen is sifin' de meal—
Chiddan, chiddan!
An' de ole red rooster is doman' in a reel—
Chiddan go 'long!*"

The lamp in the wide hall above sent a feeble light down the winding stair, but the court was dark and still. He looked about for a safe place of deposit for his precious burden. He shook his head as he thought, successively, of the iron bench against the vine-hung wall, the violet bed by the fountain, the shaggy mat on the stair step. He leaned wearily, for the sleeping child was heavy, against the big cracked water-jar that had long ceased to hold water. *The cracked jar!* His face lightened. He loosed the Bambino's arms from his neck, and eased her gently down into the jar. It took all the reach of his long arms to place her on the heap of dried leaves and grass at the bottom, for the old Moorish jar was a sort of giant in its way. The Bambino half opened her eyes, and moaned.

"Don't cry! Don't cry, Bambino!" whispered Mr. Fix, soothingly. "I'm comin' back! Feex is comin' back!"

A soft sleepy sigh was the response. He caught up his furnace and hurried away.

II.

A moment later Ren Dusac, the Judge's eleven-year-old son, came in. His arms were filled with Christmas bundles, and he clattered up the corridor in breathless haste. But he was never in too great a hurry to stop and "holler" into the old jar. It was no novelty to Ren, the tall round-paunched Forty-Thief jar. It had stood there in the shelter of the arcade ever since he could recollect, its bulging sides streaked with green and brown and shining in the morning sun. But it possessed a never-failing fascination for him. The hollow echo of his own voice, that came back to him when he shouted into it, thrilled him and made the goose-flesh rise on his spine in a fashion equal to Aunt Polly's best ghost story.

He bent his head as usual over the wide mouth. "Boo! boo!" he roared at the top of his lungs.

"*Boo! boo!*" the jar repeated as usual.

But the little boy's jaws fell apart, and his eyes fairly "bagged out," as Uncle Si would have said; he tried to move, but his legs were like so much lead. For down among the inky shadows within the jar he saw two shiny points of light that moved as he gazed, then disappeared, then appeared again, seeming to emit tiny flames. As if this were not enough, there was a rustling noise as of something in movement down there, and then a long, wavering, ghostly moan. At this Ren found his own voice. He jumped back, dropping his bundles, which rolled away in every direction, and yelled like one possessed; then took to his heels, never stopping until his head was in his mother's lap in the sitting-room above.

"Oh, mother," he sobbed; "the jar! the jar! Th-there's a g-ghost in the jar!"

His sisters turned pale, and his little brother began to cry.

"What do you mean?" demanded his father.

But as he spoke, the sound of a commotion in the court

caused him to drop his paper and hurry down. He was followed pell-mell by all the household; even Ren himself came, though he came last, ready to dodge up stairs again at a moment's warning.

Aunt Polly and old Uncle Si had come out of the kitchen, and stood holding on to each other, their black faces ashen with terror; Zann, the house-maid, was huddled under the stair, with her apron over her head.

Indeed, the sounds that issued from the jar were not reassuring, for Ren's "Boo! boo!" had waked the poor little Bambino; and finding herself cold, hungry, and deserted, she was screaming with all her small might; the reverberated echoes were weird, and almost unearthly.

"Good Lawd, come down!" shouted Aunt Polly.

"Amen!" groaned Uncle Si, hoarsely.

"Be quiet, Polly," said Judge Dusac, sternly, "and let me see what we have here."

"Don't, Mars Vic," cried Aunt Polly—"don't go er-nigh dat jar? You gwine ter fall inter de han' o' de Prince o' Darkness, er you gwine ter git voodooed!"

But he was already leaning over the jar, and in another moment the Bambino was lifted out. She stopped crying at once, and looked gravely around upon the excited crowd.

"Dullan!" cried Aunt Polly, "ef hit ain't er dago baby! In de name o' goodness, hucome er dago baby in ou' jar? I ain' sho, Mars Vic," she added, mistrustfully, as she took the child from the Judge's arms—"I ain' sho yit dat dish yer ain' er imp o' de debble! At de same time I ain' gwine ter lef' even er chile o' Satan go col' an' hongry at Christmas. Come erlong, honey, mummy gwine ter stop yo' mo' if wi' somelin ter eat ter you sho is hongry."

The next morning when Ren came into the kitchen in the early gray of morning to show his presents to Aunt Polly and Uncle Si, he found them both in a high state of excitement.

"I done tole yo' pa, Ren," cried Aunt Polly, "dat de chile wa'n't no sho-nuff dago baby! Who gwine ter stuff er sho-nuff baby in er jar? Tell me dat! Hit uz er imp er Satan ez sho ez my name is Polly Dusac."

"Er imp er Satan hit sholy wuz!" echoed Uncle Si.

"Well, Aunt Polly," said Ren, looking around the kitchen, "where *is* the baby?"

"Dass jes hit, chile," replied Aunt Polly, solemnly. "Wher' is dat imp dat is hid hitsef in ou' jar? You knows, Ren, dat no sho-nuff baby ain' gwine ter *git* inter er jar; an' dey ain nobody, less'n hit's de Prince o' Darkness, gwine ter *put* er baby in er jar, specially on er Christmas eve."

"But where *is* it?" interrupted the boy.

"I ain' de pusson dat kin anser dat question," said Aunt Polly. "All I knows *is* dat erwhile ergo, when I hatter go ter market, dat sassy Zann say dat she's fear'd ter tek keer er dat imp dat come out'n de jar. An' so I jis tuk de chile an' sot her on my hip, an' tuk her ter the market 'long o' de basket. An' on de way back, I sot de chile an' de basket down on de banquette whilse I pass de time o' day wi' Aun' Jane Rouse; an' 'reckly I looked down, an' dar sot de basket, but de imp o' Satan wuz *gone*. Me an' Aun' Jane done look high an' look low, 'n we ain' been able ter fin' hair ner hide. Dat hucome I say, Ren, honey, dat de chile wa'n't no sho-nuff chile. An' hit's er mighty good maw'nin' when de Prince o' Darkness is tuk her to hissef oncet mo'!"

Ren listened dubiously. The brown-cheeked little girl, with her large soft eyes, did not seem to him at all like an evil spirit. He remembered how she had smiled at him the night before when he had come out to stuff Uncle Si's ragged sock before going to bed.

"Anyhow, mammy," he said, after a long argument, in which Uncle Si and the superstitious Zann joined, "you

know that father does not believe in imps and ghosts and voodoo, and I think we'd better go out and hunt up that baby."

Aunt Polly grunted a reluctant assent, and the two sallied forth.

III.

Mr. Fix's job the night before was a longer one than usual, for the fire in his furnace had long burned out and had to be renewed. Moreover a gang of children hindered him with their railing. "Teen-a-f-e-e-x! Teen-a-f-e-e-x!" they cried, dancing in a ring around him as he worked. He thought of his Bambino, and made no reply. He even tried to smile at them, though his heart was across the street in Judge Dusac's Moorish water-jar. He hurried away when he had finished, radiant. Two nickels were jingling in his pocket.

"For t' Bambino," he said to himself, joyously. He ran up the corridor and bent over the jar. "Feex is come, Bambino!" he cried, softly. "T' old Feex is come," he said, a little louder, groping with his hands about the bottom of the jar.

But the Bambino was not there! She was in fact at that moment sitting on the kitchen table draining, like one half starved, the cup of milk held by Aunt Polly's generous but mistrusting hands to her lips. The old man's knees gave way beneath him, and he sank helplessly on the ground.

"T' Bambino is gone!" he groaned. "T' Angel has took t' Bambino erway fum wicked old Feex!" He dragged himself up and went away, with tears streaming down his wrinkled cheeks.

All night, as he lay quite still on his wretched pallet, he saw or seemed to see through the darkness the shining eyes and flying curls of the Bambino. More than once he held his breath at fancying he felt upon his face the warm touch of her caressing little hand.

With the first streak of morning in the sky the big court-yard was alive and alert. Benches and wash-tubs were pushed against the wall; the clothes-lines were taken down; the washerwomen shone out in brave holiday attire. There was a general rushing about and tidying up and borrowing and lending. The old dog, the long-legged chickens, even the geese squawking about, seemed to know that a holiday had come. As for the

parrot, he took active part, issuing a succession of shrill orders from his perch. "Hurry! hurry! Git erlong, will yer! *Dépêchez-vous!* Hi! hi! hi!"

The cold wind of yesterday had changed to a south breeze, and even before the sun was up the court was flooded with a warm yellow light.

"We're goin' ter Sain' Mary's ter see the Bambino," Judy Lammers was saying, as Mr. Fix came out of his cell. She had tight hold of Squinty Joe's hand; Blaise, Hippolite, and the others trooped along behind.

The tinker's eyes shone with sudden hope. He washed his face with great care at the hydrant, and tied a red handkerchief around his neck. "Teen-a-f-e-e-x!" shrieked the parrot. But Mr. Fix did not hear him. He was already hastening after Judy Lammers. "I'm goin' ter be good!"



HE SWINGS HER TO HIS SHOULDER.

he kept saying to himself, "'n' maybe I'll see the Bambino again!"

He waited on the broad stone step of the old church until the procession of children had passed in, then he timidly followed. The glimmer of candles, the faint lingering perfume of incense, the pictures on the walls, the statues on the altars—all this bewildered the old man who had never perhaps entered a church before. He shrank against the wall.

"Wasn't it a beyutiful Bambino?" he heard little Judy say as she brushed past him, a look of solemn rapture on her small freckled face. At this he gathered courage, and made his way up the crowded aisle, and came at last in sight of the miniature stable set over against the Virgin's altar. An ass and a wide-horned ox were lying under the roof covered with heaps of imitation snow, and between them, on a pile of fresh straw, was the pretty naked wax Bambino. He was a very fine Bambino, with yellow curls and snow-white limbs, and he had a sweet smile on his red lips.

Mr. Fix's heart sank like lead in his breast. He dropped to his knees, covering his face with his hands, and fairly sobbed with disappointment. Oh yes, it was a fine Bambino, but it was not his bonny dark-eyed Bambino.

A second or so passed. Then there was a light uncertain patter of bare feet in the shadow of the Virgin's altar. He did not hear it, but he lifted his head at a rose-leaf touch on his wrist. And there, in very truth, was his own gypsy Bambino! She had crawled, somehow, into the church when she had, for reasons of her own, parted company with Aunt Polly, and there she had taken her morning nap under the very shelter almost of the other Bambino's stable roof.

Not far from the church door Mr. Fix, with his newly recovered treasure in his arms, met Ren and Aunt Polly.

"In de name o' goodness, Mr. Fix," cried Aunt Polly, "is dat dago baby yo'ne? Huccome you done lef' her in dat jar o' ou'n las' night? Mussy me!" she continued, when he had related as much of the story as he chose to tell. "how is er lone man leek you gwine ter tek keer o' er baby?"

"T' Bambino is mine," returned Mr. Fix, gravely; "an' I'm goin' t' keep t' Bambino."

"Ef you is *sot* on keepin' de chile," said Aunt Polly, "you kin git all de vittles she kin eat out'n Jedge Dusac's kitchen. But you better put her in er 'sylum, er gin her ter me an' Si ter raise."

That was three years ago. To-day Mr. Fix's Bambino, as she is everywhere called, is the darling of the whole court-yard. When the old tinker is out about his work, Judy Lammers looks after the sturdy little dark-eyed gypsy maid. But when his cheery cry: "F-e-e-x! F-e-e-x!" comes echoing at nightfall along the corridor, she runs shouting to meet him. He sets down his furnace, and laughs as he takes her in his arms and swings her to his shoulder. The other children crowd around him as he crosses the court and seats himself on Squinty Joe's work-bench. There is not a hard line left in his old face, and his eyes under their white brows are as gentle as a woman's.

"I's daddy's Bambino," says the child, leaning her round cheek against his.

"Daddy's Bambino," echoes the red-headed parrot, softly.

BOULÔT AND BOULOTTE.

BY KATE CHOPIN.

WHEN Boulôt and Boulotte, the little piny-wood twins, had reached the dignified age of twelve, it was decided in family council that the time had come for them to put their little naked feet into shoes. They were

two brown-skinned, black-eyed creole roly-polies, who lived with father and mother and a troop of brothers and sisters half-way up the hill, in a neat log cabin that had a substantial mud chimney at one end. They could well afford shoes now, for they had saved many a picayune through their industry of selling wild grapes, blackberries, and socoes to ladies in the village who "put up" such things.

Boulôt and Boulotte were to buy the shoes themselves, and they selected a Saturday afternoon for the important transaction, for that is the great shopping time in Natchitoches Parish. So upon a bright Saturday afternoon Boulôt and Boulotte, hand in hand, with their quarters, their dimes, and their picayunes tied carefully in a Sunday handkerchief, descended the hill, and disappeared from the gaze of the eager group that had assembled to see them go.

Long before it was time for their return, this same small band, with ten-year-old Seraphine at their head, holding a tiny Seraphin in her arms, had stationed themselves in a row before the cabin at a convenient point from which to make quick and careful observation.

Even before the two could be caught sight of, their chattering voices were heard down by the spring, where they had doubtless stopped to drink. The voices grew more and more audible. Then, through the branches of the young pines, Boulotte's blue sun-bonnet appeared, and Boulôt's straw hat. Finally the twins, hand in hand, stepped into the clearing in full view.

Consternation seized the band.

"You bof crazy *done*, Boulôt an' Boulotte," screamed Seraphine. "You go buy shoes, an' come home bare-feet like you was go!"

Boulôt flushed crimson. He silently hung his head, and looked sheepishly down at his bare feet, then at the fine stout brogans that he carried in his hand. He had not thought of it.

Boulotte also carried shoes, but of the glossiest, with the highest of heels and brightest of buttons. But she was not one to be disconcerted or to look sheepish; far from it.

"You spec Boulôt an' me we got money fur was'e—us?" she retorted, with withering condescension. "You think we go buy shoes fur ruin it in de dus'? *Com-ment*!"

And they all walked into the house crestfallen; all but Boulotte, who was mistress of the situation, and Seraphin, who did not care one way or the other.

FAIRY TALES.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE time I like for fairy tales
Is when the day begins to die,
Just as the brilliant sunset pales,
And twilight shadows gather nigh.

When I can lie before the fire
That blazes with a ruddy light,
And hear the tales that never tire,
Of imp and fairy, gnome and sprite.

And sometimes as the shadows fall
Across the floor from every side,
A goblin dances on the wall,
And gnomes within the corners hide.

Then as the fire-light blazes high
We see the shadows run away,
And silently again draw nigh,
Like spirits of the wood at play.

And when the embers faintly glow,
Upon the smoke I see ascend
The little folk I love to know,
Who vanish at the story's end.

BOBBY SHAFTOE.

An Operetta in Three Acts.

By H. C. Bunner.

CHARACTERS:

BOBBY SHAFTOE.
THE EARL OF MUCKLEMECHIN.
THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF MUCKLEMECHIN, his grandmother, aged 107.
JEEMS, the ancestral valet.
BETTY LOBSTERPOLE, the belle of the village.
SOLOMON J. LOBSTERPOLE, her father, an old fisherman.
ALICE BAZAM, Betty's friend.
JANE.
MARIA.
ANN, } Fisher-girls.
SALLY,
EDITHA AURORA, }
TOMMIE,
THEMISTOCLES, } Fisher-boys.
ADOLPHUS,
PHILOSTRATUS, }
JIM.
OTHER FISHER-GIRLS, OTHER FISHER-BOYS.

SCENE: A fishing village on the coast of England. TIME:—
Knee-breeches and shambuckles, chintz petticoats and white kerchiefs, and quon tied up with a ribbon.

ACT I.

THE MARKET-PLACE.

CHORUS OF FISHER-GIRLS,
passing slowly across stage.
Begin before curtain rises.
(Air: Sir H. Bishop's
"Should he upbraid."
First sixteen bars of song.)

Out on the sea
Our lovers go to sail;
Much we misdoubt them
That their hearts may fail.
Not that they fear
The dangers of the way,
But there are maidens
Fair in far Calais.

{ Repeat last stanza.

As the girls go out, enter
the EARL OF MUCKLE-
MECHIN and the COUNT-
ESS, followed by JEEMS at
a distance.

THE EARL. Ah, there they
go—all so young and fair.
And I—I am so lonely—oh, so
lonely!

THE COUNTESS. You ought
not to be lonely. You have
had three wives.

THE EARL. Yes; but only
one at a time. And they are
all dead, and I am lonely now.

THE COUNTESS. My dear
grandson, your wives may not
have been simultaneous, but

they were, so to speak, continuous. The ordinary period of
mourning is one year, but you have always married again with-
in one week of losing a wife.

THE EARL. I was lonely.

THE COUNTESS. Lonely? Look at me. I have been lonely
ever since your grandfather died.

THE EARL. Yes; but then—you couldn't help it.

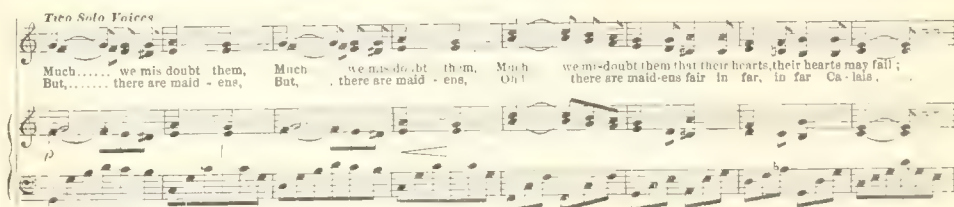
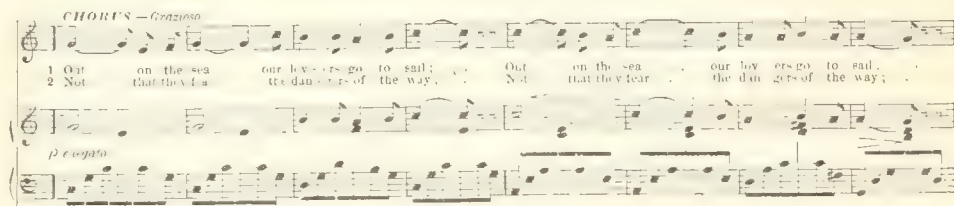
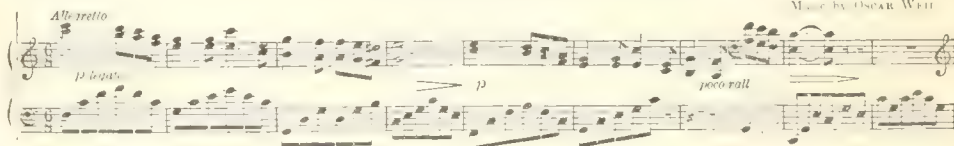
THE COUNTESS. I was resigned to my fate. You also should
be content. You desire company? Have you not Jeems, our
ancestral valet, handed down to you from four generations of
ancestors?

Song. —COUNTESS. (Air: "The fine old English gentleman.")

I'm a fine old English Countess, and I have a fine estate;
If I live until next July, I shall be a hundred and eight.
The Earl he died some time ago—I don't recall the date;
If he'd lived till now, he would have had a good long time to wait,
With this fine old English dowager all of the olden time.

OUT ON THE SEA.

Mus. by OSCAR WELT





CHORUS (*always voices, outside*):

With this old English dower, all of the often time!

THE EARL (*listening to chorus*). How beautiful the echoes are to-day!

THE COUNTESS. Very beautiful! And how cleverly they catch an idea! [*Sings.*]

When I was quite a little babe, before these locks were gray,
I used to be rolled out by Jeems on ev'ry sunny day,
And in my baby-carriage he would roll me o'er the way;
And now, though years have passed, I keep this excellent valet.
I'm a fine, etc.

[*Chorus as before*: "She's a fine," etc.]

THE COUNTESS. Take pattern by me. With Jeems to wait upon you, be contented and happy. Jeems!

JEEMS. Yes, my lady.

THE COUNTESS. Are you faithful and attentive, Jeems?

JEEMS. Yes, my lady.

THE EARL. Do you think you are an agreeable and entertaining companion, Jeems?

JEEMS. No, my lord.

THE EARL. You know that I sometimes get so tired of you that I should like to kick you, Jeems?

JEEMS. No, my lord.

THE EARL. Well, I do. That's the trouble with Jeems. He has never been known to say anything beyond "Yes, my lord," "No, my lady," and that style of conversation passes upon me in the end. [*Sings.*]

For though I'm old, it must be told I'm not of man's estate,
And I am doomed by Jeems's side for years to vegetate;
By the terms of grandfather's will, I must a helpless maid wait,
Attended by this cunning Jeems till I am sixty-five.
I'm a noble ward in Chancery, etc.

But let him tell his tale himself. Jeems, give us a specimen of your conversation.

YES, YES, MY LORD.

A tempo Moderato **Jeems** *Music by OSCAR WAIL.*

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, my lord! No, no, no, no, no, my lady! Yes, yes, yes, yes.

Earl **Jeems** **Countess** **Jeems.**

yes, my lord! No, no, no, no, no, my lady! Aren't you tiresome? Yes, my lord! But you're useful! No, my lady!

Countess and Earl **Jeems**

You are tiresome, but you're useful! Yes, my lady! No, my lord!

Song. JEEMS. (*For*: "Gobble, gobble," from "The Mascotte.")

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, my lord!

No, no, no, no, no, no, my lady!

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, my lord!

No, no, no, no, no, no, my lady!

[*Repeat, all three*: "Yes, yes, yes, yes," etc.]

THE EARL. That's all that I derive from Jeems's society, morning, noon, and night. And meanwhile I am lonely. (*Brightening up.*) But I shall not be lonely long.

THE COUNTESS. Am I to understand, my grandson, that you are already preparing to make a fourth wife unhappy?

THE EARL (*crushing his hands*). You are—he! he! he!—you are!

THE COUNTESS. Is one of these peasant maids to be the sufferer?

THE EARL. She is—he! he! he!

THE COUNTESS. Which one?

THE EARL. Pretty Betty Lobsterpot, the daughter of old Lobsterpot, the fisherman. She is at present betrothed to Robert Shaftoe, an able-bodied seaman; but she shall soon be mine—mine—mine! Do you hear, Jeems?

JEEMS. Yes, my lord.

THE COUNTESS (*angrily*). No, you don't hear, Jeems.

JEEMS. No, my lady.

THE COUNTESS. I will not permit it, grandson. I will never consent!

THE EARL. That's what *she* says.

THE COUNTESS. What?

THE EARL. She will never consent.

THE COUNTESS. Sensible girl!

THE EARL. Be generous, dear grandmother. I know that although I am sixty-seven years of age, I have not yet attained my majority, according to the terms of my grandfather's will; and I know that pretty Betty is, as yet, far from loving me. Yet let me hope that when she does smile on me, you will smile too.

THE COUNTESS. Never!

THE EARL. Jeems, did you ever see such an unreasonable woman?

JEEMS. No, my lord.

THE COUNTESS. Jeems, do you not quite approve of my views, as an upholder of our ancient aristocracy?

JEEMS. Yes, my lady.

THE EARL. Jeems, isn't she talking nonsense?

JEEMS. Yes, my lord.

THE COUNTESS. Jeems, am I talking nonsense?

JEEMS. No, my lady.

THE EARL. Come, Jeems, let us go.

THE COUNTESS. Go, Jeems; my grandson is safer under your care. But let him remember that he is but sixty-five, and that for three years to come he is still my ward!

[*Exeunt*. COUNTESS
Right, EARL and
JEEMS Left. Enter
BOBBY SHAFTOE and
BETTY.]

Duo. BOBBY and BETTY.
(*Air*: T. H. Bayly's "The
rose that all are praising.")

To-day the ship is here, love,
And lovers true must part;
But far away or near, love,
You'll hold me in your heart!
O wind, blow high, O wind, blow
low,
O'er summer seas or fields of
snow,
But blow one word to cheer me—
He holds me in his heart!
She holds me in her heart!
[*Repeat.*]

BETTY.

Oh! fair are maids in Paris,
And fair and full of art;
But whoso'er he carries,
He holds me in his heart.



BOBBY.

And English boys are good to see,
But true at home she waits for me,
For I'm the lad she marries—
She holds me in her heart.

BOTH.

He { holds me in { his { heart.
She { her { her { heart.
[Repeat.

BETTY. You are quite sure of it? You are going to France, and you will see all those pretty girls, with their naughty artful ribbons and laces, and you'll come home and marry your simple little sweetheart?

BOBBY. Indeed I will.

BETTY. And you won't forget to bring me some of the ribbons?

BOBBY. You shall have the prettiest ribbons that gold can buy.

BETTY. And you'll not look at one single girl while you are away?

BOBBY. No; only to see what the ribbons are like, you know.

BETTY. Well, I think, under the circumstances, I will have to trust you. But let me tie a knot in your handkerchief, so that you won't forget.

BOBBY. Forget which—you or the ribbons?

BETTY. (tying knot). Oh, the ribbons—and me.

BOBBY. But since we're on the subject of remembering things, I must call your attention to one or two things that you must remember. I may have an eye for beauty, but you also are of a sociable disposition. I hope you will remember that I don't like to have Tom carrying your basket to market.

BETTY. I'll try to remember. I'll tie a knot in my own handkerchief.

[Ties knot in his.

BOBBY. And that Phil can get along in his singing without any help from you.

BETTY. Yes, dear; that's another knot. [Ties as before.

BOBBY. And that I have thrashed Jim twice for giving you nose-gays, and shall be happy to make it three times.

BETTY. Yes, dear. Another knot for Jim.

BOBBY. Need I make any remarks on the subject of Adelbert?

BETTY. No, dear. I will own that once upon a time Adelbert had a place in my affections. But since the day when he imposed upon my confidence with red pepper in a caramel, I have torn him from my heart. Still, I will tie a knot for him. There, that's Adelbert, and here's the handkerchief.

BOBBY. But you've tied all your knots in my handkerchief!

BETTY. Never mind, dear; you can help me to remember them. But now we must go. Your ship is at the wharf.

BOBBY. { The ship is trim and true, dear;
 { The lads are trig and smart;
BETTY. { Then do what you can do, dear,
 { To hold me in your heart;

BOTH.

Yes { underneath my { shirt of { blue,
And { kerchief {
A { sailor's { heart shall beat for you—
 { maiden's {
 For you, and only you, dear,
He { holds you in { his { heart.
She { her { her { heart.

[Repeat.

[They go out, singing.



Enter LOBSTERPOT, looking after them.

LOBSTERPOT. Aha! there they perambulate. An excellent matrimonial alliance for my beloved offspring. I am but a humble and unpretentious piscatorial person, and Robert Starnes will, I am confident, rise ultimately to the proud position of superior mariner, sometimes called first mate.

(Sings. LOBSTERPOT. Air. J. Bland's "The Cork Leg.")

My lobster-pot was a-catchin'
That points financial are none too much;
I prefer to the multitudinous sea
The perusal of Johnson's Dictionary.

The moist, uninteresting cod
Need never fear my net or rod;
The bass and flounder may for me
Remain quite placid where they be.

If any one pulls my lobster-pot
I do not know, but I do not.
To me the shrimp does not appeal,
No more the limp lugubrious eel.

But from my dictionary I fish
Such polysyllables as I wish;
The more you don't know what they mean,
The more my mind is quite serene.

TO-DAY THE SHIP IS HERE, LOVE.

Mus. by OS. CR. WILK.

Andante non lento

Bobby. 1. To-day the ship is here, love, And lo- ves true must part; But far a-way or near, love, You'll are made in far- os, And far and fall of art; But where-o-er he tar-ries He

hold me in your heart. Oh wind blow high, oh wind blow low, O'er summer seas or fields of snow, But blow one word to cheer me, she holds me in his heart. The wind may blow, or high or low, O'er summer seas or fields of snow, It but the word it car-ries, he

Betty. Bobby. hold me in her heart. But blow one word to cheer me, { He { holds me in { his { heart. 2. Oh! hold me in his heart. If but the word it car-ries, { He { holds me in { her { heart. { She {

poco rall. rit. 1^o tempo

Thus my conversation shines with sesquipedalian gems. But who advances hither? Do my optics obfuscate my apprehension, or is it the noble Earl of Mucklemuchkin, attended by his ancestral valet? Oh, that he would stop and speak to a humble fisherman! He little knows the richness of my conversation.

Enter THE EARL and JIM.

THE EARL. Ha, my good man, a word with you!

LOBSTERPOT. A word, my lord? I have a whole dictionaryful, at your service. But if you desire only one word, how would phenomenology do, or polemosepe? Or logomachy? Logomachy is a very elegant example of the English language.

THE EARL. You are old Lobsterpot, the father of pretty Betty, are you not?

LOBSTERPOT. I am indeed, my lord, the venerable Lobster-receptacle, progenitor of the maiden.

THE EARL. Your daughter is fair.

LOBSTERPOT. She is reputed pulchritudinous, my lord.

THE EARL. I am lonely.

LOBSTERPOT. I regret to receive the information that your lordship is solitudinous.





THE EARL. She must be mine.

LOBSTERPOT. My lord, she is another individual's.

THE EARL. It matters not. She is betrothed to a sailor. His name is Bobby Shaftoe.

LOBSTERPOT. That's his appellation, my lord.

THE EARL. I don't care about his appellation. I didn't know that he had an appellation. Is that his name?

LOBSTERPOT. It is his name, my lord; but it is also his appellation.

THE EARL. She must discard him and wed me. I am a giddy-going creature of sixty-five summers, and I must have my way.

LOBSTERPOT. Impossibilitudinous, my lord.

THE EARL. Why?

LOBSTERPOT. Because, my lord, the exalted principles of honor and rectitude may flourish in the breast of a humble piscatorial person as well as in the bosom of the proud aristocrat.

THE EARL. But I have gold.

LOBSTERPOT. H'm! h'm! Your possession of the aureate metal casts a different illumination upon the subject.

THE EARL. Don't talk better English than I do—it isn't respectful. *(Shouting pause.)* What is that?

LOBSTERPOT. It is a pecuniary inducement, my lord.

THE EARL. Then you will aid me in my lonely suit?

LOBSTERPOT. You have convinced me, my lord, that Master Robert Shaftoe is an undesirable personage, and possibly a horse-thief.

THE EARL. But it will not be so easy to convince your daughter.

LOBSTERPOT. It will be difficult, I think, for an aristocrat of your personal appearance.

THE EARL. What shall I do? Ha! ha! I have it. Jeems, are you a villain?

JEEMS. No, my lord.

THE EARL. Have you ever been a villain?

JEEMS. No, my lord.

THE EARL. Well, I want you to be a villain right away.

JEEMS. Yes, my lord.

THE EARL. Come with me, both of you. I am going to thicken a plot. *[Exeunt]*

Enter CHORUS OF VILLAGERS, with BETTY and ALLIE.

Chorus GIRLS and BOYS. (Air: Bayly's "Oh no, we never mention her.")

Away they go, away they go,

Our boys across the sea;

Oh, will they e'er come back again
If fairer lands they see?

In this our happy English land

They should be contented be;

But, oh, it's very hard to speak
For boys across the sea.

Away they go, away they go,

Where blow the breezes free;

But freer than the breezes are,
The English laddies be.

And what our lads will do in France

We cannot e'en foresee;

But next time we will go with them—

Our boys across the sea.

JANE. And of all the untrustworthy boys, Bobby Shaftoe is the most untrustworthy.

BETTY. I'd like to know what chance *you* had to find that out!

MARY. But he *is*, you know.

BETTY. Perhaps I know; *you* certainly don't.

ANN. And I don't think he's so handsome!

BETTY. That's lucky for him. He hates to have girls waste their admiration.

SALLY. Then perhaps he'll take pity on the girls in France.

BETTY *(angrily)*. What do you mean?

EDELGITHA AURORA. She means that he'll marry some French girl, and never come here any more.

BETTY. What! my Bobby?

ALL THE GIRLS. Yes, your Bobby!

BETTY. My Bobby Shaftoe?

ALL THE GIRLS. Your Bobby Shaftoe.

BETTY. Bobby Shaftoe forsake me! I don't believe it. He has gone away to make a fortune for both of us, and he will come back with his pockets full of gold and marry me; and then, oh, *won't* you be polite and friendly!

Sings—(Air: "Bobby Shaftoe.")

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,

Silver buckles on his knee;

He'll come back and marry me—

Pretty Bobby Shaftoe!

THE BOYS.

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea;

We shall see what we shall see,

When he's sailing fast and free—

Pretty Bobby Shaftoe!

BETTY.

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea;

True as truest steel is he;

He has sworn on bended knee—

Pretty Bobby Shaftoe!

THE GIRLS.

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,

And a fickle youth is he—

Which is known to two or three—

Pretty Bobby Shaftoe!

BETTY and the BOYS.

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,

Silver buckles on his knee;

He'll come back to marry me—

Pretty Bobby Shaftoe!

THE GIRLS.

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea,

And a fickle youth is he;

We shall see what we shall see—

Pretty Bobby Shaftoe!

[BETTY indignantly rebuffs THE GIRLS, while they sneer at her, and THE BOYS laugh. Curtain at beginning of third bar from the end.]

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

LOBSTERPOT'S COTTAGE.



LOBSTERPOT *discovered seated by the fire, reading the dictionary.*
BETTY on a low stool at his feet, knitting.

LOBSTERPOT *(sighing)*. Ah!

BETTY. What is the matter, father?

LOBSTERPOT (*affecting cheerfulness*). Nothing, my child—a bagatelle!

BETTY. You should not eat such things, father dear; they always disagree with you.

LOBSTERPOT. My child, you fail to apprehend the significance of my figurative observation.

BETTY (*rising*). My father, leave the dictionary to well-merited repose, and tell me what ails you.

LOBSTERPOT. Why will you not countenance the matrimonial advances of—

BETTY. No dictionary, please.

LOBSTERPOT. Why will you not marry the Earl of Muckle-muchkin?

BETTY. Because I am betrothed to Bobby Shaftoe.

LOBSTERPOT. But where is Bobby Shaftoe? He has been three months at sea. He will never return. If the fishes have not digested him by this time, it is because he is very indigestible.

BETTY. I will never believe it. He is alive, and he will come back to me.

LOBSTERPOT. How do you know?

BETTY. Something tells me so.

(*Song.* BETTY. *Air: Sir H. Bishop's arrangement of "Oh no, we never mention her."*)

For, oh, he will come back to me
Across the sea so wide,
And fasten on my ribbons fair,
A-standing by my side.
You tell me that he is not true;
But something says to me
That he will bring my ribbons back—
My lover o'er the sea!

And, oh, he will come back to me,
With pockets full of gold,
Which is the way of sailor-men,
As far as I am told.
He went with silver buckles bright
Upon his manly knee;
But gold will be his buckles then—
My lover o'er the sea.

LOBSTERPOT. A lover right at your hand is worth a dozen lovers o'er the sea.

BETTY. That depends on the lover.

LOBSTERPOT. But if the lover is an Earl?

BETTY. He may be an ugly Earl.

LOBSTERPOT. Still, he's an Earl.

BETTY. He may be an Earl, but he isn't Bobby Shaftoe.

LOBSTERPOT. Oh, Bobby Shaftoe!

BETTY. Yes, Bobby Shaftoe.

LOBSTERPOT (*aside*). How shall I obliterate the image of the

absent Shaftoe from her heart? Ah! here approach the noble Earl and the ancestral valet. (*Enter THE EARL and JERMS*) Good-morning, my lord!

THE EARL. Good-morning! Mistress Betty, good-morning!

BETTY. Good-night, my lord!

THE EARL. Eh?

BETTY. Good night!

THE EARL. What—what do you mean?

BETTY. Isn't it time for you to be going? You're staying a long time.



THE EARL. Cruel Betty, hear me woo!

BETTY. I will, if you will be quick about it.

THE EARL. I will be brief.

(*Song.* THE EARL. *Air: "Captain Kidd."*)

I'm a very ancient Earl, as you see, as you see—

I'm a very ancient Earl, as you see.

I adore a charming girl; of her sex she is the pearl.

But she's cold toward the Earl, as you see.

There are wrinkles round my eyes, as you see, as you see—

There are wrinkles round my eyes, as you see.

But I'm aged and I'm wise, and I'm bound to win the prize,

For I still retain my eyes, as you see!

[*Ogling BETTY through eye-glass.*]

Though I'm not the man to shine, as you see, as you see—

Though I'm not the man to shine, as you see—

In the pretty-person line, yet this beauty so divine

Shall be ultimately mine, as you see!

Yes, fairest Betty, you shall be mine.

BETTY. Never, while Bobby Shaftoe is true to me.

THE EARL. But he is not true. He has deserted you.

BETTY. I don't believe you. It is false!

THE EARL. No, it is he who is false, and here is the evidence. This honest fellow (*pointing to JERMS*) has just returned from a trip to France. He has seen Robert Shaftoe, and he will tell the hideous tale. (*Aside to JERMS.*) Do you remember your lesson?

JERMS. Yes, my lord.

THE EARL (*aside*). Then speak. (*To BETTY.*) Listen to a tale of deep-dyed villainy! Jerms, proceed.

JERMS (*without punctuation, all in one breath, as though reciting a lesson*). While proceeding through the streets of Calais I encountered Mr. Robert Shaftoe—escorting a fair French-dam-sel-to-a-candy-shop—"I-adore-you"—he said in a voice of thunder—and Betty Lobsterpot shall die an old maid which will you have catenals or pepperpot?—no time for the piece of candy is going up."

BETTY. You do not mean to tell me—

JERMS. Yes, my lord. While proceeding through the streets of Calais—

BETTY. I cannot believe it!

FOR OH! HE WILL COME BACK TO ME.

Andante semplice.

MUSIC BY O. CAR WALK

1. For oh! he will come back to me Across the sea so wide, And fasten on my
oh! he will come back to me With pockets full of gold, Which is the way of

legato.
rib-bons fair, A-standing by my side. You tell me that he is not true, But some-thing says to me, That he will bring my
sail-or men, As far as I am told. He went with sil-ver buck-les bright Up-on his man-ly knee, But gold will be his

rib-bons back, My lov-er o'er the sea; That he will bring my rib-bons back, My lov-er o'er the sea. 2. And
buck-les then, My lov-er o'er the sea; But gold will be his buck-les then, My lov-er o'er the

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JEEMS. While-proceeding-through-the-streets-of—
THE EARL. That will do, JEEMS. *To BETTY.* Are you con-
vinced? You observe the sordid character of the traitor in the
matter of candy?

BETTY. Aghs! this evidence is too much for me!

THE EARL. You will be made?

BETTY. Since I am nobody else's, I suppose I must be yours.

LOBSTERPOT *(advancing)*. My progeny, accept my felicitations.

THE EARL. Let us ask the parental blessing.

BETTY. No; it will take too long.

THE EARL. And you will love me—a little?

BETTY. I will love you just as little as I can.

Trio. BETTY, THE EARL, and LOBSTERPOT. *(Air: "Jock
o' Hazeldean.")*

BETTY.

I loved a lad, and loved him well,
And I'd have been his bride,
But now my salty tears must swell
The deep blue ocean tide.
And I may weep beside the sea
Full many a weary day,
But tears will ne'er bring back to me
My Bobby far away.

THE EARL.

'Tis well to be a lover hold,
And brave and young and fair;
But this plain statement does not hold
When lovers are not there.
I'm old and I am very plain,
But I am here to-day,
And clear across the raging main
Her Bobby's far away.

LOBSTERPOT.

My daughter now shall wed an Earl,
An Earl of high degree,
And not a navigating churl
Who sails the saline sea.
The dictionary has no word
Quite long enough to say
How glad I am that I have heard
Her Bobby's far away.

ALL.

We cannot tell what mystic slip
Awaits the festive cup,
The while it journeys t'ward the lip
That waits to drink it up.

We simply state how matters are,
And wait the wedding-day,
For, oh, we do not know how far
Her Bobby is away!

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

EXTERIOR OF LOBSTERPOT'S COTTAGE. EARLY MORNING.

CHORUS OF GIRLS AND BOYS. *(Air: "The Leather Bottl'")*

Although the sun is hardly up,
We've come to drain the festal cup,
For in this town, we grieve to say,
We don't have weddings ev'ry day;
And so we rise at morning-tide
To hail the highly fortunate bride.
For indeed is she a fortunate girl
Who has the luck to marry an Earl.

BETTY *(within. Air: "Allan Water.")*

But the bride alone is weeping
For a joy that ne'er can be,
In her heart a memory keeping—
Luckless bride is she!

[Chorus as before.]

BETTY *(within)*.

But the bride alone is weeping;
Bobby's bride she fain would be;
And her love afar is sleeping—
Sleeping underneath the sea;
Far from home and love he's sleeping
Underneath the sea.

LOBSTERPOT *(entering from cottage)*. Ladies and gentlemen, it
fills me with sepulchral and cryptogamic gloom to suggest to
you that the bride is not attuned to a pitch of jubilation as yet,
and that I have not had my breakfast. Perhaps you had better
retire, and return later—after breakfast.

CHORUS *(going out)*.

But all the same, we wish to say
We don't have weddings every day,
And we are bent on merriment,
And festive is our firm intent,
And we will come again and again,
But that festive cup we are bound to drain.
For indeed is she, etc.

*[Exeunt, L. LOBSTER-
POT goes into house.
Melodramatic music.
Enter (R.) BOBBY
SHAFTOE, in ragged
smock frock, carrying
a cutlass.]*

BOBBY. Aha! I am not too
late. Her lattice is closed.
Ah! faithless girl! I have
heard the tale of your treach-
ery. I know that this day
you fling yourself into the
arms of the Earl of Muckle-
muchkin. But you shall
not fling without me. My
vengeance shall be complete.
For the Earl, for his villain
valet, for your heartless fa-
ther, death a gory death.
For you, traitress, a nunnery.
And as for the proud Coun-
tess, she shall be a—
a laundress to a very particular old
lady who will always wear
white petticoats.

*[Flings himself on a
bench, and hides his
head in his hand. En-
ter (L.) THE EARL,
THE COUNTESS, and
JEEMS.]*

I'M A VERY ANCIENT EARL.

Music by OSCAR WEIL.

Alligro moderato. The Earl.

1. I'm a ver-y an-cient earl, As you see, as you see; I'm a
wrinkl'd 'round my eyes, As you see, as you see; There are
not the man to shine, As you see, as you see; Tho' I'm

f mf non legato

Betty and Lob. Earl.

ver-y an-cient earl, As we see! I a-dore a charming girl, Of her sex she is the pearl, But she's
wrinkl'd 'round my eyes, As we see! But I'm a-ged and I'm wick, And I'm bound to win the prize, For I
not the man to shine, As we see! In the pret-ty per-son hue, Yet this bean-ty shall be mine, Shall be

p

Betty and Lob. Earl. Betty and Lob. The Three. Earl.

cold to-wards-the earl, Yes, we see, yes, we see! Don't you see? Yes, we see! Don't you see? 2. There are
stare-tan my eyes, Oh, my eyes! Oh, my eyes! Don't you see? Yes, we see! Don't you see? 3. Tho' I'm
ul-ti-mate ly mine, We shall see, we shall see! Don't you see? We shall see! We shall see.

mf mp f mf

THE EARL. Ah, bright and happy morn that crowns my joy!
Sometimes, Jeems, sometimes mind, I only say *sometimes*—one
is repaid for getting up early.

JEEMS. Yes, my lord.

THE COUNTESS. *You* may be repaid, but Jeems and I don't see
any pleasure in it. Do we, Jeems?

JEEMS. No, my lady.

THE COUNTESS. But who is that on yonder bench? Bobby
Shaftoe! It cannot be! Jeems, it cannot be!

JEEMS. No, my lady.

THE EARL. But it is Bobby Shaftoe, Jeems.

JEEMS. Yes, my lord.

THE COUNTESS (*they advance to BOBBY*). Bobby Shaftoe in
rags and tatters!

THE EARL. Evidently shipwrecked.

THE COUNTESS. Probably penniless.

THE EARL. His clothes do
not fit him.

THE COUNTESS. They must
have belonged to some one
else.

THE EARL. Suppose we let
Jeems kick him.

THE COUNTESS. By all
means. Jeems, would you
mind?

JEEMS. No, my lady.

THE EARL. Then kick him.

JEEMS. Yes, my lord.

BOBBY (*springing up. Air:*
"Billee Taylor").

No, not while Bobby is a Brit-
ish sailor

Shall Bobby feel a lackey's
toe.

Base Earl, turn pale, proud
Countess paler,

While Jeems shall shame the
driven snow!

Misfortune has my garments
tattered,

And treachery robbed me of
my bride,

But the groom shall be in
pieces shattered

Who wounds with a kick my
personal pride!

[*He draws his cutlass. The others recoil in alarm to
L. U. C., and at end of song flee in dismay, THE COUNT-
ESS leaving her long cloak behind her.*

BOBBY. Base cravens! It was, then, too true. She loves me
no longer. Yet how can I believe her false who was ever true?
Even now her parting song rings in my ears. Hark! what is
that?

BETTY (*at lattice window. Air:* "Bobby Shaftoe").

Strangely dawns this day for me;

I shall shortly married be

To an Earl of high degree.

Hark, the church bells ringing!

[*Bells.*

BOBBY. I will give her constancy one last lingering chance.
(*Wraps himself in the Countess's cloak, and sings like an old woman.*)

Yes, the Earl hath sent for thee,

But, I pray thee, tell to me,

Is it not across the sea

That thy thoughts are winging?

BETTY.

Nay, the weary sea waves swell
Over one who loved me well;

But there is no more to tell,
Now the bells are ringing.

BOBBY.

Should he come from over-sea,
Poor and luckless, and of thee
Ask that thou his bride should be,
Would the bells be ringing?

BETTY.

If he came a beggar-lad
I would give him all I had,



And no tune should be so glad
As the bells were ringing.

[*Betty closes the lattice.*

BOBBY. She is true, by all the powers; she is true by the
mystic grace of love; she is true by the very tone of her voice;
she is true by—by—thunder!

[*Exit.*

Enter CHORUS OF BRIDEMAIDS.

CHORUS.

And how, and, oh, how shall we deck the bonny bride?
She's white as whitest roses, and lovelier beside.

We'll deck her out with roses, and, anyway, we'll make
The roses look the prettier, if only for her sake!

Enter (L.) *the EARL, the COUNTESS, and JEEMS. Enter*
LOBSTERPOT from house.

NOT WHILE BOBBY IS A BRITISH SAILOR.

MUSIC BY OSCAR WEIT.

Allegro moderato, ed energico Bobby.

1 No, not while Bob-by is a Brit-ish sail-or, Shall Bob-by feel a lack-ey's toe; Base earl, turn pale, proud

f *mf*

countess paler, While Jeems shall shame the driven snow; Yes, Jeems shall shame the driv-en snow; Yes, Jeems shall shame the driv-en snow Base

mf

earl, turn pale, proud count-ess, pal-er, While Jeems shall shame the driven snow.

a tempo. *f* *f* *poco rit.*

THE EARL. (*Air:* "And ye shall walk in silk attire.")

And I'll be wed this merry day,
And wed, my dear, to you;
And since you haven't much to say,
I think you'll like it too.

THE COUNTESS.

So you'll be wed this merry day.

If you conceive it such,
You may find matrimony play;
I didn't like it much.

LOBSTERPOT. (*Air:* "Cork Leg.")

The matrimonial nuptial tie
We'll celebrate with raptures high,
And Hymen's symphony will run
With words sesquipedalian.

CHORUS. — "Sesquipedalian," etc.

[*Chorus heard outside; then enter.*

CHORUS OF SAILORS. (*Air:* "Billee Taylor.")

Bobby Shaftoe has come back from sailing;
Rich in gold and gems is he;
He wants to find out what is ailing,
And he ain't under no sort of no kind of sea!

BOBBY (*entering, in handsome clothes*).

Bobby Shaftoe's come from sea!

BETTY (*rushing from house into his arms*).

He's come back to marry me!

[*Chorus: "Bobby Shaftoe," etc.*

THE EARL. Bobby is too much for me.

THE COUNTESS. So it seems, and so we see.

LOBSTERPOE. Pulchritudinous Bobbee—
JEEMS. Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

BETTY and BOBBY.

Bobby Shaftoe went to sea,
Silver buckles on his knee.

BETTY. / A He's come back to marry me—

BOBBY. / I've come back; we'll married be—

BETTY. / A Pretty Bobby Shaftoe.

BOBBY. / I Make you Mrs Shaftoe.

[Chorus. "Bobby Shaftoe," etc.]

CURTAIN HALF QUICK.



THE MADAGASCAR MONKEY'S CHRISTMAS.

BY GORHAM SILVA.

DURING the week preceding Christmas of last year, my cousin's charities so engrossed her attention that her numerous pets were forgotten. At the last moment she remembered that she had nothing in the way of a present for Coco, the Madagascar monkey, which omission I thought of no consequence, but she thought otherwise. The hour being too late for purchasing, and not having anything more suitable, she decided to give him a large French doll, perfumed with violet powder, which she had on hand. It was such a foolish, extravagant thing to do that I remonstrated with her.

"What does a monkey care for a doll?" I said.

"Why, Coco will be delighted with it," she replied. "I'm sure he will, he is so fond of bright, pretty things, and certainly the doll is very pretty. Coco shall have his doll."

Coco had it.

On Christmas morning he was taken from his cage. When returned to it, in a far corner the doll awaited him. Dressed in a yellow satin frock, with red boots upon her feet, and a pink pompon in her hat, she sat, with a furled parasol in her hand, leaning back against the lattice. As soon as he entered the cage the monkey caught sight of the smart figure. Quivering with fright, he sniffed suspiciously, gave a queer half yelp, half groan, and fell to shrieking what seemed to be interrogatives.

"What are you here for? Where did you come from?" he demanded, angrily, his tail lashing. Then springing to his tree, he crawled along the branches over the doll's head, pelting her from time to time with bits of bark. Nothing could induce him to approach and make acquaintance with the fine little French lady.

As a last resort, a little girl visitor, of whom he was fond, squeezed her way through the door and to the side of the doll, where, with nuts and candies, she vainly strove to entice him to her. No, he would have none of her. Sullen and offended he crouched away.

My cousin felt injured, but still confident that Coco would, all in good time, come to appreciate his unexpected companion, left the doll in the cage.

Apparently worn out with conjecture over the puzzling figure, he hunched up against the side of the door and growled himself into a slight doze. When again aroused, he appeared more valiant, and with his usual restless activity he treaded in semi-circles before the doll, gradually nearing her, then, with a sharp little cry, he leaped upon the lattice, clinging and gibbering in frenzied fear above the object of his aversion.

Suddenly reaching down, he clutched fiercely the pink pompon, and jerked the doll's hat from her head. Bounding to the ring, he examined the hat critically, picked at it, mussed it thor-

oughly, and ended by crushing it down flat on his head, parading up and down the cage with the most comical swagger. We laughed till the tears ran down our faces.

Our amusement apparently offended his monkeyship, for he halted, scowled at us, jibed and shrieked, and, in a paroxysm of rage, snatched the hat from his head and tore it to pieces.

The fragile importation disposed of, the monkey's fears vanished, and he went boldly over to the doll. Peering inquisitively into her delicate face, he seized her parasol, and poked her in the ribs with it, capering in noisy glee between each thrust. Then he grew destructively familiar, wrenched off the dainty boots and chewed them, clawed the yellow curls into a tangled mass, scratched the rose paint from her poor cheeks, and finished by brandishing her parasol over her head, and tweaking off her nose.

The last indignity seemed to afford him infinite satisfaction. He settled back upon his haunches, curled the end of his tail into a knob, beat the floor with it, and contemplated the doll's battered loveliness with a horrible grin. After a little he was quiet. Nothing could distract his attention.

At nightfall again his chatter began. There was a great commotion in the cage.

"There! the doll's head is gone!" I remarked, hurriedly lighting the gas.

No; the head was still on the shoulders; and Coco, snarling and grumbling, was dragging his pillow across the rug. Reaching the doll, he deposited it in her lap, and looking up into her face with an incomprehensible grimace, bounded back again to the dog basket. Pulling out the eider-down cover, he trailed that, too, over to the doll's feet, and with another grin—this time of unmistakable affection—settled his head upon the pillow on her lap, and pulling up the cover, went off to sleep. The Madagascar monkey's prejudice was overcome. After this Coco remained faithful to his Christmas doll, and never slept otherwise than with his head in her lap. He loved her, beat her, and scolded her by turns. The poor mutilated foreigner grew disreputable, and was finally taken out of the cage, and a smart new doll in a fire-red satin gown substituted.

The loss of the old doll and the sight of the new drove the monkey nearly distracted. He went into a paroxysm of grief and rage, and tore his cover into strings. He fell off his feed, abandoned his cage, and moped, wretched and silent, about the house. Afraid to sleep in his bed, he caught snatches of sleep on the library sofa.

Poor Coco! He was tortured by memories. Actually, he was pining for his battered favorite; so my cousin compassionately restored her to her accustomed place.

At sight of the old disfigured features the monkey went off into a wild transport that was truly affecting.

"I know that I love thee, whatever thou art," his buoyant capers proclaimed plainly as words; and though midday, he tugged his pillow to the old familiar lap, snuggled down, and went peacefully to sleep.

TOMMY TO SANTA CLAUS.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

EACH Christmas you come at midnight
Across the billows of snow
To fill to the brim my stocking
With candies that richly glow.

You know how I prize the presents
You hang on my Christmas tree,
For you once were a little fellow,
And of playthings fond like me.

You woke up long before daylight,
And greeted the Christmas morn
By pounding your red drum madly
And blowing upon your horn.

You sat on the bed delighted,
To play with each pretty toy.
But who was it filled your stocking
When you were a little boy?

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CHRISTMAS IN THE CHILDREN'S WARD—DRAWN BY JESSIE SHEPHERD—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 130]

THE "ARK OF ARKPORT."

BY KIRK MUNROE

"LET me try, mother. I'm sure I can find a place. You know I am the man of the family now, and ought to provide a house for it."

Thus spoke fifteen-year-old John Standish, as he and his mother sat together one evening, late in November, discussing the gloomy situation of the family.

The father had been dead two months, and the trifling sum of money that he had left was nearly exhausted. By the 1st of December the family must leave the cottage that had always been a home to them, because it was to be torn down to make room for a block of stores. For a week Mrs. Standish had searched for some small house into which they might move; but for each one that seemed at all desirable a quarter's rent was demanded in advance, and she had not that amount of money to spare.

At his father's death John had left school, and found employment, at three dollars per week, in the great hardware establishment of Emory & Sands, where Mr. Standish had been bookkeeper. Now his earnings formed the principal support of the family, which, besides his mother and himself, consisted of twelve-year-old Rose and little Myles, who was almost five.

When John went to bed that cold November night, his last waking thought was that he must be up by six o'clock. Almost any one can awake at a certain hour if he only makes up his mind to, and so the next morning John was not only up and dressed by a few minutes after six, but had left the house and was walking briskly along one of the streets leading toward the river. Reaching it, he followed its bank for more than a mile, until the city was left behind, and he was well out among the brown frosted fields of the open country.

At length he halted beside a curious structure that looked something like a house, and more like a boat, but not very much like either. It stood about a hundred feet from the river bank, and against one side of it was piled a confused mass of slabs and other drift. Except in an end, where were two small square openings high up from the ground, it exhibited neither doors nor windows. One end was shaped like the stern of a boat, and just above the small openings could be traced the legend *Ark of Arkport*.

The other end was as square and straight as that of a box, and almost any one would have been puzzled to know what such an odd-looking structure had ever been built for. It was the after half of a jointed or sectional canal-boat, such as are used wherever the difference in water-levels is overcome by means of inclined planes rather than by locks. A freshet of the previous spring had brought it down the river, and left it where it now stood. No one had claimed it nor undertaken to move it away, and, so far as John Standish knew, no one had ever entered it except himself and some of his school-mates, who had discovered it during one of their swimming expeditions of the previous summer. Then it had been a castle, a man-of-war, or a prison, as their fancy dictated; but at present John regarded it in a very different light. Might not the Standish family find in the old *Ark* a home for which no rent would be asked, and where they might be as poor as they chose without exciting the comments of curious neighbors? It was to investigate the possibilities of such a plan that the boy had taken this early morning walk; and after making a careful examination of the old craft, he decided it to be perfectly feasible.

The cabin roof was raised about two feet above the deck, and in the sides of the little house thus formed were four small windows from which the glass had been broken. The cabin-hatch had been torn from its place,

but it lay on the deck unbroken and as good as ever. The cabin itself was six feet high, ten feet square, and on one side was a bunk made of rough boards. This room was separated from the hold by a bulkhead, and in one corner of its roof was a hole for a stove pipe.

John reached home just in time for breakfast, and while eating it he unfolded his plan for getting the family snugly and economically housed to his mother and Rose, but had no time for its discussion, as by half past seven o'clock he must be at the store.

The establishment of Emory & Sands was thrown into a state of excitement that morning by the announcement that the great safe in the private office had been broken into by burglars the night before, and robbed not only of the money it contained, but of several packages of most valuable papers. This startling event formed such an absorbing topic for conversation and speculation during the day that John's plan for providing his family was entirely driven from his mind, nor did he once think of it until he sat down to supper that evening. Then it was recalled by his mother, who said:

"Well, John, I have been out to see your *Ark*, and though it is a very queer sort of a place in which to try and make a home, I believe it would be better than a tenement-house, and if nothing else can be found, I don't know but what I shall be willing to try it for a while, at any rate."

"Oh, do, mother!" exclaimed John and Rose together.

"We've enough furniture to make the old boat comfortable," continued John. "I'll keep you well supplied with wood and water, and it will be ever so much nicer than a tenement-house. Besides, out there nobody will ever know how poor we are or how we live; and, oh, mother, please try it!"

As a result of this and several similar conversations, two weeks later saw the Standish family settled and keeping house in the stranded *Ark of Arkport*.

The *Ark* presented a very different appearance as a house from what it had as half of a canal-boat. Its cabin windows were mended, the two small ones in the stern were made into one of good size, which was hung with a little red curtain. The hatch was repaired, the leaks in the deck were stopped with melted pitch and bits of canvas, and even a few touches of white paint had been applied where they were most needed. The change of the interior seemed almost marvellous. The old room had been swept and scoured, and a new one of the same size had been partitioned off, floored, and connected with it by a doorway cut in the bulkhead. The furniture that had looked so shabby in their former home made a brave show in this one, and was fully as comfortable as though it had just been bought.

In spite of all this, the *Ark* was a most lonesome dwelling-place, and John looked forward hopefully to the new year. With its coming perhaps his wages would be raised, and they might be able to afford a real house once more. About the middle of December, however, these hopes were rudely dispelled. Late one afternoon, just before closing-time in the store, all the employés were summoned to the private office, where they were told that unless the papers stolen from the safe were recovered before the end of the year, the firm of Emory & Sands would be forced to suspend business. In conclusion the senior partner said:

"You will probably never know the pain that I suffer in making this announcement, and it is only that you may receive due warning of the danger threatening you and us that I have forced myself to do so. That is all, gentlemen, and I wish you good-evening."

Some of the employés had expected something of this kind, but to others Mr. Emory's announcement came like a stunning blow. Among these was John Standish, who, although only an errand-boy earning three dollars a

week, fully realized the meaning of being thrown out of employment at that season of the year.

The little circle gathered in the cabin of the old *Ark* that evening was a very sad one. "To think," said Rose, "that it should all happen just at Christmas-time! I don't suppose we should have had much of a Christmas anyway, but now it will be just too unhappy for anything!"

The rest of that week passed without any trace of the stolen property being discovered; and when, on Saturday night, the employes received their wages, it was generally believed that at the end of another week they would lose their situations.

On his way home that evening John encountered two men talking earnestly in low tones near a street lamp. As he was passing, he heard one of them say, "That's him now." Looking up, he recognized the speaker as a man who had formerly been a porter in the employ of Emory & Sands, but who had been discharged some months before. Without knowing exactly why, John had always disliked and feared this man, and now he attempted to hurry by without speaking to him.

But the man, who was known as "Big Bill," caught him by the arm, saying, "Hold on, young fellow; I want to speak to you."

"Well, hurry up, and speak quick, for I want to be getting home," answered John, who, feeling that he could not escape, thought it best to appear as bold as possible. "What is it?"

"Long's I've got hold of yer I guess you'll have to wait till your hurry's over," replied the man. "I want to know what's wrong up to the shop. I hear old Emory's going to fail up. Is that so?"

"You know as well as I do that Mr. Emory was robbed some time ago, and perhaps he is in trouble on that account. I'm only an errand-boy in the store, though, and so can't tell you anything about the firm's affairs," answered John.

"I don't know nothing about no robbery," exclaimed the man, gruffly. "I hain't been in the city since last summer." Then changing his tone and trying to make it sound very friendly, he continued: "They tell me, Johnny, that you and your ma has moved out to the old canal-boat up the river, and is living there. That so?"

"Yes."

"Ain't you kinder 'fraid to live way out there all by yourselves? Suppose a burglar should take it into his head to stroll out that way some fine night, what would you do then?"

"It isn't likely that thieves will ever trouble us," replied the boy, with a bitter little laugh. "Everybody knows that we are too poor to have anything worth stealing."

"Don't count too much on that, sonny. There's none so poor but what there's poorer. I suppose, though, you'd be just the lad to give a thief a warm welcome with a pistol-shot, eh?"

"I don't know what I might do if I had a pistol, but I don't own one," answered John, unconsciously falling into the trap so artfully set for him.

"Hain't got no pistol, eh? Well, that's right. They're dangerous things for boys like you to have. Now run along home to your ma, and tell her not to let you stay out so late again."



RAISED THE LADDER TO THE WINDOW AND CLIMBED CAUTIOUSLY UP.

With these words Big Bill released his hold of the boy's arm, and as the latter hurried away, he turned to his companion, who had all this time leaned against the lamp-post, without taking part in the conversation, and said: "It's all right. The kid hain't got no pistol, so there'll be no danger in cracking the crib; and the sooner we do the job the better."

Although John and his mother talked of this incident that evening after the children had gone to bed, and speculated as to why Big Bill had taken such a sudden interest in their affairs, the consideration of more important topics soon drove this one from their minds. On the following night, however, it was recalled to them in the most startling manner.

Between midnight and morning a sleigh, such as is used by grocers, drawn by a single horse, and containing two men, left the city, and moved quietly up the river road. There was no jingling of bells, and the men talked in low tones. Besides them, the sleigh contained a short ladder. When they reached the *Ark of Arkport* they halted under its overhanging stern, where for a little space the frozen ground was bare of snow. Here one of the men got out, raised the ladder to the window that opened into the after-room, and climbed cautiously upwards. The other man sat in the sleigh and held the horse.

The man on the ladder worked at the window a few minutes, and then sliding it gently back, he listened. John and little Myles occupied that room, while Mrs. Standish and Rose slept in the new one. Hearing only the regular breathing of the two boys, the man withdrew his head, and put one leg over the window-sill. His foot struck the little table on which stood the geranium, and it went to the floor with a crash. The next instant John, thus suddenly awakened from a troubled dream of burglars and pistols, sprang from his bed, and without pausing to consider what he was about to do, rushed blindly at the human form dimly outlined in the window. There was a momentary struggle, but the man's position was such that he could exert only a small portion of his strength. The advantage was so wholly on John's side

that an instant later the man was flung from the window-sill, and the ladder on top of him. As luck would have it, they fell on the horse attached to the waiting sleigh below. A few moments of fierce plunging and kicking, mingled with shouts and oaths, and then the frightened horse dashed away into the darkness, dragging the sleigh and its occupant behind him.

John Standish, trembling with excitement, and peering from the window, could distinguish but little of what was taking place below. The sound of galloping hoofs was mingled with that of a few screams and terrified exclamations from behind him; then all was still, save for a stifled moaning that came from beneath the window. By this time the boy's mother was beside him. She too heard the moaning, and said,

"There is somebody suffering down there, John, and we must go to his assistance."

Quickly dressing themselves, and leaving Rose to quiet the frightened sobs of little Myles, they hastened to the spot from which the moans proceeded, carrying a lighted lantern with them. A human figure lay motionless on the frozen ground beneath the broken ladder. Blood was flowing from a deep cut in his head, and he was insensible. As the lantern-light flashed in his face, John started, and exclaimed:

"It's the man who was with Big Bill Saturday night, mother, and I'm afraid I have killed him. Oh, what shall we do?"

"We must have help at once," replied Mrs. Standish, "and you must run to the city for it. But first we must get him on to a mattress and cover him with blankets, or he will freeze to death."

With great difficulty this was accomplished, and then John started for the city. He soon found a policeman, to whom he told his story, and by whom he was taken to a station-house. From here an ambulance was called, and in it John and the policeman accompanied the doctor in charge out to the *Ark*. The wounded man had regained his consciousness, and was talking in faint tones to Mrs. Standish as the ambulance drove up.

"He thinks he is going to die, and wants to see Mr. Emory," she said.

The sufferer was lifted gently into the ambulance and driven away towards the hospital, but the policeman remained at the *Ark* and took breakfast with the Standish family. After breakfast, in spite of all that had happened, John proposed to go to his daily work at the store, but the officer said he thought the boy had better remain where he was for a while; then he went on deck, where for an hour or more he slowly paced back and forth.

About nine o'clock a double sleigh dashed up to the *Ark*. From it stepped Mr. Emory, Mr. Sands, a lawyer, and a detective officer. On deck they were met by John and the policeman.

"Good-morning, John," said Mr. Emory, kindly.

"Good-morning, sir," answered the boy, wondering at the friendly tone of his stern employer.

Mr. Sands greeted him even more kindly, and added, "We have received information this morning that renders it necessary for us to search this house, which, with the permission of your mother and yourself, we will proceed to do at once."

"Yes, sir," replied John, too greatly bewildered to even try and think what it all meant.

Then they went down into the cabin, where the Standish family were politely requested to step into the other room, and close the door for a few minutes.

When the wondering and somewhat frightened mother and her children had obeyed this request, the officers pulled John's bunk from its place in the other room, and pried up a couple of loose boards from the floor beneath where it had stood. Then from the cavity thus disclosed they removed a number of objects that Mr. Emory and

Mr. Sands, almost too excited to speak, examined very closely.

At length the former, with a sort of a choke in his voice, grasped the hand of his junior, and exclaimed: "It's all right, my dear fellow! They are all here, and the firm of Emory & Sands is saved from ruin."

Then the door was thrown open, and addressing himself to Mrs. Standish, the stern-featured old gentleman said: "Madam, thanks to you and your brave boy, a disastrous failure is averted from our house, for here is all the property that was stolen from our safe some weeks ago. One of the thieves is a man who had been in our employ, but whom I discharged. He was aided by a professional burglar, and they concealed their plunder where we have just found it, a few days before you occupied this place. Last night they attempted to recover it, and, but for the prompt action of your son, would doubtless have succeeded in so doing. The burglar is seriously injured, though probably not fatally, as he imagines. Believing himself to be dying, and wishing to punish his accomplice for his supposed desertion, he confessed the whole affair this morning, and told where the stolen property was hidden. Now, with your permission, we will remove what you have so carefully though unconsciously guarded for us, and I should be pleased to have your son call at my private office about five o'clock this afternoon."

When the visitors had departed, and the Standish family had partially recovered from their bewilderment, John exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, to think that it should have been right here all the time, and that now everything is safe, and I shan't lose my place, after all! I shouldn't be a bit surprised if my wages were raised a whole dollar a week. How would that be for a Christmas present?"

"To-morrow is Christmas, and it will be a happy one, after all!" cried Rose, dancing about in her excitement.

"And can I have a sled?" asked practical little Myles.

"Yes, indeed, young one, you shall have a sled, even if I have to make it myself," answered John.

"We certainly have cause for rejoicing, the more especially that, though the stolen property was found in our house, it was discovered in such a way that no suspicion can attach to us," said Mrs. Standish.

When John entered the store that afternoon he was greeted by a cheer, and was so confused when all the clerks tried to shake hands with him at once that he was almost ready to run away. While still overwhelmed by an avalanche of questions and congratulations, he was summoned to the private office.

Mr. Emory sat there alone, and John wondered at the change in his face. It was no longer stern, but, in spite of its careworn lines, was almost as bright and pleasant to look upon as the cheerful countenance of Mr. Sands himself.

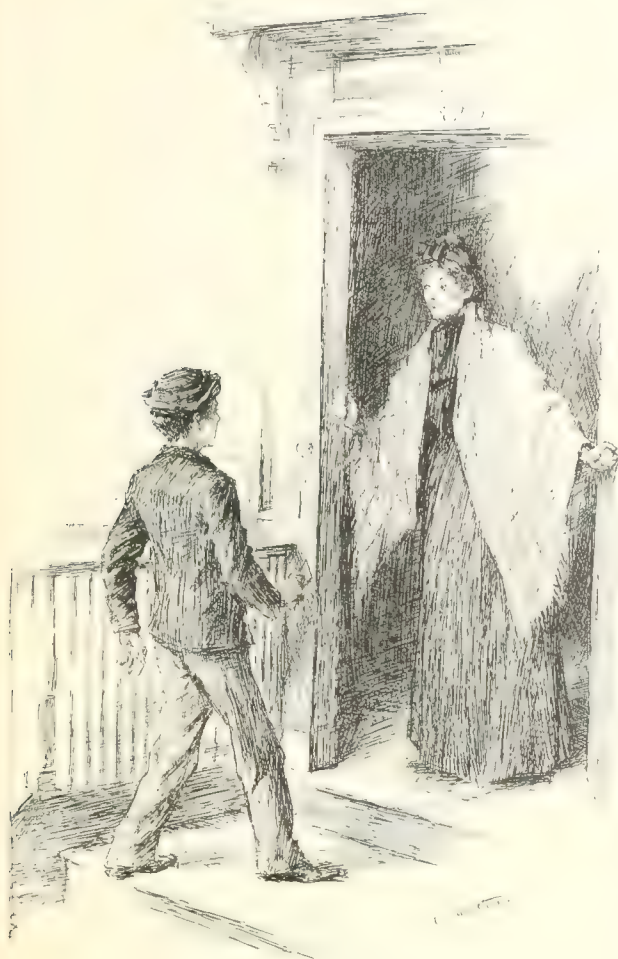
"My dear boy," he said, taking John's hand in his, "you have rendered me a service the value of which cannot be computed in dollars and cents, and I thank you for it. Now tell me honestly, what is the dearest wish of your heart?"

"I think it is to go to college, sir," answered John, diffidently, and blushing at his own boldness.

"Then go to college you shall," exclaimed the senior partner, heartily, "and when you are through with it we will try to find something for you to do besides running on errands. Oh, never fear," he added, quickly, as he saw an anxious expression cross the boy's face. "Your mother and the little ones shall be provided for, perhaps even as well as you yourself could do it."

"Oh, Mr. Emory," began John.

"Tut, tut, boy! No thanks are necessary; the obligation is wholly on my side. Keep on as you have begun, and I shall ask nothing better of you. By-the-way, in going home, I wish you would stop at No. 120 Elm



"WHY, MOTHER!" SAID HE.

As Mrs. Standish took the note and opened it she had a feeling that it might contain something surprising, but was not in the least prepared for its truly wonderful contents, which were as follows:

"Mrs. Standish:

"DEAR MADAM,—The house No. 120 Elm Street is mine. Will you honor me by accepting it, with all that it contains, as a Christmas gift from

"Your sincere and grateful friend,

"CHARLES EMORY?"

After all this, it certainly cannot be difficult to imagine the happiness of that Christmas eve spent in the dear little new home and amid its pretty furnishings. Nor is it easy to conceive of a merrier Christmas than that enjoyed by the family from the *Ark of Arkport* the next day.

THE PUPPY, THE HEN, AND THE BIG DOG.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

I WOULD not put the faith of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE in myself to the test by telling them the following story did I not have it upon no less trustworthy authority than the word of a venerable General Superintendent of the Methodist Church of Canada, who spoke from the stand-point of an eye-witness.

When Dr. W——'s boys were going to school, they were, like all other boys, very fond of dogs, and held in joint ownership a fine brown spaniel which showed more than ordinary intelligence. A friend offered them a cute little setter pup; but on asking their father's permission to adopt it, he refused, on the ground that one dog was enough, and he did not wish to have any more about.

The boys, however, instead of accepting his refusal as final, brought the pup home, and hid it away in the hen-house, in the hope that the parental opposition might be overborne in some way, and by a happy chance their hope was fulfilled.

The chill autumn air made the little puppy feel very uncomfortable, and he wailed so piteously and persistently that at last the boys slipped him into one of the box nests arranged for the hens to deposit their eggs in, hoping that he would be warmer there, and that, at all events, his cries would not make themselves heard.

The morning after this was done they rushed into their father's study, crying out, "Father, come here quick!"

Dr. W—— promptly responded to the call, and what he saw well repaid him for being thus disturbed in the middle of sermon preparation.

The puppy had been whimpering so vigorously as to attract the attention and awaken the sympathy of the big dog, who had thereupon done his best to get into the nest to comfort the little fellow. But the opening was altogether too small to allow of this. It was then that a scheme to meet the situation flashed into his brain that would have done credit to an intellect of a higher order than a dog's.

One of the hens was loitering about in a purposeless way. The spaniel deftly caught her by the neck, and dragged her over to the nest in which the puppy was shivering and complaining. He then sought to push her into the opening. So gently was he holding her, however, that she broke away from him. But he soon secured her again, and, despite her noisy protests, brought her back to the nest. And now his sagacity revealed itself in its fullest extent. He had no hands to shove the unwilling bird inside; but, keeping a good hold upon her neck with his teeth, he cleverly crowded her in with his body, pushing firmly but gently, and doing her not the slightest harm, until at last success crowned his efforts.

Street, and deliver this note to a lady of your acquaintance whom you will find there."

With this the kindly old gentleman handed John an envelope that was sealed but not addressed.

The house on Elm Street was a small but very pretty cottage, and as John rang the bell he said to himself, "Perhaps some day we may be able to leave the *Ark*, and live in a place like this."

As the door was opened, the boy very nearly sprang off the steps in his surprise, for there stood his own mother.

"Why, mother!" said he.

"Why, John!" exclaimed Mrs. Standish.

"What are you doing here?" asked John.

"Waiting to hear from Mr. Emory. He sent a sleigh out to the *Ark* soon after you left, with a message by the driver that I would do him a great favor by bringing the children in to No. 120 Elm Street to meet a young friend of his. It seemed a very strange thing to do, but as it was put in the form of a favor to him, I felt obliged to come. We have been here nearly half an hour, and there is nobody in the house but an old colored woman, who declares she doesn't know what it all means, so I think we'd better go home again. But how did you know we were here?"

"I didn't," answered the bewildered boy. "Mr. Emory asked me to deliver a note here to a lady of my acquaintance, and now I begin to think that he must have meant you."

"I wonder if he did?"

"Perhaps the note will explain itself," suggested John.

Now was not that a most remarkable chain of reasoning for a dog? The puppy was cold. He would gladly have cuddled it up to his own warm breast had he been able, but he could not get in to it, and it had not sense enough to come out to him. It was in the hen's nest. If the hen were there she would cover it with her wings, and protect it from the cold. Then it was only necessary to put the hen into the nest, and the puppy would be comforted—a conclusion no sooner arrived at than carried into execution.

It is hardly necessary to add that after so strange and touching a manifestation of interest on the part of the dog, the opposition on the part of the father was withdrawn, and the little puppy admitted into the family circle.

A NOVEL CHRISTMAS.

BY F. H. BARNARD.

IT had certainly been a very long journey—four hours. And they must have been different hours from those on mamma's little chime clock at home, for they slipped by so quickly. No one to speak to but the conductor, and he called her "little Sissy." Could there be greater ignominy? She liked the porter better. He was very black, but then he touched his hat, and said, "Miss." After all, it wasn't any fun travelling alone. Suppose they shouldn't call out the name of the place so that she could hear, and she should be carried by? Or suppose she should lose her purse, would the conductor forget that she had ever had a ticket, and put her off? Would it be better then to go to some house—some nice-looking house—and tell her story, or

"Here's your place, miss," said the porter.

And, oh yes, there was Uncle Dan on the platform, and in another moment both arms were around his neck.

"Well, well, old lady, so you came alone, after all! Papa couldn't get off? Too bad! Give me your check, and then run around the corner quickly, for they're all there in the sleigh, nearly wild with anxiety for fear you shouldn't come. Don't mistake them for wild animals if you don't see much else than fur. It's only buffalo-robcs, for they're all down in the straw at the bottom of the big sleigh. My, what a noise! It sounded like a menagerie let loose. Twelve children for over Christmas! Well, I hope mother and Katherine will survive. It's a good thing Jack is home. He's the biggest boy of the lot."

Shouts of delight rose up from the big sleigh as Nell ran around the platform. Tom and Ned emerged from the buffalo-robcs, in spite of the remonstrances of old Jo, the driver.

The three children tumbled in, and Nell was hugged rapturously by all the little cousins who could get at her, which caused a grand mix up of the buffalo-robcs, to old Jo's entire despair. But at last they were off, with Uncle Dan hanging on behind in some mysterious way. How white the snow was! and how thick it lay over everything! How different the village street looked from last summer! No one in sight, all so white and quiet, except for the noisy sleigh load, who were screaming with merriment as the soft masses of snow fell from the overburdened boughs.

In due time they drew up before the old house; and there was grandmother at the window, and Uncle Jack, in a scarlet toboggan suit, trying a pair of snow-shoes on the lawn. The boys were after him in a twinkling, while the girls ran into the large square hall. Such a roaring fire as there was in the great brick fireplace! And how it danced and flickered on the dark polished wood of the wide staircase, and on the queer wall-paper, which had been there more than a hundred years, and was the pride and joy of grandmother's heart! There were ladies in powdered hair

and brocaded dresses, with their attendant cavaliers, all over this paper from floor to ceiling. Six different groups—on the terraces, in boats, in arbors—repeated over and over again. She and Lil had names for each kind, and had made up stories about them. There was one in the corner for whom she always felt so sorry, for her cavalier had been made an end of by the newel-post, and she was sitting in her arbor all alone. Arthur once gave her just a touch with his brush, and she looked as if about to cry, which, no doubt, she had been longing to do all the many years before.

But there was not much time to think of her, for there was so much to be done behind closed doors; such whispering in corners, and consultations with Aunt Katherine, who was here, there, and everywhere—of course they had to *make* time for the coasting and skating—and so Christmas eve, which three days before they had declared "ages off," was at last really here! "It *feels* different from other days," Bessie declared, and they all agreed.

The whole neighborhood had been invited; and all were to get their presents in different ways, Aunt Katherine had said. Not just stockings, where you didn't get mixed up with other people's fun; or a Christmas tree, which they had had so many times, but—what?

The very little ones were to have theirs first, and when the folding-doors opened, and Aunt Katherine appeared dressed as Mother Goose, with a scarlet petticoat and a peaked hat, a flock of the daintiest, prettiest little figures trooped after her.

Down on a stool in front sat little Miss Muffet, and while Dame Goose told her history in a way that made the children shout with laughter (for little Kathleen loved "dear little capatillars" and *tunning* flies), such a *very* big spider came down from the ceiling that Miss Muffet rolled over her bowl and ran away. Out from under the tissue-paper "curds and whey" fell balls and jack-knives, which were soon appropriated by the rightful owners.

Kathleen could not resist creeping back to investigate the spider, when out from the background came Graham, as the little bachelor, wheeling full tilt the little wife he had brought from London, and right in front of Kathleen over went the wheelbarrow, and shot into her lap "the dearest doll," while the wheelbarrow was handed over to little Keith, who declared:

"'At's all I want. I don't want a wife."

Bo-Peep hunted for her sheep until she found two, for the two babies, under the parlor sofa; and Jack Horner pulled out some plums from his pie, round and golden, which the older children declared "the nicest kind."

Then, on a fiery rocking-horse, a little maiden started for Banbury Cross, with such a jingling of bells! Only this dear little dame gave away the rings on her fingers, all but one for her "own self."

"Higgledy-Piggledy, my mammy's maid," appeared, dealing out oranges (which proved to be *boubonnières* in orange tissue-paper), one for every one there. "Some in her pocket, and some in her sleeve," no wonder she had presented a bulgy appearance!

The children had laughed at Aunt Katherine's funny speeches till they fairly ached; and they were inclined to take as another joke Uncle Jack's statement that the older ones were to receive their gifts in Yule claps, as they do in Norway and Sweden.

The first one came rolling in through the open door, and proved to be a large paper bundle directed "To Uncle Dan, a feather fan." Bluff Uncle Dan looked rather taken aback; but as he took off the wrapping, lo! it was "For a Mrs. Smith—if she isn't a myth." Their next-door neighbor claimed it as the only representative of the great family present, only to find, after she had removed the paper:

"Place me upon the right path,
I'll hie me to one who, rumor hath
Said, claims the 'Order of the Bath.'"

Uncle Jack cried out that as the feet of the verse seemed to trip up, he thought he had better assist it to its destination; and Phil, who had taken an accidental plunge through some thin ice into the pond the day before, blushing bore off the honor, only to find, when he had opened it, that it was an "order" of a different kind.

"Know all men by these presents, that the enclosed is signed, sealed, and delivered to one who is ruler of all she surveys by right supreme of love."

Dear grandmother smiled at the loving faces that clustered around her, but the mysterious Yule clap did not tarry even with her, for it was to go next to Uncle Jack.

"A billet-doux this holds for you.
Be sure you heed it when you read it,"

and behold! it was the encyclopædia that he had long wished for.

The next Yule clap was larger still.

"It looks as if it had fifty wrappings," Bessie whispered, with delightful thrills.

Mr. Keep, the young minister seized it and read out: "For our lazy Tom, a dynamite bomb. If well shaken before taken, the dose need not be repeated."

Amid peals of laughter Tom took off the paper in a very gingerly way, and forthwith shouted, "I return the compliment:

"Glance around the circle,
Look before you leap,
Pick out the gloomiest member,
And give this then to Keep."

And the jolly young clergyman was very ready to keep it, for it turned out to be a tall study lamp, "to illumine the dark recesses of my mind," he told Aunt Katherine.

And then they came thick and fast, sometimes with one or two wrappings; sometimes with a dozen; and with such amusing hits and bits of advice coupled with the names that even dear quiet grandmother laughed her spectacles off once.

It made them all so hungry for supper that if any one else but Aunt Katherine had provided it, there would certainly not have been enough, but she knew them of yore! How Phil, after four plates of ice-cream "to end up," could dance the Virginia reel with such elaborate pigeon wings was a mystery beyond solving; but

"Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes it brings good cheer."

That night, after the last of the guests had departed, and the last of the merry little company had mounted the great staircase, Nell, who slept in the room at the head of the stairs, thought she heard, between waking and sleeping, gentle voices in the hall below.

"Merry doings, sweet Mistress Marjorie."

She knew who it was that spoke, the timid little wall-paper dame who seemed half afraid to step into the boat. The haughty lady on the esplanade adjoining answered,

"Indifferent well for this age and generation; but the good old times, say I."

"Dost remember," sighed another from her arbor, "the first Christmas at this house? 'Twas the house-warming too, for 'twas but just finished. In verity I can hear even now the wakes from the village singing outside; and then hale Father Christmas came in at the head of the procession leading courtly Dame Mince Pie."

"It is the same spirit then and now," said the sweet voice of the first speaker. "Love and gladness everywhere at the Christmas-tide!"



The Enchanted Island.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

AUTHOR OF "PEPPER AND SALT," "THE WONDER CLOCK," ETC.

BUT it is not always the lucky one that carries away the plums; sometimes he only shakes the tree, and the wise one pockets the fruit; and so it shall be in this story.

Once upon a long, long time ago, and in a country far, far away, there lived two men in the same town, and both were named Selim—one was Selim the Baker, and one was Selim the Fisherman.

Selim the Baker was well off in the world, but Selim the Fisherman was only so-so. Selim the Baker always had plenty to eat and a warm corner in cold weather, but many and many a time Selim the Fisherman's stomach went empty and his teeth went chattering.

Once it happened that for time after time Selim the Fisherman caught nothing but bad luck in his nets, and not so much as a single sprat, and he was very hungry. "Come," said he to himself, "those who have some should surely give to those who have none;" and so he went to Selim the Baker. "Just let me have a loaf of bread," said he, "and I will pay you for it to-morrow."

"Very well," said Selim the Baker, "I will let you have a loaf of bread if you will give me all that you catch in your nets to-morrow."

"So be it," said Selim the Fisherman; for need drives one to hard bargains sometimes, and therewith he got his loaf of bread.

So the next day Selim the Fisherman fished and fished and fished and fished, and still he caught no more than the day before until, just at sunset, he cast his net for the last time for the day, and, lo and behold! there was something heavy in it. So he dragged it ashore, and what should it be but a leaden box, sealed as tight as wax, and covered with all manner of strange letters and figures. "Here," said he, "is something to pay my debts with, at any rate;" and as he was an honest man, off he marched with it to Selim the Baker.

They opened the box in the baker's shop, and within they found two rolls of yellow linen. In each of the rolls of linen was another little leaden box; in one was a finger-ring of gold set with a red stone, in the other was a finger-ring of iron set with nothing at all.

That was all the box held, nevertheless that was the greatest catch that ever any fisherman made in the world, for though Selim the one or Selim the other knew no more of the matter than my grandmother's cat, the gold ring was the Ring of Luck, and the iron ring was the Ring of Wisdom.

Inside of the gold ring were carved these letters: "Whosoever Wears Me Shall Have What All Men Seek; for so it is with good luck in this world."

Inside of the iron ring were written these words: "Whosoever Wears Me Shall Have What For Me Care to Seek;" and that is the way it is with wisdom in our town.

"Well," says Selim the Baker, and he slipped the gold

Ring of Good Luck on his finger, "I have driven a good bargain, and you have paid for your loaf of bread."

"But what will you do with the other ring?" said Selim the Fisherman.

"Oh, you may have that!" said Selim the Baker.

And that is how this story begins.

Well, that evening, as Selim the Baker sat in front of his shop in the twilight smoking a pipe of tobacco, the



SELIM THE FISHERMAN FINDS A LEADEN BOX.

knuckles, and cried, in a loud voice, "Open to Selim, who wears the Ring of Luck."

Then instantly the gate swung open, and Selim the Baker followed the old man into the garden.

Bang! went the gate behind him, and there he was.

There he was, and such a place he had never seen before. Such fruit! such flowers! such fountains! such summer-houses! Thousands of lights—red and blue and green and white—lit up everything as bright as day, and Selim stared till his eyes grew as big as saucers.

"This is nothing," said the old man. "This is only the beginning of wonder. Come with me."

He led the way down a long pathway between the trees, and Selim followed behind. By-and-by, far away, they saw the light of torches; and when they came to what they saw, lo and behold! there was the sea-shore, and a boat with four and twenty oarsmen, each dressed in cloth of gold and silver more splendidly than a Prince, and there were four and twenty black slaves, each carrying a torch of spice-wood, so that all the air was filled with sweet smells. The old man led the way, and Selim, following, entered the boat; and there was a seat for him, made soft with satin cushions embroidered with gold and precious stones, and stuffed with down; and Selim wondered whether he was not dreaming.

The oarsmen pushed off from the shore, and away they rowed. On they rowed, and on they rowed, for all that livelong night.

At last morning broke, and then, as the sun rose, Selim saw such a sight as never mortal eyes beheld before or since. It was the wonder of wonders—a great city built on an island, and the island was all one mountain, and on it, one above another, and another above that again, stood palaces that glistened like snow, and orchards of fruit, and gardens of flowers and green trees.

And as the boat came nearer and nearer to the city, Selim could see that all around on the house-tops and

ring he wore began to work. Up came a little old man with a white beard, and he was dressed all in gray from top to toe, and he wore a black velvet cap, and he carried a long staff in his hand. He stopped in front of Selim the Baker, and stood looking at him a long, long time. At last,

"Is your name Selim?" said he.

"Yes," said Selim the Baker, "it is."

"And do you wear a gold ring with a red stone on your finger?"

"Yes," said Selim, "I do."

"Then come with me," said the little old man, "and I will show you the wonder of the world."

"Well," said Selim the Baker, "that will be worth the seeing, at any rate." So he emptied his pipe of tobacco, and put on his hat, and followed the way the old man led.

Up one street they went and down another, and here and there through alleys and byways where Selim had never been before. At last they came to where a high wall ran along the narrow street, with a garden behind it, and by-and-by to an iron gate.

The old man rapped upon the gate three times with his



THE OLD MAN RAPPED ON THE DOOR THREE TIMES.



THERE WAS FEASTING AND MERRYMAKING.

down to the water's edge were crowds and crowds of people dressed in silks and satins, and shining so with precious stones that the sparkling of them dazzled the eyes. All were looking out toward the sea, and when they saw the boat and Selim in it, a great shout went up like the roaring of rushing waters.

"It is the King!" they cried. "It is the King! It is Selim the King!"

Then the boat landed, and there stood dozens and scores of great Princes and nobles, with clothes crusted stiff with gems and jewels, to welcome Selim when he came ashore. And there was a white horse waiting for him to ride, and its saddle and bridle were studded with diamonds and rubies and emeralds that sparkled and glistened like the stars in heaven, and Selim thought for sure he must be dreaming with his eyes open.

But he was not dreaming, for it was all as true as that eggs hatch chickens. So up the hill to the grandest and the most splendid of all the splendid palaces he rode, the Princes and noblemen marching with him, and the crowd shouting as though to split their throats.

And what a palace it was! As white as snow and painted all inside with gold and blue! All around it were gardens blooming with fruit and flowers, and the like of it mortal man never saw in the world before.

There they made Selim King, and put a golden crown on his head, and that is what the Ring of Good Luck can do for a baker.

But wait a bit. There was something queer about it all, and that is now to be told. It is a pity that Selim did not think to keep the iron ring as well as the golden ring.

All that day there was feasting, and drinking, and merrymaking, and the twinging and twanging of mu-

sic, and dancing of beautiful dancing girls, and such things as Selim had never heard tell of in all his life before. And when night came they lit thousands and thousands of candles of perfumed wax, so that it was a hard matter to say when day ended and night began, only that the one smelt sweeter than the other.

At last it came midnight, and then suddenly, in an instant, all the lights went out, and everything was as dark as pitch, not a spark, not a glimmer anywhere; and just as suddenly all the sound of music and dancing and merrymaking ceased, and everybody began to wail and cry until it was enough to wring one's heart to hear. Then, in the midst of all the wailing and crying, a door was flung open, and in came six tall and terrible black men dressed all in black from top to toe, carrying each a flaming torch, and by the light of the torches King Selim saw that all—the Princes, the noblemen, the dancing girls—lay on their faces on the floor.

The six men took King Selim, who shuddered and shook with fear, by the arms, and marched him through dark gloomy entries and passageways until they came at last to the very heart of the palace.

There was a great high-vaulted room all of black marble, and in the middle of it was a pedestal with seven steps all of black marble, and on the pedestal stood a stone statue of a woman, looking as natural as life, only that her eyes were shut. The statue was dressed like a Queen. She wore a golden crown on her head, and upon her body hung golden robes set with diamonds and emeralds and rubies and sapphires and pearls and all sorts of precious stones.



THE MEN BROUGHT SELIM UP IN FRONT OF THE STATUE.

As for the face of the statue, white paper and black ink could not tell you how beautiful it was. When Selim looked at it, it made his heart stand still in his breast, it was so beautiful.

The six men brought Selim up in front of the statue, and then a voice came, as though from the vaulted roof. "Selim, Selim, Selim," it said, "what art thou doing? To-day are feasting and drinking and merrymaking, but beware of to-morrow!"

As soon as these words were ended, the six black men marched King Selim back again whence they had brought him. There they left him, and passed out one by one as they had first come in, and the door shut to behind them.

Then in an instant the lights flashed out again, the music began to play, and the people began to talk and laugh, and King Selim thought that maybe all that had just passed was only a bit of an ugly dream, after all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LOST CHRISTMAS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

LITTLE Gladys lost her Christmas
Just a year ago,
When the world was bright with holly.
And glittering white with snow.
A hateful Fever Dragon,
With footstep like a mouse,
All in the dead of night, my dears,
Crept softly through the house.

The dragon's wicked art, dears,
Caught Gladys in a spell,
And in a tower's very top
For weeks she had to dwell.
The doctor quarantined her,
And cut off her golden hair;
And never a sound of Christmas
Stole up her guarded stair.

At last the strong health-angels
Came winging from the sky,
And before their breath of life, dears,
The fiend was fain to fly.
But spring with birds and flowers
Tripped down the hills amain,
Before our little darling
Was safe and well again.

And so she lost her Christmas!
It was so very sad,
To be lying ill with fever,
When all the world was glad.
Not any Christmas pleasure,
But weary hours of pain;
Forgotten, to be sure, dears,
When the child was well again.

This year, her happy mother,
With eyes that shine for joy,
Has planned a double Christmas,
With doll, and tree, and toy,
And a lovely Christmas party,
And a merry Christmas play,
To make her precious treasure,
If possible, twice gay.

"Two Christmas days in one, dear,
Because of that you lost,
When the cruel fever burned you,
And in bed you raved and tossed."
"But *not* all to myself, please!"
Our little Gladys said,
For the wisdom of the Christ-child
The little maiden led.

A hospital for children,
Where little ones are brought,
In sickness and in suffering,
Our Gladys has in thought,
There many a tiny cot, dears,
Will have its share of joy
From Gladys this dear Christmas,
In flower and doll and toy.

So 'twas not wholly lost, dears,
Last year that Christmas day,
Though the Christmas angels tarried
So long upon the way.
There are little faces beaming,
And eyes alight with cheer,
For a Christmas shared with Gladys
This happy, happy year

MOOLIE TO THE RESCUE.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

WE are accustomed to spend the hot midsummer months at Britannia, a pretty little village near the foot of big Lake Des-chenes, where we are lulled to sleep at night by the soft-splashing, never-ceasing roar of the Rapids, whose sound is borne to us by the cool breezes off the broad bosom of the lake.

Twice every day there passes before our cottage a long procession of cows, headed by one of their number wearing a big bronze bell at her neck, which insures that she shall "have music wherever she goes," albeit of a somewhat monotonous character. The cows are going to or returning from the Island, as it is called, a tract of land at the foot of the Rapids, which, owing to the marshy nature of the soil, affords abundant and succulent pasturage even in days of drought, when the uplands are burned brown.

These cows need no herdsman. When milking-time comes they never fail to report themselves, and it is very interesting to see them about five o'clock in the afternoon, actuated by the common purpose of being relieved of their burden of milk, gather together from the different parts of the Island, and then move on to the village, where each goes to her own stable.

Now in early summer, when the descent of the "North waters" causes the river Ottawa to rise high above its ordinary level, Lake Des-chenes, which is only an expansion of the river, rises also, and there is then a rushing stream between the Island and the mainland, which has to be crossed by the cows. They do not mind it in the least, however, swimming to and fro as unconcernedly as if they were to the manner born.

Last spring, just when the water was at its height, the Whitton cow one day found herself in possession of the dearest little calf in the world, a regular beauty, as she proudly flattered herself; and not feeling very strong that afternoon, she decided to stay overnight on the Island instead of going back with the others.

But when the time for the general movement came, her brown and white baby, instead of staying by her side like a dutiful son, attached himself to the Murphy cow,

and joined the homeward procession. His mother, too weak to follow, entreated him to return to her, but the wilful little chap persisted in proceeding, and presently the procession came to the rushing stream, into which the old cows plunged without hesitation.

The calf, taking it for granted that what was good for his elders was good likewise for him, plunged in also. But, alas! he soon discovered his error, and had reason to repent of his rashness. The cold water chilled him to the heart, and his weak little legs could do nothing against the turbulent torrent. He was in imminent peril of a watery grave, and in his extremity he bleated pitifully for help.

He did not cry in vain. The Murphy cow to whom he had attached himself had by this time got half-way across, and on hearing his piteous wail she turned about to see what was the matter. With wonderful sagacity she took in the situation at a glance. She did not waste time in scolding the calf for his folly, but ploughing her way through the water to him, put her broad nose underneath his stomach, and lifting him up upon it, bore him safely back to his starting-point, where, by shoving him ashore, she intimated as plainly as possible that he should get back to his mother as quickly as his trembling legs would carry him.

The mother's anxious call was still coming from the copse, where she lay unable to look after her errant baby, and responding to it with a comical cry, half whimper, half shout of rejoicing, the little creature shambled back, a wetter and a wiser calf, to tell his troubled parent all about his thrilling experience.

Now it seems to me that the Murphy cow surely deserves some recognition at the hands of the Royal Humane Society, and if a medal should appear inappropriate, perhaps a bell of more than ordinary sonority and sweetness, and suitably engraved, would be a fitting testimonial.

DIEGO PINZON,*

AND

THE FEARFUL VOYAGE HE TOOK INTO THE UNKNOWN OCEAN A.D. 1492.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

CHAPTER VIII.

PERHAPS if Diego had been better acquainted with his cousin than he was, he would not have dared to brave him, though the provocation had been twice what it was and his own indignation doubly hot. Garcia Fernandez and Francisco Martin knew the temper of the Captain, and they trembled for the rash boy.

But there were several things that conspired at that moment to make Diego's defiance less objectionable than at another time it would have been. Martin Alonzo realized that he had been unjust to Diego from first to last, and had misunderstood him; he saw that he had been impolitic—though that was not much of a matter—in trying to force a confession before all the crew; he knew now that the guilt of the culprit in cutting the gear



"THOU ART A TRUE PINZON, AND I AM PROUD OF THEE."

had not been as great as he had at first supposed—though a hanging matter, too; moreover, he was a bold man himself, and liked boldness in others, and particularly in Diego, whom he had supposed to be a spoiled boy, with no other gift than that of talking immoderately. However, he was not going to yield at once. He frowned and said:

"You are not talking now to one of your frays."

"I would I were," answered Diego, quickly; "I should have some hope of justice then."

"Tut!" said Martin Alonzo, and his brother and the steward knew by the half-smile on his face that there was no longer any danger for Diego. "That good Fray Bartolomeo told the truth when he said you had the gift of language."

"It has been of little use to me here," said Diego, sulkily.

"Say no more about it, say no more about it!" ejaculated Martin Alonzo, gruffly, but not unkindly.

"Yes," said Diego, still smarting under his wrongs, and disregarding the warning of Garcia Fernandez, "that is just it; you put upon me and then deny me the right to say a word in my own behalf."

"Say no more about it, say no more about it," reiterated Martin Alonzo, impatiently.

"Oh, I can keep silence," answered Diego.

Martin Alonzo laughed in spite of himself at the persistence of the boy.

"No one would credit it to hear you now," he said. "Well, what will satisfy you? Shall I ask your pardon in set words?"

But by this time Diego was able to see that he had come off marvellously well, and that he would be wise not to push his cousin's complaisance any further. Indeed, the moment he was assured of Martin Alonzo's kindly feeling, he lost all his resentment, and with true boyish inconsequence swung around from sullen anger and defiance into a gay good humor that showed itself in his old-time mischief. He drew his hand from his belt, where it had been angrily clinched, and waved it in ini-

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 627.

tation of his cousin's manner, and said, copying his tone and words:

"Say no more about it, say no more about it!"

Very much taken aback by this palpable and clever mimicry of himself, Martin Alonzo bit his lip, and then burst into a short but hearty ha! ha! ha! as if he could not help it; then checked himself and held out his hand, saying:

"There! take my hand like a cousin and a friend, and go your way for'ard and be a sailor again. I forgive you, and do you do the same by me, and forget what has happened."

"Thank you, Martin Alonzo," said Diego, taking the proffered hand. "I hope I shall show you how good a sailor I can be, since sailor I must be."

"A brave lad and a shrewd!" said Martin Alonzo, as Diego left the cabin. "But now to this affair."

"I crave your pardon, Martin Alonzo," said Diego, thrusting his head in at the doorway, "but I have taken quick counsel with myself, and it seems to me there is something I may tell you without harm to any one."

"I suppose," said Martin Alonzo, friendly enough now, "you mean you will tell of good-will what you would not tell perforce."

"It may be that," answered Diego, looking a little shamefaced.

"Well, tell it, and let us be thankful that you have relented."

"You may laugh as you will," said Diego, quite seriously; "but I do assure you that you had so frightened me that I could not tell right from wrong, and could only see that I must not turn informer. You will understand better when I tell you."

"I was wrong, Diego. Speak freely now."

"I suppose you knew as well as I that the men were dissatisfied."

"I had been stupid else."

"But I was certain from words I had heard fall that something, I knew not what, was to be attempted last night. That was what I would have told you had you permitted me."

"Say no more about it, say no more about it," laughed Martin Alonzo.

"I did not refer to it in reproach," said Diego, "but only to show that I was suspicious and anxious; though the most I looked for was a mutiny, which should force you to turn back, and that I would not have been unthankful for, though I would have warned you, too."

"A right-minded youth!" murmured Garcia Fernandez.

"Last night," went on Diego, "I lay out on deck, because of not liking the fore-castle, where, besides the air being close and foul, I had nothing but black looks. While I lay there I saw two sailors creep out and make their way aft, one of them with a knife in his hand. I followed softly, thinking they meant mischief to you."

"And what would you have done in such a case?" demanded Martin Alonzo, who, with the other two, had listened with great interest to Diego's tale.

"I should have thrown myself on him and called for help the moment I saw him go into the cabin."

"Tut!" said Martin Alonzo; "what could you do against him?"

"What?" cried Diego, off his guard; "I am his master, as he shall learn some day."

The three men exchanged meaning glances that told Diego that he had betrayed a part of his secret. He was at once furious and in despair.

"I will say no more. 'Tis a shame to trick my honest confidence."

"So it is, Diego; so it is, in faith," said Martin Alonzo, hastily. "Believe me, I will take no advantage of what has slipped you."

It was very plain that Martin Alonzo had conceived a sudden and strong liking for his young cousin, and was disposed to humor him. Diego felt it, and it induced him to continue his story.

"Well, there was no intention of hurting you; but I could not make out what was intended when one of them slipped over the rail. However, I hid myself as well as I could, meaning to seek you as soon as they were in the fore-castle again. But one of them saw me, and sprang on me. The other came to his assistance, and choked out the cry I would have uttered. Then one of them was for throwing me over the rail, fearing for their lives if I betrayed them."

"I should have hanged them," interjected Martin Alonzo, grimly.

"The other would not permit me to be murdered, and threatened to fight and cry out if the design were persisted in, so I was spared on condition of taking an oath not to reveal what I had seen."

"Well, of course," said Martin Alonzo, "if you took an oath."

"But I did not. You came on deck then, and I escaped without taking the oath."

"Then why did you not tell me at once?" cried Martin Alonzo.

"Why," said Diego, holding up his head proudly, "if I had taken the oath I should have owed it to them to keep silence; while not taking it, I owed it to myself, and that was more to me than what I owed perforce."

He looked very handsome and winsome as he stood there in his young pride, and Martin Alonzo thought so. He cast an approving glance at Garcia Fernandez and Francisco Martin, and sprang up from his chair.

"Embrace me, boy!" he cried, rapturously, for he dearly loved a brave action and a lofty spirit. "Thou art a true Pinzon, and I am proud of thee. There, Diego," he went on, "if I discover not Zipangu, at least I have discovered thy mother's son, and that will be some recompense. Now go for'ard, and ever count me friend. I would not have had thee do otherwise, and I thank the Holy Virgin that I was withheld from putting that shame on thee."

CHAPTER IX.

DIEGO left the cabin, very happy in the praise of his cousin, and in the fact of the reconciliation that had taken place between them; but there was something still lacking to complete happiness, and that was the good-will of the crew, which he thought he deserved, but which he was not certain he would obtain.

He need not have concerned himself about that, however. The crew had seen and admired his courage, and was ready to welcome him with acclamation or with sympathy, whichever seemed the more appropriate. Only Miguel and Juan knew how much he could have divulged, but there had been so many in the secret of the intended attempt on the rudder that it was easily surmised that Diego could have told something harmful to them if he had been willing.

The fact that he had not been willing pleased as much as it surprised them, and the dislike for Diego, that had been almost general among the crew, had been quickly and completely changed to admiration and liking, so that when he made his appearance out of the cabin with the air of being freed from fear of the flogging, they set up a shout of welcome, and gathered around him the moment he came down the ladder from the poop-deck. And he, in his pleasure at their good-will, forgot his former nice distinction of honest men and convicts, and gave his bright smiles right and left.

"Art spared, boy?" said one old sailor. "

"Yes, and have his good-will, though I betrayed no one - not I."

"And so it should be," said another, "for you showed yourself one of his own kind. A brave boy, comrades!"

"Ay, ay! and we did him an injustice."

"So we did," was agreed, "but we'll make that right."

"But how came he to let you off?" asked a voice that Diego knew for Miguel's, though the fellow did not show himself inside the group, preferring to skulk on the outer edge.

"Why," answered Diego, a little hotly, "because it was discovered that the fellow who did the trick was as much fool as knave; for the rudder had been injured so that it should break down ere ever the vessel left port. And I must say it is well that the *Pinta* had so good a Captain, or we would all have been at the bottom now. I tell you all freely and frankly that I like the voyage no better than any of you; but it was a foolish and a knavish trick to do a thing that might have sent us all to feed the fishes. I wager the one who did it was no sailor."

"True," and "That's true," and "He says well," came from every side of him, and Diego knew he had made no mistake in putting the matter as he had.

All this time, of course, the carpenter had been busy at the rudder, and after a time he came up and reported that he had done all that could be done—a matter Martin Alonso certified to himself by going over the rail and examining the work. When he came on deck again he said to his brother:

"Nothing more can be done, but we cannot go far in this plight. Another such gale would make an end of us. I would I could talk with the Admiral."

Somehow his words got forward among the sailors, and there were very few, if any, among them that were not content with the prospect of having to turn back. And Diego, if the truth be told, was as well pleased as any.

It was still too rough for any communication with the Admiral, so there was nothing for it at present but to put on sail and proceed. But that did not disquiet any but those who were not sailors, for it was well enough understood that Martin Alonso was only keeping on until he could communicate with the Admiral, Christoval Colon.

The sailors had fully expected some sort of harangue from Martin Alonso; but he maintained what seemed to some of them an ominous silence, and gave his whole attention to the navigation of the disabled ship. Once again during the day the rudder broke down, but the sea had moderated so much that it was repaired more easily this time, though it was still understood that nothing permanent could be accomplished without seeking land first.

It was not until the next day that the waves had gone down sufficiently to render intercourse between the vessels possible, though the *Pinta* had approached near enough to the *Santa Maria* to shout across the water the nature of the accident that had disabled the former ship.

Martin Alonso would have gone aboard the *Santa Maria*, but the Admiral thought it better for himself to go to the *Pinta*, and he did so soon after sunrise. The sailors of the *Pinta* greeted his appearance with execrations—muttered, indeed, but deep and heart-felt—and they had many disparaging things to say of him, likening him to a madman in looks. But Diego, who had seen him often, could not feel as they did, and thought him one of the noblest and most dignified of men.



"IF I HAD TOLD, YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN HANGING UP THERE."

He retired to the cabin, taking his pilot with him, and followed by Martin Alonso, Francisco Martin, who was pilot of the *Pinta*, and by Garcia Fernandez. There must have been a serious consultation between them, for they all looked grave when they came out. When the Admiral had returned to his vessel, Martin Alonso had all hands called aft; and they went readily enough, for they were hot to hear what had been decided.

Martin Alonso stood on the poop and waited silently until all the sailors stood ready to hear him. He looked very stern and determined, and some who were more acute than others augured ill for their hopes of a return.

"If I had discovered yesterday," began Martin Alonso, in a very uncompromising tone, "who had cut the gear-ing, I would have hanged him to the yard. I had good reasons for not pressing the matter. Now I will say that any similar attempt in the future will be punished by instant death. So much for that. The object in playing that fool's trick was to force me to turn back. You are all hoping that I will turn back. I shall not. We are heading now for the Canary Islands, where a new vessel will be found to replace this; or, if that cannot be done, this shall be thoroughly repaired and the voyage continued to the end; or at least until we have gone seven hundred leagues to the westward of Andalusia."

He stopped as if he believed he had said the last possible word on the subject. The men looked uneasily at one another, and it was plain that there was a strong feeling of dissatisfaction among them that must find voice, and it did in the person of a grizzled old sailor, who theretofore had had as little to say as any one. He knuckled his forehead, and hitched himself a little forward in the group of his mates.

"I've sailed more than one voyage with you, Martin Alonso."

"So you have. Well?"

"I never gave trouble."

"Never."

"And don't intend to now. I shipped of my own free

will, or to please you, which comes to the same thing; but I will say 'don't like the voyage—I don't like it. 'Tisn't natural. I hoped we were going back, I did, like all the others here, and I'd like nothing better than to go back. Of course if you say you are going on, that settles it, for I know you; but don't you think, Martin Alonzo, it would be fairer to let those that don't want to go get off at the Canaries? I say what I say to be fair all around."

It was the mildest sort of protest, but it was the best the old fellow could do with the eye of Martin Alonzo fixed sternly on him all the time.

"No, it wouldn't be fairer to let them go," was the answer. "If I did, I could get no others to take their places. Besides, they are a parcel of children who will thank me some day for having made their fortunes in spite of them. Why, men, we are going to find a country where the houses are roofed with plates of gold and silver. Doesn't that tempt ye?—eh?"

"We're going to perdition," interrupted a surly voice.

"Bah!" said Martin Alonzo, flashing his eye over the men to find the owner of the voice, but not succeeding. "Perdition! Do you think I would like that any better than you? Have I not as much—more to lose?"

"Life is life to one as to another," said a voice.

"A coward's life is worth nothing," said Martin Alonzo, scornfully. "But there, enough has been said. We go the voyage. To your work."

He was so sharp and peremptory that it was a marvel to Diego that he was not hated by the men; but it was not so, indeed. However much they might dislike the voyage, and there was no doubt on that score, they greatly admired their masterful Captain. A few there might have been who did not, perhaps, but they were hushed into silence at the first complaint against him. It was Christoval Colon who had to bear the odium of the forced voyage.

They were two days in coming in sight of the islands, and a glad sight it was to them all, even though they knew they would be obliged to put it behind them again. During those two days, and, in fact, ever since his reconciliation with his cousin, Diego had studiously avoided Juan Cacheco, for as he had no friendly word to say to him, he preferred not to say any.

But Juan was all the while anxious for a word of explanation with Diego, and continued to seek it even when he saw that Diego avoided him. He could have forced a conversation at any time, but what he had to say needed privacy, and that Diego would not give to him. The approach to land gave Juan the opportunity he had sought, however; for Diego stood alone, gazing abstractedly at the towering peak of Teneriffe. Juan stole up to him, and there was something wistful in his tone as he said,

"I am glad you were not flogged that day."

Diego turned with an angry start, and said, quickly, "No thanks to you that I was not."

"I could not—" began Juan, eager to justify himself, when Diego broke in cuttingly:

"Oh, I know a flogging would be nothing to you. I suppose you have been used to it."

This reference to his prison life made the blood rush in a red tide to the boy's face. He tried to speak, but could not find the words readily, and while he was struggling, Diego said, bitterly:

"I owed you my life that night, but you owe me yours for keeping silence. If I had told, you would have been hanged up there," pointing to the yard. "So we are quits. I owe you nothing, and you owe me nothing; and I hope some day to show you what an honest boy can do to a rogue."

Juan answered never a word, but seemed as if he were choking as he turned and walked slowly away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"LEARNING TO BE EDITORS."

BY BENJAMIN NORTHROP.

PROBABLY the youngest class in journalism in any school in the country is conducted in the new Chrystie Street public-school house in New York city. Not long ago a friend of mine advertised in a daily newspaper that he wanted to employ a bright boy to do some simple reportorial work. Among the fifty or more answers this was one:

"DEAR SIR, I respectfully apply for the position named in your advertisement. I refer you to Professor Smith, teacher of the first class in Grammar School No. 20. In his class we were being taught to be editors...."

"Very respectfully,"

I visited this school one afternoon recently, and found the class in journalism hard at work—or at play, rather, for newspaper day has more fun in it even than Saturday. Mr. Smith is an elderly, fresh-faced man, with a kindly voice and infinite patience. His class room differs from most class-rooms in public schools, inasmuch as the teacher is the personal friend and favorite adviser of every boy under his charge, and he has filled that same place for over a third of a century.

There is another distinctive feature that this class-room possesses. It has a name. It is called Smithville. There are forty boys in the class, and forty boys with lively fancies can get a great deal of sport out of their imaginations, consequently the room becomes a large city, the forty boys grow into 40,000 souls, and the narrow aisles that separate the rows of old-fashioned desks are streets, boulevards, and avenues.

These thoroughfares also are named. For instance, if a boy who does not learn his lessons sits in a certain row, his street is likely to be called "Blunderbuss Avenue." Where the whisperers sit is known as "Talkers' Row." The teacher's desk is the Mayor's Office. Once a map was made of this thriving metropolis, but the names of the streets change so constantly that this plan of recording localities was abandoned.

Professor Smith has been using journalism as a means of training his pupils in English grammar and construction for over a quarter of a century. At first he began by describing his class-room to his boys as a large skating pond. He told the boys to imagine that they were on skates, and to describe their adventures. These were written, and read to the class by the authors. This was the start. Later on, these compositions took the form of newspapers. About twenty years ago the boys published a printed magazine once a month, and they made it pay expenses, which is a great deal more than some very much older journalists have succeeded in doing with their publications. After one year this was given up, for a variety of reasons, chief among which was the amount of time that it took. Then the written papers came into style, and this has been followed ever since.

At the present time there are six journals published weekly in Smithville. They are of uniform size, written upon four sheets of fool's-cap paper, and have their names neatly printed in red ink upon the first page. The names of some of these journals are *Our Own*, *The Courier*, *The Smithville Chronicle*, *The Joker*, and *The Standard*. Any boy may start a paper whenever he pleases. He may start the venture alone or he may solicit help, just as he chooses. Then he is allowed to publish his sheet regularly every Friday or only once or twice a month, according to his own wish; and what is more, he may write anything that he cares to about any boy or professor in the school, provided that it is not vulgar, profane, or malicious.

The first story that I heard read was from *The Courier*. It was written expressly for *The Courier* by its editor, Ike H. Feldman, aged thirteen. "Frankie's

Ragamuffin" is the title. This is the way it starts out:

"At the corner of a large square and a connecting street, where little Frankie Cass lives, there is a small and neat grocery store, kept by a man named Cyrus Swain. Cyrus is a red-faced and rough-looking man, and he has a good name in the neighborhood. His friend, Mrs. Riley, who lives on the other side of Frankie's house, buys all her groceries from him because he sells them so cheap. She was in the store one day buying some soda crackers, when Frankie's head peeped in over his broad brimmed hat showed itself in the doorway. The store was quite crowded. There were about six people waiting to be tended. Cyrus had a scowl on his face, because the street boys had stolen nuts and apples from the barrel outside. He found a counterfeit dollar in the cash drawer. Mrs. Riley did not see him so mad for six months.

"Can't stand it!" he muttered, as he was writing out some orders. "Must have some protection against them bad loaders. I'd teach 'em a lesson some of these fine days. No, Mrs. Cass," he said to a nice woman who asked him some questions from the back of the store, "eggs haven't risen. I've been letting you have them at cost price, and now I can't afford it. I must make up somehow."

CHAPTER II.

"Cyrus's manner was gruff to Mrs. Riley even, until he spied Frankie's big blue eyes peeping over at him. In a moment Cyrus's scowl disappeared. A broad smile went over his face, and he stopped counting his money just to listen to what Frankie had to say.

"How do you feel, Mr. Swain? Do you feel well?"

"Pretty well, pretty well, thank you, sir," answered Cyrus, heartily; "and how do you feel?"

"Oh, I'm all well," replied Frankie. "I have a pussy scratch on my thumb," holding up his hand for Mr. Swain's examination. "Well, I'll be going, Mr. Swain. Good-by," said Frankie, which was repeated by Mr. Swain.

"Come again to-morrow."

"Turning to his duties, it was with a different manner that Cyrus gave Mrs. Riley her change.

"Now, Mrs. Cass, what can I do for you? You can have the eggs as usual. Ten, twelve—there! Here is another. That little boy who was in here before does me a good turn 'most every day. I'm so used to see his small figure coming in, stepping upon that soap-box, to ask me how I feel. Every day, as sure as the sun shines, he trots down just to inquire about my feelings. He won't take anything off of me."

"When Frankie left the store he walked back to his own doorstep. There he found the very ragamuffin who had been stealing Mr. Swain's nuts. He was now cracking them with a stone. So Frankie sat down on the bottom step by the ragamuffin, and said,

"Who are you?"

[To be Continued.]

The *Courier*, like the other journals of Smithville, does not confine itself entirely to fiction. It has a humorous department and a column of gossip.

These extracts will suffice to show the reader how the Smithville journalists learn to be editors. After the papers are read, the stories and jokes are discussed, and mistakes in spelling and construction are corrected.

MRS. O'FLYNN'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY EVA LOVETT CARSON.



OLD Mrs. O'Flynn had a very sleek cat,
And a dog that was equally hearty,
And Christmas day bringing its wealth of good cheer,
She resolved she would give them a party,

To Fido and Tabby a party.
So having no little O'Flynn's to delight
With a Christmas tree loaded and shiny,
For Fido and Tabby she covered with gifts



An evergreen spiky and piny,
With sweets and with candles so shiny,
For Tabby a cushion, for Fido a coat,
For each of the treasures a collar,
With macaroons, candies of prettiest sort,
And sweets that cost many a dollar,
A dollar—
And ribbons to set off their collar.

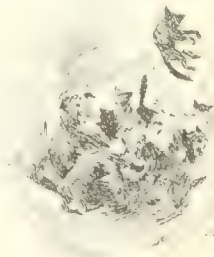


And cream hung in bottles, and playthings in rows,
And blankets to keep them warm sleeping,
All 'broider'd with silver, and decked out with bows,



For the daintiest darling in keeping,
In keeping --
To cover them snugly when sleeping.
She invited their friends and companions to view
The Christmas tree dressed in its splendor,
And the cats were a-mews-ed, and the

dogs whined with joy
At refreshments she served near the fender,
The fender,
Including bones juicy and tender.
But sad to relate, with the fun at its height,
They squabbled each flew in a passion,
They tore down the tree, set the branches ablaze,



And snarled in true cat and dog fashion—
A fashion
Fit only for cat and dog passion.
With a broom-stick poor Mrs. O'Flynn drove the guests
All out of the house in a hurry,
And hugged her poor darlings again to her breast,
And begged them by no means to worry,
To worry
And set up the tree in a hurry.

And said, We will keep Christmas feasts to ourselves,
Bad companions bring only distraction!



And Fido and Tab, half asleep on the rug,
Gave a wink that expressed satisfaction,
'Tisfaction
Gave a wink that expressed satisfaction.

it was a foreigner, and never came to this country."

THE CAUSE OF COBWEBS.

THE celebrated English poet Dryden had a wife who was ambitious to write poetry as well as her husband. So she shut herself up in her apartments to compose verses. Sad to say, the servants took advantage of her absence to neglect their work, and Dryden was mortified to be obliged to receive his friends in a room which plainly showed their carelessness.

"Mrs. Dryden," cried he, in a rage, after the gentlemen had gone, "I desire you will write no more poetry, madam."

"Why so, my dear?" asked the good-humored lady.

"Because," cried he, "I notice whenever we both write poetry at the same time the spiders immediately begin to spin cobwebs."

THE SHAPE OF IT

"DENNIS," cried Pat, "will yez ever pay me the two guineas ye owe me?"

"Sure I will," answered Dennis, readily. "I'll pay ye, never fear. 'Tis only two guineas, boy, and I'll pay ye in some shape or other."

"Faith, Dennis," replied the quick-witted Pat, "ye'd better make it as near the shape of two guineas as ye can."

A STATEMENT

I HAVE no use for iron toys
Or linen books—can't bear them;
They're aggravating things for boys,
Who cannot break or tear them.



"WAAH, IS IT IN A RED-AND-YELL DORTAH SENG, TO' DE WAH; BUT, I DECLAR, I HAIN'T NERAH SEED SO PLEASURED AND WID ROOTS LAR DEM!"

IMPORTED WALLS

ONCE a gentleman having a finely decorated house hired two Irishmen to do some work in it. The house was empty, and when their work was finished the two comrades wandered through the rooms admiring the beautifully painted halls.

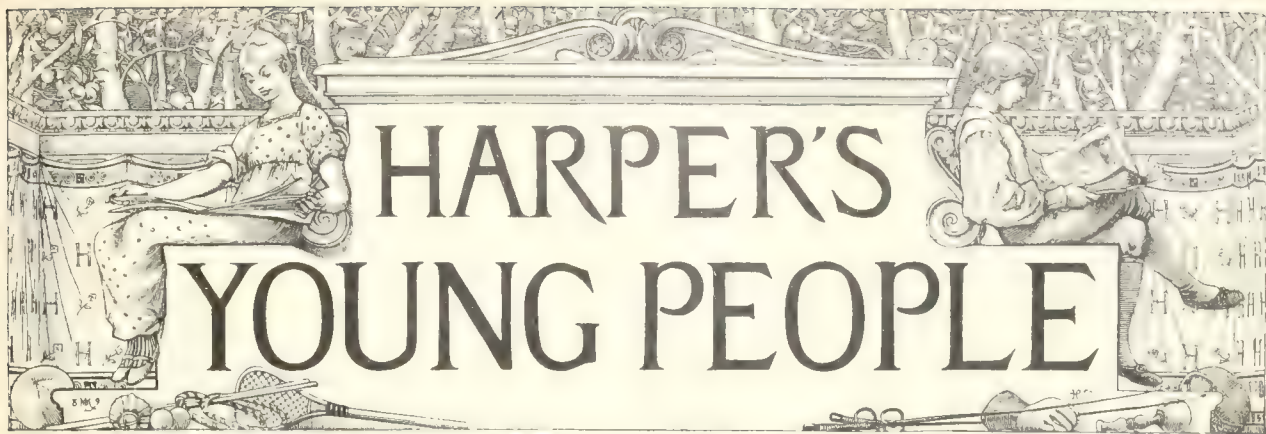
"Faith," said one, "sure it must have been imported. It's too grand to be made in this country."

"Don't be stupid, Mike," said his friend, who had a shade more sense. "Don't you see they're painted on the wall?"

"Och!" cried Mike, much confused. "I mean the man who did



THE CHRISTMAS VIGIL.



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

EDITH'S FUR CAPE.

BY LILLIE BURRELL REMEX

THERE had been a close conference in the library that morning. It lasted about half an hour, but Edith came off conqueror, as she invariably did, and when the library door finally closed behind her, she held in her hand seven crisp new five-dollar bills. The conference had been somewhat as follows: Mr. Murray had gone to the library after breakfast to read his paper, and Edith had followed him; for it was Saturday, and there was no school.

"Well, daughter," said her father, not looking up, but reaching out his hand as she came near.

Edith seated herself upon the arm of his chair, and waited until he had finished the article. Then she took the paper from him. "Father dear, I've come to make you a visit," she said, kissing the little bald spot on the top of his head. Edith had found this spot years before; in fact, it is not altogether to be denied that she was responsible for it, for there had been so many of these conferences, and Edith always began them by kissing her father exactly on top of his head.

"Well, my dear," said her father, "I'm sure I'm very glad to see you. I presume I shall soon find out to what I am indebted for the honor of this visit."

Edith blushed slightly.

"Now, father, that's not quite fair. You can't say but what I love to call upon you at any time, even when—"

She hesitated, and her father laughingly finished her speech: "Even when you have not some special favor to ask of your poor old father. By-the-way, daughter, how is that bald spot? Is it growing?"

"Oh, father dear, no. I can brush the hair over it, and hide it altogether. You have lovely hair, father," went on Edith, passing her fingers caressingly through the crisp gray locks. "It isn't every girl that has such

a handsome father to 'call upon,' " she added, mischievously.

"You flatterer!" said her father. "Well, daughter, out with it. Is it five or ten this time? I really must be off, for Saturday's a short day."

"It's more than that, father," began Edith, hurriedly. "You see, it's this way. Each girl in our set, except me,

has a fur cape, and I really can't be quite happy unless I have one too."

"But, my dear," said her father, "you forget that you have your seal-skin jacket and your new cloth ulster, and that you have already far overstepped your allowance. I don't want you to be extravagant, my daughter. You should not spend as much on yourself as would keep a poor family in coals," he finished, laughing.

Edith blushed. "Yes, papa, I know. But I do give away considerable. I've given away many of my last winter's clothes, and I give away part of my allowance each month, and—and—"

Edith paused, and her father added: "But, Edith, your last winter's things you don't care for. You should do something to make a sacrifice. I want my little girl to look well, as I'm proud of her," and he glanced fondly at the

pretty little figure, and at the dark blushing face that was looking so earnestly into his own; "but I would rather be proud of her womanly graces, and of the fact that she was an earnest servant of the Master whom her mother so deeply revered, than that she should have beauty of face or form."

For a few moments there was silence between the two, the father thinking of the fair young wife who had gone home so early, and left him with the little daughter to train and care for. But presently Edith said, "Well,



papa, am I to have my cape?" and her father laughingly handed her his purse.

"There, help yourself. Whew!" he added, as she took from it the seven crisp new bills referred to. "The cape is to cost considerable, isn't it?" while Edith said, with much satisfaction: "The cheap ones are so common, father. I might as well get a seal-skin while I'm about it."

Mr. Murray regarded his daughter gravely; then he said, earnestly, and Edith knew there was no joking in what he said this time: "Now, daughter, remember, this is all the money I can let you have this year. You have all the clothes any girl could possibly need, and I fear this is extravagant. Remember, not another dollar before the 1st of January next."

And as the interview ended, and the daughter had gone up stairs to get ready for her trip to the furrier's, the father rested his head upon his hand thoughtfully. "If her mother had but lived," he murmured. "I fear I'm not doing right by Edith. It worries me not a little." Then he put on his overcoat, the street door closed behind him, and he went to his office.

"The dear old father!" said Edith to herself, as she watched him go down the street. "I'm very glad I don't know of any poor people now, or I'd be compelled to spend this for them. I just know I would, for my conscience wouldn't let me keep it. But I don't. Every single solitary poor person I know of has been provided for, and I'll rush along in the nicest streets on my way down town, so that I can't possibly see any one poorer than myself. For I must have that cape, and that's all there is about it."

Another girl was coming up the avenue as Edith was hurrying down town.

"Going out, Edith?" she said. "Have you time for a talk first? It's something very special," continued the new-comer, earnestly.

"Why, yes," said Edith, slowly. "Come right back with me, May, to the house. Now, then," she continued, when she had led her guest into the library and established her in a comfortable chair by the fire, "what's the trouble? Only please, please don't tell me," she added, entreatingly, "that it's a poor family."

"Not exactly a whole family," replied May, "but I've heard of another case for our Circle to help. You know Grace Leslie?" she added.

"That bright girl who entered our class last fall?" said Edith. "She doesn't need coals or provisions, does she?"

"Hardly," said May, smiling; "but she does need help. Her father died recently, and the family has been left rather badly off. Mrs. Leslie told mother last night that Grace could not go back to school, as so many bills had accumulated that would have to be met. Grace is the oldest of the four children. I believe there are several unpaid school bills, and I thought," she continued, looking into Edith's face for the expression of sympathy that she was so sure of finding upon it, "that this would be something for our Circle to do. Let us pay those school bills and pledge ourselves for the tuition, so that Grace can go right along with us. She would not need to know; in fact, you know it's against the rule to tell even if we wanted to."

"It would be lovely to do," said Edith, slowly; "but, May, I shall have no money to give away before the 1st of January. Papa gave me some money this morning for a seal-skin cape, but told me very seriously that I was not to have a dollar more this year. I suppose he thinks I'm extravagant, or something, and is doing this for discipline. The dear old father!" said Edith, softly, for somehow the interview in the library that morning had touched her strangely. "I suppose I could give up the cape," she said, tremulously; "but I do want one awfully."

"Nonsense!" said May, quickly. "You're not a bit extravagant, Edith. I'm sure you've done more than any of us for our Circle. If we can't manage this scheme, Grace will be none the wiser. It's getting on towards Christmas, and the girls may be stingy, but perhaps after Christmas we can get the plan started. But you were going down town, Edith. Shall I go with you?"

"I was going for my cape," said Edith, slowly, "and if you really think I ought to get it, I do wish you'd go with me."

"Certainly," said May; and the two were soon on their way.

"It fits you, Miss Edith, to perfection," said Mr. Baer, the furrier. The girls had always laughed at his name, for it seemed so appropriate to his occupation. "There need be no alteration."

Edith complacently surveyed herself in the glass. The new cape did indeed look very well, and as she drew it more closely about her shoulders she gave a little sigh of satisfaction. "It's lovely," she said at last; "and the price you say is thirty-five dollars?"

"Thirty-five," said Mr. Baer. "Will you take this?"

"What do you think, May?" asked Edith, turning to May for her opinion.

"I do not think you could find anything to suit you better, Edith," replied her friend.

"Very well," said Edith, hurriedly; "and there's the money," she added, thrusting the roll of bills into Mr. Baer's hand. "I'll leave my jacket here, if you please, Mr. Baer, and you can send it up on Monday if you haven't time to-day, as I'd like to wear the cape," and Edith turned once more to the mirror. Had she glanced at the reflection of her face instead of at the cape, she would have seen an unhappy expression that was not usually found there. Mr. Baer saw it, shook his head, and smiled oddly after the girl had left.

"That child is worried about something," he said to himself. "If I didn't know her and her father, and know she can have all the money she wants merely for the asking, I should think there was something wrong about this purchase."

Edith and May walked slowly down the street, and at the corner parted.

"Good-by," said May. "I'll go and see if the other girls can give anything. Don't look so wofully unhappy, Edie, because for once you've spent something on yourself. Why, I don't believe you've spent five dollars since we formed this Circle, and surely it's not right to give up everything."

Edith smiled doubtfully. "At all events, May, you may depend upon my help immediately after the first of the year. Good-by. I'll see you to-morrow."

Unhappy! Yes, Edith did feel so. You see this was the trouble: Some six months before, a "Ten" had been formed among the girls of her "set," its object being to do little kindly acts, and not let them be known. Each girl wore a purple ribbon and a silver cross, but no one had been able to find out just what the Circle had accomplished, for the girls had taken a vow to keep all their good deeds secret. This quaint little motto they had adopted for their own:

"Doest thou a good deed,
In the deep let it go;
Though the fish may not see,
Yet the Lord will know."

As May said, Edith had been exceedingly generous; for it was her nature to be enthusiastic in whatever she undertook. Her allowance was large, and she had, after reserving only what she actually needed, poured the remainder into the treasury.

"You should do something as a sacrifice." That was what her father had said. "He that loveth father or

mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me. And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after Me, is not worthy of Me.' I suppose it means that I should have given up the cape," said Edith, chokingly. "I know I'm not worthy to wear this cross, for, in spite of what May said, I've been most horribly selfish."

In another part of the city a girl about the same age as Edith looked at her books longingly, then hearing a wail from an adjoining room, she turned resolutely towards the door. "Wait, baby," she called, patiently; "sister's coming," and in a moment more she had taken the little one from its tired mother, and was tossing it up and down until it crowed with delight. Mrs. Leslie looked on gratefully. "I don't know what I should do without you, Grace dear," she said, tearfully. "You've been so bright and patient. I never thought you could have given up school so easily, but you don't seem to mind it."

Something like a sob rose in Grace's throat, and she hid her face in the baby's shoulder before giving him his final toss, then she said, gently: "Of course I shall be sorry not to go back to school, mother dear, but I'm glad I've found something to do to help us meet expenses. Your eldest girl must be a boy, you see."

"No boy could do better, darling," said her mother. "If we could only get you a scholarship, we might possibly keep you in school for a year or two."

"And I would graduate in that time," said Grace, eagerly—so eagerly that her mother saw at once how she would enjoy it.

"But it is impossible for us to think of paying the tuition," continued her mother. "It was your father's ambition, Grace, to have you graduate, but if he can see the sacrifice you have made so willingly, he will think you have won far greater honor than any school could give you."

"At all events," said Grace, brightly, "I can use all my spare time in studying, and I'll soon be something better than a 'model,' mother dear. Since I can't go to school, I can at least help pay off some of those dreadful bills. Don't worry, mother. Jack and Harry will soon be able to help too, and in the mean time we'll get along. And now do look at this baby. He's gone asleep during our talk, bless his heart!" and she carried him off to his crib. "I think, mother," continued Grace, "if you don't mind, I'll go and call on my teacher, Miss Denham, and tell her I can't go back."

"Certainly, dear, go by all means," said Mrs. Leslie, and Grace went.

"Not coming back? Oh, Grace! I'm so sorry!" said Miss Denham, when Grace had told her the news. "Is it really necessary, dear? You would make such a success as a teacher if you could only graduate."

"Yes, I know I could teach," said Grace, sadly; "but it's not to be thought of."

"And there is not one scholarship vacant," said Miss Denham, sorrowfully. "However, Grace, I'll not forget you, and perhaps some day an opening may come. Good-by, dear. God bless you!"

And Grace went away, not a little comforted. It was pleasant to be appreciated, at any rate. As she walked along sorrowfully she met Edith, who, after finishing her lessons, had started for a promenade in her new cape. Grace bowed slightly, and would have passed on, for she



"IT FITS YOU, MISS EDITH, TO PERFECTION," SAID MR. BAER, THE FURRIER.

had never known Edith intimately; but Edith stopped, and held out her hand in a friendly way.

"I was so sorry to hear this morning of your trouble," she said, hesitatingly. "I missed you from school, but did not know that you had lost your father."

Grace's eyes filled with tears, and Edith went on: "I'm so very sorry. I don't know what I should do if I were to lose my father, for he's the only relative I have in the world. It must be simply dreadful."

"I have mother and the children left," said Grace, simply; "but it has been hard for me to lose my father. Thank you, Miss Murray, for your sympathy."

"Shall I see you at school on Monday?" asked Edith, although she felt very guilty as she asked the question.

"No," replied Grace; "I've left school. In fact," she added, rather proudly, "by next week this time I shall be a 'working-girl.' Mr. Baer, the furrier, has offered me a position as model in his establishment, to try on cloaks, etc., and I've accepted." And before the astonished Edith could find words for reply, Grace had given her a final nod, and disappeared.

"Well, I never!" said Edith, slowly. "I'm going around to see May." And half an hour later found her in May's parlor talking earnestly. "Wouldn't the others give anything?" she asked, after she had told of her interview with Grace.

"They said they couldn't, really," replied May. "or you know we all handed in all we could spare at the last meeting. When I heard of it, I decided to take something out of my Christmas fund if I could get you to help (for I scarcely dared hope for anything more from the others), and pay off some of the old bills, so that Grace might be persuaded to go back. But there is fifty dollars to pay, and I can give only fifteen," she added, somewhat reluctantly.

Edith rose to go. "I'm awfully sorry, May," she said, "and I simply hate this horrid fur cape," she added, giving it a vindictive twitch as she straightened her hat before the mirror.

"Nonsense," laughed May. "The cape is perfectly lovely, and you look so well in it."

The cape was lovely, and she did look well. Edith knew this, and it was nice to feel the soft warm fur against her throat as she walked slowly homeward, although this time she made no effort to quiet her conscience, that was speaking to her steadily.

"I've a notion to ask papa for some more money," she said at last, not to herself, but to the still, small voice that was pleading with her.

"You have no right to do it," said conscience, sternly. "That's against the rules of the Circle. Other girls might get it by asking, too, if they tried."

"I'm sure the cape's mine. Papa said I might have it," said Edith, defiantly.

"Of course it's yours. You paid the thirty-five dollars for it," said conscience, scornfully.

"I don't know Grace Leslie very well, anyway," said Edith. "She's almost a stranger to me."

"Stranger, and ye took Me in," said conscience, softly.

Silence for at least five minutes. Edith had turned her steps in the direction of the busier portion of the city.

"I don't believe Mr. Baer will do it. I'm ashamed to go in."

"Try him, and see," said conscience. "You've no need to be ashamed. You're asking nothing wrong."

So Edith went in, and sought the "Baer in his den," as she afterwards told May, for he was in his private office.

"Mr. Baer," she began, plunging, as was her style, into the heart of her subject, "I've changed my mind about this cape. Would you—could you," she added, pleadingly, as she saw the furrier look at her with some suspicion, "take it back again, and give me the thirty-five dollars? I need the money very much for another purpose. You may deduct a few dollars if you like, because I have worn the cape; but if you will take it back and give me as much of the money as is right, I shall never forget the favor."

Mr. Baer regarded her gravely for a moment; then a smile broke over his face as he said: "Yes, I think I can. I don't believe you've damaged the cape any by wearing it down here, Miss Edith. In fact, it is rather a good advertisement. Your jacket has not been sent home, so you can walk back in that; and here is the money."

He handed her the same seven crisp new bills she had given him that morning, and Edith took them joyfully. As she put them back in her purse, she laid her hand in a loving caress upon the pretty dark fur.

"Good-by, you beauty," she said; and in spite of herself the tears filled her eyes. "Don't think, Mr. Baer, that I don't know just how lovely this cape is, and don't think I didn't like it, for there was never such a beauty. But I needed the money for something else."

"All right," said Mr. Baer, handing her her jacket. "We understand that—the cape and I," he added, smiling. And as he watched the little figure walking briskly down the street, he said to himself: "Girls are queer creatures; never know their minds five minutes at a time; but that one has such a coaxing way I couldn't refuse her."

Edith had time for another interview with May before she hurried home to supper. "Here's the money, my dear, for I've decided to do without my seal-skin cape this year. Mr. Baer was lovely, and took back the cape and gave me the money. Now rush down and see Miss Denham, and have her tell Grace to be in school bright and early on Monday morning; and mind, don't tell the rest of the Circle about this."

"Edith Murray," said May, kissing her lovingly, "you're the best girl in the world, and I'd just love to tell this all over the city, for I don't know of another girl who would have done such a thing."

A note from Miss Denham filled Grace and her mother with more happiness than had been theirs for months previous.

"DEAR GRACE," it said, "your name has been placed upon the list of pupils who are charged no tuition, and I trust you will be back among us on Monday without fail. Do not feel any delicacy about this, as the offer is made you by those who know it will be appreciated. Continue as you began last fall, and you will be sure to some day fill a position of usefulness far above the average. With much love, I am,

Sincerely your Friend,
MARY DENHAM."

Need it be stated that Grace accepted gratefully.

Mr. Baer also received a note that evening, as follows:

"DEAR MR. BAER,—I have been offered the chance of continuing my course in school, free of charge, and therefore take this means of declining your very kind offer. Thanking you most sincerely for your kindness in giving me the position, I am,

Respectfully,
GRACE LESLIE."

"Humph!" growled Mr. Baer; "another queer girl; though I'm glad to hear this. I wonder," he added, thoughtfully, "who is paying her tuition, for I know there are none of the scholarships vacant? I'll look into this."

"Well, daughter?" said Mr. Murray the next morning, as Edith, dressed for church, but wearing her seal-skin jacket, joined him at the hall door. "What! Didn't you buy the cape, after all?"

"I thought, father," said Edith, confusedly, her face growing crimson under his searching gaze, "that since you had 'cut me off with a shilling' until the first of the year, I had better lay up a reserve, so I've done without the cape."

"Very well," said her father, quietly; "only don't spend the money foolishly. I am glad you are beginning to think of these things."

"The snow begun in the gloaming,
And silently all the night"

had been coming down, so that when Edith opened her eyes that Christmas morning a cry of delight broke from her. "Oh, how perfectly lovely! A real white Christmas!" Then hurried with her toilet, that she might run down stairs to greet her father.

"A merry Christmas, you precious father!" she cried, dancing into the dining-room, where he sat waiting for her. "Isn't this snow a lovely Christmas gift? It makes me feel so Christmasy," she added, laughing.

"There's something in that box by your chair that may make you feel still more so, although I can't tell," said her father, smiling.

Edith needed no second hint, but in a moment more the box was opened; and there, in the daintiest of white tissue wrappings, lay the same fur cape about which all this has been said.

"Father, you darling!" said Edith, rapturously. "How did you know what I've been longing for all winter?"

"Oh, I guessed it," said her father, laughing. Then when she put on the cape, and came and stood before him, he looked into her face with unutterable fondness. "My precious daughter! I have not been watching you all these weeks for nothing. Mr. Baer—he is a trustee of your school, you know—in some way ferreted out the good you've been doing, and came to me with the story. He said to me, 'That was a rare act of charity, giving up that cape, for girls are girls, and she wanted one.'"

"So I did," laughed Edith. "I wanted it dreadfully. The old 'baer'! How in the world did he find it out?" she added, nestling her chin into the softness with a sigh of satisfaction.

HOLLY AND MISTLETOE.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

FOR many weeks past young folks everywhere have been scouring the fields and woods, locating holly bushes and mistletoe plants, so that they could know where to go for them two or three days before Christmas. The day before Christmas eve is usually the time that holly and mistletoe are brought home; and when they are displayed, they look as glossy and as fresh as they do in the woods and fields.

But it is not only the young folks that gather holly and mistletoe at Christmas-tide; thousands of farmers and other persons from Canada to the tropics employ themselves at this work for two or three weeks before the 25th. They haul home the holly by the horse-load on drays or sleds, but the mistletoe, which is rarer, more valuable, and more easily broken, is usually conveyed in bags or boxes, though troops of women may be seen bringing home the beautiful parasite in their aprons. The plants gathered in such large quantities are intended for shipment to the cities near by, and perhaps to New York and other far-distant places. During the week before Christmas there are probably several thousand tons of holly shipped over the railways to every quarter, and hundreds of tons of mistletoe. Some of the Southern trains bring along one, two, and three carloads, the holly being carefully packed in cases, so that it shall not appear draggled at the end of the journey. The mistletoe is put in small packages, because it is easy to break off the milky bells, and the plant is far more rare and costly.

Holly abounds all over the world, one hundred and fifty species of it having been determined, but there are about fourteen varieties to be found in the United States. Some of the hollies remain green through the entire year, others shed their foliage, but those used for Christmas decorations have deep green leaves, the upper surface being glossy. The finest American species of holly is the *Ilex opaca*, and large quantities of it have recently been reaching the cities. The mountain-holly, or *Nemopanthes canadensis*, is also a choice variety; but even these are quite inferior to the English holly, which has a sturdier leaf and a more vivid and lustrous green. A small proportion of the holly used by English people resident in Canada is imported from England, and a great many cases come from Great Britain to the United States.

There are many superstitions connected with the history of the holly bush. It was employed for decorating the temple when the Saturnalia, or feasts of Saturn, were held in ancient Rome. The Teutonic race, especially those living in bleak or mountainous regions, festooned the insides of their houses, so that sylvan spirits, fairies, and other supernatural creatures might come in from the storm and cold and take shelter among the leaves.

Although the holly is most prized for Christmas decorations, it has also several other important uses. Its wood, which when dry weighs about forty-eight pounds per cubic foot, is very hard and smooth in the grain, and almost equal to boxwood for engraving purposes. Its color is a pure ivory white. Moreover, there is obtained from the species of holly known as the *Ilex cassine* the yaupon tea so common among the rural parts of the Carolinas, where it is a very choice drink; and Paraguay tea, or *maté*, is derived from some Southern varieties. The holly, however, being a shrub that grows in considerable abundance nearly all over the world, is not so highly prized for Christmas as the mistletoe, which is

rare, delicate, and beautiful, and the source of numerous legends and old historic customs.

A large quantity of mistletoe reaches the United States and Canada from Europe every year a few days before Christmas. It is packed with great care in boxes, as on the trains, so that the milky, wax-like berries may not fall off. There are nearly eighty species of mistletoe, and all of them are evergreens and parasites, but they are very seldom found on the oak, though people generally believe the contrary. Only the mistletoe proper is found in Europe, but there are many varieties common in the United States. The plant is obtained from many parts of the country, notably the South, growing upon apple, pear, plum, and other fruit trees; it is now and again—though, as I have said, rarely—found on the oak. Although most of the imported mistletoe comes from England, very few plants grow in that country; they are imported from the apple orchards of Normandy and other parts of France. The imported species of this beautiful parasite always has the milky waxen berries, but plants have been found in this country with berries of as vivid a red as that of the holly fruit. The mistletoe berry contains a viscid juice, from which birdlime is obtained, and birds of the thrush family are fond of the fruit. Hence the name misselthrush or mistlethrush is derived. The seeds of the plant are brought from tree to tree by the birds, which, after a feast on mistle berries, fly off to another tree, and wipe their bills on a branch. The seed takes root in the sap and fibre of the limb or bole where it is left. In time it puts out a tiny oblate leaf, and thereafter continues to grow as the tree grows, and, as a rule, as long as the tree lives. It has greenish-yellow flowers in spring, and the berries appear in winter.



The Enchanted Island.

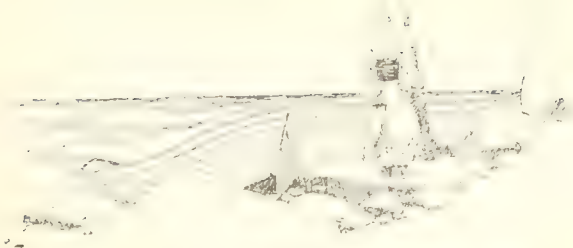
BY HOWARD PYLE.

AUTHOR OF "PEPPER AND SALT," "THE WONDER CLOCK," ETC.

Part XX.

SO that is the way King Selim the Baker began to reign, and that is the way he continued to reign. All day was feasting and drinking and making merry and music and laughing and talking. But every night at midnight the same thing happened—the lights went out, all the people began wailing and crying, and the six tall, terrible black men came with flaming torches and marched King Selim away to the beautiful statue. And every night the same voice said, "Selim! Selim! Selim! what art thou doing? To-day is feasting and drinking and merrymaking, but beware of to-morrow!"

So things went on for a twelve-month, and at last came the end of the year. That day and night the merrymaking was merrier and wilder and madder than it had ever been before, but the great clock in the tower went on tick! tock! tick! tock! and by and by it came a sudden stop. Then, as it always happened before, the lights went out, and all was as black as ink. But this time there was no wailing and crying, but everything was as silent as death; the door opened slowly, and in came not six black men



SELIM THE BAKER LANDS ON THE LITTLE ISLAND.

as before, but nine men as silent as death, dressed all in flaming red, and the torches they carried burned as red as blood. They took King Selim by the arms, just as the six men had done, and marched him through the same entries and passageways, and so came at last to the same vaulted room. There stood the statue; but now it was turned to flesh and blood, and the eyes were open and looking straight at Selim the Baker.

"Art thou Selim?" said she. And she pointed her finger straight at him.

"Yes, I am Selim," said he.

"And dost thou wear the gold ring with the red stone?" said she.

"Yes," said he. "I have it on my finger."

"And dost thou wear the iron ring?"

"No," said he; "I gave that to Selim the Fisherman."

The words had hardly left his lips when the statue gave a great cry, and clapped her hands together. And in an instant a great cry sounded like an echo all over the town—a shriek fit to split the ears.

The next moment there came another sound—a sound like thunder—above and below and everywhere. The earth began to shake and to rock, and the houses began to topple and fall, and the people began to scream and to yell and to shout, and the waters of the sea began to lash and to roar, and the wind began to bellow and howl. Then it was a good thing for King Selim that he wore Luck's Ring; for though all the beautiful snow-white palace about him and above him began to crumble to pieces like slaked lime, the sticks and the stones and the beams fell this side of him and that, and he crawled out from under it without a scratch or a bruise, like a rat out of a cellar. That is what Luck's Ring did for him.

But his troubles were not over yet, for just as he came out from under all the ruin, the island began to sink down into the water, carrying everything along with it—that is, everything but him and one thing else. That one other thing was an empty boat, and King Selim climbed into it, and nothing else saved him from drowning. It was Luck's Ring that did that for him also.

The boat floated on and on until it came to another island that was just like the island he had left, only that there was neither tree nor blade of grass nor hide nor hair nor living thing of any kind. Nevertheless, it was an island just like the other; a high mountain and nothing else. There Selim the Baker went ashore, and there he would have starved to death only for Luck's Ring; for one day a boat came sailing by, and when poor Selim shouted, those aboard heard him and came and took him off. How they all stared to see his golden crown—for he still wore it—and his robes of silk and satin and the gold and jewels!

Before they would consent to carry him away, they made him pay them all the fine things he had on, and then they took him home again to the town whence he had first come, just as poor as when he had started. Back he went to his bake-shop and his ovens, and the first thing

he did was to take off his gold ring and put it on the shelf.

"If that is the Ring of Good Luck," said he, "I want no more such pudding."

That is the way with mortal man, for one has to have the Ring of Wisdom as well to turn the Ring of Luck to good account.

And now for Selim the Fisherman.

Well, thus it happened to him. For a while he carried the iron ring around in his pocket—just as so many of us do—without thinking to put it on. But one day he slipped it on his finger, and that is what we do not all of us do. After that he never took it off again, and the world went smoothly with him. He was not rich, but then he was not poor, he was not merry, neither was he sad. He always had enough, and was thankful for it, for I never yet knew wisdom to go begging or craving.

So he went his way, and he fished his fish, and twelve months and a week or more passed by. Then one day he went past the baker shop, and there sat Selim the Baker smoking his pipe of tobacco.

"So, friend," said Selim the Fisherman, "you are back again in the old place, I see."

"Yes," said the other Selim; "awhile ago I was a King, and now I am nothing but a baker again. As for that gold ring with the red stone, they may say it is Luck's Ring if they choose, but when next I wear it may I be hanged."

Thereupon he told Selim the Fisherman the story of what had happened to him, with all its ins and outs, just as I have told it to you.

"Well," said Selim the Fisherman, "I should like to have a sight of that island myself. If you want the ring no longer, just let me have it, for, maybe, if I wear it, something of the kind will happen to me."

"You may have it," said Selim the Baker. "Yonder it is, and you are welcome to it."

So Selim the Fisherman put on the ring, and then went his way about his own business. That night as he came home, carrying his nets over his shoulder, whom should he meet but the little old man in gray, with the



"COME WITH ME," SAID THE LITTLE OLD MAN.

white beard, and the black cap on his head, and the long staff in his hand.

"Is your name Selim?" said the little man, just as he had done to Selim the Baker.

"Yes," said Selim, "it is."

"And do you wear a gold ring with a red stone?" said the little old man, just as he had said before.

"Yes," said Selim, "I do."

"Then come with me," said the little old man, "and I will show you the wonder of the world."

Selim the Fisherman remembered all that Selim the Baker had told him, and he took no two thoughts as to what to do. Down he tumbled his nets, and away he went after the other as fast as his legs could carry him. Here they went and there they went, up crooked streets and lanes and down byways and alleyways, until at last they came to the same garden to which Selim the Baker had been brought. Then the old man knocked at the gate three times, and cried out, in a loud voice, "Open! open! open to Selim who wears the Ring of Luck!"

Then the gate opened, and in they went. Fine as it all was, Selim the Fisherman cared to look neither to the right nor to the left, but straight after the old man he went, until at last they came to the sea-side, and the boat, and the four-and-twenty oarsmen dressed like Princes, and the black slaves with the perfumed torches.

Here the old man entered the boat and Selim after him, and away they sailed.

To make a long story short, everything happened to Selim the Fisherman just as it had happened to Selim the Baker. At dawn of day they came to the island and the city built on the mountain. And the palaces were just as white and beautiful, and the gardens and orchards just as fresh and blooming, as though they had not all tumbled down and sunk under the water a week before, almost carrying poor Selim the Baker with them. There were the people dressed in silks and satins and jewels just as Selim the Baker had found them, and they shouted and hurraed for Selim the Fisherman just as they had shouted and hurraed for the other. There were the Princes and the nobles and the white horse, and Selim the Fisherman got on its back and rode up to the dazzling snow-white palace, and they put a crown on his head and made a King of him, just as they had made a King of Selim the Baker.

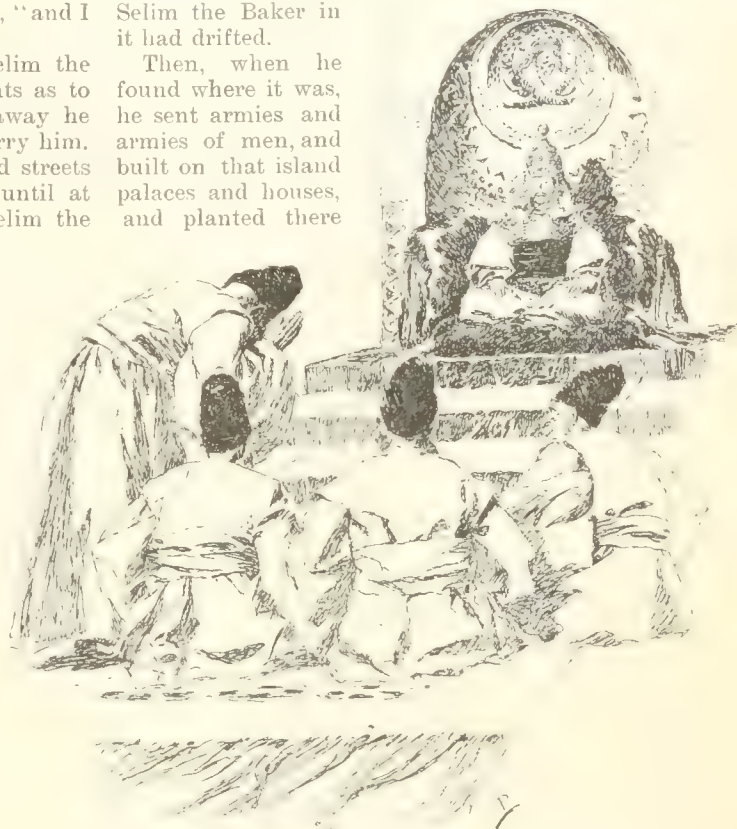
That night at midnight it happened just as it had happened before. Suddenly, as the hour struck, the lights all went out, and there was a moaning and a crying enough to make the heart curdle. Then the door flew open, and in came the six terrible black men with torches. They led Selim the Fisherman through damp and dismal entries and passageways, until they came to the vaulted room of black marble, and there stood the beautiful statue on its black pedestal. Then came the same voice from above: "Selim! Selim! Selim!" it cried, "what art thou doing? To-day is feasting and drinking and merrymaking, but beware of to-morrow!"

But Selim the Fisherman did not stand still and listen, as Selim the Baker had done. He called out: "I hear the words! I am listening! I will beware to-day for the sake of to-morrow."

I do not know what I would have done had I been King of that island, and had I known that in a twelve-month it would all come tumbling down about my ears and sink into the sea—maybe carrying me along with it. This is what Selim the Fisherman did, but then he wore the iron Ring of Wisdom on his finger, and I never had

that on mine. First of all, he called the wisest men of the island to him, and found from them just where the other island lay upon which the boat with Selim the Baker in it had drifted.

Then, when he found where it was, he sent armies and armies of men, and built on that island palaces and houses, and planted there



HE CALLED THE WISEST MEN OF THE ISLAND TO HIM.

orchards and gardens, just like the palaces and the orchards and the gardens about him, only a great deal finer. Then he sent fleets and fleets of ships, and carried everything away from the island where he lived to that other island—all the men and the women and the children; all the flocks and herds and every living thing; all the fowls and the birds and everything that wore feathers; all the gold and the silver and jewels and the silks and the satins, and whatever was of any good or of any use; and when all these things were done, there were still two days left till the end of the year.

Upon the first of these two days he sent over the beautiful statue, and had it set up in the very midst of the splendid new palace he had built.

Upon the second day he went over himself, leaving behind him nothing but the dead mountain and the rocks and the empty houses.

So came the end of the twelve months.

So came midnight.

Out went all the lights in the new palace, and everything was as silent as death and as black as ink. The door opened, and in came the nine men in red, with torches burning as red as blood. They took Selim the Fisherman by the arms and led him to the beautiful statue, and there she was with her eyes open.

"Are you Selim?" said she.

"Yes, I am Selim," said he.

"And do you wear the iron ring?" said she.

"Yes, I do," said he; and so he did.

There was no roaring and thundering; there was no shaking and quaking; there was no toppling and tumbling; there was no splashing and dashing. For this island was solid rock, and was not all enchantment and hollow inside and underneath, like the other which he had left behind.

The beautiful statue smiled until the place lit up as though the sun shone. Down she came from the pedestal where she stood, and kissed Selim the Fisherman on the lips.

Then instantly the lights blazed everywhere, and the people shouted and cheered, and the music played. But neither Selim the Fisherman nor the beautiful statue thought about them.

"I have done all this for you," said Selim the Fisherman.

"And I have been waiting for you a thousand years," said the beautiful statue, only she was not a statue any longer.

After that they were married, and Selim the Fisherman and the enchanted statue became King and Queen in real earnest.

I think Selim the Fisherman sent for Selim the Baker, and made him rich and happy. I hope he did; I am sure he did.

So, after all, it is not always the lucky one who gathers the plums when wisdom is by to pick up what the other shakes down.

I could say more: for oh, little children! little children! there is more than meat in many an egg-shell, and

and there are few men who are like Selim the Fisherman who wear the Ring of Wisdom on their finger, and, alack-a-day! I am not one of them. And that is the end of this story.

THE END



HOW A SPIDER DID IT.

A PRISONER in Holland was lying on the wretched heap of straw in a corner of his cell, which was the nearest approach to a bed that could be seen there. The man, who was a Frenchman, had been imprisoned for talking of liberty and equal rights to the subjects of the Stadtholder of Holland, and for months he had pined in this dismal prison.

He was not asleep now, but sat propped up on his elbow, intently watching a black spider busy with his web. When the prisoner, whose name was Dis Jonval, first saw the spider at work in that dark corner, he felt glad of even so insignificant and silent a companion. He was quite interesting, too, on longer acquaintance, and by studying his habits the prisoner gained a great deal of information. The spider never appeared during bad weather, and Dis Jonval was able to predict frost at least a week before it came simply by watching the spider's movements and noting his own feelings. When the spider kept securely housed, the Frenchman was almost sure to have a bad headache.

Meanwhile the French General Pichegru, with a large force, advanced suddenly into Holland. But this did not trouble the Stadtholder, who could rely upon his "water-works" in all such emergencies. He simply retired, and when the French army was well in the centre of the country, he adopted against the invaders the old-time tactics that years before had baffled Spanish Alva, and had cost a French King's brother a splendid army. The word was given, and the dikes were cut. A flat country, the greater part of it below the level of the sea, Pichegru found in the Holland seas a far greater foe than the Holland armies. The Dutchland was all a swamp. The Frenchman could not advance, could hardly retreat. The fate of Anjou and his gallant army seemed in store for him. He had waited until the winter set in before he had given the command for the forward movement, for the wily General had anticipated the tactics of the Stadtholder.

But the weather had suddenly shifted, until it was almost as mild as summer. The next day no spider appeared, and the Frenchman felt very lonely. Three days passed without seeing him, and Dis Jonval thought his head had never ached so before. He talked to the jailer when he brought in his meals, and found him more friendly than he had expected. From him he heard of the advance of Pichegru's army and the trap laid for its destruction.

"You see, mynheer," added the man, "your countryman depended upon hard water. If a frost had come, he certainly would have taken the city; but as it is, he will soon have to retreat to Belgium."

A sudden light flashed upon Dis Jonval, and, thanks to the spider and his headache, he began to see his way out of prison. "If a frost had come!" *It was coming now!* The army would be saved. Utrecht would be taken, and he -

He pleaded with the jailer, as a man pleads for life and freedom, to bring him pen, ink, and paper, and smuggle a note for him through the line to the French General, who would probably exchange a Dutch prisoner for him with the Stadtholder; and finally the man agreed to do his errand.

All that the note contained was a simple explanation about the spider who had not appeared for three days, and the writer's headache. He predicted a hard frost within a week, and begged Pichegru not to fall back.

The General knew Dis Jonval, and resolved to wait a week; and then there came the hardest frost that Holland had known for a hundred years. The waters were bound with icy fetters. The French advanced triumphantly, Utrecht fell, and the prisoner was released. But the spider who had done it all knew nothing about it, and went on spinning as usual.



DOWN SHE CAME FROM THE PEDESTAL WHERE SHE STOOD.

many a fool tells a story that joggles a wise man's wits, and many a man dances and junkets in his fool's paradise till it comes tumbling down about his ears some day,



A STORY OF SANTA CLAUS.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

TWAS Christmas eve. The stockings yet
 Hung empty, gently swinging
 Their signs to Santa Claus, "TO LET,"
 Above the fire-logs singing.
 Close by the chimney one small chap
 Sits while a tale of *maybe*
 Is told by mother in whose lap
 Still wide awake is baby.

"Maybe," says dear mamma, "he'll come
 While yet the red fire lingers,
 And happy be, all cold and numb,
 To stop and warm his fingers.
 And maybe he will say, 'Because
 They left a good fire burning,
 I'll be a kind old Santa Claus,
 Thus good for good returning.'

"And maybe then with silver key
 His wondrous box unlocking,
 He'll take out pretty gifts till he
 Has filled up every stocking.
 Then up the chimney, back he'll go
 O'er tree and roof and steeple,
 Driving his reindeer through the snow,
 To visit other people."

And so it was. When from their beds
 These little fellows hurried,
 With mother's story in their heads
 And hearts with hopes all flurried,
 The tale of *maybe* had come true,
 Just as it had been told them,
 And such a lot of presents new,
 The stockings scarce could hold them!

ROYAL PLAYMATES.

LADY ELIZABETH.

MARY, Elizabeth, Jane, and Edward were the commonplace names of four English children, who were related to each other and were playmates. They had, of course, a family name. That of Mary, Elizabeth, and Edward was Tudor, for they were the children of King Henry VIII.; James's family name was Grey.

Mary was the oldest of them all, but she was not too old to sometimes join in their pastimes, and at Christmas to deck their tree. She was the first English child to have a Christmas tree. When she who was afterwards known as "Bloody Mary" was four years old, they set up a rosemary bush at Christmas in the palace for her amusement, and hung red jewels upon it and silver spangles, and ranged rush-lights around it. The children of that day, even though their father was a King, had no candles or lights such as we have, nor any such beautiful toys.

Each of these four children was destined to sit upon a throne—the boy as King Edward VI., Mary as "Bloody Mary," Jane to reign but a few days, and Elizabeth as the greatest of all England's female sovereigns.

And what games do you think were played by children who lived nearly four hundred years ago? Some of them were the same as are played by American children nowadays. The royal playmates played ball and sang nursery rhymes, many of which were written by Elizabeth. They had a meaning when she wrote them, but it has been greatly obscured in the passage of time.

The games of children of that day nearly always contained some reference to courtship and marriage. This was because little boys and girls were made to marry each other because their parents desired to unite their wealth, or for political reasons. They called this singular custom—and rightly too—"selling" the children.

There is a game that used to be played more by girls than by boys which is called "Brothers from Spain." It was written by Elizabeth Tudor, and the little ones nowadays do not understand its meaning any more than they are aware of its illustrious authorship. One girl plays the mother of another one, who stands by her side. Three others trip up to them singing,

"We are three brethren out of Spain,
Come to court your daughter Jane."

That was Lady Jane Grey. The three brethren meant three Spaniards who were then at the English court seeking to marry the heiresses to the throne, of whom Jane was the third in succession. The girl playing mother replies,

"My daughter Jane she is too young;
She has not learned her mother tongue."

This was a hit at Jane's preferring the study of the dead languages to her own.

Elizabeth was partial to couplets, as they are called, and some of them are well known; that, for instance, which she wrote when confined in Woodstock prison:

"Much suspected. Of me
Nothing proved can be,
Quoth
ELIZABETH, PRISONER."

Another was spoken when as Queen she was called upon to listen to a long address of welcome to a place she was visiting, and delivered by a worthy who stood upon a stool, doubtless the better to be seen and heard. Elizabeth listened till she lost patience, when she interrupted him by saying,

"Get off that stool
You great big fool."

But to the game again. The brethren turn away,

SINGING.

"Be ye gone, ye brethren,
For her beauty she must be sold."

Meaning married to whomever her parents selected for her.

"So be ye well, my Lady Gay;
We'll call again another day."

In my childhood it was sung as Elizabeth wrote it, "my Lady Grey," affording a trifling example of how by a mere change of letters the real meaning of a sentence or word may be perverted or lost entirely.

The mother girl calls,

"Turn back, turn back, thou scornful knight,
And rub thy spurs till they be bright."

He says,

"Of my spurs take thou no thought,
For in this town they were not bought."

No, they were not bought in London town, but in Spain. By the scornful knight, played by Edward, was meant Philip of Spain, who, after "scornfully" playing fast and loose with the three English Princesses, married Mary when she became Queen.

There is another nursery rhyme attributed to the pen of Elizabeth. I say attributed, because we cannot be certain after such a lapse of time of anything that happened in those long-ago days. It runs thus:

"Queen Anne, Queen Anne, you sit in the sun,
As fair as a lily, as white as a wand.
I send you three letters, and pray you take one.
You must read one, if you cannot read all,
So pray, Master Edward, throw up the ball."

Edward, afterward King Edward VI. The Queen Anne meant here was Anne of Cleves, the fourth wife of Henry VIII., who was much liked by Elizabeth. Persons in authority in the palace used to carry a white wand to distinguish them, hence the allusion to the wand. Anne was always longing for letters from her home, therefore Elizabeth "makes believe" that she is bringing her some letters.

Another and better-known nursery rhyme said to have been written by Elizabeth is:

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle-shells and silver bells,
And cowslips all a row."

That is, in a row. Even this silly, seemingly altogether meaningless, jingle meant something when it was written. The Mary was Mary Tudor, whose "quite contrary" temper may have had something to do with her having figured in history as the hated and detestable "Bloody Queen." In childhood, in common with almost all children, she loved flowers, and had a garden of her own which she cultivated. Hence her sister naturally inquires how it grows, and describes the flowers—cowslips in a row, bordered with shells; just exactly as little children would now border their garden beds.

But the "silver bells," what were they? As a child I used to wonder why they put silver bells in a garden, and have since tried to find out. Bells meant the corols or cups of a flower. Shakespeare, who lived when Elizabeth did, says,

"In a cowslip's bell I lie."

And to this day the blossoms of the heather are called "heather-bells" and "the bluebells of Scotland." What particular flower it was that was called a silver bell I have not been able to glean from history.

Well, Henry VIII., the father of three of these children died, and the pleasant and friendly days of the

royal playmates were at an end, and hatred and death parted them, sisters and brothers and cousins though they were. My little readers will some day learn from history the terrible fate which befell all but Elizabeth, but even she did not succeed to the estate of a Queen without passing through trials and an imprisonment. When she was imprisoned in the Tower of London, she was allowed to walk on the ramparts. One of her jailers had a little son who used to bring her a bunch of flowers every day; but the people in authority soon stopped this, and locked the little fellow up, a prisoner too, for a while. When he heard her pass the door, he would call to her, "Mistress, mistress, I can bring you no more flowers now."

WEIGHING AN ELEPHANT.

ABOUT two hundred years ago there lived a Prince of Mahrattas, in Hindostan, whose name was Shahjee. Princes are numerous in India, but this particular Prince was long remembered on account of his beneficence and great wisdom. He seems to have been the most learned Prince of the time, and his advice and help were always sought in critical matters. Many stories are told of his ingenious settlement of difficulties, and some of them are certainly curious.

Once a very high official in the court of Prince Shahjee made a vow that if he succeeded in a certain enterprise, he would distribute to the poor of his district "the weight of his own elephant in silver." Elephants were highly prized by these Princes, and each kept the largest and finest for his own use. The official's vow, if hasty, was generous, and perhaps the success of his undertaking was worth the price.

The undertaking succeeded, but the official, willing to keep his oath, was met by an unexpected difficulty. There was no possible way of finding the elephant's correct weight. No scales in the country were constructed of sufficient power to weigh such enormous beasts. Elephants were not sold by the pound, and no need had before arisen for scales to weigh them. All the learned and clever men of the court tried in vain to construct a machine of sufficient power to weigh the enormous beast. It did seem probable that the poor of Hindostan would have to get along without that silver. It is possible that the official had thought of this objection when he made the vow. Indians are crafty, and this one might have been cunning enough to leave himself a loop-hole of escape to prevent parting with his money.

But if any such notion had occurred to him, he was doomed to disappointment in the matter. The question was referred to Shahjee, as all such vexatious questions were. And it did not take him long to find a very simple solution. That is always the way with true genius, you know. The solution it finds is so simple that every one cries out in wonder:

"Why, of course! Why didn't somebody speak of that before?"

Shahjee commanded the elephant to be conducted along a platform into a flat-bottomed boat which lay by the water-side. When the animal was safely aboard, he desired the attendants to mark upon the boat's side the exact height to which the water reached when the elephant weighed it down. Then the elephant was taken out, and stones substituted, until enough were loaded into the boat to bring it to the same water-line as when the elephant was the passenger.

Then the stones were weighed. If the scales could not hold all at once, part could be taken at a time, you see, and so the elephant's weight was correctly ascertained. It is safe to conclude that the poor of Hindostan finally got the silver. A Prince so wise must have also been just. Whether the official who paid the money was quite satisfied, history does not tell us; but we will hope, for his charity's sake, he was, and as a full-grown elephant weighs several tons the amount distributed among the poor of the district must have been very large.



I SHALL SHOOT THE FIRST MAN WHO TRIES TO DESERT.

DIEGO PINZON,*

AND

THE FEARFUL VOYAGE HE TOOK INTO THE UNKNOWN OCEAN A.D. 1492.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

CHAPTER X.

IT would have been hard to guess at all the different emotions that wrought within the heart of the convict boy when Diego's angry and cruel words checked his generous impulse to offer his good-will.

The chief among the emotions at first was humiliation; but jostling the humiliation were grief, anger, bitter scorn, and regret at having given room in his heart to his generous impulse; and he had not taken ten steps away from Diego before it was anger that had control of him and was coloring every other feeling. He would have turned then and said something bitter to Diego, but he was accosted by Miguel, who had watched him anxiously when he went to speak to Diego, and who had grinned unpleasantly at his rebuff.

"So the pious little priestling would have none of the jail-bird, eh?" said Miguel, in a tone between sneering and sympathy.

"Would or would not," answered Juan, ungraciously. "it concerns no one but myself."

He had resented Diego's injustice, and had just been telling himself, with bitterness, that it was the last time he would make any effort to do a good or generous thing; and yet, when it came to it, there was in him a sudden distaste for Miguel's kind.

He and Miguel had become acquainted in the prison, where, as the custom was, all the prisoners had been herded together. The man had conceived a fancy for the boy, and had given him sympathy and encouragement, and the boy, in his loneliness, had been grateful. Miguel had little but wickedness to teach, and Juan had been so cast down and hopeless that he had listened and learned. Nevertheless, he did not yet love wickedness

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 627.

for its own sake, and the effect of his noble and generous impulse had been the infusion of a new and better spirit into him.

It is probable that Miguel had an undefined notion of the change that had taken place in Juan, and was so much disturbed by it that he was bent on bringing him again under his influence. Unfortunately it was a good time for an effort of that sort.

"That is true, too," said Miguel, without showing any vexation; "but I suppose a fellow must care a little if his friend is hurt."

It was said in such an off-hand, hearty way that Juan felt ashamed of his inclination to turn from his old friend. He began to yield in a sulky fashion.

"Who said I was hurt?" he demanded.

"As if it wasn't made plain enough! Don't you suppose everybody who was looking could see it? That's what he wanted, the little priestling!"

"What do you mean?" asked Juan, quickly.

"What do I mean? Why, can't you see that he wants everybody to know that it was you he kept out of trouble by not telling? He wants to put you in the wrong, so that he will be the favorite on board."

"I don't see but he's that anyhow," said Juan.

"Perhaps he is," retorted Miguel, "and isn't that just the way of it always? He is honest, he is, and you are only a jail-bird; and they all forget that it was you who were to do the trick, and take all the risk, so that we should all be safe back on land."

"I'm not the only jail-bird," said Juan, angrily.

"What difference does that make? The other jail-birds will be so glad to make friends with the honest boy that you will get the cold shoulder, see if you don't, little brother!" "Little brother" was his pet name for Juan.

"I don't see why that should be," said Juan.

"Weren't you trying to make friends with him?" asked Miguel, cunningly.

It was a conclusive argument, and for a moment Juan had nothing to say. Then he bethought him.

"He saved my life," he said, as if that explained his attitude towards Diego.

"Bah!" said Miguel. "Hadn't you saved his first? If it hadn't been for you, wouldn't he be over there now?" jerking his thumb towards the water.

"Well, he said we were quits. I saved him and he saved me."

"Just his mean, sneaking way," said Miguel, with a show of indignation. "If you hadn't saved his life, yours would never have been in danger. Saved your life! As if it were any more than he ought to have done! Bah! the little priestling!"

It was a very plausible argument, and it had weight with Juan. So Diego was ungrateful, then! And that was always the way with your honest folk! All right, then! The more he reflected on it, the more bitter he was, and Miguel, seeing how it was working, kept a discreet silence.

"Yes," said Juan, presently, "that is how it is. Once you are sent to jail, it doesn't matter how sorry you are for what you have done, the honest folks won't let you be anything else but a jail-bird. Why, he stole something himself; I was there when his cousin, Martin Alonzo, said so."

"And so was I," said Miguel. "A pretty fellow he to hold his head up and curl his lip at you!"

"Ah," said Juan, angrily, "my turn may come yet!"

"And so it will, little brother," said Miguel in a whisper, "if you will do as I bid you."

"What do you mean?"

"I am half afraid to tell you," said Miguel, as if hesitating.

"Why should you be? But if you don't wish to, don't."

"I am not sure," said Miguel, "that you are not mind-

ed to turn honest." He said it as scornfully as if there were something very disgraceful in honesty.

"Honest! Not I. And if I wished to be, how could I? But anyhow," he added, on second thought, "what do you mean? I'm not going to steal anything. Honest or not honest, I don't like stealing."

"You're very particular," laughed Miguel; "but this has nothing to do with stealing. Wait till you get ashore and try to earn a living honestly. Only wait till then, and we'll talk about stealing. Oh no! this is quite another matter."

"Well, what?"

"Do you wish to go this voyage or not?"

"You know I don't."

"Are you with us, then, in deserting?"

"Do you think Martin Alonzo will give you the chance? I know him better than that," said Juan.

"We'll make the chance. Don't fret about that. You are with us, then?"

"Of course I am. I don't see, though, how you are going to do it. What is your plan, and how many are in it?"

"I can't tell you the plan now, but I will the first time we are alone. How many in the plan? Only ten yet; you make eleven. Oh, we will never go this voyage; and what is more, you shall settle your score with the little priestling."

It was plain enough that his dislike of Diego was as great as Juan's possibly could be.

"Hm!" grunted Juan, who did not lack for penetration; "and settle yours too, I think; though I don't see why you hate him so."

"Ah! don't you? Well, I do. It's because he's a spoilsport, and wants to play the honest."

Miguel's reason was genuine so far as it went; but his chief grievance against Diego was the fear that he was in a fair way to infect Juan with his ridiculous honesty. He was relieved of any immediate fear of that now, however, and he left Juan to watch the nearing islands, while he went to sound more of the men on the subject of the proposed desertion.

CHAPTER XI.

VERY beautiful indeed are those islands which the ancients had called the Fortunate, but which in Diego's day were known as the Canaries. Some of them rise sheer and rugged almost from the water's edge, others are mere rocky islets, and others again are like rounded hills; but with very few exceptions they are all verdure-clad to the base, and smile with cultivation far up the steep sides.

To the sailors of the little fleet, turned aside, as they deemed, from certain destruction, the islands seemed a thousand times more beautiful even than in fact they were, and there is little to wonder at if all of them cherished a hope that the voyage would end there.

It was for the Admiral, Christoval Colon, to feel a foreboding sorrow at the sight of the lovely islands. He could depend upon the commanders of the vessels and upon some of the volunteer adventurers; but he knew as well as if the sailors had spoken their minds to him that they hailed the land with the sole hope of finding a refuge there from the terrible voyage.

For that reason he had held counsel with his allies, and had adopted plans to the end of thwarting any effort, open or secret, that might be made by the sailors. Therefore it happened that although the little fleet sailed among the islands for three weeks, there never once came an opportunity which gave Miguel and his friends an occasion to put their carefully laid plans in operation.

For the first week they went from island to island, seeking a vessel which should take the place of the *Pinta*; but it was soon demonstrated that none could be procured, and

then Martin Alonzo said plainly to the Admiral that it was his opinion that it would be wisest to settle down to repairing the rudder and calking the ship, the latter being very leaky, owing to the intentionally faulty work of the men employed in Palos.

"But you will be obliged to lay up then, and your men may desert," said the Admiral, who had no other fault to find with the plan.

"Not so," answered Martin Alonzo, grimly; "for I will keep them all hard at work, and I will shoot the first man who tries to run away."

The *Niña*, too, had to be repaired, for she was a bad sailer, and kept the other two vessels back; so it was determined to change her lateen-sails to square ones. But she did not have to lay up for that, it being sufficient if she lay at anchor in smooth water. All this having been determined on, Martin Alonzo called his men aft, and said to them:

"As you very well know, my men, the *Pinta* is unseaworthy by reason of her broken rudder and her leaky hull. We have tried to find a vessel to replace her, and have not been able to do so. Now we must careen her and put her in order." With that he stopped and looked slowly over the faces of the men, and then added, with a peculiar smile, and the placing of his feet a little wider apart, as if settling himself more squarely and determinedly: "I see that many of you have hopes of deserting. Well, I shall shoot the first man of you who tries to do that. My men, we are going this voyage."

He laughed like a man who had checkmated another, and there was a sheepish exchanging of glances when he had retired to the cabin. Only a few of the sailors laughed, and they did so not because they had any greater relish for the voyage than the others, but because they thought it very shrewd and masterful in Captain Martin Alonzo, whom they admired more than any man.

As for Diego, he marvelled to see how one strong-willed man could constrain so many, for though a guard was put over the men as they worked, it was plain enough that if there had been any real concert among them, they could have overpowered the guard, and made their escape.

However, nothing was done in that direction, notwithstanding many urgent entreaties on the part of Miguel; and so the time came when the *Pinta* was ready to set sail with the other vessels, and still Miguel had neither saved Juan from going the voyage, nor had he given him his satisfaction on Diego, as he had promised so glibly.

All three vessels repaired to the Island of Gomera, where the water was famous for its purity and quantity, and where wood for the fires was to be obtained. And it was there that some things happened that were fraught with interest to Diego and Juan personally, and to the voyage as well.

The *Santa Maria* and the *Niña* reached the island before the *Pinta*, and were the first to finish the task of taking in the wood and water; so Martin Alonzo, who never liked to be behindhand, did all he could to hasten his operations. He had but one more load of water to take off, and in order to shorten the time occupied with that, he hit upon the plan of leaving two whom he could trust to fill the casks that were still empty, while he went with the other men to the vessel. He cast his eye over the men doubtfully, and then called Diego and Juan to him.

"I wish somebody to fill these casks while we are gone," he said. "You two boys will do as well as two men if you will."

"I will," answered Diego; and Juan said the same.

"And you give me your word, each of you, not to try to desert?"

There were two vessels on the other side of the island that would have helped the whole crew desert if there had been the chance.

"I give my word," said Diego.

"And I give mine," said Juan.

Whereat Diego made no concealment of the disdainful curl of his lip, as if the word of Juan was not worth the taking.

The dislike of the boys for each other had grown during all the period of the stay among the islands, for



NO TWO BOYS EVER FILLED CASKS WITH SUCH EXPEDITION AS THESE TWO DID.

Miguel had carefully fanned the flame in Juan, and set him constantly in an attitude of defiance to Diego, and Diego had been ready to construe the most innocent glance of the eye or turn of the hand into an insult.

Juan said nothing at first, but set to at his cask, unconsciously letting his anger urge him into such rapid movement that he spilled as much as he put in. Diego noticed it and laughed in a very unpleasant fashion. Juan stopped suddenly and fixed his eyes on Diego.

"Some day I will make you laugh on the other side of your face," he said.

"Some day?" sneered Diego. "Why not to-day?"

Juan looked at the boat, which was now near the vessel, and threw down his bucket.

"I am ready now."

Diego laughed provokingly and went on bailing.

"You count on the crew seeing us and coming to stop the beating I should give you," he said.

"And you are a coward and don't dare fight," said Juan, in a furious temper.

"Will you wait," said Diego, all of a tremble from anger, but wishing to seem greatly at ease, "until these casks are full? Then we can safely go into the wood yonder and have it out."

"You hope they will come back before we have the casks filled," sneered Juan, though he did not believe a word of it.

"I'll show you if I'm a coward," said Diego. "At any rate, I would not let another suffer for a thing I had done."

That was the last word, for Juan was too proud to tell Diego now that he had tried to save him from the flogging. It is quite likely that no two boys ever filled casks with such expedition as those two did. Each was anxious to finish first, in order to taunt the other with cowardice. It was Diego's luck to be first, but Juan robbed him of the joy of a fling at him by tossing his last bucketful into the last cask before even ready-tongued Diego

could say anything. He led the way to the woods, however, and that was something.

Very little of the modern science of self-defence was known in those days. If men fought, they did so with swords or other similar weapons. The knives which the boys in common with all the sailors, wore on shipboard had been taken away by Martin Aonzo, not to be returned until the vessel was fairly at sea again, and in consequence the two enemies were forced to fight as best they could.

Diego had made up his mind to this, and led the way to where there was a sufficiently large open space to give them room for a struggle. Then he turned and faced about, putting himself on guard. That is, he stood warily watching Juan, who had stopped when Diego stopped, and then had taken two steps forward, until he was at a little more than arm's-length from him.

There might have been a considerable difference between the two boys at the time when they first went aboard the *Pinta*, for Diego was then fresh from good living and plenty of open-air exercise, while Juan was but just out of a prison, where he had grown sallow and thin with confinement, scant food, and bad air; now, however, he was of a good color, and had grown robust and strong.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CHILDHOOD OF PRINCESS VICTORIA OF TECK.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

IT is perhaps fifteen years ago that, walking through one of the arcades in London—which, by-the-way, are intended for shops and booths where various wares are sold—my attention was attracted to a remarkably animated and pretty little girl, who was arguing with her governess, evidently in regard to some purchase. In the palm of her little kid-gloved hand she had half a crown, which she was insistently displaying to her chaperon, who evidently thought some purchase ought not to be made. The little girl was declaring she had permission to spend it, and it was enough for the little filigree work-basket on a counter before her. The purchase made, the pair moved on.

"Do you know who that is?" said the lady with me. "That is little Princess Victoria of Teck."

I presume all my young readers know by this time that this little girl, now twenty-four years of age, is about to marry the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, and will, as they say, in the course of human events, if she lives, be the future Queen of England.

At the time of which I write, the Princess Victoria, with her popular and charming mother, her father (regarded then as the handsomest man in England), and her two brothers, resided in the old palace of Kensington—that brick building in the heart of bloom and verdure, overlooking paths where hundreds of people stroll daily, and consequently probably the least secluded of all the Queen's royal dwellings. Here the Queen herself was born and lived chiefly until that memorable day when, a mere girl, she received news of her accession to the throne of England.

All my young readers of history, I am sure, are aware of the dramatic and interesting historical associations connected with this old palace, where so many royal people, whose lives have been eventful, tragic, merry, or sad, have lived, and some have died. But it would take me away from my subject were I to go into detail about its story. The interest at present lies, no doubt, chiefly in the fact that it will have been the birthplace of two English Queens in our own generation. The Princess was born May 26, 1867, and was baptized by the following names: Victoria Mary Augusta Louise Olga Pauline

Claudine Agnes. Her mother was the daughter of the late Duke of Cambridge, and father, Duke of Teck. No Princess, I think, in England ever was more popular than her mother the lovely, light-hearted, genial Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck. She made friends, so her royal relations considered, too readily. There was no subduing her gayety of spirits, and for the sake of a bit of honest fun she would go here and there in a way which, while it made her wonderfully popular and beloved, sometimes scandalized those in high station.

The Princess Victoria was brought up by this rather democratic mother in the very simplest fashion, and indeed, considering their rank, the Tecks, as they are always called, were actually poor, and it was with difficulty that what is called a "household" was kept up at the palace. This term is applied to those ladies and gentlemen who are either what is called "in waiting" on the royal people they serve or engaged in instructing them. The number of people thus employed depends upon the degree of rank of their master and mistress. The Duchess of Teck had only one lady-in-waiting, and her husband two equerries, while the little Princess Victoria had doubtless fewer attendants than some heiresses in America. Her governess and nurse comprised her little "household." Her rooms, or nurseries, were of the simplest description; her school-room far less complete in its appointments than many I saw in English country houses, and the simplest method of life was pursued.

There is one thing to be said in favor of the bringing up of royal children. They are accustomed from infancy to a discipline and simplicity in their daily routine, in the expression of their likes and dislikes, and even in the expenditure of their pocket-money, which would alarm many of our American children were it to be suggested that the same plan be followed with them. The little Princess was taught early to make her own garments. She had a large doll whose wardrobe she kept in order, and nothing pleased her more than the gift of some scraps of silk or muslin for this young lady from some of the ladies in the court. A dressmaker was allowed to cut paper patterns for her to fit the doll, and these she was obliged to copy carefully.

Birthdays and Christmas were celebrated generally at Windsor Castle, or some royal residence, where of course the splendor of state and ceremonial was kept up. But, like the Queen's children, she made with her own hands little gifts for the ladies and even the servants about her. It was perhaps as well that she early learned this kind of training, since, when she was quite young, her father became bankrupt, and for some time the family were obliged to live almost in seclusion, keeping up as little state and ceremonial as possible. But every one in England rejoiced when the popular Princess Mary, as they seemed to prefer to call her, the Duchess of Teck, was able to take up a residence there again; and it was speedily discovered that Princess Victoria was one of the most beautiful girls in the kingdom, and the charm of her manner won all hearts.

A friend of hers told me of her eager girlish impatience to be a real "young lady," have ball dresses and the like, and when she danced at her first court ball all eyes were upon her. I saw a lovely picture of her, not published or sold in any of the shops, taken about this time. The young girl was dressed in simple white, her lovely, smiling face looking so innocently happy that, not knowing who it was, I fancied it some country girl who for the first time was wearing a party dress, and perhaps going to her first dance.

From their childhood there has been a warm affection existing between the young couple, and no doubt her superior force of character will be an excellent thing in the future, when her husband is called upon to ascend the throne, if such an event occurs. All the royal chil-

dren have been noted for their affection for each other, and I was told that years ago "Eddy," as Prince Albert Victor has been called in his family, spent a sovereign given him by his father on a ring which his little cousin Victoria particularly wanted. A prophetic present; but how different will be the ring which he is next to offer her!

THE COASTING ON CLAPPER'S HILL.

BY AMOS R. WELLS.

CLAPPER'S HILL is the name we boys have given to the steep part of Factory Street. Two winters ago—you remember what an icy winter that was—there was the best coasting on Clapper's Hill of any part of the city. By walking about a mile you could get coasting as good, or maybe a little better, on Tom's Hill, outside of town, but we boys were crazy after that Factory Street slide.

I suppose, now I think of it, that we were set on coasting there just because folks didn't want us to do so. You see, it was a wee mite dangerous. The railroad tracks run along the foot of the hill. It is well within yard limits, and the yard engine is wheezing back and forth all the time, making up trains. Besides, there are a good many express trains in the course of the day, and the buildings on either side of the hill would hide the cars until they were right on one. Altogether, it's a wonder it didn't happen before.

Yet we were on our guard against accidents. We used to take turns standing at the foot of the hill on the other side of the tracks, where we could see the approaching engines and give warning to the coasters. We explained that arrangement when any one—parents or any one—objected to our sliding there. For nearly every one did object. There was talk of bringing the matter up before the City Council and getting an ordinance on the subject. Only, as it was nobody's business, nothing was done.

Well, mother and father they worried a great deal about my coasting there, when they knew about it, but I often managed to get their permission in a way that I am not at all proud of. They knew it only as the Factory Street hill. They had a vague idea that Clapper's Hill, as we boys called it, was off in the country somewhere. When I found that out, I always used to ask them if I might coast on Clapper's Hill, and they always said yes. And so, I say, I well deserved what happened.

It was on a Saturday afternoon. We boys were having a perfectly glorious time of it on Clapper's Hill. There was a glare of solid ice over everything, and when the sled had once got fairly started there was no stopping it any more than an avalanche. We had stationed our "sentinel," as we called him. It was Bobby Crittenden. No danger of my ever forgetting! I had got my permission in the usual sneaking way, but I had become hardened to that.

And it *was* fun that afternoon. We had a big bob-sled which would hold ten easily, and go like a tornado. And then we had at least a dozen first-class small sleds, most of them new. We took possession of all our friends who passed, grown-up young ladies and all, and gave them rides on the bob-sled.

"Boys," old Captain Morris called out as he hobbled by, swinging his big cane at us—"boys, I wouldn't slide there. Cars are likely to come along at any time. Want to wear a cork leg like mine?"

But we only laughed.

"Oh, Billy! Jack! Ed!" almost screamed old Mrs. Bluffton, leaning out of her sleigh as her fat horse worked his slippery way up the hill, "your mothers would be scared to death if they saw you coasting here! Think of the cars!"

We swung our hats at her.

"Here, you fellows, this won't do!" It was Judge Marshall this time, and you may be sure we listened respectfully, for he presides over the police court. "Don't you know that this is dangerous?"

But we showed the Judge our sentinel, Bobby Crittenden, standing ready to give warning, and the Judge moved on, grumbling to himself.

We soon got a little tired of the bob-sled, and began to hold a series of races—a genuine sled tournament. We would lie flat on our sleds, give ourselves only one push at the top of the hill, and see how far we could slide. Some heavy fellows with big sleds got as far as the meat market, as much as a hundred feet beyond the railroad, before they stopped.

Bobby Crittenden became excited, and entered the contest with his sled. No one thought about appointing another sentinel. Boy after boy went down with varying success.

"Now let me try," said I.

I did not come next, but I saw mother turn the corner toward the hill, and I was afraid she would make me stop. So I wanted my turn in a hurry. You see, I have made up my mind to tell all about it, and not hide anything.

I fell flat on my sled without waiting for the boys to agree, gave a vigorous push, and was off. How I flew! It was a long hill, steeper at the bottom than at the top, and all that afternoon's sliding had given it an almost perfect surface. But about half-way down I heard a rumble and a roar, and my heart fairly stood still. It was an express train! I knew it in an instant, but never thought of tumbling off. My brains would not work. I tried to think what to do, but I could only think of the white lie about Clapper's Hill, and think about mother coming up from the corner. I could see her dear face—how it would look as they picked me up! Ugh! I shiver when I think of the things which came into my head then.

They say that I screamed. I suppose I did. At any rate, I stuck to the sled as if nailed there. Then came a clatter and clang and a terrible roar, a black streak over my head, and I shut my eyes. I suppose I lost my senses. The next thing I knew I was lying in the middle of the road down by the meat market, and people were feeling me all over, dashing water in my face, unbuttoning my coat. I gasped a few times, and then sat up. My head felt dizzy, but only for an instant. I wasn't hurt a mite; I had flashed right between the wheels.

Of course the first thought I had was about mother. I looked around for her. She was not in the crowd, and then I thought I must have been mistaken in thinking I saw her turn the corner. But just then I spied another group nearer the foot of the hill, moving as if carrying something, and I ran toward it with my heart beating wildly.

Mother's nerves always were weak, and to see me charging right down hill into an express train—Well, she had fainted away, as you might expect, but that wasn't the worst of it. Oh, those long, long weeks, when the house was so still and dark, and the doctor looked so serious, and father so pale and sad! How I begged to be allowed to see mother, if only for an instant! But they were afraid it would remind her of that terrible scene. I didn't do much coasting through those weeks, I assure you. It was just about as solemn a time as you could imagine.

No, not quite; for the dear mother did get well, of course, for isn't it at her suggestion that I am writing this story? And I think that's all. Only one thing more. The next week the City Council passed an ordinance forbidding coasting on Factory Street. Just as if the boys hadn't sense enough to stop of their own accord!



A RAILWAY KING.

PAPA. "Why, Jimmie, why do you cry? Aren't you pleased with all these lovely cars Santa Claus has brought?"
 JIMMIE. "Boo-hoo -I want an'zzle one!"

A QUIET DOG.

My little dog is very quiet;
 He's never known to rush
 About the house in noisy riot,
 Because he's made of plush.

JACK'S ANSWER.

The chaplain of a man-of-war was fond of catechising the young sailors, much to their disgust.

"What is your name?" he asked a new arrival one day.

"Why, Jack Bowling, sir, to be sure."

"Who gave you that name?" proceeded the chaplain.

"My godfathers and godmothers," replied the man, going on to answer the question correctly.

"What have your godfathers and godmothers further done for you?"

"Well, sir," replied Jack, getting tired of the lesson, "they promised to do a great deal, and it's precious little they've done yet."

TOO AFFECTIONATE

My doll had cheeks so pink of hue,
 I kissed them both one day;
 And do you know—twixt me and you—
 I kissed that hue away?

WHAT HIS UNCLE CAN DO.

PHIL. "You must think your uncle Rob can do anything, Burt. Can he see with his eyes shut?"

BURT. "I'm not sure about that, Phil; but I know he can talk like a book when he's fast asleep."

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

AUNT ELLA. "So you don't feel well, Hal? You ate too much of that pudding at dinner."

HARRY. "No, auntie; it's thinking of what I *didn't* eat that makes me feel bad."

HE KNOWS BETTER.

MRS. STIMPLE. "That poor little messenger-boy has caught a bad cold."

MR. STIMPLE. "Don't you believe any such thing, my dear. These messenger-boys couldn't catch a slow fever unless it were tied fast."

HAD A SWEET TOOTH.

"You have a goat now, I hear, Willie."

"Yes."

"What do you feed him on?"

"Grass and hay, mostly. He had one of my colored picture-books for dessert to-day."

HOW TO TELL THEM APART.

"My aunt says I'm so like my papa that she can't tell us apart; but I know the difference," said Tommy.

"What is it?" asked the visitor.

"Papa wears suspenders and I don't."

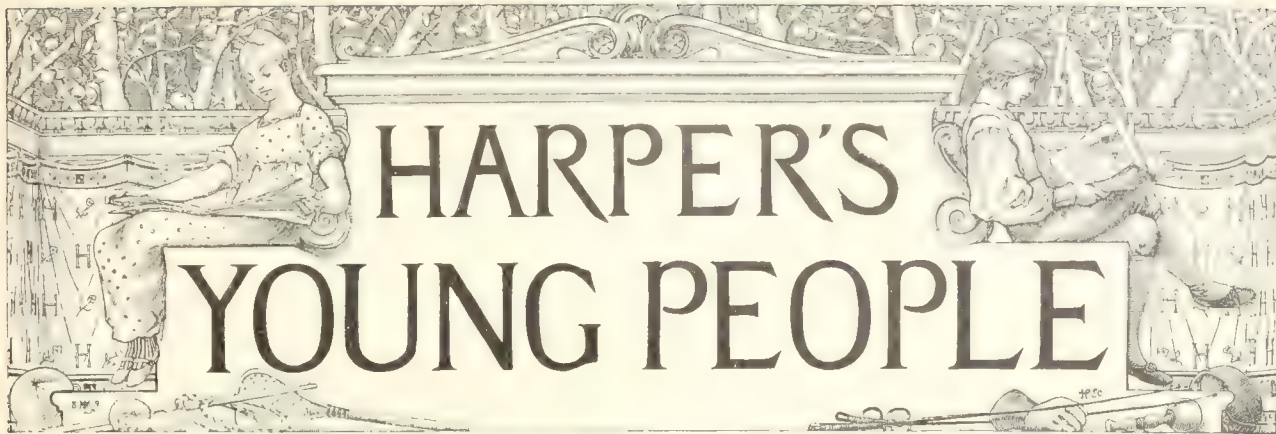


CLEAR THE TRACK—COASTING EXTRAORDINARY.



HIS FIRST CHRISTMAS

DRAWN BY ROSINA EMMET SHERWOOD.



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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

TOM STONE AND THE PICTURE DEALER.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD

HE stood in the great half-lighted parlor, near the door, looking somewhat scornfully around him. "It's an elegant house," he said; "but how he has wasted money on this parlor! I'll go right up to the library and give Tom Stone a piece of my mind."

He was very short and very fat. His white beard was tremendous, and his eyes twinkled wonderfully. He wore a great deal of fur, as was right in midwinter, but he had not remembered to take off his tall fur hat when he opened the door of that splendid house and walked in.

The library was at the back of the house, on the floor above the parlor. It was a costly kind of place. There were great cases of books, and there were pictures and statuary and almost everything else that a very rich man could ornament a big room with. The open fireplace under the carved marble mantel was all a red golden glow. Before it sat a man in a gorgeous dressing-gown, leaning back in his rocker and staring into the fire.

"Christmas eve," he remarked. "This has been the best business year I ever had." He said it smilingly, and very much as if he were patting himself, and he looked into the fire a full minute before he added: "That's it. Tom Stone, my boy, you never wasted anything. You never threw away a cent, and now you're a millionaire."

"That's a good thing. Of course it is!" replied a deep husky voice behind him. "That isn't the whole of it, though, and you know it. You're a millionaire, and you're an old bachelor banker, with a four-story brown-stone house all to yourself; but you're so mean I hate to be in the same room with you; but I had to come just before Christmas."

"Who are you?" asked Mr. Stone. "How did you get in?"

"Who am I? There's my card. I'm a picture dealer. I've brought some pictures that you have got to look at."

"Pictures!" exclaimed Mr. Stone, as he read the card:

S. CLAUS,

PICTURE DEALER.

"I don't want to look at any pictures. I won't, either. I've more than enough now. Get away!"

"No, I won't get away," sharply responded the twinkle-eyed fat man. "Just sit still, now, and look. You can't help yourself. Look at that."

Somehow the millionaire banker really could not help himself, and he looked, as the picture dealer pointed right across the red glare of the wide-faced grate.

"Why?" he exclaimed. "That? That's a wood-fire-place. Old fashioned. Andirons. Fender. Fire almost gone out."



"THERE'S MY CARD. I AM A PICTURE DEALER."

Some knots burning. Ashes. Night. Humph! stockings hung up. Hoho!"

"That's it!" said the picture dealer, with a kind of laugh all over him. "See 'em? See 'em come down stairs? Both barefoot. Boy and girl. Hear 'em?"

"Why, yes!" said the banker, excitedly. "So I can. I can hear Nell say: 'Tom, let's hide under the table till Santa Claus comes. He'll come down the chimney.' Hush! Don't say a word. I want to hear it all."

"Look," said the picture dealer, for he seemed to be almost dancing, instead of keeping still. "See 'em creep under the table? They've brought down a blanket, and they're going to wrap themselves up."

"I hear," said the banker. "He says, 'Keep warm, Nell. Don't catch cold. Cover up. We won't have to wait a great while. I hope he'll bring those skates, and—'"

"Hark! Look!" said Mr. Claus. "Somebody's coming!"

"I remember," exclaimed Mr. Stone, growing eager suddenly. "That's father and mother. Oh, mother! We had to go right back to bed, though. How we did scurry up stairs! Little ignorant brace of up-country children. How they laughed, too! Heigh-ho! Nelly was always that kind of girl. Ready to trust anything. Keep that picture. Don't let it— Why, it's gone!"

"No," said Mr. Claus, sarcastically; "Nell hadn't any sense. She married a poor man. Clerk of some kind. You don't speak to them. He can't earn enough to feed his wife and children. The firm he was with failed a month ago, and he can't get another place. Nell was always a fool. Look!"

"I don't care to look at any more of your pictures," said the banker; "but I must have that one. What's it worth? How much?"

"Look!" repeated Mr. Claus. "I've something more to show you."

"I don't want to look," said Mr. Stone.

"You can't help yourself," said Mr. Claus, with hoarse severity. "My collection cannot be beaten. There!"

Away in beyond the red glow another picture appeared, and the banker at once remarked:

"Nothing but two boys warming themselves by a kitchen stove. What have I to do with boys?"

"Nothing at all," said the picture dealer. "You don't care for boys. But it's Christmas eve, Tom Stone. Do you hear them?"

"Yes, I hear them," crustily responded the millionaire. "They're almost old enough to be earning something. Helping their father and mother. What have boys of twelve and thirteen to do with such nonsense as Christmas? Listen to that biggest boy: 'Now, Jim, we've been all 'round and seen things, but don't let's say a word 'bout Christmas in the morning. I'm awful sorry for mother and the girls.' Now if their father—" said Mr. Stone.

"Shut up!" said the picture dealer, sharply. "Shut up, and listen to Jim."

"I hear," said the banker: "'All right, Tom. But it's rough. All the other boys in the block 'll have some thing. All the girls, too. What a mean old fellow Uncle Tom is! Sorry you were ever named after him.'"

"So'm I, Jim. But mother won't hear a word against him. Isn't she good, though?"

"Best mother ever was—"

"There!" exclaimed the banker. "Keep that picture a moment. I want to hear what else they're saying. It's gone."

"Look," said Mr. Claus, lifting his fur hat just long enough to scratch his head. "I wouldn't sell this picture for any price."

"Three little girls," exclaimed the banker. "All covered up except their noses and their hair? Nothing to me. Bring back the other picture."

"Hark!" said Mr. Claus. "That's the oldest girl, telling 'em stories. She isn't twelve yet, but just you hear her a moment."

"Yes," said Mr. Stone, "she is telling them something. Children are full of nonsense. It's just like Nell to teach her children that sort of thing. What's that she is saying?"

"No, Nelly, He couldn't talk any more than our baby can, but He was just as pretty."

"Oh, He wasn't as pretty as Bub!"

"Yes, indeed He was, Lou; as pretty as Bub, and ever so much prettier! And they were all out there in the stable, 'cause the house was crowded. And they put some clothes around Him to keep Him warm, 'cause 'twas night. And they rocked Him to sleep. And the angels they all sat down and watched Him, and so did His father and His mother, so's He wouldn't wake up and cry, and there was three men came and brought Him some presents. There was some gold, and some—lots of other things."

"Was one of 'em Santa Claus, Mary?"

"No, Lou; but that's the reason he comes every Christmas. And they kept all the presents to show him in the morning, and that's all; and we must all go to sleep now, and then he'll be here."

"Good-night."

"Good night."

"Hold on, Mr. Claus," exclaimed the millionaire. "Little Nell called her Mary, and the other one Louise. That was my mother's name. Keep it a moment. I'm afraid they're going to be disappointed."

"You can't have it," said the picture dealer, harshly.

That picture was gone, and there seemed to be a dimness in the fire-glow; but after a moment Mr. Stone could begin to see something. It was in a different kind of room. It looked like a dining-room sitting-room. It was shabby, but it was pleasant, and there was a fire in the grate. Right in the middle of the room there was a willow cradle. On one side of it sat a man, and on the other side knelt a woman, and they were both looking down into it. There was only one small lamp in the room, on the table, but there was light enough, and it seemed to pour down through the ceiling.

"I declare!" exclaimed Mr. Stone. "Nell herself! She's smiling, too. She couldn't help smiling, always. She would smile right in your face if—"

"Hark!" said the picture dealer.

"Yes," said Mr. Stone. "Keep still yourself. I hear:

"Isn't he lovely, John? Don't you think he is very bright, for only three months?"

"Yes; but, Nell, how are we to take care of him? We've no place to go to. We've no house, after we leave this, and we can't pay our rent here. We've nothing to feed the other children with, or to clothe them—"

"Don't, John! Don't worry to-night. I'm sure we'll be taken care of. It's Christmas eve, dear. Let's think of—"

"Hold on!" exclaimed Mr. Stone. "What was she going to say? It's going away."

"It's gone," said the picture dealer. "Just you get up, now, and put on your things and come with me."

"I won't stir a peg!" said the millionaire, crustily.

"Yes, you will, Tom Stone," said Mr. Claus. "Get right up. You can't help yourself. Come along."

Mr. Stone arose from his easy-chair, after somewhat slowly and thoughtfully pulling on his boots. His movement was more rapid in changing his dressing-gown for a coat. He put on his great ulster overcoat quickly enough. He had taken a bunch of keys out of his pocket, when the picture dealer remarked:

"Yes, that's it. Go and get it. We shall need ever so much before we get through."

The banker went and unlocked a drawer of the library

table and began to take out things. First was a little bag, that chinked cheerfully when it was dropped upon the table.

"Bring that," said Mr. Claus. "It's just what we'll want. Bring it all; bring both of those packages of tens.



"LET'S HIDE UNDER THE TABLE TILL SANTA CLAUS COMES."

A hundred tens make a thousand. Come on, now. Bring the other things. Hurrah!"

"I won't!" suddenly exclaimed Mr. Stone. "I've thought better of it. I won't come. It's none of my business. I am making a fool of myself!"

"What if you do?" said Mr. Claus. "It's the very best thing you can do. Come! You can't help yourself."

It looked like it, for when he walked out of the rooms and out of the house, the rich man followed him into the street and right along into another.

"This is Broadway," said Mr. Claus. "We'll jump into a street car, and go away down town before we begin. I'm going to show you something worth while."

They did not jump into the street car that came along; it was so full that all they could do was to cling on outside of the pack of people at the rear end, as if they had all been bees. It was Christmas eve, however, and nobody thought of grumbling at being jammed.

They rode on down Broadway for a long distance before the picture dealer let Mr. Stone drop off.

"Now," said he, "here we are. Look! we must see everything and everybody."

"Tom Stone," said the millionaire to himself, "are you awake, or are you dreaming? Is it a fact that you are out here in this foolish fashion? Everything is Christmas—the people, the shop windows—everything! Crowds of wasteful people throwing away money—giving away everything! Fine night, too. No stars—"

"Yes, there are," said Mr. Claus. "The sky is frost-misty, but you just look out through that street; it's toward the east."

"That's so," said the banker—"one real big star. I saw it several times as we rode along. But what crowds of people! It's all nonsense!"

"Crowds of them!" responded the picture dealer, gleefully. "Everybody's giving away everything. Stop!"

Mr. Stone stopped, and so did a middle-aged man in a

working-man's blouse and blue cotton overalls. They were loose, and you could see how the wind blew them against him; but for all that he was trying to whistle as he shivered along the sidewalk.

"Take out your money, Tom Stone," said Mr. Claus. "Give him enough to buy a complete outfit—shoes, hat, overcoat, and all. Fifty dollars."

"I won't!" replied the millionaire. "It would only be a waste of money. He may be a bad man—useless, idle, worthless."

"Fifty!" said Mr. Claus, peremptorily. "Hand him five of those bills. It's none of your business what he is. He is freezing, and you must clothe him."

An eager grasping hand closed upon the greenbacks, and something that sounded like thanks and a blessing came from a pair of chattering jaws, but the picture dealer was already dragging Tom Stone into the nearest store.

"Humph!" said the banker. "Grocery store. Let go of me. I've nothing to do here."

"Yes, you have," said Mr. Claus. "See that woman? Look at her!"

"Nothing but a wretched woman and a big basket," protested Mr. Stone, angrily. "She's buying a loaf of bread."

His roll of bills was jerked out of his hand, and he saw the picture dealer give her one, and then give several more to a salesman behind the counter. He then pointed at each of several very poor-looking women and said:

"It's Christmas eve. Let each of 'em buy what she wants, and give her the change of a ten."

"You are going crazy," exclaimed the millionaire, "or else I am. No prudence. No judgment. How do I know whether or not they were good women? Most of them were foreigners, too. Such waste!"

"Hurrah!" said the picture dealer. "This is the time to be wasteful. Blessed is waste! Light, air, rain, sunshine, love—they're the wastefulest things in the world. My other name is Waste. Don't you mind how good or bad they are, those women and children. They were hungry, and you fed them. That's all you and I need care for, you old flint! Come along!"

"I won't go another step," said the banker, feeling of his pocket-book; but, for all that, he went.

The picture dealer led him into store after store, and made him waste money ridiculously in every one of them. He made him stand among the crowds before the magnificent show-windows and pick out the poorest-looking boys and girls and men and women, and pay for anything and everything they said they wanted.

"Broadway runs north and south," said the banker, "but at every cross street I can look east and see that star. There isn't so much mist as there was. But this is awful waste. I'm throwing money away like a fool."

"So you are," said Mr. Claus. "Do you good. All you'll throw away to-night wouldn't pay for the gew-gaws in one of your parlors. 'Twouldn't pay for one of the pictures on your wall. What's any picture in oil on canvas compared to one of my pictures? Come along. I'm going to show you some more."

On they went up the street, and in and out of all sorts of places. All the while too, as they went, Mr. Claus made Tom Stone buy all sorts of curious things that he did not give away. Sleds, skates, dolls, boxes of nonsense, queer toys, candies, shawls, hoods, shoes, mufflers, socks, gloves, everything, until at last he and Mr. Stone were trundling along two sizes of bicycles, and the banker was also dragging a fine baby-wagon, with two sleds trailing behind it.

"I'm heaped up like a mountain," he growled to the picture dealer. "You are making a pack-horse and a fool of me."

On they went, and people got out of the way for them.



"NELL!" SHOUTED THE BANKER. "I'VE COME."

It was about half an hour later when the millionaire remarked:

"These things in my arms and on my shoulders are getting heavier. If I wasn't an uncommonly large and strong man I couldn't begin to do it. Why, Mr. Claus, this is a bitter cold winter night, and I'm perspiring."

"Glad of it," said the picture dealer. "Glad you had to walk. No carriages to be had this evening for love or money. We are almost there now, though. Walk fast, Tom Stone. I don't care how tired you are. You've been one of the meanest."

He stopped there, but it was only a few minutes before he spoke again.

"Here we are," he said. "Now you hard-hearted, wooden-souled, money-worshipping heathen, you follow me into this house. They forgot to lock the front door; I know they did. I'm loaded heavier than you are, but I'll carry in the sleds. I'm used to it."

It was a shabby, narrow-fronted, two-story brick house, that looked as if it could hold only a few small people. In they went, and the picture dealer began to go up stairs. "Come along with me," he said.

"I won't, Mr. Claus," said the millionaire. "I don't want to go. I don't want to see her. I don't want to see her children, either. I won't!"

"You've got to," replied the twinkle-eyed picture dealer. "You can't help yourself. Come along up stairs."

"I won't!" said Tom Stone. "I'm a perfect hay-stack of rubbish."

But he could not help himself, and he went. The room they walked into was the very room in which they had seen the cradle in Mr. S. Claus's picture. It was there now; but the man's head was bowed, and he was covering his face with his hands.

"Don't, John, don't!" said the woman, softly; and there was something wonderful in the smile on her face. "Do look at him! He is wide awake, and sitting up and crowing. Isn't he beautiful? Come, John."

"Nell!" shouted the banker. "I've come!"

She sprang to her feet, and so did John.

"Oh, Tom!" she exclaimed; and she was stepping forward toward him, but he had let go of the wagon, and he put out one hand to stop her.

"Hold on, Nell," he said. "I want to look into the cradle first."

The picture dealer was behind him, pulling in the shoes and things, but he said to the millionaire: "Look, Tom Stone. Look right down at him. That's it! I like that. Open the bag, and pour it into his lap. There! He's got a gold piece in each hand."

"Nell," said Tom, "you and John take the other things. Don't wake up the children. We brought all we could carry."

Tom Stone was kissing Bub, and trying to put more gold into his little fat hands. "I know what I'm doing," he said. "I knew I was going to do it when I began to look at those pictures. Nell and her husband and her children are coming to live with me. Great house like that all wasted! Any house is wasted unless it has children in it. Bless them!"

"Nell," said Tom, "let all the children have a good time—Christmas-time—to-morrow morning, and then you're all to come—"

There was no chance for any of them during the next minute to hear some whispers in the entry.

"Jim, shut the door—soft! Come back up stairs."

"It's Uncle Tom," whispered Jim. "Loads of things! Won't there be a Christmas?"

But away upstairs another whisper was saying: "No, Mary, I ain't frightened, but I thought I heard some sleigh-bells. Do you s'pose Santa Claus has come?"

"I guess he has," said Mary. "Somebody's come, anyhow. Did you hear it, Lou?"

"She's asleep," whispered Nelly. "Yes, I can hear the sleigh-bells. There! he is going away now. I ain't frightened a bit, but I'm glad I didn't see him."

"Oh, Nelly," exclaimed Mary, "I do hope he came! Mother did want to see him so and to have him come!"

Down-stairs in the sitting-room Tom Stone turned as if he wanted to speak to somebody behind him, but Mr. Claus, the picture dealer, was gone.

DIEGO PINZON,*

AND

THE FEARFUL VOYAGE HE TOOK INTO THE UNKNOWN OCEAN A.D. 1492.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

CHAPTER XII.

THE boys were not badly matched for a struggle, and each realized it as he measured the other in the moment that intervened before they threw themselves on each other.

There were no blows at first. Striking out from the shoulder was not in vogue then. They grappled, and each did his best to throw his antagonist, the intention being to get the other down, and then to pummel him until he was unable to fight back.

So they dug up the soft green turf with their feet; they rocked this way and that; they swayed up and down; they stumbled over roots and against trees; and sometimes Diego would go down on a knee and squirm up again, and sometimes Juan would go down on a knee and squirm up again.

Their breath came pantingly and through shut teeth,

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No 627.

and their eyes glared anger and hatred, and they looked and acted altogether more like wild beasts than like human creatures.

Then, suddenly, they tore apart from each other and stood staring fiercely into each other's eyes. Then Diego jumped forward and struck Juan over the eye, and cried "Hah!" with joy of what he had done. And Juan gasped:

"It's nothing. There! that's for you!" and he struck out too.

However, he missed, and Diego struck him again; this time on the mouth, so that presently a red stain came on his lips, which made Diego wild with triumph, and made Juan wild with rage. Then they grappled again, and though both were trembling with exhaustion and excitement, they hurtled about the little glade more madly than before, till Diego caught his heel on the projecting root of a tree and was thrown backward.

As he fell his opponent gave a cry of triumph that was very much like the strangled scream of a wild animal. Diego was stunned a little, and for a moment could not defend himself against the savage blows that rained on his face, each blow being accompanied by a cry that seemed to mean, "It is my turn now! it is my turn now!"

But after a while Juan grew tired—too tired, at any rate, to keep up the stinging blows—and he held Diego pinned to the ground, his face being thereby brought within a few inches of Diego's. The latter was in no mood for yielding; though he knew he was at the mercy of Juan, and could be punished more as soon as the strength of the latter returned. But his own was coming back now, and he would make a struggle as soon as Juan changed his position to strike again. At any rate, he would never ask for mercy.

In the mean time the breath of each was hot on the face of the other, and their eyes, almost blinded with rage, seemed, nevertheless, to shoot out sparks of fire. Diego made a sudden effort to throw off Juan. Juan gave him a sudden blow in the face, and caught him again so that he could not move.

"Have you had enough?" asked Juan, who, even at that moment of fury, would have cared more for the submission of Diego than for anything else. It would have been more disgraceful to Diego.

"No, no, no!" screamed Diego.

"I'll pound you till you can't see or move," said Juan.

"Do it, do it!" screamed Diego, almost inarticulately.

"You'll show me what an honest boy can do, will you?" said Juan, revengefully.

"Pound me, pound me!" screamed Diego, as if that were his dearest wish.

"You're a thief yourself," said Juan.

"Jail-bird!" screamed Diego.

"I'll kill you," raged Juan.

"Jail-bird, jail-bird!" screamed Diego.

Juan was beside himself, but did not dare to release Diego to strike him again, for it was plain that Diego was growing stronger. He could beat his face with his head. Yes, he could do that. But there was something better.

"Both your eyes are black," he said, tauntingly.

"I'll black yours some day."

"Your nose and your mouth are bleeding."

"I'll make yours bleed some day."

"They'll know on board that I did it."

Diego had no answer to that. He could only scream his rage and defiance. But they would know, they would know. He struggled furiously; but Juan laughed with all the ugliness of passion.

"You can't get up; you've got to listen to me."

"Jail-bird!"

Diego knew very well that there was nothing hurt as much as that.

"You are a thief too," said Juan. "Martin Alonzo said so, and you could not deny it."

"Never a jail-bird," answered Diego, as if the punishment made the crime.

"You are worse," said Juan; "you are ungrateful. I saved your life."

"I saved yours. We're quits."

"Mine wouldn't have been in danger if I hadn't saved you."

"Why don't you pound me?" sneered Diego. "You don't dare. You know I'll pay you when I am up."

"I could butt you with my head," answered Juan.

Diego had thought of that too, and had been afraid Juan would think of it.

"Why don't you do it?" he demanded, determined to be defiant to the last.

"I want to tell you something. When they were going to flog you—"



"HEY, THERE! YOU TWO HAVE HAD ENOUGH," SAID A MAN'S VOICE.

"You sneaked out of the way," interrupted Diego.

"I tried to save you," cried Juan, triumphantly.

"You tried hard," sneered Diego again.

"Miguel held me at first," said Juan, exultantly, knowing surer all the time how it would hurt Diego to know it, "but you may ask any of the men if I did not get to the mast just after you had been taken away."

"When you knew it was too late," said Diego.

"You know better. I was going to save you the flogging by telling that I cut the gearing."

"I don't believe it," said Diego, doggedly.

"Yes, you do," said Juan, "and I am going to let you up. I hate you, do you hear me? I hate you! I am going to let you up."

And he did, as if he could see the struggle going on in Diego between his humiliation, his anger, and his sense of justice. Diego slowly rose to his feet.

"Do you want to fight any more?" asked Juan, jeeringly.

"Yes," answered Diego, sullenly, "I want to fight till I have whipped you."

"Come on, then, if you can see out of your eyes," jeered Juan.

"Hey, there! you two have had enough," said a man's voice.

They both thought the men had returned from the ship, and they looked to where the man stood. He was a stranger to them. They fancied they must have been fighting an hour, when in fact they had not been at it for more than ten minutes. Both fighting and talking had gone on at a rapid pace.

"Well, who are you?" asked the man, with a short laugh of amusement at the sight of the two bruised faces. "I should say one of you had had enough, anyhow. Do you belong on that ship loading water?"

"Yes," answered Juan; for the ready-tongued Diego had been silenced by the reference to the plain fact that he had been having the worst of the fight.

"And is it you who are going on that crazy voyage in search of Zipangu?" inquired the man, who was evidently a sailor.

"Yes."

"Do you wish to go?"

"Of course not," answered Juan.

"And you," said the man to Diego, "do you wish to go?"

"No."

"I thought so. Why didn't you desert, then?"

"We did think of it," answered Juan; "but the Captain suspected us, and kept us under guard."

"Well, you have the chance now," said the man. "The boat is only half-way back, and you have only to come with me. We are not going on any search for Zipangu."

"I pledged my word not to desert," said Diego, his bruised face robbing his proud tone of very much of its dignity; "but," he added, with a sneer, "he will go with you."

Juan flushed, and looked at first resentfully and then triumphantly at Diego. He would show the little priestling that there was no such difference between them as he would wish to make out. As he was no more thief than he, so he would hold his word no less dear.

"I gave my word too," he said, "and I will keep it; though I know the voyage will end in my destruction. But thank you."

"Why, that is bravely said," laughed the man, as if he found the affair more amusing than heroic. "Well, it won't matter much; for it is likely enough your voyage will be ended in another way. I must go back to my ship. But, harkee, boys! say nothing to the skipper of it; but I have just come from Ferro, and there I saw three armed caravels of Portugal, which are waiting for your Christoval Colon to capture him and end his voyage. They lie in wait on the north side of the island, where it is most likely you will go, as the nearest and best way. I hear the men shouting for you. My faith!" he said, with a laugh, "they think you have forgotten your promises."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE man walked off in order that he might not be suspected of offering assistance to the boys, and they went by separate ways to where Martin Alonzo was angrily

shouting their names. Juan shouted in answer; but Martin Alonzo did not hear him, and was full of wrath when he saw them coming out of the wood.

"Had ye so little to do?" he began, and then stopped and exclaimed, "Holy Virgin! look at their faces!"

The men set up a shout of laughter, for which Juan cared nothing, having been the victor, but which galled Diego mightily.

"So," said Martin Alonzo, eying them narrowly, "you have been employing your time, have you, after all?"

"We filled the casks first," said Juan, Diego playing the wonderful part, for him, of sullen silence.

"Well for you you did," said Martin Alonzo, and with that turned from them, and began ordering the men in sharp tones. The truth was, he was vexed to see Diego carrying the marks of a beating.

Well, the water was loaded into the boats, and they pushed off, Diego and Juan sitting in their places in silence, though the men had at the first tried to be merry with them over their fight, and had desisted only at the peremptory word of Martin Alonzo, who looked as sullen as Diego's self.

As for Diego, he had neither eyes nor words for any one, but sat with his eyes down all the way. He was thinking of many things, and was having a harder battle with himself than he had had with Juan, and one that hurt him far more. It was mostly about Juan he was thinking, but there came occasional thoughts about the Portuguese caravels that were to stop the voyage.

He thought of Martin Alonzo, too. He knew by the glance his cousin had given him, and by the tone of his voice, and by his short words to the men, that he was vexed with him for being beaten, as if he had expected, as a matter of course, that Diego would be the master in such a fight. He was grateful for the feeling, but he was resentful too. Besides, there were other things in his mind, and he was in an uncertainty what to do.

When they had reached the vessel, and the water had been taken aboard, and the boats hoisted to their places, the word was given to the Admiral, and sail was set. Diego did his share of the work, watching his cousin and Juan about equally, and knowing that they were watching him. Presently Francisco Martin took charge of the ship, and Diego saw Martin Alonzo beckon him to come apart with him, which he did.

"So," said Martin Alonzo, brusquely, "you let him whip you."

"He whipped me," answered Diego, sullenly.

"Was it a fair fight?"

"Yes; but I didn't give up. Don't think I did. I would never have done it."

"You came out of the wood quietly enough," said Martin Alonzo, reasoning that if the fight had been his he either would have whipped or been unable to walk away from the place.

"I know it," said Diego, more sulkily than before.

Martin Alonzo looked disappointed, and kicked the rail viciously. "Tut!" he said. "When I left you two there I hoped you would give a better account of yourself than this."

"Oh!" said Diego, more mortified than ever, "you expected us to fight?"

"I would like to know," said Martin Alonzo, "why you did not fight more."

"Then you'd better ask him," answered Diego, and turned away.

He had said nothing about the Portuguese caravels, from which it would seem that he was willing to have the voyage ended by them. All the remainder of that day the fleet sailed on for Ferro, and all the time that he was not eating or working Diego leaned on the rail, and moodily watched the island of Gomera fade into distance.

Juan was as gay as Diego was dull, and received the congratulations of Miguel and a few of the other sailors in very good spirits. At first he was inclined to be offensive to Diego, not by any direct affront to him, but by a little too much ostentation in his high spirits; but later he was more quiet, and seemed to have dismissed Diego from his mind.

As for Diego, he no longer looked at Juan, but kept himself to himself until the coming of night cleared the deck of all except the watch, in which they both were. Then he watched Juan again until he saw him standing alone, when he went over to him and touched him on the shoulder. Juan turned and started.

"Oh," said he, "you wish me to fight here, so that Martin Alonzo will stop us!"

"No," answered Diego, breathing hard, as if to keep his anger in check, "I don't wish to fight now. I only wish to say something to you. Some day, perhaps, we shall fight again."

"I hope so," answered Juan, with a disagreeable laugh.

"And I hope so," said Diego, struggling with a sob of rage. He controlled himself and went on: "What I wished to say was that I believed you about your being willing to save me from the flogging. If I had known it before—"

"I tried to tell you once," said Juan, in an eager, softened tone.

"I know it," answered Diego, "and it was my fault that you did not. I said unpleasant things."

"But it's all right now," said Juan, joyously. "Shall we shake hands?" and he held out his hand, fully expecting Diego to take it.

"No," answered Diego, "I don't care to shake hands with you. I want to fight you. I don't like you. I was wrong about you, and I had to come to tell you. If I had known it before I could not have fought you. And I can't fight you again if you don't let me be even with you in some way."

"Oh, very well; but you needn't be so particular," said Juan. "I'm ready to fight you at any time."

"How can I fight you," said Diego, passionately, "if I am under obligation to you?"

"Well, what will you do about it?" asked Juan, wonderingly.

"Have you told the sailors yet about the caravels?" demanded Diego.

"No."

"Why?"

"I don't know," was the hesitating answer. "What does it matter?"

"It matters a great deal. My cousin must know about it."

"I supposed you had told him already. I saw you talking with him."

"I didn't tell him. I wish you to tell him."

"I?" exclaimed Juan. "I won't do it. Why should I?"

"Because he dislikes you, and it will put you in favor with him if you do it. If I let you tell him it will make us quits again."

"Betray my comrades to please you!" said Juan, scornfully. "I won't."

"How would it betray them? Don't you see that if you don't tell, I shall have to? You don't want me to have a right to fight you," said Diego, bitterly.

"I won't do it, anyhow," said Juan.

"He trusted you; he took your word, and I think that puts you under obligation to tell him instead of telling the sailors, especially as it won't do them any good to know. I think you're afraid to fight, that's what I think."

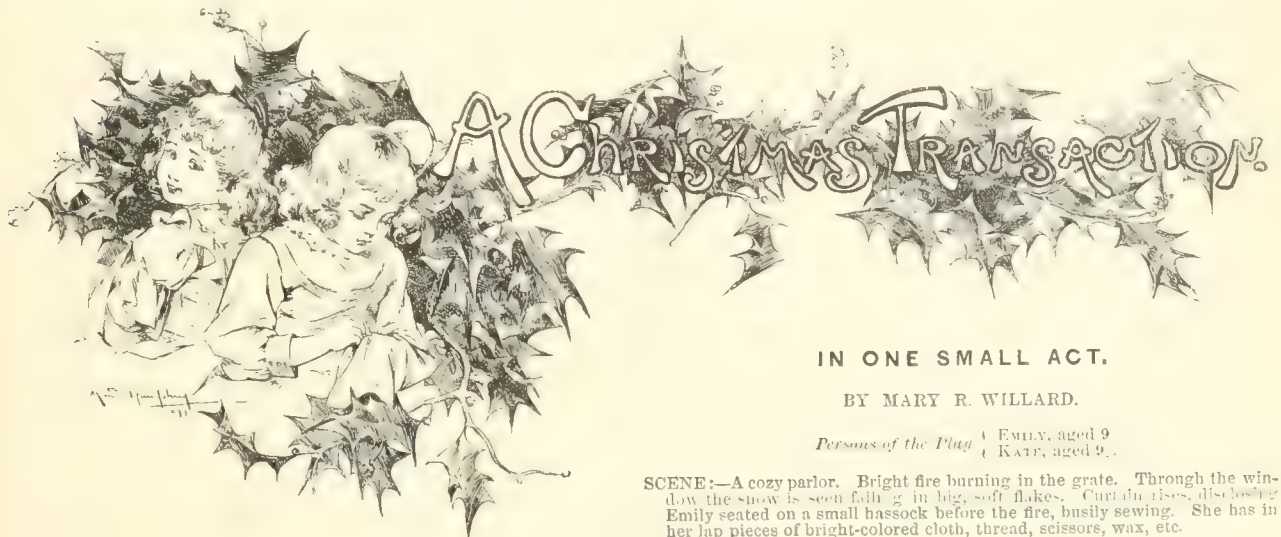
"No, you don't," retorted Juan. "Well, I'll tell Martin Alonzo, though I don't want to; and I'll fight you some day, and I will beat you so that you will never ask me to fight again."

"Thank you," said Diego, joyously, "and I'll never call you ugly names again, nor sneer at you."

So he turned away, happy in the thought of some day retrieving his defeat, and Juan, very much puzzled over it all, watched him walk away, and murmured to himself:

"He hates me now; but maybe he'll like me after we have had a fair fight and one of us is whipped."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SCENE:—A cozy parlor. Bright fire burning in the grate. Through the window the snow is seen falling in big, soft flakes. Curtain rises, disclosing Emily seated on a small hassock before the fire, busily sewing. She has in her lap pieces of bright-colored cloth, thread, scissors, wax, etc.

EMILY. Oh dear! oh dear! I wish mamma were here! I never knew before how hard it was to make things come right. Somehow the stitches look big, no matter how tiny I take them, and—there goes another tangle in my thread (*works busily for several minutes trying to untangle it*). And now—oh dear! where is my needle? That's the fourth one I've lost, and I've broken three. I could cry if—oh, there goes Katie Parton. (*Catches*

a glimpse through the window of Kate passing by. Grasps her work in her apron and runs out (*L.*) calling, "Kate, Kate!" Presently Emily and Kate enter.)

KATE. No, honest, I can't stay.

EMILY (*persuasively*). Oh, why can't you?

KATE. Because—

EMILY. Because what?

KATE. Because I can't.

EMILY. Oh, please!

KATE. I can't. I have some work that I just must finish.

EMILY. A Christmas present? Oh, who for?

KATE. Oh, somebody.

EMILY. I think you're mean. You might tell me who.

KATE. I wouldn't tell you for a thousand dollars.

EMILY. Why, Katie Parton! You would—you know you would!

KATE. You tell me what you're making.

EMILY (*mysteriously*). Oh, I'm making a—a article.

KATE. Who for?

EMILY. Do you s'pose I'll tell you?

KATE. Oh; you dear, sweet, little (*hugging Emily enthusiastically*), is it for—oh, it can't be for—

EMILY. Yes, it is truly—for you.

KATE. And mine's for you. It is, honor bright. And it's something lovely; you'd never guess—never.

EMILY (*after a short silence*). Katie, I've thought of something.

KATE. What?

EMILY. Something splendid. I'll tell you what let's do.

KATE. Now? Oh, what?

EMILY (*bringing another hassock and placing it beside her own before the grate*). Now you just take off your hat and coat, 'nd then we'll sit right down here just as cozy.

KATE. Oh, but I can't stay.

EMILY. Wait till I tell you. Then we'll turn our backs around toward each other and work just as nice—and, oh (*gladly*), won't it be fun! And we can visit and everything.

KATE (*hesitatingly removing her wraps and placing them upon a chair*). But (*doubtfully*) what if you should look?

EMILY. Honest, I won't turn my eyes even the tiniest bit.

KATE (*seating herself with her back toward Emily and taking out her sewing*). It is fun, isn't it? How did you ever think of it? Now, don't you look!

EMILY. No; nor you mustn't.

(*They sit busily in silence a short time, then lean softly together a few lines of a Christmas Carol.*)

SONG.

Sing carols, sweet carols,
At early, early morn!
Sing carols, our Redeemer
Is born!
The earth in solemn stillness lies,
While shepherds watch their sleepy skies.
Sing carols, sweet carols,
To greet the baby in arms.

KATE. Emily, couldn't you just tell me what it's made of?

EMILY. Oh, it's lovely! But you mustn't ask; and don't you peek, either!

KATE. As if I would!

(*They sing softly:*)

Sing carols, sweet carols,
To hail the blessed day!
Sing carols, the Saviour
Is born, our King for aye
See how the wondrous Star doth glow
Above the manger rude and low!
Sing carols, sweet carols,
To hail the blessed day!

EMILY. Katie, how do you get along?

KATE (*giving her thread a jerk*). Oh, I keep breaking my thread and losing my needle, and everything.

EMILY. So do I, just awful!

KATE. How do mothers make things? I don't see.

EMILY (*wisely*). They just make 'em—that's all I know.

KATE (*after another industrious silence*). Emily dear, is it big or little?

EMILY. You tell me, and I'll tell you.

KATE. Oh, it's not very big and not very little. Is mine nice? Shall I like it?

EMILY. I'm awfully afraid you won't.

KATE. Did I ever see one like it?

EMILY. Oh, bushels of times. What color is mine, dear?

KATE. Well, it isn't exactly crushed gooseberry, and it isn't (*giggling mischievously*) exactly olive blue.

EMILY. Yours is a kind of a—brindle-color. (*Both giggle and laugh*.)

KATE (*laughing*). Oh, you goose, that's the color of a bossy-calf.

EMILY. I think bossy-calf-color is quite pretty—honest, I do. Out on my uncle George's farm there was the sweetest little bossy, and it was brindle-color. John—he's my cousin—said so.

KATE. It wouldn't be a nice color for my—for what I'm making. (*Coaxingly*.) Oh, let me see just a little corner.

EMILY (*excitedly, hiding her work in her apron*). You said you wouldn't peek.

KATE (*indignantly*). I'm not peeking.

EMILY (*after another busy interval*). There, mine's 'most done.

KATE. So's mine.

EMILY. Katie, I'll tell you—let's do something. You'll laugh, it's so funny; but, Katie, when we get them done let's show them to each other!

KATE. Oh!

EMILY. Will you?

KATE. Oh, I don't know.

EMILY. I think it would be lovely.

KATE. It isn't—exactly the way, but I do want to see it. I know I never can wait.

EMILY. Neither can I. Will you do it?

KATE. I will if you will.

EMILY (*clapping her hands*). Won't it be fun to get a nice little taste of Christmas before Christmas comes?

KATE. It will be splendid. Let's hurry. (*They sew busily.*)

EMILY. Hurrah! Mine's done!

KATE. Wait half a minute till I fasten my thread. There! (*Jumps up, scattering scissors, thread, etc., in all directions on the floor.*) Now wait. I'm going to count. Let's shut our eyes tight. Ready one, two, THREE look! (*Standing face to face, at the signal, each holds up in view of the audience and each other a small work-bag fastened with gathering-string. One is blue, the other red, but in other respects exactly counterparts.*)

BOTH. Oh, how lovely!

EMILY. It's just what I wanted.

KATE. It's just exactly what I wanted.

EMILY. It was so sweet of you to make it.

KATE. How did you ever think of it?

EMILY. And wasn't it fun making them?



KATE. And I never mistrusted; did you?

EMILY. Never. Now let's go and find mamma and tell her all about it.

KATE. And then I must go right home and tell my mother. Haven't we had a lovely time?

EMILY. Just splendid! (*They go out with arms intertwined, singing. Song dies away softly.*)

Sing carols, sweet carols,
Of joy forevermore!
Sing carols, be telling
The story o'er and o'er.
Ring out the tidings yet again
Of "Peace on Earth, Good-will to men."
Sing carols, sweet carols,
Of peace forevermore.

CURTAIN.



LITTLE TWO LEGS.

BY MARY GAY HUMPHREYS.

LITTLE TWO LEGS had opened a grocery on the door step of an empty house, where she sold sand in brown paper horns for a penny a horn.

Now nice clean brown sand is one of the most difficult things to get in a great city. As for dirt, you wouldn't believe how little there is of it—real dirt, crumbly and clean; dirt you can run through your fingers and stir up into pies and cakes. And this is why Little Two Legs found such quick sale for her paper horns.

Little Two Legs would not tell where she got her sand, so the children were forced to buy of her. She had what grown-up people call a "corner" in sand. But I happen to know where she got it. Aunt Catty had said,

"Go get me some onions for the soup as fast as your two legs can carry you."

That was what Aunt Catty always said, and that was why they called her Little Two Legs.

Away she sped for the onions, but as she passed the foundation of a house that had been burned, she heard the mew of a kitten.

"It's a black cat; it's Too-Too's cousin," and she scrambled down the wall like a kitten herself, to rescue a little starveling on a pile of stones.

Some masons had been at work, and left a pile of sand. Little Two Legs filled her apron. She did not feel that she was taking anything that did not belong to her, but from force of habit she always looked out to see that no "cops" were near. Cops were what she called policemen.

As fast as Little Two Legs sold out her sand, she went back, scrambled down the wall, and got another apronful. To do this she had to pass Mr. Maginnis's grocery. Little Two Legs knew Mr. Maginnis well, for she often went on errands for Aunt Catty at his grocery.

"How much are you askin' for dese apples ter-day, Mr. Maginnis?" Little Two Legs would ask.

"Since it's you, me jewel, it's siven cents."

"Now youse kidden me. I give youse five."

So it happened that Little Two Legs and Mr. Maginnis were old business friends.

As Christmas was coming, Mr. Maginnis had cleared

out his show-window, and filled it with beautiful Christmas things. And with their noses pressed against the pane, there was a row of dolls. Little Two Legs had never seen such beautiful dolls in her life before. There was one in a pink tarletan dress and a green waistband, with real shoes and kid mitts.

Little Two Legs stood on her tiptoes, and looked at it until her eyes swam with tears, and a great longing grew in her heart. Then she recollected that customers were waiting for sand and she went on, but somehow everything seemed different.

Back and forth she passed the window, and the doll in tarletan grew into her heart. Somehow its name seemed to be Maud French. In her thoughts Maud French grew up to be a great big girl by her side; then the thought that somebody might come in and pay Mr. Maginnis money and carry Maud French away made Little Two Legs shiver and feel queer down her back. At last Little Two Legs could stand it no longer; so she went in to Mr. Maginnis's grocery and put it to him plainly.

"How much are ye askin' fur the doll in the pink dress, Mr. Maginnis?"

"Since it's you, me jewel, I'm askin' a quarter of a dollar."

"I'll gin youse twinty cints, Mr. Maginnis."

Little Two Legs would have given Mr. Maginnis twenty dollars for Maud French if she had had the money, but business is business, as Aunt Catty had taught her.

"But what have you in your apron, Little Two Legs?"

She opened her apron and showed Mr. Maginnis the sand.

"Bueheful! bucheful!" said Mr. Maginnis. "Where might ye be a-gettin' it?" running his fingers through it.

"That I'm not tellin', Mr. Maginnis."

"Now I'll be reasonable, Little Two Legs. It's sand Mrs. Maginnis is wantin' fur her posy pot, an' botherin' the life out of me the day. If ye'll satisfy her requirements, Little Two Legs, ye'll have the doll an' welcome, an' me compliments beside. Only ye'll leave the doll to the last to ornament my windy."

Little Two Legs felt her heart give a great jump; then it seemed as if it would never beat again.

It seemed that Mrs. Maginnis, who was a large woman, must stand on her posy pots, so much sand did they require. But at last the time came when Little Two Legs knew that her task was almost over, and that early to-morrow morning, which was Christmas day, Maud French would no longer be required to ornament Mr. Maginnis's show-window. And then they would live together and be happy all the rest of their lives.

Little Two Legs, with her apron full of sand, hurrying back with her last load, was a dirty red-faced little girl, with her gown torn, her stockings down, and her shoes untied. But happiness is a little bird that sings in the heart in all weathers, and we carry our skies about with us. To Little Two Legs her feet were shod with air, and she walked in a rosy cloud.

Clang! clang! the sound of rushing feet, the shouts of men's voices, a gleam of a fiery eye. Little Two Legs knew what it all meant, as does every child of the streets. Once she would have followed the crowd pell-mell up the street keeping step with the fleetest, but now her soul was filled with a sort of restful peace too deep to be disturbed. It was only when she saw the smoke pouring out of Mr. Maginnis's grocery window—the window which Maud French was ornamenting—that she realized what it all meant.

She gave one sob and ran. The window was despoiled, the glass broken, the water lying in pools. The firemen had turned their horses, the crowd, deprived of a sensation, was hurrying off.

"All out; false alarm; a few Christmas toys damaged, that's all."

That's all! Poor Little Two Legs pushed through the crowd, Mrs. Maginnis's sand pouring from her apron.

"Why, it's you, Little Two Legs," said Mr. Maginnis, looking down with a black and grimy face at a little figure clutching his leg.

"What are ye done with her? Maud French, my doll baby?"

"Ah, she's poorly off, Little Two Legs, wid them all. Them pretty clothes of hers are burned up, an' no insurance, me jewel, and trade good till midnight, worse luck!"

Little Two Legs broke into a loud wail.

"None of that, Little Two Legs. Ye'll have the purtiest of them that's left. Ye made me aisy with the old lady. I'm rememberin'."

But Little Two Legs only cried, "No! no!" and buried her head in her apron. "It's Maud French I'm wantin'. I won't have any proud lady doll."

Mr. Maginnis gathered up an armful of poor bedraggled dolls from behind the counter. "There, an' if you recognize her, Little Two Legs," sighed Mr. Maginnis, "your acquaintance is beyant mine."

From out the pile Little Two Legs drew a poor maimed creature, wrapped it in her apron, and burst into tears.

"There, there, Little Two Legs; I told you she was in a mortal state. I'll give ye the white lady doll."

But Little Two Legs, still holding the poor dolly to her breast, dashed through the crowd, and ran home.

"You're a little ninny, Ellie"—for that was Little Two Legs's real name—"for not taking the white lady doll," said Aunt Catty, running a string through a gown she had made for Maud French, after she had bathed her face in goose grease and tied up her maimed hand.

Little Two Legs looked at Aunt Catty with wonderment in her eyes.

"Wud ye give me up, if my face was split open, for a whole little girl?"

Aunt Catty laughed. Then Little Two Legs, clasping Maud French tenderly in her arms, went out to sit in her grocery in the fine Christmas sunshine, to think over the sorrows she had gone through, and a great flood of happiness filled her heart.

THE FATE OF BELFIELD.

BY MARY SELDEN MCCOBB.

Part I.

ALIDA BERNARD came into the dining-room. Her hands were full of roses. There was a slight frown on her forehead.

The roses were a matter of course at Belfield. The conservatory was full of them, in spite of winter winds whistling outside. As for the frown—

"I do wish old Mrs. Larkins wouldn't forever haunt our kitchen and hinder Annie," thought Alida, fretfully. "Lunch comes at one o'clock, and the table isn't half set. Annie! Annie!" she called.

The waitress came running hastily. "Excuse me, Miss Alida. Mis' Larkins she fetched my calico gown. Her gran'daughter's made it up for me, purpose to wear to-day. Mis' Larkins was saying how Cissy was trying to save money enough to learn cloak-cutting."

"Is Cissy the granddaughter? But never mind her now, Annie. I'll arrange the flowers, while you put—remember—six forks, one knife, and two spoons at each plate. Don't twist off the handles of the new bouillon cups—those gilt dragon heads. And make sure, Annie, that Norah serves the lobster *blazing hot*."

Alida ran to her own room to put on her new crimson cashmere and velvet gown. It had been sent from New York just in time for the lunch party. It fitted, as did all Alida's dresses, as if she "had been melted and poured into it," as Kate Robinson remarked.

Kate was coming to the lunch to-day. So were the twins Alice and Belle Homans. Also Amanda Wright. Prissy Parker had been bidden, and not aware that politeness demanded a definite "yes" or "no," had replied that she would come if she could. At the very last moment she made up her reluctant mind that really she *couldn't* face the grandeur of Belfield in her best gown, because it had two darns and a patch. So, with much heart-burning, she staid at home.

The other girls had clubbed together, and had hired from the village innkeeper an ancient vehicle, called by him a "landoo," in which they were to be driven in state to the festivity.

"I'm not going to puff and pant up the hill, and look as if I never went to a luncheon before—which I never did," declared Kate Robinson, with spirit.

Belle and Amanda echoed the resolve. Alice said, "Fudge!" but she rode all the same.

"Do you suppose we ought to wear our gloves when we enter the drawing-room?" asked Amanda, anxiously.

Alice laughed. "Belle wanted to buy a book on etiquette, and carry it in her pocket to refer to at odd intervals," she said.

"Well, Alida's always lived in New York," pleaded Belle. "Of course she's 'up' on all the style."

But Alice Homans held up her pretty head. "'When you're in Rome, do as the Romans do'; and when you're at home, do as the—Homans do," she cried, breezily. "Mother says, 'Behave naturally.' And now, Belle, don't, for pity's sake! think you can be stylish by cocking up your finger when you eat your soup. That fashion went out with Mrs. Noah."

There was much wheezing on the part of the venerable nag, and much strong language from Jim Jenks who urged the asthmatic steed up the steep hill. Then the "landoo" lumbered along the Belfield avenue.

There, at the open door, with outstretched hands of welcome, stood Alida. She wore no gloves, so Amanda twitched hers off. She hastily concluded that she *would* invite her hostess to the candy-pulling which was to take place at her house next Tuesday.

Though all the girls had been to Belfield before, this was the first time they had seen the dining-room.

Amanda gave an unexpected gasp of wondering surprise; Kate involuntarily grasped Belle's arm, breathing, softly:

"Oh, my! Did you ever?"

The room was finished in quartered oak. At one end huge logs burned brilliantly in a cavernous fireplace. The glow of the flames seemed reflected in the crimson window-curtains and portières. There was a crimson border to the table-cloth and napkins. The candles in the branching silver candelabra were crimson, and were topped by dainty crimson shades. As for the roses in the cut-glass rose-bowl, they flushed a deeper crimson with delight at their own loveliness.

The lunch was very charming, very dainty. The lobster *en coquille* was "blazing hot." There were roasted quails; there were sweetbreads cooked so mysteriously that not one of the guests could imagine what she was eating; there was a salad, which "tasted like ambrosia," so Kate Robinson told her mother; there were ices shaped like flowers; there were marvellous cakes and confections. The whipped cream on the chocolate "stood up like a school-marm." That was Amanda's simile. Two waitresses in pretty caps glided noiselessly about, anticipating every need.

The visitors were deeply impressed. Never in their rural lives had they seen such magnificence.

Alida, having always been accustomed to luxury, wondered vaguely why the girls seemed so shy and stiff, and were so silent. She herself chattered briskly, and her

mother was so gentle and genial that the ice could but melt. It was Mrs. Bernard who offered to play the accompaniments to some school songs when, finally, they all went to the large lofty music-room.

"How clear and full our voices sound!" cried Kate.



"MAKE SURE, ANNIE, THAT NORAH SERVES THE LOBSTER BLAZING HOT."

"That's because there's no carpet or drapery at the windows," said Alice, bluntly.

"Would you let me sing a scale, please?" asked Kate; and her voice went tripping over the notes as resonant as a silver bell.

"Come to Belfield and practise whenever you like," said Mrs. Bernard.

She spoke cordially, but Kate suddenly remembered herself, and closed her lips.

Mrs. Bernard's fingers glided into a waltz. Alida's feet began to twitch. But no one else knew how to dance. The smooth waxed floor went for nothing. So engravings and etchings were brought out. Belle, who drew a little, was pleased; the others were a bit bored. Still the girls were sure it was "a good time"—oh yes, a "very good time." But—

"A-h!" exclaimed Alice Homans, opening her mouth to its widest extent, and drawing a tremendous breath.

That was when, the party being ended, the four had said good-by. They were walking home, the innkeeper having evidently forgotten to send his "landoo."

"I sha'n't ask *her* to my candy scrape," announced Amanda, solemnly. "It never would do to take her into the kitchen, you know."

Now Alida had overheard a remark about "next Tuesday" and "molasses candy," and was wistfully longing to join the fun. But she waited in vain for an invitation.

She had only lived for three months in this new home. Formerly she and her mother had spent much of their time alone in New York. Every day Mr. Bernard travelled by railway to the village where his great woollen mills hummed and buzzed. Sometimes in busy seasons he didn't come to the city for a week. At last they could none of them bear this separation any longer. Mr. Bernard bought land on the top of a hill overlooking his mills, and here he built his grand house, and named it Belfield. It was suggested that Alida would have to be sent away for her education, but her father vetoed that.

"I won't give up my little ewe-lamb," said he. "There's a good school in the village. What's more, she must make friends with those nice-looking girls I see every day."

So the week after the lunch party Alida was driven to the door of the female seminary. The girls gazed in wonder. They had never been blest before with a schoolmate whose horses glittered with brass trappings and whose coachman wore a livery. They were not sure whether they liked it or not when, after school, Alida insisted on eight of them squeezing into the carriage and being driven to their respective homes. Each said, "Thank you; I've had a splendid ride," but Alida felt the constraint in their tones. She pondered upon it. The next morning she said,

"I'm going to walk to school, mamma." And she did.

Still there was a certain barrier between Alida and the others. She felt it vaguely. The girls were kind, were companionable; yet beyond a certain point of intimacy Alida could not go.

At last a note reached her, and she fairly jumped for joy. "The Homans twins have asked me to tea, mamma," she cried.

There being only one maid-servant at the Homans' house, the twins put their shoulders to the wheel, and worked like Trojans preparing "the tea."

"And, Maria Aurelia, you must wait on table," said Belle, decidedly. "It will never do for us to pass our own cups and plates. What's more, you mustn't ring the bell when tea is ready, but come to the parlor door and announce it."

So, promptly at six o'clock, Maria Aurelia, very much heated and in a state of mental turmoil, bounced into the small sitting-room. "Now then, leddies, step out spry, for the pop-overs is beginning to fall," she cried, excitedly. Then, making a dive at Belle, she whispered, audibly: "For the land sakes, don't take more'n one mullin! The oven liet up sudden, and the last batch's a cinder."

Mrs. Homans smiled quietly to herself, but, wise mother that she was, she made no remark.

The meal was not a very comfortable one. Maria Aurelia, though anxious to please, had never learned the mysteries of waiting deftly. With wide-open eyes and mouth, she plunged hither and thither, giving a series of unhappy groans when she treated Belle to an impromptu bath from the water-pitcher. Altogether, the tea party was not a success.

Alice confided all their woes to Kate Robinson, who, in consequence, sent no note to Belfield when the twins came to her house for a cozy supper, where there was very little style, but much ease and gayety.

However, Alida did not feel slighted. Fortunately, she had gone to New York for that day. She had set out with a light heart, for she had a most delightful errand.

Every year Mr. Bernard gave his daughter one hundred dollars for pin-money. And if there was one luxury in the world which filled the girl's heart with happiness, it was the ability to lavish presents on her friends. By a series of cautious questions, she had managed to find out the dates of her cronies' birthdays, and she had remembered that Kate's came on the 20th of this very month.

So down to New York went Alida, and there was much consultation with her mother, and much searching in her own memory to recall if so be Kate had ever expressed a wish for any particular possession. Picture stores were visited. With eager feet Alida went through every department at Tiffany's. At last an inlaid writing-case was found, and then an hour was spent in choosing pen, paper, envelopes, sealing-wax, and all the other belongings. It was impressed upon the clerk that a monogram, K. L. R., *must* be engraven on the onyx seal, and that if it were

not ready before the 20th life would offer no further charm to Alida Bernard.

When Kate Robinson received a mysterious box, and when she actually beheld the beauty of what it held, and when she read the accompanying card, "With love and best wishes from Alida," she clasped her hands in rapture. Then, suddenly, her face clouded. She closed the writing-desk and went up stairs and took from her bureau drawer a half-finished handkerchief-case. It was of two shades of lilac silk, and was fringed at one end.

"Alida's birthday is the 21st," said Kate to herself. "I was making—" She shook her head, and laid the lilac silk away. "Maybe I can finish it for 'Manda or for Prissy," she thought, soberly. "It won't look so scrubby to them."

And so, on the 21st, though Alida had many gifts, and though even the cousins in far-away Baltimore remembered her, yet there was a tiny sore spot in her heart.

"I didn't want the girls to *give* me anything," she confided to her mother, "but I should think they might have said, 'Happy returns.'"

There was another shade over this particular birthday. Mr. Bernard did not come home to dinner, and Alida had counted on his cutting her birthday cake. When he did arrive, he went into his study and shut the door. Mrs. Bernard had an anxious look on her face, but, none the less, she was ready to play duets with Alida, and to advise as to the best way to trim the school-room for the coming examination day.

"The girls say they always make wreaths of cedar and of evergreen," said Alida. "And we might have some of our big plants carried down, mightn't we, mamma?"

"We'll ask your father to send up one of the carts from the mill to take the ferns," said Mrs. Bernard.

"Certainly, certainly," answered Mr. Bernard, when the plan was proposed to him the next morning.

Alida wondered if he really heard what was said, for he sat playing with his fork at the breakfast table, and so deep in thought that he forgot to drink his coffee. However, as he went out of the front door, he turned back.

"I won't forget to send the dray, chicken," he said. "And here's a ten-dollar bill. Maybe there'll be something you'll like to buy for the exhibition."

Alida held up the money before Kate and Alice.

"*Now*," she said, exultingly, "we can have that lovely vase I told you of for Miss Sloan."

Miss Sloan was the teacher at the female seminary. The pupils had been planning to make her a small gift at the close of the term.

"If each of us contributes a quarter, we shall have plenty."

Such had been the decision. They had hardly thought twice of the matter of that "lovely vase" which Alida had described to them.

"It costs fifteen dollars. Of course we can't have it."

But now here was this ten-dollar bill.

"*Let* me send to Tiffany's," pleaded Alida; and it was voted "yes."

Deft fingers were weaving the wreaths of cedar and evergreen. Kate and Alice were covering letters with fir tips. *Possunt quia posse videntur*. Thus ran the words which were to be tacked over the platform for the edification of the public.

"And we'll present our vase after the closing exercises," said Kate, threading her needle. "Do you know, Alice," she went on, softly, "I feel sort of mean about that present."

"Mean?" queried Alice; but there was a knowing look in her eyes.

"It seems as if," Kate went on—"as if we ought to say: 'If you please, ma'am, two-thirds of this beautiful gift comes from one person. The rest of us are responsible for only five dollars' worth of porcelain.'"

Alice laughed uneasily. "Alida doesn't mean it," said she, "but somehow it takes the spice right out of everything to have her do so much. Did you see this ring she gave me? I didn't want to take it, but it would have hurt her feelings if I had refused."

"She's a darling," said Kate, warmly.

"Oh yes! she's a duck," assented Alice; "or rather, we're ducks, and she's a swan. Same genus, but different species. Please hand me the thread, Kitty."

On the top of a step-ladder stood Belle Homans, fastening one end of a festoon.

"Let it droop two inches more," ordered Amanda, standing across the room, her head critically on one side.

There came the sound of heavy wheels. There was a knock on the school-room door.

Then appeared to the girls' astonished eyes great branching tropical ferns growing in huge tubs; there was an immense azalea bush covered with blossoms; there was a tall glossy wax-plant; there were scarlet geraniums in their pots.

The school-room became a bower. The tiny wrinkled panes in its windows seemed to blink in bewilderment. The rusty stove funnel grew suddenly so very disreputable that a subscription was raised on the spot to buy a new one before examination day. The water stains on the ceiling seemed to flaunt themselves. As for the cedar and hemlock, "How coarse they look!" said Amanda Wright, glancing at her hands, which were pitchy from winding fir festoons. But the school-room never looked so fine before.

No one mentioned where two-thirds of the money came from when Miss Sloan was requested to "accept this vase, with the respect and affection of her loving pupils." Kate Robinson told no tales, even when she walked home with her teacher afterward.

As they came down by the mills, Miss Sloan pointed out a group of men busily talking.

"I'm afraid there's trouble yonder," she said, looking grave. "A Chicago firm has failed lately, and some one said that Mr. Bernard had lost by them. I hope not."

"Oh dear!" cried Kate. "You don't mean that Mr. Bernard's going to fail too?"

"No, no; not that," said Miss Sloan. "But a person may be embarrassed for a time, you know."

Whether "embarrassed" or not, Mr. Bernard was very sober in these days. His face grew care-worn. One of the mills "shut down." Something was said about the woollen market being "glutted." Alida heard the word, but paid little heed. News came of another Chicago firm's failure. Mr. Peters, Mr. Bernard's partner, came from the West to talk business. That was delightful to Alida, who loved the old gentleman "next best to papa." The weeks passed, and another mill was closed.

Mrs. Bernard suggested the giving up of a trip to Quebec which had been planned, and her husband had said:

"Thank you, sweetheart. I don't see how I can get off just now. I hope you don't mind postponing the journey, Dorothy."

Then Alida saw her mother put both arms about her husband's neck, and heard her say,

"I don't mind anything, so long as I have you, Alex!"

"Why, of course we don't mind anything so long as we have you, papa," cried Alida.

"That's good," cried Mr. Bernard, cheerfully. His face was brighter after that, but still the care lay underneath his smile.

Not one of the school-girls said a word to Alida about the mill affairs, though they were freely discussed in the village. Kate Robinson's father owned property in the manufactures, but some one said that he had "secured himself," whatever that might mean.

At last Alida herself spoke out frankly. "I was going to ask you all to come to Belfield for tennis to-morrow, but papa's so troubled that I can't bear to play," she said.

Perhaps that remark was what prompted Kate to compose the following lines, and Alida's straightforward fashion of confessing that there was "trouble" emboldened the poetess to tuck her verse into her friend's hand at recess.



"FOR THE LAND SAKES, DON'T TAKE MORE 'N ONE MEEFIN."

You may imagine Alida's astonishment when she opened the paper. Thus ran the poem:

"Come up to the hill-top,
We hear you call,
'Come up to the hill-top
'One and all.'
Ah! out you hill-top
I bleak and bare,
'Mid clouds and mists
And chilling air.
Ah! but our village
Is cozy and warm,
We cluster together,
And fear no harm.
'Come down from your hill-top,'
Here we call;
'Come down to the village,
Among us all!'"

Alida read this production aloud when she came home that day. She smiled when she read it, but her father's eyes flashed angrily.

"Is that what people are saying?" he asked.

"Dear," said Mrs. Bernard, gently, "this is only a girl's nonsense. And I'm not so sure it's all absurd, either. Belfield costs so *many* thousands a year."

"Do you suppose Kate Robinson's father knew of her writing those rhymes?" said Mr. Bernard.

"No, no, papa," exclaimed Alida; "Kate's always writing poetry. By-and-by she's going to send some to a magazine."

Mr. Bernard turned away and went into his study.

The next morning he again forgot to drink his coffee. He kept glancing at his wife's face, which was as bright and sunny as the morning.

"Dorothy," he said at length, "would you be willing to close Belfield for a while? Would you think it possible to go 'down to the village'? I confess that it would

be a tremendous relief if we could live more simply for a year or so. Mind you, the mills are bound to open in time. The public must demand woollen goods."

Mrs. Bernard's face was sad but bright.

"I think to close Belfield would be the very best plan in the world," said she. "As for going to the village, I am sure Alida will like that."

And so the matter was settled. It was easy to find a good and comfortable house shaded by great elm trees. Pictures and bric-à-brac made the rooms homelike. It was not a difficult matter to find employment in New York for all the servants excepting Annie. She clung to her mistress.

"I can learn how to cook," she pleaded.

"I'll teach you," said Alida.

Whereupon she went down the street and rang the Homans' door-bell. "Alice," she said, with a twinkle in her eyes, "I've come to ask you to show me how to make a bread-pudding."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OLD NEW-YEARS.

BY GORHAM SILVA.

MY father, never a prosperous man, died young, and his family went to live with my maternal grandfather, a thrifty Mohawk Valley farmer. At that time, some sixty years ago, the great holiday of the year among the Dutch descendants of the early settlers of the valley was New-Year's.

At this time the scattered children and their broods reunited under the ancestral roof-tree. A glorious fraternal day, the preparations for its celebration were manifold and laborious. They began early in December with hog-slaughtering and beef-killing, followed by a greasy turmoil of lard-frying, head-cheese, rolliche, and sausage making.

What an excitement it was in our dull lives! Such a racket of chopping-knives flashing down through the rich tender meat to the hard-wood plank beneath! Such a crisp popping sizzle as rose from the big pot swung on the crane over the blazing logs! Such an odor of sage, summer-savory, and scorched grease as pervaded the house with promise of good things to come!

A great time it was for us children, and long and loud was the contention amongst us as to who should have the bladders to blow up, and who the pigs' tails to roast; for of these things there were never enough to go round, in those days of large families. My mother's family was numerous, and very much in the way during this commotion—"right under foot the whole time," she asserted, with a vigorous shake of the nearest young shoulders.

Though soundly scolded and driven out with the promise, "You'll get a good sound spanking if you dare to put your noses inside of this kitchen again," we managed to get back. Cautionously tiptoeing in, one after the other, by shrinking ourselves as small as possible and keeping as still as mice, we were enabled to witness the blowing up of the sausage-cases and their stuffing with the soft warm aromatic meat.

But the great week of the year for us youngsters was Christmas week. Stowed away in the wide jambs of the great fireplace, our faces nearly blistered, we were set to peeling apples and seeding raisins, forbidden, however, much as our mouths might water, to taste the latter under penalty of the dark closet on the impending holiday.

While we peeled, seeded, and tasted not, my grandmother, a still sturdy dame, bent over her moulding board, making mince-pies and suet puddings—mysteries known only to herself. These indigestible luxuries accomplished, she bent her energies to more artistic efforts—great charming seed-cakes generous and oblong, transversed with bars or impressed with a grotesque rose design in bass-relief.

December 30th, in the Dutch calendar of established domestic events, was held sacred to the creation of olecooks and turnovers—the former a ball of doughnut stuffed with raisins, and fried in hot lard to a rich brown shade; the latter, a small sheet of pie crust filled with sliced apple, sprinkled over with slivered maple sugar and allspice, the crust puckered and pinched together on the top, and fried like the olecooks.

The fine cooking accomplished, the olecooks and turnovers

cooled, they were stacked away in a deep chest (usually full) in my grandmother's bedroom, and the key turned upon them. On New-Year's morning the chest was unlocked, and the contents became free plunder to all who craved a bit after their long drive.

It was a happy arrangement for us Dutch children; it turned the edge of our appetites to patience, a thing greatly to be desired, as we were obliged to wait for a second table for our dinner, though a few of the small or tiny occasionally wedged in between their elders, to eat from their mothers' plates.

Mostly farmers, the relatives lived some distance away. They came early that they might have a good long visit and get home in season to do "the chores." Under the seats of the rudely constructed sleigh were stowed the "presents."

What an excitement, to be sure, when they were brought in with the wooden foot-warmers, the children galloping about like wild colts, crowding and clawing; the mothers jerking and wrenching the confiscated treasures from their hands with the command, "Set right down now, an' behave yourself!"

As a rule, the presents were simple, sensible, and home-made strips of bright rag carpeting for mother's or sister's bedroom, braided door-mats, knitted petticoats, stockings, mittens, gloves, and wristlets; an assortment of skates, primers, plumbets, jews-harps, and rag dolls for the older children, and balls, rattles, and biting coins for the babies. Every one, even to the hired man, was remembered. With the distribution of the gifts began a right royal good time for us children.

Dinner was served at twelve o'clock; everybody's appetite was sharp set.

I recall my first New-Year's dinner at my grandfather's. Shall I ever forget it? I made myself ridiculous, and though but a little shaver of five or six, my greed remained a standing joke at all the succeeding family reunions.

It was, I remember, a most bountiful feast. I can see that table now! At the head a great gobbler sent up a mouth-watering sage-onion steam, his hulking sides shining as if varnished in delicious brown. At the foot crouched a huge haunch of venison, the intervening space crowded with game and chicken pies, every variety of fresh vegetable, sauer-kraut, pickles, barberry jelly, honey and preserves, apple, pumpkin, and mince pies, cheese and sweet cake. On a side table, at my grandmother's elbow, stood pitchers of cider, and a shining metal pot filled to the nozzle with the best Bohea tea, strong as lye.

The sight of the table was luscious, and to be but a child and obliged to eat standing, to be "seen and not heard," was hard indeed; to wait a second table was simply unbearable.

I was too bold and hungry to submit. I crowded in beside my mother. Engaged in conversation and serving, she gave little attention to my presence, while I raided her plate, my grandfather, by whom she sat, replenishing it with a sly twinkle of the eye, as fast as I devoured.

At length I could eat no more. Distracted by the sight of so many "goodies" left untasted, I broke out in a disconsolate howl. Everybody stared.

"Why, Hansie," said my mother, "what's the matter?"

I blubbered the louder.

"Hansie," she repeated, "I'm ashamed of you. What is it? Does your tooth ache—swallowed a bone?"

"No-o-o, ma-a-a-am."

"What does ail you, then?"

"I'm m-a-a-d!" I blurted out.

"Oh, you naughty child!" and she shook me soundly.

"Margaret Ann, mebbe he's sick," said my grandmother, anxiously, from the other end of the table; then, coaxingly, "Hansie, come over to granny."

I went, still clinging to a turkey bone.

"Tell granny what's the matter," she whispered, kindly, as I wedged against her. "Was ye crowded?"

"Yes, ma-am; I wa-a-s," I answered.

"Well, I wouldn't cry about it no more. Got plenty a room now, haven't ye? There's a nice bit—a pigeon breast."

At that I shrieked "Oh dear! oh dear!" in a perfect fury.

"Stop, Hansie, this very minute now, or I'll know the reason why," cried my mother, jumping up and coming to us. "Do you feel sick? You hev eaten enough to kill ye. Does your stomach ache?"

"No, ma-am!"

"What pesters ye then?"

"There, there, eat the breast, Hansie," urged my grandmother.

"I ca-a-a-n't, granny!" I roared. "I-I-I ca-a-a-n't. I-I-I ain't got no place to put -it! Boo-hoo! boo-hoo! I want another

stomach. Boo-hoo! boo-hoo! I hain't had no pie, nuther; no where's to put it. Oh, I wisht I got another stomach. Boo-hoo, boo-hoo!"

With a quick grasp my mother hurried her small glutton into the bedroom, and, as his screams testified, did her best at his reformation, not even my gentle grandmother interfering, so strictly was parental authority upheld among the Dutch in "ye olden tyme."

A TURKEY GOBBLER'S EGGS.

BY EVA LOVETT CARSON

AN old turkey gobbler and two hens lived with Mr. and Mrs. James Watson, of Spalding's Corners.

The two hens were of original and decided characters. When the time came to sit, they determined to choose a place to suit themselves, and *not* to allow Mrs. Watson to have a voice in the matter. One day they went privately out into the watermelon patch, selected a sunny spot, and made their nests about six feet apart. There they laid their eggs, and there they sat, patiently waiting day after day for the arrival of the little turkey gobblers.

Mr. Turkey Gobbler got very tired of having nobody to boss. He strutted out to the melon patch each morning, and asked the hens if "those eggs were hatched yet." Each day he received the same answer, and walked away in disgust.

"I could do quicker and better hatching myself," he generally muttered.

"Suppose you try, my dear," suggested Mrs. Turkey Gobbler No. 1.

"I will," answered he, solemnly.

"Where are your eggs?" asked Mrs. Turkey Gobbler No. 2, looking at him curiously.

"I will obtain them," replied he, with dignity. "Go on with your hatching, madam."

He took a survey of the field. Just in front lay two watermelons. They were not of very large size, but they looked big in the eyes of Mr. Turkey Gobbler. "Those are the finest kind of eggs," said he. "I shall hatch those."

Mrs. Turkey Gobbler No. 1 looked astonished. "But the color—" she began.

"The color is a very good one," pronounced Mr. Turkey Gobbler. "Do you think because your eggs are white, all eggs must be?"

"But look at the size," cried Mrs. Turkey Gobbler No. 2.

"That is the size I prefer," replied Mr. Turkey Gobbler. "I believe I am going to hatch these eggs. Perhaps you ladies will be so kind as to attend to your own work."

The two Mrs. Turkey Gobblers rolled their eyes at each other behind his back, but made no further comment. They had known Mr. Turkey Gobbler for some time.

The days passed on. Sometimes it rained. Sometimes the sun shone. Mr. Turkey Gobbler sat firmly upon his watermelons, frequently rising in a stately way to find a few worms. The two hens sat patiently upon their eggs, waiting the expected little turkeys.

By-and-by the shells cracked, some faint peeps were heard, and out of one nest came ten young turkeys, and out of the other eleven.

"Haven't you finished hatching yet?" asked Mrs. Turkey Gobbler No. 1, a little maliciously.

"It takes longer to develop superior birds," replied Mr. Turkey Gobbler, haughtily. "I am pleased to know that your little broods are so satisfactory. These will be a different sort, of course."

"If they ever come out," said Mrs. Turkey Gobbler No. 2, under her breath. "We shall have to go back to the farm-yard now," observed she, aloud.

"Certainly. Do not stay here on my account. I will follow shortly," replied Mr. Turkey Gobbler, politely.

The two hens took their broods to the overjoyed Mrs. Watson. They made whispered remarks to each other

on the way. Mr. Turkey Gobbler did not hear them. He sat in the sun upon his watermelons, and thought.

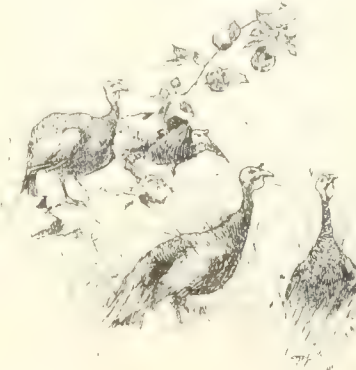
"It does seem strange that these eggs do not hatch," he reflected. "But one thing is clear—it is impossible that I can have been mistaken!"

He remembered that he was hungry, and he presently got up and wandered down the melon patch. Worms had grown scarce in his vicinity.

Harry Watson and Will Gray sauntered up to the fence.

"Your melon patch looks bare," said Will.

"But we have had such elegant melons all summer!" cried Harry. "They were so juicy and sweet. There



are only two left, not very big, either of 'em. The turkeys have had their nests here, but they must have hatched out; the hens have gone."

"Well, we might as well carry home the two melons which are left," said Will. "We can cut 'em up for the club to-night. You take one, and I the other. How the sun warms 'em!"

In half an hour Mr. Turkey Gobbler came back from his dinner. He stared, winked his eyes, and looked anxiously about.

"It is very remarkable," he said.

He searched far and near. He examined the whole field. He sat, and looked and looked at his empty nest. In his mind's eye he saw his vanished eggs. He meditated long.

"I have it! I have it!" he cried at last. "Those eggs were *not* ordinary eggs. I knew that. I was sure of that. They could not be hatched out like the common white eggs the hens boast of. And while I was away—unavoidably detained—the shells of those eggs were broken; and the large, superior, magnificent creatures which I have hatched, spread their gorgeous wings, and flew up into the sky! The field was too narrow for birds like that, the earth too small. What a wonderful thing I have done!"

He went back to the barn-yard, and to the two hens. They heard his story at first with incredulity; but he told it so often and so earnestly that they ended by believing him. And I have heard that the two hens long and faithfully helped him to spread the story of the marvellous hatching of the two large eggs.

Mr. Turkey Gobbler ever after walked the earth as one who condescended. He was a puffed-up although a benignant fowl. He had done a mighty work; he had a right to feel proud. The two hens repeated over and over the story, in which they had implicit faith. They told of the two great green eggs; they told of the two marvellously lovely birds that were so strangely hatched, and who, spreading their beautiful wings, flew up above the common earth, higher and higher, until they left it entirely!

And Mr. Turkey Gobbler soon did the same thing himself. We ate him for our Christmas dinner.



"GUESS WHAT I GOT FOR MY CHRISTMAS."
WE KNEW BEFORE WE WERE READY TO GET UP.

PLATED.

"My father bought me a gold fish for a dollar," boasted Tommy.

"Ho!" sneered Willie, "I don't believe he's solid—not for a dollar!"

FREDDIE'S RIDDLE.

"What does a volcano do with lava?" asked Freddy.

"Give it up," replied his father.

"That's right," said Freddie.

A CHRISTMAS WISH.

I wish I'd a million of dollars to-day,

"I would go in a very short time

Don't think I have debts I am anxious to pay,

I don't owe a mortal a dime.

But this I would do if I had all that wealth:

I'd take every poor boy I'd meet

And give him the clothes that are needed for health,

I'd get him strong shoes for his feet;

I'd buy him warm gloves, pea-jackets, and hats—

I'd fill him right up to the brim

With turkey and stuffing and everything that's

Most likely to satisfy him.

Not one should go hungry, not one should go bare;

Each one should be happy as I.

I'd lift every one from his sorrow and care,

I'd make 'em all laugh—or I'd try.

In fact, if I had it, that million, to-day,

The boys would be brimming with glee,

Because I would treat 'em the very same way

That papa and mamma treat me.

SO LITTLE.

"Well, what do you think of your little baby sister?" asked aunty.

"She's so awfully little that I can't find any think about her," answered Robbie.

NOT LOST.

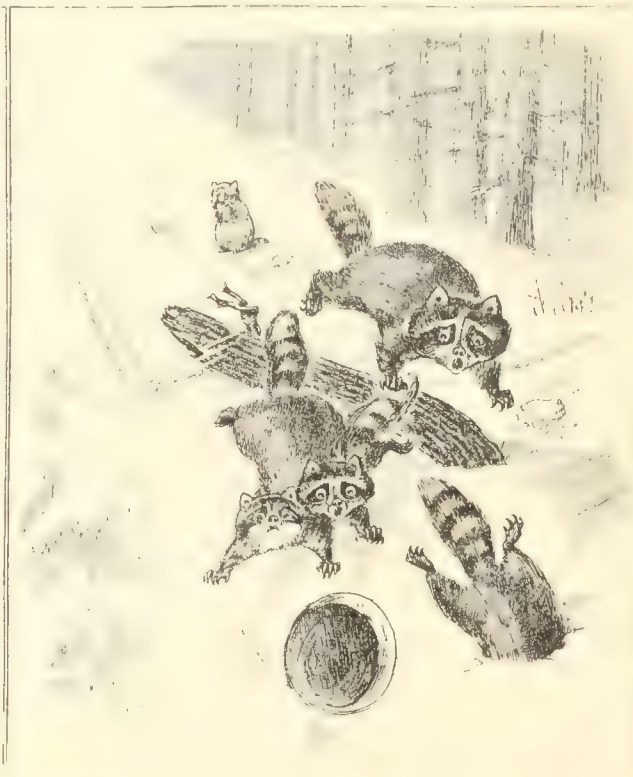
"There isn't much love lost between papa and me," said Tommy.

"Why, what do you mean by saying such a thing?" cried his mamma.

"We don't let it get lost," said Tommy. "We save up all there is to be had."



THE START.



GOING TO THE PARTY.

STRUCK A SNAG.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

PROBABLY Norsemen came to the American coast long before the fifteenth century; possibly in that century, or earlier, it was visited by Basque and Breton fishermen. But these accidental visitors were not discoverers. Columbus is credited with being the discoverer of America because he set himself intelligently to the task of searching for land on the farther side of the Dark Sea—as the waste of waters lying westward of Europe was then called, because it was unknown, obscure; and when his search was justified by the event, he proclaimed his fortunate discovery to the civilized world.

His voyage out upon the Dark Sea had in it an element of personal bravery that in our day cannot easily be imagined. In the year 1492 the Azores were the outposts of Europe. The voyage to these islands was known to be full of dangers to the little vessels—not nearly so seaworthy as the smallest coasting schooners or channel luggers of the present day—in which ocean traffic was carried on. Beyond the Azores, as all navigators believed, still greater perils would be encountered: terrible marine monsters, demons, and malevolent water-spirits, sirens lying in wait to lure the mariner to death; and these in a tumultuous ocean whirled by misleading currents and swept constantly by violent storms. Nowadays most of this seems to us very foolish fancy; but in estimating what Columbus dared to do, we must remem-

ber that in his time it had all the force of substantial fact.

The faith that made Columbus willing to undertake his voyage was his conviction that the earth was a sphere, a globe, and that if he sailed westward from Europe he must come, sooner or later, to the shores of Asia—"the Indies," as all the eastern part of the world then was called. From the time of Aristotle downward through

the centuries this belief had been held by very many learned persons. It had been especially impressed upon Columbus by a letter that he received from a great student of geography, an Italian named Paolo Toscanelli; and he was led the more readily to accept it, because he knew from his own observation that as a ship was lost sight of at sea her masts were seen long after her hull had disappeared—precisely as though she were dropping away down the other side of a hill. This very fact, known to all sailors, added still another terror to the many terrors of the western voyage. It might be possible, the sailors said, to sail westward down

hill; but how could they ever hope to sail up hill again, they asked, and get back to their homes? And so the years went by, and the western passage to the Indies, eagerly longed for by the merchants of Europe, remained unsought—until in Columbus the man was found bold enough to push out in search of it upon the Dark Sea.

What little we know of the early life of Columbus we owe almost entirely to the careful search which has been made in recent years by Mr. Henry Harisse in the Italian



THE DISCOVERER'S FLEET.

archives. The most careful modern historian of his voyages is Mr. Justin Winsor. These two authorities, in the main, are followed here.

Domènec Colomès, the father of Christopher, was a wool-weaver (lloç) in the city of Genoa, and later in the town of Savona. It was in Genoa that Christopher was born, between March 15, 1446 and March 29, 1447. Of his boyhood we know only that he probably attended one of the schools established by the guild of wool-combers in Genoa; that later, in Genoa and in Savona, he worked with his father as a wool-weaver, and that then he went to sea. About the year 1473 he left Genoa, and, going to Portugal, made the city of Lisbon his home.

In those days there was a considerable colony of Genoese in Lisbon, and one of the members of this colony was Christopher's brother Bartholomew, who carried on the business of a bookseller and maker of charts. But it is reasonable to suppose that what most strongly drew Columbus to Portugal was not the desire to be with his brother, but the hope that he might take part in the daring expeditions which Prince Henry the Navigator at that time was sending out to search the dark waterways of the world.

Of his life in Lisbon only a few facts are known. He married there; his son Diego was born there; he earned some sort of a living by helping his brother in the making of maps; and, it is asserted, he made a voyage to Iceland, and another down the African coast. What is most important as determining the development of his character is the fact that during these years he was living in the city that was the centre of the most daring naval adventure of the age. It was while living in Lisbon that he received, in the year 1474, the letter from Toscanelli that already has been mentioned. Very possibly this was the spark that fired the train. At any rate, it was to the King of Portugal that he made his first application for a fleet to take him on his western voyage; and the refusal of the King to grant his request seems to have resulted less from distrust of the enterprise than from unwillingness to promise the great reward in money and rank which Columbus insisted must be his in the event of his success. It was when this negotiation finally was broken off, in 1484, that Columbus decided to abandon Portugal and to carry his suit to the court of Spain.

For reasons too long to be stated here, I do not doubt that Columbus, accompanied by his little son Diego, came direct from Lisbon to the Spanish port of Palos, nor that it was at this time that he gained the friendship of Juan Perez de Marchena, the Guardian (as the head of a Franciscan convent is styled) of the convent of Santa María de la Rábida, to whom he mainly owed it that his suit was successful in the end. This friendship began by his stopping at the convent gate to ask for bread and water for his little boy, and it grew constantly stronger through the months which followed, while he remained in the convent as a guest, and talked with Marchena and other learned men of Palos about his great project. Possibly Marchena commended him to the Cardinal Mendoza. Certainly it was by the aid of the Cardinal that he obtained at last an opportunity—at Salamanca, in 1486—to lay his plans before King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella, who at that time were the rulers of Spain.

For the time being his suit was rejected, and it was in the period of waiting that followed that he sent his brother Bartholomew to England to lay his project before Henry VII. But, as the historian Castell quaintly puts it, the King "unhappily refused to be at any charge in the discovery, supposing the learned Columbus to build castles in the air."

Again Columbus presented his suit to Ferdinand and Isabella, being aided by the patronage of the Duke of Medina-Celi, whose friendship he had won; but all the encouragement given him was a half promise that when

the war against the Moors, then at its height, should be ended, they might listen to him favorably. This appeal was made in May, 1489, and as nothing had come from it by October, 1491, he decided to abandon Spain, as he had abandoned Portugal, and to seek assistance at the court of France.

In fulfilment of this purpose he came again to the convent of La Rábida that he might take with him on his journey his son Diego—who had remained at the convent for schooling—and also, no doubt, to seek the sympathy of his friend. This last Marchena gave in a very practical manner; for, after taking counsel with some of the Palos worthies once more, he wrote a most urgent letter to the Queen in advocacy of the project that Columbus had in hand. Just before Isabella received this letter, another of the same import had come to her from the Duke of Medina-Celi. That from Marchena seems to have turned the scale; and the personal entreaties of the good friar a little later completed the victory. Presently Columbus was summoned to the court, and everything seemed to be in a fair way to a successful settlement, until the great rewards which he insisted upon in the event of his success caused the whole matter to be broken off. This was early in February, 1492. Being convinced that he had nothing more to hope for from Spain, Columbus mounted his mule and set forth for France.

When he fairly was gone, his friends rallied to make one more appeal to the Queen; and, to the lasting glory of Spain, this appeal was not in vain. All the demands of Columbus in a moment were granted, and a messenger was sent flying after him to bring him back to the court. It was upon the bridge of Pinós, two leagues from Grenada, that the messenger overtook him with the glad news that at last he could realize the purpose which had been strong within him for so many years. The glory thus won for Spain belongs to Isabella alone. It was through her that the King's consent was obtained, and the cost of the expedition—though the money actually was borrowed from the treasury of her husband's kingdom, Arragon—was charged against the revenues of her own kingdom, Castile.

Events now moved briskly. On April 17th the sovereigns signed the agreement with Columbus, under which he was made Admiral and Viceroy over all the lands and continents which he should discover; and, the cost of the expedition being first deducted, was entitled to one-tenth of all the treasure that he should find. Armed with this document, the Admiral left Grenada May 12th, and went direct to Palos to prepare his fleet for sea.

Here yet another cause for delay arose in the difficulty of getting seamen to ship for a voyage that most people thought led directly to death; and it was not until two eminent master mariners of Palos, Martin Alonso Pinzon and his brother, Vicente Yañez Pinzon, consented to join the expedition that crews could be found. Nor is it surprising that this difficulty was encountered in the manning of the fleet. Truly it was a strange fleet for such a voyage. The boats commanded by the brothers Pinzon, the *Niña* and the *Pinta*, were open caravels decked only at bow and stern. The flag-ship, the *Santa María*, much larger than the caravels, was only about sixty long by twenty feet wide—smaller than most coasting schooners of the present day. And these were the vessels in which the expedition sailed away from Palos on August 3, 1492. If it never had been heard of again its commander would have been called, and with a good deal of reason, a madman or a fool.

For more than a month—that is until September 6th, when the ships sailed from Gomera in the Canaries—the fleet was in waters well known to navigators. It was from Gomera westward that great perils were expected; and something in the way of evil influences seemed to be manifest in the calms which beset the fleet soon

after leaving that port. On September 13th adverse currents were encountered; on the 14th the men were a little cheered when a land bird came on board the *Pinta*; were alarmed again, on the 15th, by seeing a ball of fire drop into the sea; were comforted, on the 16th, by the presence of great quantities of land-weeds; were bitterly disheartened by finding, on the morning of the 26th, that what they had taken, the previous evening, to be land was only a bank of clouds. So they kept on—alternately in hope and dread, but more and more, as the way behind them lengthened, the prey to panic terrors and to vague alarms. It was in holding his men together under this strain and in compelling them to carry out his purpose that Columbus showed most conspicuously the hero stuff of which he was made.

By the 6th of October Pinzon began to urge strongly a change from the westerly course which they had been sailing to a course southwest. On the 7th the *Niña* fired a gun and hoisted her pennant as signals that land was in sight—but the land again proved to be a bank of clouds. Toward the evening of this same day a flock of land-birds passed them flying toward the southwest; and then it was, Pinzon's reasoning being thus enforced, that the Admiral gave orders to follow the birds. On the 8th more land-birds were seen; but still no land. That a mutiny was threatened at this time, as some of the chroniclers assert, is uncertain; but there is no room for doubting that during the last few days of the voyage the temper of the crews was such as to require the whole of the Admiral's great store of courage based in faith to save the expedition from failure on the very eve of its success.

At sunset of the 11th, the fleet being come to about the 24th parallel of north latitude, the course was laid once more due west. At ten o'clock that night—if his own word may be accepted—Columbus thought that he saw, across the dark waters westward, a moving light. Opinions are in conflict as to whether the Admiral did or did not see this light; but it is entirely certain that four hours later—that is to say, at two o'clock on the morning of October 12, 1492—Rodrigo de Triana, one of the sailors of the foremost vessel, the *Pinta*, made out by the light of the newly risen moon the loom of land!

As the day dawned the island which they had found—one of the Bahamas, probably that now known as Watlings Island—lay fair before them, and in the early morning, accompanied by the commanders of the other vessels and by parts of the ships' companies, Columbus landed and took formal possession in the name of the Spanish crown. Las Casas has given us the best picture of this ceremony: the Admiral, in full armor and wearing over his armor a crimson robe, bearing the royal standard of Spain; his two captains, the brothers Pinzon, carrying each a banner of the green cross; the contrite seamen humbly grouped about him; the royal notary making formal record of the acquisition of this new country by Spain. In grateful recognition of the Power that had guided him safely across the unknown sea, Columbus bestowed upon the island—whereof the Indian name was

Guanahani—the Christian name of Saint Saviour: San Salvador.

Of the remainder of the voyage, continued for nearly three months among what we now know as the West India islands, it is not necessary to treat here. The great object for which it was undertaken was accomplished—that is the essential matter. Leaving a colony on the island of Haiti, Columbus sailed thence on January 4, 1493, and (having stopped by the way in Portugal) came safely once more to Palos on the 15th of the following March.



THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS AT GUANAHANI OR SAN SALVADOR.

At this time the court was at Barcelona, and thither, after reporting by letter his arrival and the main facts of his discovery, he was summoned to an audience with the King and Queen. His reception was a triumph. Being seated in the presence of his sovereigns—a rare honor in that punctilious court—he told the story of his voyage, and showed the Indians, the gorgeous birds, the skins of strange animals, and the gold which he had brought back with him. In return for his magnificent achievement, the sovereigns honored him with the strongest marks of their personal favor; granted him the pension of thirty crowns promised to the first discoverer of land; and bestowed upon him the coat of arms which is borne, slightly altered, by his representatives at the present day. Following the example set by the King and Queen, all the dignitaries of the court did honor to him; and so he drained to the full, as Irving has expressed it, "the honeyed draft of popularity before enmity and detraction had time to drug it with bitterness."

It would have been well for Columbus had he died in that happy hour, when his fame was established firmly, and before the misfortunes which blackened his later life had begun to manifest themselves.

Chief of these misfortunes, whence nearly all the others flowed, was the agreement with the King and Queen—upon which he insisted with such vehemence—whereby he was made Viceroy over the lands that he should find. Columbus was a born leader; but he possessed few of the qualities which belong to a governor of men. His government in the West India islands, whither he soon returned, was worse than a failure; it was a catastrophe. Under his rule, and against the express com-

mand of Queen Isabella, the wretched Indians were parcelled out as slaves; and his mismanagement of the colony was such that it soon was torn by dissensions which led at last to open revolt. The upshot of it all was that in less than eight years from his first triumphant return from the West Indies he was sent back to Spain from Santo Domingo in chains!

When he was landed at Cadiz in this cruel plight, there was an outburst of popular indignation in his favor; and even the King and Queen expressed sorrow that such harsh measures had been employed. But their sorrow did not prevent them from appointing a new Governor in his place, and so, by breaking their agreement with him, raising a dispute which was not adjusted until two of the three parties to it were in their graves. From this time onward his fortunes steadily declined. He went upon one more voyage to America, making four in all, in the years 1501-4, the record of which is a story of almost unbroken disaster and misery. Returning from it, worn by hardship and ill with gout, he landed at San Lucas, November 7, 1504; and nineteen days later, while he was lying ill at Seville, Queen Isabella died.

With the Queen's death all his hopes ended. She had been steadily his friend. Even his direct disobedience of her order that slavery should not be introduced into the West Indies had not wholly turned her against him. It is doubtful if the King ever had been his friend. Certainly he manifested no friendliness from the time of the Queen's death onward. In this period Columbus had at least one interview with him, in August, 1505, when the Admiral struggled from his bed of sickness in Seville to Segovia where the court then was.

Nothing came of it. The King received him kindly; but his plea for his rights under the royal agreement was not acted upon. When the court moved to Salamanca, he followed it—sick, miserable, poor; and again he followed it when it went onward to Valladolid. And then, mercifully, the end came. On the 20th or 21st of May, 1506, in the city of Valladolid, Columbus died.

“RAZZLE DAZZLE.”

WHEN Razzle Dazzle stole into the reporters' room of the *Albany Morning Express* early one chilly March morning a few years ago, he gave the first evidence of the remarkable sagacity for which he is now noted throughout his native town.

He was not a beauty. He was lank and ungainly, as most juvenile dogs are, even when hunger hasn't helped to make them thin; and his color—well, you have seen those brown-black spots in meadows, in the spring, where a spark from a locomotive has burned the withered grass away and the rain has washed the ashes off. Razzle Dazzle looked just about like one of those spots.

Perhaps if he had been a handsomer dog, the night editor and the all-night reporter who was watching out for late fires and police cases would have simply turned him into the street again, but his very homeliness and his forlorn appearance appealed to their sympathies. Besides, he had a pair of pleading brown eyes that were full of mute eloquence.

At any rate, the two toilers of the night then and there decided to adopt the canine visitor, and to name him Razzle Dazzle, which was at once abbreviated to “Raz”; and before they went home, the new addition to the staff had been provided with a square meal, and a pile of soft papers in a warm corner on which to sleep—luxuries he had not enjoyed in all his life, judging from his appearance.

Within a week Raz had made friends with every one in the building, from the editor-in-chief down to the small boy who didn't sweep out the rooms any oftener than

he was actually driven to it. In another week he had discovered when and where the moulders of public opinion went to take luncheon, and also that by going with one or another of them he was always sure of getting a choice bone with plenty of meat on it. In fact, Raz soon became very dainty, and turned up his nose at all food that wasn't meat.

During the following summer there was a dog show in Albany, and of course Raz was one of the attractions. As he had brought no pedigree with him, one was made for him, and the humorist of the paper certified that he was the only hairy Mexican hairless dog in existence. At the show he found many admirers, and when he came back he looked very proud indeed.

But he had to pay dearly for his pleasure, for in a few days he became very sick, and despite everything that was done for him, he grew steadily worse. At last it was thought he must surely die.

One morning when everybody had gone home but the all-night man, Raz lay beside the stove, evidently suffering greatly and seemingly in the last throes. What prompted the all-night man he can't tell to this day; but he took from his pocket two vials of homœopathic medicine, each about half full, poured the contents together, and then let the mixture trickle down Raz's throat. Raz jumped off the floor a foot, then fell over, groaned, crawled under the stove, and convulsively stretched himself out. And the all-night man went home feeling like one who had committed murder.

When the all-night man, burdened with consciousness of guilt, appeared at the office the next afternoon, Raz met him at the door, wagging his tail, and plainly in excellent spirits. Somehow those 40 or 50 doses of medicine had touched the right spot, and in a few days he was as well as ever. And after that he always seemed to think more of that all-night man than of any other person.

Soon after that electric cars were introduced in Albany, and Raz, having acquired an inquisitive disposition from his newspaper friends, went under one of the cars one day while it was standing still, to investigate it. Just then the motor man turned on the current, and the wheels went around, and those who stood near expected to see a mangled dog left upon the track. But Raz just trotted along under the car, all the time watching for an opportunity to escape; suddenly he made a lightning-like dash to one side, and a moment later he was sitting on the curb, but with much interest, watching the car speed on.

When the *Express* moved into the building in which the *Evening Journal* is published, Raz devoted a day or two to getting acquainted with the *Journal* staff, and now he divides his time between the two establishments.

The tricks that are taught to ordinary dogs he has disdained to learn, as too silly for a dog of his intellectual attainments; but he understands everything that is said to him. For instance, if some one in the counting-room gives him a letter or a paper, and says: “Raz, take this to Mr. —,” he takes it between his teeth, trots up stairs, and delivers it to the man for whom it is intended.

Once he accompanied a reporter who had been sent to “do” a wedding in All-Saints' Cathedral, and instead of remaining outside, he marched boldly up the aisle, and took a position where he could observe the ceremony; but so decorously did he conduct himself that only a few people noticed his presence. When the ceremony was over he walked sedately out again.

As Railroad Jack has cast his lot with railroad men, and Owney with the men in the postal service, so Raz has chosen newspaper men as his friends, and he will have none others.

POSTSCRIPT.—Since the foregoing was written Raz has disappeared. His biographer writes, in a letter to the Editor: “I regret to have to inform you that we are a bereaved and dogless newspaper. Early one morning Raz had a fit in the press-room, shot out of the door, and has not been seen since. While we have no proof that he is dead, we fear that he is of the dogs that have ‘had their day.’”

DIEGO PINZON,*

AND

THE FEARFUL VOYAGE HE TOOK INTO THE UNKNOWN OCEAN A.D. 1492.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE slight breeze that filled the sails of the fleet on leaving Gomera had died away during the night into a dead calm; so that when Juan and Diego came on deck in the morning they saw the islands still within a short distance of them.

Diego leaned over the rail and pretended to look at the green shores, while in fact he was uneasily watching Juan. And Juan, while pretending to be quite easy in his mind, was, in truth, as far as possible from that state. At one moment he blamed Diego for the singular scruples about fighting that had forced him into so uncomfortable a position, and the next moment he was upbraiding himself for his lack of courage in not going at once to Martin Alonzo, who was pacing the poop in a most inviting way.

There is no saying how long he might have gone on worrying himself in this fashion had not Martin Alonzo, perhaps in default of anything else to do, beckoned him to come up. Juan took a deep breath and went. Diego drew a deep breath also, and watched the two out of the corner of his eye. Miguel watched too.

"So," said Martin Alonzo, eying Juan with no great favor, "you and Diego beguiled the time yesterday by fighting. And I had forbidden it."

"You had forbidden it on board ship," answered Juan.

"What!" cried Martin Alonzo, with a grimace, "have you the gift of language too, and can hold an argument?"

"I did but justify myself," answered Juan, sensitive to anything like injustice.

"So," said Martin Alonzo, shortly. "Well, tell me, then, was it a fair fight? It seemed to me strange indeed to see such a fighting-cock as Diego yonder coming out of the wood only half whipped, and yet with no fight left in him. Construe me that, since you have the gift of language; for it was more than Diego would do."

Juan shifted uneasily from one foot to another, looked sidewise at Diego, glanced over at the islands, and then traced some pattern on the deck with his foot.

"Well-a-mercy!" exclaimed Martin Alonzo, impatiently, "if there be not more mystery over this puppy fight than over a great battle! What is there in this that ties your two tongues? Come, speak out, boy!"

"Why," answered Juan, almost as impatiently as the Captain, "I don't half understand it myself. That is—well, I know why he would not fight any more, though his nice points of honor are beyond me. But I am only a jail-bird," he added, sullenly.

"Tut, tut!" said Martin Alonzo, with a touch of sympathy showing through his impatience. "I have not said so, and I shall forget where you came from, so you behave yourself. Why would Diego fight no more?"

"Well, it was like this," said Juan, plunging into it, since there seemed no escape from it; "at first he had the best of it, and gave me this eye that you see. Then we wrestled, and neither got the better of the other, until his foot tripped over a root and he fell, with me atop of him. Then I pounded him, as you can see by his face."

"Ay, and then?" said Martin Alonzo, impatiently.

"I asked him to give up, and he said, not if I killed him."

"I could have sworn to it. Well, well?"

"Then I told him something that I knew would hurt

him worse than a beating, and let him up. After that he would not fight any more."

"By my faith!" said Martin Alonzo, in a tone of extreme exasperation, "and what was this wonderful thing that you told him? You must indeed have the gift of language if you can cool the hot blood of a lad like Diego by words. What did you tell him? I may need to know the words some day. What were they?"



"COME, SPEAK OUT, BOY!"

Juan hesitated, and then tossed his head with a sort of pride and defiance.

"I showed him how he had done me an injustice," he said.

"In what way? Go on with your story."

"Well," said Juan, "I will tell you, since you urge me. It was I who cut the rudder gearing."

"Ah!" said Martin Alonzo, knitting his eyebrows.

"Diego knew it was I, but would not tell you because—because—well, he was too generous."

Martin Alonzo knew that it was because Juan had interfered to save Diego's life, and it pleased him to have Juan refrain from telling that.

"Well, go on," he said.

"When you were going to have him flogged, I had intended to tell you rather than let him be flogged; but he did not know that, and was so angry with me that he said hard things to me. When we were fighting—when I had him down, I bethought me how it would hurt him to tell him that I had intended to save him, and I did it. If I had not been angry I would not have done it, but I did, and that is why he could not fight any more."

Martin Alonzo looked into his flushed face for a minute, and then put his hand on his shoulder and said:

"You two boys ought to be friends, and will, eh, after this?"

Juan was pleased with the friendly words and manner, as, of course, he could not help being; for it was much as if a sponge had been passed over some of the degradation of his past. He looked his gratitude, but did not make any answer.

"What!" said Martin Alonzo, "can you not forgive him?"

"It isn't that," answered Juan, with a short, embarrassed laugh. "He won't forgive me, and wishes to fight again, some time when we can finish."

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 637.

Martin Alonzo stared in wonder, as well he might.

"But," he said, "I thought you said he would not fight any more."

"No, will he until he has become quits with me, and the way he will be quits, he says, is by making you my friend."

"Well," said Martin Alonzo, bending his keen eyes curiously on the boy, "here he plots and counterplots. And how am I to be made your friend?"

"I am to tell you something you ought to know—something on which depends this voyage—something he and I learned in the woods where we were fighting."

"And after you have told me," said Martin Alonzo, laughing heartily, for the whole affair seemed very funny to him, yet full of generous spirit too, "you are to fight it out, eh?"

"Yes, he will have it so, and I will oblige him."

"Then tell me quickly, for I would not stand in the way of so laudable a desire on his part or on yours; and I do assure you, boy, that Diego has gained his point, and that I like you well, and that I see you will make a future that will blot out all your past mistakes. But for the life of me, I cannot help laughing," and he did laugh, with a roar that was infectious. "And now tell me what you learned in the woods."

"A sailor from a ship that had just arrived from Ferro came to us, and first offered to help us desert from you."

"But you remembered your promises, eh? Good boy! good boy! Yes, I like you. Well, go on."

"Yes," answered Juan, flushing with pleasure, and glad now to be telling Martin Alonzo what he had heard—"yes, we refused to go with him; and then he told us it would not much matter (we had told him we did not like the voyage), because there were three caravels of Portugal—armed caravels—waiting on the north side of Ferro to capture the fleet."

Martin Alonzo became serious at once, and turned involuntarily towards where Ferro lay.

"Did he say so, boy? Ah, did he say so? Thank you, boy, thank you! We will see to that. Ay, thank you!"

"You will not let it be known that it was I who told you, will you?" asked Juan.

"No, no, of course not. The men must not know even that the caravels are there. Now go make friends with Diego. You will like him; for he is a good lad, though with a hot temper."

"Nothing but a fight will satisfy him," said Juan.

"Then you shall fight, boy, and be friends afterwards. But not aboard the vessel, boy. Wait until we are in Zipangu." And then, as Juan smiled, he smiled too, and added: "Ah, you think we will never reach there, do you? Well, I verily believe you are mistaken. But go, now, for I must to the Admiral and warn him."

Juan went down the ladder with a more uplifted spirit than had ever been in his breast before, and full of determination to deserve the best that Martin Alonzo thought of him. He passed Diego on his way forward, and stopped to say:

"I have his good-will; so you and I are quits, and there is nothing to prevent our fighting when we have the chance."

"Good," growled Diego.

Juan hesitated. If Diego would only be friends with him, it seemed to him that he would have nothing more to ask for.

"Won't you shake hands and be friends until we can fight?" he asked, wistfully.

"Then how could we fight?" demanded Diego. "No, I won't be friends till we have fought."

So Juan turned away and passed on to where Miguel was jealously waiting for him. It seemed to Juan a very difficult matter to adjust his friendships to suit himself.

There was Diego, whose friendship he wished and who would not be his friend; and here was Miguel, whose friendship was so undesirable, and who, was bent upon being his friend.

"Martin Alonzo found your conversation very funny," said Miguel, in an injured tone.

"Well," said Juan, testily, "is there any harm in that?" and he moved over to an old sailor, Rodrigo de Triana, and asked questions about the weather.

CHAPTER XV.

ON Sunday, which was the third day after the Admiral had received intelligence of the caravels, and which was the 9th of September, the day broke and saw the fleet drifting about not more than nine leagues from Ferro.

All those in the secret watched anxiously for the hostile vessels, and the Admiral knew that if a breeze did not spring up during the day there would be great danger of capture; for the caravels could get out their long oars and be upon them in spite of the calm.

But fortunately for his purpose, a breeze came up with the sun, and before any sign of the caravels was seen the little fleet was skimming over the waters into that mysterious West which filled the hearts of the sailors with such foreboding that now they all remained on deck, watching with increasing gloom the disappearance behind the eastern horizon of the last speck of land.

"Nothing but water now," said Miguel, hoarsely, as his eye swept the whole circle of the horizon.

And then, as if his words had had a spell in them, a strange thing followed close upon them. Rodrigo de Triana, a stout man and a good seaman, who had never given any trouble, turned and caught Miguel by the shoulder in a spasmodic clutch, and, with his eyes rolling terribly, cried out, in a loud voice:

"And it's the last land we ever shall see. God 'a' mercy on us!" and thereupon fell on his knees on the deck, and cried like a child.

And then the others, seeing this, and being themselves wrought up to a singular pitch of terror, seemed to lose all control of themselves; and all over the vessel could be seen those strong men weeping, and praying in voices of agony and despair, until Martin Alonzo was filled with alarm for the result, and sprang down the ladder and went among them.

With some he reasoned in short, telling words; others he caught in his powerful hands, and put upon their feet and shook them, bidding them to be men, or he would do such things as would turn their thoughts in a great hurry. And when he had brought them into some semblance of order, he mounted the poop again, and talked to them, telling them of the marvels of the land they were going to.

"Gold, silver, precious stones, silks, and satins," he said, among other things, to them, "are to be had there for the taking. Every man among you, to the meanest, shall have his fill of riches. What shall prevent every one of you from going back to Spain so rich that you may purchase any title in the kingdom? You will all be Princes. What! do you think I only say these things? I know them. Why, men have been to this land of Zipangu, and to Cathay, which lies beyond it, and they have so wearied of the wealth they might have there that they have left a great part behind them on returning to their own country; and yet had they so much with them that they were enabled to live in palaces and be served by nobles. But we shall leave nothing behind that any man cares to take. Here is the *Pinta*, which shall be loaded to the last line with her precious freight, and we shall come home rejoicing, and you will all despise yourselves for the childish terror which you let conquer you this day."

Since he believed everything he said, to the very last word, it was not strange that he should make the men believe him, even in spite of their fears, which they could not dispel, though they kept them hidden from him.

That is, they hid them for the time; but as they kept going farther and farther from the land, their fears would return to them, and they would construe the simplest occurrence into an omen of evil, and there would follow a panic, which Martin Alonzo would soothe as best he could, displaying a patience that no one would have looked for in him, though sometimes breaking out in a great fury when his words seemed to have no effect.

But it was seldom that the cupidity that was in the poor ignorant men would not become inflamed by his promises of gold and jewels, and so it was on that theme that he talked the most often. And indeed it was the theme that occupied his own mind the most, for it was only the Admiral who had any lofty thoughts concerning the discoveries he hoped to make. He indeed cared for the wealth too, but it can truly be said that what was more in his mind than riches was the thought of carrying the gospel to the heathen of Zipangu and Cathay.

But it was a terrible voyage in view of the fears of the sailors, their imaginations becoming so diseased after a while that a sudden cry from any one of them would create a panic among the others.

One day it was a floating mast from some unfortunate wreck that disturbed them, and made them pass the rest of the day in whispered stories of disaster, and with suggestions of destruction to themselves; at another time it was the variation of the compass; at another time it was the fact that the wind blew steadily from the same quarter, convincing them that it was wafting them designedly to that abyss over which the ocean flowed; at another time it was a calm; at another, a great area of sea-weed, the extent of which they could not see.

And so it went for days and days, though there were times when there were omens which they looked upon as favorable. But afterward these were deemed only lures set by the Evil One to keep them to their purpose. Sometimes they believed they saw land, and then they became mad with joy, and the ships would race with one another to be the first to see and touch it. Then it would be discovered that they had been mistaken, and the gloom would be greater than before.

At last the alarm of the men grew so great that they lost their fear of Martin Alonzo, and began to talk so openly of forcing him to turn back that he was alarmed, though he gave no sign of it. And then there came a day when he began to have doubts. Not that he doubted that land could be reached somewhere in that western ocean, but that he believed that the Admiral was obstinate in always keeping to his westerly course, when it seemed plain to him that land would be reached sooner by taking a southwesterly course.

It had got to be October by this time, and it was on the 6th of that month that Martin Alonzo signalled the Admiral, and afterwards went aboard his vessel with the intention of inducing him to change his course. He was



ALL OVER THE VESSEL COULD BE SEEN THOSE STRONG MEN WEeping.

in no very good temper, for his men had been more than usually mutinous, and it is probable that he insisted more strongly on having his own way than he should have done.

The Admiral, however, was a firmer man than Martin Alonzo, and he would not swerve a point from his course. He was not obstinate, nor angry in his demeanor, and said to Martin Alonzo:

"I believe that land lies due west of us. I should therefore be wrong if I varied from my course. Several times you have urged me to vary, and I foolishly have acceded, to a slight extent only, it is true, but still I have done it. I must do so no more, except upon a conviction of my own that I should do so."

"Then do you go your way, and let me go mine," said Martin Alonzo, angrily.

"Not so," answered the Admiral. "You shall keep the course I keep, and diverge at your peril. I am in command of this fleet, and it is for you to obey me," and he spoke in so lofty and dignified a tone that Martin Alonzo was hushed, though yet raging with anger and mortification.

However, it happened the next day that the men became so threatening that the Admiral had need of the support of the Pinzons, of whom there were many in the fleet, and to keep them on his side he did take a course west-southwest. Then, after three days of that course, he turned due west again, and held steadfastly in that direction.

By this time the men on the *Pinta* could scarcely be held in any sort of control, and the case was even worse on the other vessels; so that it would have needed but a word to precipitate a mutiny that must have ended in the deaths of the most worthy men of the expedition.

But at this point, when Martin Alonzo was moodily leaning over the rail, thinking many hard things of the Admiral, and half careless whether or not his men rose against him, he suddenly noted certain signs in the water that caused him to lift his head and cry out:

"Ho! Rodrigo de Triana! come hither!" And when the man had hurried to his side: "Look over into the water. Are those weeds from fresh water? Did ever you see the like grow in the sea? And is that a fresh twig of wood floating yonder?"

"There is land hereabout," said Rodrigo, turning pale. "There is no doubt of it this time," and he ran wildly forward, shouting the intelligence to the men, and bidding them look into the water.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS IN AMERICA.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

OF course the first Christmas in this New World, as it has been called for the past four hundred years, was the one spent here by Columbus and his followers. They had but recently completed their marvellous voyage across the ocean, and made their wonderful discovery. Since then they had been sailing amid regions of enchanted beauty, and they looked forward with eager anticipations to celebrating their first Christmas in a manner so befitting their surroundings as to make it memorable in all history. In one way they were not disappointed. That Christmas will always be memorable in history, though it was made so by an event about as different from what these early navigators expected as can well be conceived. To Columbus, instead of a day of triumphant rejoicing, it proved one of the saddest of the many sad days of his eventful life.

After discovering the first land at San Salvador, and cruising for ten days amid the delightful islands of the Bahama group, Columbus set sail for a land that the natives called "Cuba," and which they said lay but a few leagues to the southward. It was discovered on the 28th of October, and for nearly a month the Spaniards cruised along its northern coast, which everywhere unfolded new marvels to their wondering eyes. They went far toward its western end, but not far enough to discover that it was an island, instead of the mainland of Asia, as they imagined. Then they turned about, and sailed toward its eastern end.

All went well with them until the 20th of November, when the great navigator met with the first of those acts of treachery among his followers that were soon to become such common events of his life. Of the three ships of his little fleet he commanded the largest, which was named the *Santa Maria*. Next in size came the *Pinta*, in command of Captain Martin Alonzo Pinzon. Last of the three came the *Niña* (little girl), an undecked craft, about the size of an off-shore fishing schooner of to-day, having a small house built at each end, and commanded by Captain Vicente Pinzon.

The *Pinta* was the fastest sailer. Of this her Captain, who was bitterly jealous of Columbus, took advantage one night, and, deserting the others, sailed away on an independent voyage of discovery. In vain did the Admiral signal for the return of his faithless lieutenant. No attention was paid to his signals, and in a short time the *Pinta* had disappeared. Realizing the folly of attempting to overtake her, Columbus again turned toward the Cuban coast, and continued his explorations as though nothing had happened to interrupt them.

He had not gone far beyond the eastern end of Cuba before he sighted the distant blue peaks of lofty mountains in the southeast. Steering for them, he dropped anchor, early in December, in a spacious harbor, to which he gave the name of St. Nicholas, on the western coast of the great island of Haiti. Some of the natives called it "Aiti" and others "Bohio"; but Columbus, declaring it to be the most beautiful country ever seen by mortals since they were driven from the Garden of Eden, named

it "Hispaniola." Its towering mountains and smiling valleys, its grassy savannas and luxuriant forests, its foaming water-falls and limpid streams, its gayly plumaged birds, its winding roads and fields of waving corn, and, above all, its gentle inhabitants—finely formed, intelligent, peaceful, and generous, regarding the white men as visitors from the skies—all combined to form a region of delight such as the world had never known.

By judicious kindness Columbus soon won the confidence of the natives, and for two weeks his leisurely progress along the northern coast of this favored island was like a happy dream. The natives strove to outdo one another in their deeds of kindness to the strangers, flocking to the ship at all hours with presents of whatever they most valued, and for which they asked nothing in return. Finally, on the 22d of December, the ships were visited by a large canoe filled with natives, sent by the Cacique of that part of the island, to urge the white men to visit his village, which was but a short run to the eastward. They brought valuable presents of golden ornaments to Columbus, and so impressed him with an idea of the power and riches of their ruler that he at once decided to accept the invitation. He sent one of his officers and several seamen to bear presents to the Cacique, and to notify him of the intended visit.

At the same time Columbus determined to celebrate Christmas in the village of this chief, and busy preparations were immediately begun for such an observance of the holy day as should impress the natives with the glory and power of the Spaniards. Armor was burnished until it shone like silver, gorgeous vestments and banners were made ready, and the materials for a great feast were collected. The ambassadors to the Cacique returned with the report that preparations on an equally extensive scale were being made by him and his people for a fitting reception of their heaven-sent guests. On the day before Christmas all was in readiness, and the ships set sail. They were expected to reach an anchorage near the Cacique's residence during the night, and a grand salute from every gun on both vessels was ordered to be fired at sunrise.

The breeze was so light that by eleven o'clock on Christmas eve the ships were still at some distance from their destination, drifting idly on an unruffled sea. So peaceful was the night that the Admiral, worn out with excitement and overwork, determined to get a few hours of sleep, leaving the ship meantime in charge of her sailing-master. This man was also sleepy, and no sooner had his superior officer sought his cabin than he resigned the idle helm to one of the ship's boys, and, lying down under the bulwarks, was speedily unconscious of all that was passing. The boy, thus left in sole charge of the ship and her fortunes, soon became, in turn, overcome with the all-pervading drowsiness, and it was not long before he too fell asleep at his post. So the ship drifted, until after midnight, at the mercy of the currents, and without the care of a single wakeful eye.

Suddenly the lifting of the tiller, across which his body rested, aroused the boy. As he rubbed his eyes he heard a gentle grating sound beneath him, and as he uttered a startled cry, a long swell lifted the doomed craft, and bore her a full length further into the clutches of the relentless sands on which she had struck.

Columbus was the first on deck, and instantly comprehending what had happened, he ordered the frightened master, with a boat's crew, to carry a kedge anchor out astern. Half awake, bewildered, and thoroughly terrified, the men tumbled into the boat, but instead of obeying the Admiral's order, they rowed frantically toward the *Niña*, more than a mile away. When they reached her and reported the perilous position of the flag-ship, Vicente Pinzon overwhelmed the cowardly master with reproaches for thus deserting his comrades. At the same

time he sprang into his own boat, and hurried to the rescue. With all his speed he was too late to save the *Santa Maria*, for she was now too firmly embedded in the treacherous sands ever to be moved from them, and it was even feared that under the cruel pounding of the breakers she would go to pieces before daylight. Her masts were cut away, her guns were thrown overboard, and everything possible was done to float her, but without avail. At length their situation became so perilous that the Admiral, with all his crew, was forced to seek safety on board the *Niña*. From her a boat was despatched to notify the Cacique of the sudden disaster that had overtaken his visitors.

The generous chieftain was so afflicted by this news that he is said to have wept; but this did not interfere with his prompt measures for aiding the distressed strangers. Every canoe, great and small, that could be found was quickly sent to the scene of the wreck. By sunrise their occupants were hard at work under the direction of the Spaniards stripping the vessel of everything that she contained. So actively did they labor that before nightfall the *Santa Maria* was not only unloaded of all her cargo and stores, but these, together with everything that could be removed, had been safely conveyed to the residence of the Cacique, five miles away. Here he and his brothers stood such faithful guard over the property, which must have appeared of fabulous value to them, that when it was again delivered to the Spaniards not so much as a nail was missing. At short intervals during the day the Cacique also despatched messages of sympathy and sincere offers of all that he possessed in the world to Columbus on the *Niña*.

By sundown the melancholy task of stripping the first wreck in the New World was finished, and the first Christmas day came to an end, though it is doubtful if any of the Spaniards, in their excitement and distress, even remembered that it was Christmas.

This first wreck resulted in the founding of the first settlement of white men on the continent; for as the *Niña* was far too small to carry all the voyagers back across the ocean, Columbus was forced to leave half of them behind when he sailed for home. The Indians willingly aided in building the fort in which they were to live until a ship could be sent to rescue them, and when it was completed Columbus named it La Navidad (the nativity), in memory of the Christmas day that witnessed their sorrowful shipwreck.

A ROBINSON CRUSOE FOR A DAY.

BY HERMAN J. STERN.

EVER since reading that king of boys' books, *Robinson Crusoe*, I had one supreme boyish ambition, namely, to roam over a desert island all alone, if only for one day. This childish fancy stuck to me even up to my adult youth, after more serious practical interests and aspirations had begun to employ my mind. I know that other people are haunted by similar whims. One of our professors once told us boys that he would never be satisfied until he had climbed Mont Blanc. I hope he will be able to gratify his mountain ambition more comfortably than I did my insular one. I have had my desire and am quite contented. Henceforth I will confine myself to the mainland.

Three years ago I went from the college in Los Angeles, California, which I was attending, to spend my vacation in San Diego, where my parents had recently taken up their home. Our college was new, as is everything American in California. The cabinet of natural sciences was therefore rather bare, which, in a country so rich in specimens as California is, was strange. Accordingly some of us boys had promised to bring con-



IT WAS THE MYSTERIOUS POETICAL BIRD OF THE SEA.

tributions with us when we returned in the autumn. My favorite natural science was ornithology. It was this, indeed, which first made an amateur sportsman and later a taxidermist of me. No sooner arrived at home, therefore, than I set about my ornithological collection. Every morning found me, with my gun and my splendid pointer Jack, roaming over the peninsula now called Coronado Beach, along the promontory of Point Loma and the shores of the San Diego River and False Bay, or tramping up the coast by the mussel-beds and La Holla, or skimming over the placid waters of San Diego Bay in my little sailing vessel, which I had christened *The Albatross*.

It was indeed a very joyous experience, this roving about on land and water in the bright, unvarying sunshine, but the sport was not up to expectations. The sea-fowl were grown shy. There were too many gunners in the field. This region was no more the solitary scene that Dana describes in his *Two Years before the Mast*, nor even the sportsman's paradise so vividly portrayed in Van Dyke's books. The southern California "boom" was in full blast. The bay was alive with all sorts of craft—sailing vessels, fishing-boats, ferry-boats, pleasure yachts, and ocean steamers; the coast was resounding with the noise and stir of building. As yet the museum of my *alma mater* had been enriched through me by only a few land birds and some wild-ducks, loons, and plovers, common enough anywhere.

One afternoon, tired and disgusted with the day's proceeds, which consisted of two miserable sand-pipers, a duck, and an ugly gopher, I was lying on the ground in front of the light-house on the brow of Point Loma, talking with the keeper, a retired sea-captain. We knew each other well, for I often stopped there to rest and listen to his yarns, and to gaze upon the scene afforded from that "coign of vantage," which is so fair that I cannot attempt to describe it. I was absorbed in it now, hardly heeding the good old man's talk, when he suddenly asked: "Why don't ye take a crack at the birds over to the

Coronado Islands yonder? Thur as thick as coolies in Chinatown. It's the breeding place of the stragglers."

I looked whither he pointed. Why had I never thought of them? There lay the three islands, looking so near that it seemed I could swim to them, although I knew they were thirty miles south, and nearly twenty from the shore. My boyhood's dream came over me like a flash. Here was a Robinson Crusoe adventure made to my hand. I jumped up determined to try it the next day. From the old Captain I obtained information about winds and tides and the landing-place on the largest island, and hastened home.

At dawn the next morning I was down at the pier loosening my boat. A stiff land breeze was blowing, and with all sails set we went skipping merrily along between the Chinese abalone boats, where the barefooted almond-eyed sailors astir on deck stolidly stared at me. A run of half an hour brought me to the channel. The Portuguese fishermen at La Playa stared also, but I had no time to devote to them, for here the first great ocean swell greeted me. It lifted my little craft and rocked it like a hazel-nut shell. I did feel a little scared, but not enough to let go tiller and ropes, and soon I was safely out on the broad Pacific. The sun was just flinging the first beam across the waters when the light-house vanished on the right, and with a mental good-by to the Captain, who was probably asleep, and a sigh of relief, I started on my lonely sea-voyage. Wind and tide were favorable, and in a few hours I stood alongside the largest island, which looked like a huge kneeling camel in this watery desert. Then the wind died out, and I had to cover the last mile by rowing. Thus it was noon before I made fast the boat in the little cove on the west side of the island. Starting up the bank, we were right in the thick of the birds. There was an international congress of them. My first acquisition was a brace of large penguins, which were squatting on the bank like lazy Indians, and at the report of my gun only waddled about like Knickerbocker Dutchmen in wooden shoes. For an hour we were kept busy bringing down birds almost as fast as I could load—osprey, wild swans, plover, tall beautiful cranes, the great dove of the sea, the mew, and many others. I found, besides, a large amount of eggs, shells, moss, kelp, and plants. By this time I had roamed over the whole island, which was about two miles long, composed of red sandstone, and almost entirely devoid of trees. The birds had flown away to the other islands, and being exceedingly hungry I took my collection to the boat, and getting out my lunch, Jack and I sat down under a huge manzanita bush, and ate our meal with much satisfaction. Then we settled down for a nap.

I must have slept soundly, for when I awoke it was four o'clock. I arose hurriedly, with my hand on the gun. At that moment a large bird flew up, scarcely ten yards before me. I knew it. It was the mysterious poetical bird of the sea, the albatross. Just as it was shooting out over the surf, looking to me, half awake as I was, like a great flashing apparition, I let fly. It dropped right by the edge of the water, where the waves might wash it away in a moment. Down the steep bank I darted, with my heart and eyes on the bird. Presently I was lying stunned and trembling among sharp, jagged rocks in some kind of a depth. I had fallen into one of those fissure-like cavities that are formed by the action of the sea. I had seen them at the mussel-beds. Some are quite enclosed, connected with the tide by a subterranean passage, and filled with a tiny, teeming, maritime life. This one was open toward the sea. From where I lay I had a wide sweep of view right over the track I had come. More amused than alarmed at first, I soon tried to get up. I could not. One foot had become inextricably wedged in one of the narrow clefts at the bottom of the hole. The other leg felt as inert as if it were broken or para-

lyzed. Besides, a heap of large stones and sand, dislodged from above by my step, had fallen over me, burying my body up to the waist. Worst of all, my hands and arms were so weak I could scarcely move them. I then noticed also that I was bleeding from a frightful gash in the back of my head. I was unable to stanch it. After a while the blood clotted and ceased to flow, but by that time I had grown much weaker.

Quickly now I realized my situation. Here I was, caught in a trap, alone on an uninhabited island, without a soul aware of my whereabouts. I thought of what would ensue upon my failure to return home. Of course my friends would be alarmed, and institute a search. Then my boat would be missed. Then the bay would be searched. Possibly they might learn that I had gone out to sea. But what then? They would never think of the islands. No one knew of my plan, not even the light-house keeper. No; they would return home to mourn me as one drowned in the ocean. How I wished that that fate had befallen me, rather than the lingering death that was staring me in the face! But another feeling, far stronger than the fear of death, filled me—that of self-reproach and sorrow at the picture of the sufferings of my loved ones, inflicted upon them through my foolish, selfish waywardness. I think I grew to something like moral manhood in those moments, for I learned the lesson, I trust for life, that manliness consists not in physical daring, but in duty and the consideration of others.

To describe the tumult of thoughts, the wild panorama of scenes, the prayers, regrets, hopes, dreads, and despairs that whirled through my mind there is impossible, but ever uppermost was the picture of a sorrowing father and a broken-hearted mother. All the while my poor faithful dog was barking, wailing, and fawning by turns, now gazing over the water, now scampering off barking, as if looking for help. I know he suffered as much as I did, and that was one comfort to me. Seeing the dead albatross floating on the surf, in order to divert the dear animal's mind I pointed it out to him. With one bound he was in the water and soon returned, laying the huge bird before me. The sight of its dead eyes staring at me suddenly recalled Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* to me, and the thrilling, ghastly story added superstitious dread and remorse to my other feelings. The lines kept ringing in my ears, alternating with the sobs of my mother:

"Is it he?" quoth one. "Is 'tress the man?"

By him who died on cross,

With his cruel bow he laid full low

The harmless albatross."

These mental sounds were presently interrupted by an actual one. It was the swish of water right under me. What was that? Why, the rising tide—nothing else. I looked ahead. The waves were but a few feet beneath me. In my mental distraction I had quite overlooked this. Now I saw it. The first feeling at the approach of this new and certain mode of death was one of relief. It would be over sooner. I settled back on the sharp rocks, and looked at the water calmly. I proceeded to calculate the time I yet had to live. I could not take out my watch, but from the setting sun and the chill in the air I knew it was nearly seven o'clock, and that before eight I would be covered by the sea. The inevitableness and imminence of death made me resigned. Before this I had not given up hope altogether. Now there was none. I grew quite peaceful, lying back for a long time with my eyes closed, listening to the wash and the rush of the breakers, until I thought I might fall asleep to their lullaby. A longer wave dashed its spray sharply into my face. I opened my eyes. It was dark. There shone the lamp in the light-house on Point Loma, and a forty-mile-long lane of light gleamed across the sea. My mind must have been bewildered, for I thought I saw the old Captain at the other end grinning at me. I saw

the electric lights of San Diego, and fancied I beheld the lamp in the window of my own home. Then came a revulsion in my feelings. Why should I lie there drowning by inches in sight of home and parents? It was too horrible, intolerable! Just at that moment I heard the whistle of a steamer and the report of a gun. I cried with all my might, and wrenched at my imprisoned foot. With a moan of pain I sank back. The wound in my head had broken out afresh, and bled profusely. I saw the steamer, the *Carlos Pacheco*, that plies between San Diego and Ensenada, puffing away to the right. Then it seemed to me I heard the barking of my dog, faint and far away, and then I knew no more.

When I awoke I was lying in my own bed, and it was afternoon. Father and mother and friends were in the room. Little by little I heard the account of my rescue. The Mexican government, to whom the islands belonged, had sent two men to obtain samples of the sandstone on the islands, with a view to opening a quarry. They were on the *Carlos Pacheco*, which stopped off the island, and waited for the preconcerted signal which was to announce the safe landing of their skiff. This was the firing I had heard. My dog met them at the cove, and conducted them to where I lay, insensible and almost drowning. Another report of their gun brought the steamer to a stop. I was taken on board, while my boat was trailed behind. At the dock my poor distracted father took me in charge, and brought me home. I did not revive until the next day. My injuries, aside from my badly bruised and greatly swollen ankle, were not serious, and in a week I had recovered. The professor got his sea-fowl, after all, except the albatross, and I had had quite enough of the romantic notion of running away to play Robinson Crusoe for a day.

OVER AND OVER.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

“JUST the same thing over and over!”
But that is the way of the world, my dear;
Over and over, over and over,
Old things repeated from year to year!

Hear what the sun saith: “Patient still,
The vaulted heavens I climb and climb,
Over and over with tireless will,
Day after day till the end of time!”

“Never a pause and never a rest;
Yet every morning the earth is new,
And ever the clouds in the golden west
Have a fresh glory shining through.”

Hear what the grass saith: “Up the hills
And through the orchard I creep and creep,
Over the meadows, and where the rills
Laugh in the shadows cool and deep.

“Every spring it is just the same!
And because it is, I am sure to see
The oriole’s flash of vivid flame
In the pink-white bloom of the apple-tree.”

Hear what dear Love saith: “Ah, I hear
The same old story over and over;
Mother and maiden year by year
Whisper it still to child and lover!

“But sweeter it grows from age to age,
The song begotten so long ago,
When first man came to his heritage,
And walked with God in the even glow.”

YOUNG PEOPLES CONCERTS.

MR. WALTER DAMROSCH has in many ways shown himself to be an enterprising and progressive musician as well as an accomplished leader. We are not surprised, therefore, to hear that he has arranged to give a series of six young people's concerts at the beautiful new Music Hall in New York city. The music that will be performed will not be of the most severe or the most difficult character; rather will Mr. Damrosch seek to select compositions which, while artistic in form, shall be immediately pleasing to young listeners, who, it must be admitted, are not the most patient of audiences unless their attention and sympathy be quickly caught.

What a grand prospect of enjoyment and improvement this enterprise has for young musicians of New York and Brooklyn and their suburbs! How their musical accomplishments should outstrip those of their young competitors in other cities! But who knows? There is abundance of musical talent in other large cities, and possibly some of them may be willing to follow New York's lead in this matter.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S EARLY YEARS.*

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

III.



It was a cheerless winter at Pigeon Creek. No floor had been laid when Thomas Lincoln moved into his new cabin of hewn logs, neither were there any panes of glass in the window. The nearest saw-mill was many miles away, and he had not found time to saw out boards enough by hand to make a door. The skin of a deer was stretched across the window, and a bear-skin hung across the opening left for the door. The wind swept through the openings, the snow sifted through the unplastered crevices between the timbers. The hickory logs blazing in the fireplace might warm in some degree the chilly air, but no fire upon the hearth, however bright it might be, could dispel the gloom, loneliness, and sense of loss which Abraham Lincoln experienced. The loving mother, who had made everything beautiful by her presence, was at rest forever. In the evenings the shadow of himself, his sister Sarah, and his father might be cast upon the walls, but the mother's was not there. The nearest neighbor was so far away that voices other than their own seldom were heard. Is it a wonder that Abraham Lincoln, ten years old, who had been thoughtful enough to write to Rev. David Elkins to come from Kentucky and preach a sermon at his mother's grave, should become more thoughtful and sad as he looks into the glowing coals? He had no books other than the Bible and *Æsop's Fables*, but he obtained an arithmetic. Neither his father nor his sister Sarah could tell him anything about solving its problems, nor had he slate or pencil, but we see him sitting through the long evenings before the wide-mouthed fireplace charring a stick in the coals and figuring the problems upon the blade of a wooden shovel.

He is tall and slender, and has so outgrown his clothes that his buckskin trousers are not long enough by several inches. His cousin, Dennis Hanks, would like to go out into the world with his dog and tree a raccoon, but Abraham did not care much about hunting 'coons; he preferred to go on with his arithmetic. The winter passed and spring came. He was strong enough to swing an axe. Trees must be felled; the ground cleared. He must grub between the stumps with a hoe and plant corn and potatoes. Work was irksome. It was far more agreeable to sit on a stump and talk with Dennis Hanks than to blister his hands by swinging an axe.

Summer goes by, and November comes. A year has

* The first two articles of this series were published in Nos. 627 and 630.

gone since the mother passed away. Never have the months been so wearisome and lonely. Thomas Lincoln does not inform his son and daughter, as he leaves them for a visit to Kentucky, that he intends to surprise them; but they are very much surprised a few days later when a wagon drawn by four horses drives up to the cabin bringing their father, a new mother, two new sisters, and a brother, together with beds, bedding, a bureau, and other furniture. Mr. Lincoln saw that he must have some one to care for his children. He remembered that in his boyhood Sarah Bush had been his playmate. She had married Mr. Johnston, but her husband was not

of muscle that he could put every other boy on the ground when it came to wrestling, and in spelling he had no difficulty in making his way to the head of the class. He was so kind-hearted that he was always ready to help his mates. It was very kind in him to help Katy Roby. She was trying to spell "defied," but was not certain whether she should say "i" or "y," when he pointed significantly to his eye. Katy understood it, spelled the word correctly, and thanked him with a smile. Hazel Dorsey was the teacher. He taught only a few weeks, but during that time Abraham Lincoln went as far as the rule of proportion in arithmetic. There



LEARNING ARITHMETIC UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

living. Perhaps she would be a mother to them. She had consented, and had come.

There were seven now to sit around the table; three boys and two girls to make the cabin ring with their laughter. Sarah Bush Lincoln, in the bloom of womanhood, became very much attached to her step-son, and so quick was he to respond to her affection that her slightest wish became a law to him. Whatever she wished done, he was ready to do.

Abraham Lincoln was twelve years old before he again had an opportunity of attending school, and he was so tall that when he stood in line with the other scholars he was head and shoulders above them—so tall that his head almost touched the roof of the log school-house. It was a miserable little cabin, with two holes in the sides for windows. Thin strips of wood were nailed across the openings, and sheets of paper greased with lard were pasted on the strips. The boys of Pigeon Creek were roistering fellows, and thought more of being victor in wrestling than of rising to the head of the class when they stood up to spell. Abraham Lincoln was so strong

was humor in the lines which he wrote upon the fly-leaf:

"Abraham Lincoln,
His hand and pen;
He will be good,
But God knows when."

After the few weeks with Dorsey, two years went by before he could again attend school. His father thought there was no need of his going. He wanted Abraham to be a carpenter—to use the plane and saw. "I think that he ought to go to school," said the kind-hearted step-mother; and so, when Master Sweeney opened a school, Abraham Lincoln was one of his pupils. It was four miles away, but a walk of eight miles was no hardship to him. Like all the other schools, it was only for a few weeks, and when he crossed the threshold of the building the last day his school days were over. They had lasted less than one year. He had gone through the arithmetic, could spell every word in the spelling-book, but knew nothing of geography or grammar. This was the fitting for life that he gained in the schools.

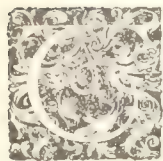


THE DOLLS' MATINÉE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY F. S. CHURCH, N. A.

MAID MARIAN'S NEW YEAR.

BY PAULINE BAYNE.



HE bleak December wind was hurrying through the streets, pinching people's noses and blowing in their faces until they were blue with cold. It whistled so loudly that nobody wanted to talk; everybody seemed anxious to shun everybody else and get home as quickly as possible to escape the biting cold.

A group of school-girls came down the street. The wind hurried to meet them, but all his efforts only made the red cheeks redder; and as for stopping their chatter, is there anything in the world that can keep a group of school-girls from talking? So all the wind could do was to snatch their sentences and hurl fragments of them at the passers-by. "Christmas," "New-Year callers," "dresses," "parties," "flowers and colors." Dear me! what didn't they talk about? Gradually, however, the gay party broke up, each one who left being followed by merry calls and good wishes for the holidays.

At Park Street Maid Marian turned aside. She had been as gay and bright as any while with the crowd, but now the light died out of her face, and it was a very sober girl who stopped at the little brick house with the tiny yard before it. Some one was watching for her at the parlor window. Some one else opened the door, and seizing her books, danced before her into the room. This second some one was a merry little witch, with laughing black eyes, and tumbled black curls, and big dimples, and a name which was Marjorie. Maid Marian's face brightened, as it always did at the dear home-coming. All the afternoon she was sunny and bright, but the quick mother eyes had seen the shadow, and when Marjorie had been put to bed, Marian, who was sitting alone in the dark, heard soft steps behind her, while a gentle voice said.

"What is it, little daughter?"

Marian arose, and putting her arm around the little woman, who hardly reached above her shoulder, answered, playfully, "What made you think there was anything, little mother?"

"I didn't think; I knew. Tell me, dear."

Marian laughed—half sorry, half relieved. "Well, since those wonderful eyes of yours see so much, I suppose I might as well tell you. You see, the girls were all talking about receiving New-Year's. Nearly all the boys in our class are going to call on the girls, and some of them said they were coming here. Mamma, I wish they wouldn't. You see, the others will have things just lovely! You know it has been a fad this year for each girl to have her own color and flower, and some of the girls are going to have tables decorated in their own flowers and colors, and wear them too; and, of course, the refreshments will be elegant. Now I know I couldn't do anything like that. Don't feel badly, little mother; I don't care—much! I can have a lovely day with just you and Marjorie. But can't I say I will not receive? I would so much rather."

The little mother was silent a moment; then she said: "Haven't the boys always been pleasant to you, Marian? Has it made any difference that you did not live in a beautiful house and dress in the latest style?"

"Why, no, mamma, except two or three; and they are just the ones one cares least about. The others are *gentlemen*."

"Then," pursued the quiet voice, "doesn't my little daughter think it just a wee bit ungracious to say she will not see them and give them the pleasant New-Year greetings, just because she cannot offer them 'elegant refreshment'? Think carefully, dear. Isn't pride the trouble?"

"I suppose so, mamma," came the reluctant voice from the darkness; "and if you say so, of course I'll see them, and make it as pleasant as I can."

"That is my true Marian! I knew she would say that. And, after all, dear, if we cannot have the beautiful table and dress, I think we may be able to get up something else. We have all the holidays in which to do it. Let me see, what is your favorite flower?"

"Carnations. They are so rich and warm and sweet. And gold is my color."

"Well, in the first place, as we have no maid except Maid Marian, I think we can train Marjorie to answer the bell. She has her little crimson dress, you know, and we can afford a few carnations, enough for my girls to wear and for the bowl in the parlor. Marjorie will look like a little flower herself."

"She will indeed, mamma. That is lovely. But about refreshments; I don't believe even you can manage that."

"No; but we can do something else. How many boys are there in your class?"

"Twenty-two; but three would never think of coming, and others probably will not."

"Well, you can draw a little, Marian. Now this is my idea. Suppose we get a box of correspondence cards, write on each some prophecy for the coming year, and then draw in the corner with pen and ink some little sketch to suit the verse. Of course we couldn't do anything elaborate in either line, but they can be amusing and different from what the boys will have elsewhere. Then we can put them in envelopes, and write on the outside in gold ink, 'Happy New Year—1891,' and tie them with gold-colored ribbon—your color."

Marian whirled the little mother around the room in delight. "You are a genius," she exclaimed. "That will be just lovely, and such fun to do! I can think of some already. Rob Burton is wild to travel, and Arnold Dare wants to go to Europe, and Ralph Stanley's great ambition is to be the champion tennis-player of the school. But what shall I do about the nothing-particular boys? And how shall I be sure they will get the right prophecies?"

"For the 'nothing-particular' boys we shall have to make 'nothing-particular' prophecies that will suit any case. And as for the names, when you tie an envelope, pin a slip of paper with the right name on the ribbon, and I will take off the slips, and give the envelopes to Marjorie to carry in as they are needed. Will that do?"

"Do!" answered Marian. "I want to begin this very night."

The holiday week passed busily and quickly in the little brick house on Park Street. Marian, with her mother's help, decorated twenty cards with pen-and-ink sketches, and wrote the verses in fancy lettering. Of course no great literary effort was displayed. For Rob Burton, who was fond of travelling, was a little sketch from Holland, with the words:

"He to whom this lot doth fall,
Shall travel far this year;
And many distant lands shall see,
Ere ninety-two appear."

For the tennis-lover was a little racket, with the words:

"He who doth this racket see
Shall champion in tennis be—
And so his dearest wish be won—
In eighteen hundred ninety-one."

Arnold Dare's card had a tiny marine, with the lines:

"If at midnight you read this card,
This shall your fortune be:
Some time within a year to sail
Across a distant sea."

One of the "nothing-particular" ones had a four-leaf clover, below which was written:

"He to whom this leaf dark fall
Shall have the happiest rate of all;
For it will bring him fortunes later—
Health, Happiness, Prosperity."

Still another, with a sketch of some wee birdies cuddled up in the rain, sang brightly:

"Your life will have some rainy days
In eighteen ninety-one,
But the sun will banish all the clouds
Before the year is done."

New-Year day was bright and pleasant, and Marian, in her dark green dress, with the crimson carnations, waited in some anxiety for her first caller. Marjorie was so little, suppose she should blunder? But the tiny maiden, in her crimson dress, was very proud of her position, and opened the door and received the cards with the greatest dignity. Marian, with her frank cordial manner, greeted them all, and when, after a brief chat, the callers left with those mysterious cards (to be read at midnight) burning in their pockets, they felt that the call at the plain little house was by no means the least pleasant on the list.

And when at school the next day Marian met the gay remarks and laughter over the prophecies, she went home with shining eyes, sure that the little mother's New-Year had been a complete success.

So, for the sake of some other Maid Marian with many friends but a slender purse, this story of the way one Maid Marian gave her New-Year greetings has been written.

THE FATE OF BELFIELD.

BY MARY SELDEN MOORE.

Part XX.

THE Homans' kitchen was full of sunbeams, which coquetted with the row of shining tin pans on the dresser. The tall eight-day clock ticked soberly. Maria Aurelia was doing her Thursday's sweeping upstairs, so the two girls had the room to themselves.

"I brought my own apron, thank you," Alida was saying. "How much milk shall I measure?"

"Enough to cover the bread crumbs," said Alice. "And let them stand on the back of the stove to warm and soften while we stone the raisins."

"Alice," said Alida, as they sat seeding the fruit, "I'm not going to have a single new dress this year."

She announced this astonishing news, expecting much sympathy.

"Well, I suppose you have as many as twenty good gowns on hand," Alice answered, bluntly.

"Why, no, I haven't," said Alida, considerably taken aback by the tone. "Mamma always gives our dresses away after we've worn them awhile. I have only one—two—three—five—no, four, and two of them are shabby, and the other two are velvet, and trimmed too much for every day."

"Rip the trimming off, then," said Alice. "The bread crumbs are warm now. Add a teaspoonful of cinnamon and grate half a nutmeg. You can beat these eggs if you'd like to learn how."

The truth is, Alice was embarrassed, and her confusion made her rough and brusque. Alida Bernard had never been beyond the Homans' company rooms. Here she was in the kitchen. Alice was not sure her guest had ever seen a kitchen before. And for all their coming to the village, the Bernards were only playing at economy. They had not sold Belfield; they had only closed it for a year to tide over temporary lack of money.

But Alida took all rebuffs so sweetly, and beat her eggs with such vigor, that Alice's heart softened.

"Kate Robinson is authority on 'done-over' dresses," said she.

"Is she?" asked Alida, eagerly. "You see, she's a girl on, 'you all know so many things that I don't. I'd give my eye-teeth to be as bright as you are, Alice. But I don't believe I'm stupid all through. I can learn how to manage. I can make beds already, and you ought to see me sweep. That's splendid fun. I never feel so healthy in my life as I do when spinning round doing the morning work before school."

"I haven't tidied my room yet," confessed Alice.

"Oh, let me help! Do let me help!" pleaded Alida.

They tucked the bread-pudding into a steamer, and put it over the boiler to cook. Then, before Alice fairly knew what they were doing, the two were scampering up stairs.

And such a beating as Alice's bed was treated to that day! The sheets were flapped outside the window, and spread smooth on the mattress. The blankets were patted and pulled.

"Now give me your duster," said Alida. "I'll polish the furniture while you wipe up the border of the floor."



"KATE ROBINSON IS AUTHORITY ON DONE-OVER DRESSES."

There was such a chattering, and finally such peals of laughter, that Belle came hurrying to see what was the matter.

"She won't let me go to the faucet and fill this pitcher," gasped Alida, holding tight the ewer, while Alice barred the doorway, expostulating.

"That pitcher weighs a ton when it's full of water. Let Maria Aurelia take it. You shall *not*! You shall *not*!"

There had never been known so merry a morning in all Alida's life.

Kate Robinson, happening to call at the Homans's, was seized upon, and the state of Alida's wardrobe was poured into her ears.

"I'm your girl!" said Kate, heartily, and the four had adjourned to the Bernards' house, under the elms.

Last year's dress was exhibited. Kate's face became as wise and as mysterious as that of the most fashionable mantua-maker of them all.

"The skirt is too full," she announced, after profound consideration. "I can get new sleeves out of those back breadths, and we can put a new piece under the arms so it will never show. Give me your scissors, my impoverished friend."

"Let's have a 'bee!'" exclaimed Belle Homans. "Here's my thimble. Can't you find one for Alice?"

Mrs. Bernard, coming into the room, caught the spirit of the scene. "Suppose we all sit out under the trees, and I'll read aloud while you work," said she.

That dress was ripped in a trice. Then Alice was set to run up the skirt breadths, while Kate planned the sleeves. Belle was replaiting the ruffle, and Alida was trusted with the hem of the over-skirt. Of course the reading must needs stop at intervals, while Kate and Mrs. Bernard put their heads together over the gown, but no one minded the interruptions.

One o'clock already? How the morning had flown! Annie came to say that lunch was ready.

There was exquisite linen on the table, and the same beautiful cups as at Belfield; but the lunch was simple—only bread and butter and cold meat.

"Wait till I bring Alida's pudding," cried Alice.

She dashed out at the gate, and was back in five minutes, bringing the steaming dish, wrapped in a napkin.

Never in all the Belfield days had there been such a jolly meal. As for the pudding, every one was helped twice, and it was pronounced "perfectly delicious!"

"Now you have helped me with my sewing, I shall do as much by you," declared Alida.

And lo! it appeared that Kate was herself making some white petticoats.

"The bee may meet at my house," she said, cordially.

Much of this particular stitching was to be done on the machine, so Belle and Alice brought cambric and cotton cloth to make into underwear. While Kate stitched one hem, the rest turned, or basted insertion.

"I bought this lovely Hamburg for ten cents a yard, when it was marked down last spring. And this remnant of edging cost only five cents," explained Alice.

"But I never have any money at mark-down times," grumbled Belle. "I spend it all before."

"Papa gives us our allowance every three months," replied Alice, severely. "You must learn to look ahead and plan."

Then, by degrees, it was revealed just how much each of the girls had for an "allowance." Six weeks ago they would have bitten out their tongues rather than mention money before Alida. Now she was one of themselves.

"What is the least I can spend a year on clothes?" she asked.

Kate named the amount which her father gave her the 1st of January, April, July, and October.

"I keep a strict account, and father *audits* it," said she, grandly. "At first I nearly had brain-fever adding up my columns. They never would come out the same way twice. Figures act like witches. But if you're firm with 'em, nine and nine find that they *must* equal eighteen every time. Then they give up fooling you. And I'll tell you one rule which works like a charm," she continued, confidentially—"Don't buy it till the next time." She nodded solemnly to her audience. "I've saved myself as much as—oh, as much as sixty-five cents at once by that rule! Don't you know when you first see a piece of ribbon, or a pretty pair of gloves, your first thought is, 'I *must* have that; I *need* it.' Well, just *don't buy it till the next time*. Ten to one, you'll find you can get on exactly as well without it."

The sum which Kate and the twins had stated as their "allowance" had seemed almost absurdly small to Alida, who remembered her own hundred dollars extra simply for pin-money. But if her friends could manage to dress on so little, she would do the same. She told her father her resolve. He looked half amused and half pleased. He began, however, to remonstrate.

"Why, my dear little girl—" Here he stopped short, feeling his wife's foot touch his under the table.

"And this year, papa, no extra hundred dollars, please. They don't have it."

Again the soft touch of Mrs. Bernard's slipper.

But Alida could not renounce the delight of giving presents. She set her wits to work. She must plot and plan. There were some pretty stockings in a shop window. Alida meant to have a dozen new pairs of stockings. She put her hand on the latch of the shop door, when into her mind flashed Kate's rule: "Don't buy it till the next time."

Alida walked thoughtfully home. Her brain was busy, for Christmas would be here before long, also more than one birthday. All that evening she meditated. In the still watches of the night she suddenly sat straight up in her bed and spoke aloud. "Darning cotton—chamois—satin." Those were the words she spoke. Then, with a chuckle, she cuddled down and dropped asleep.

The darning cotton cost just five cents. Alida sat down with a lapful of stockings. She worked one whole afternoon.

"There, mamma," said she, "those will last me six months more at least, and out of what I've saved I can buy materials for a lovely watch-case to give Kate. It's made of chamois and satin, and I'll paint an owl on it with the words, 'I watch while you sleep' in gilt. Then with part of the money new stockings would have cost, I can get the linen to make a washable pin-cushion for Manda. Oh, I've figured it all out. It's *such* fun. It's only working backwards. I used to plan how much I could spend; now I plan how much I can save, and I get so excited over it I can hardly sleep o' nights." Alida's face was shining. Her eyes sparkled. "It's real fun!" she repeated.

But to her utter surprise the tears actually rose in Kate Robinson's eyes when she said "Thank you" for the small watch-case.

"I like it so much better than I did the writing-desk," she said, hesitatingly. "That was splendid. Oh, don't think me rude. But this—Well, I can't explain. You made this yourself, didn't you?"

When Alida had gone home, Kate skipped up to her own room.

"Hurrah!" she said, under her breath. "I'm glad I never gave *you* away."

It was the lilac handkerchief-case she was apostrophizing. There it lay in the very box in which Kate had sadly put it a year ago. Her deft fingers quickly finished it to-day.

"All ready for Alida's birthday on the 21st," she thought, gleefully.

It dawned on Alida's heart why Kate preferred her small gift to the inlaid writing-desk. Perhaps one reason for her new wisdom was that an elegant dressing-box came to her from one of the Baltimore cousins.

"I'm very much obliged to her," thought Alida, "but—but—Yes, it was very kind in her to give me all those silver brushes."

Alida would hardly own to herself that the costly gift made her uncomfortable.

"I'm not so mean as to be unwilling to take it just because I can't give Virginia as handsome a present," she told herself; and she tried to believe that her uneasy feeling came from the knowledge of how very helpful the fifty dollars which the brushes must have cost would have been to Cissy Larkins.

Grandam Larkins still haunted the Bernards' kitchen. Alida, consulting with Annie over the mysteries of the draught in the stove, or the reasons why the bread "fell on us" (as Annie said), noted the old woman more than once. There she would sit, warming her knees at the fire, "twisted into bow-knots with the rheumatiz, bless you!"

"They're pretty poor, those Larkinses," admitted Annie. "They've seen better days, but they're middlin' hard up now."

"Oh, they've seen better days, have they?" repeated Alida, thoughtfully.

She forgot to be annoyed at Mrs. Larkins's presence. She found herself growing interested in the story of Cissy's struggles to earn her living, a tale always "to be continued in our next," for Mrs. Larkins's tongue was hung exactly in the middle, and her stock of breath unlimited.

"I won't have a feather for my hat, after all," decided Alida; "but I'll take that five dollars to spend in odd jobs of sewing, and you shall do it, Cissy Larkins."

So it came to pass that Cissy confided her ambitions to learn cloak-making.

"For that would be remunerative, miss. But I'd have to pay thirty dollars to 'prentice myself, and I might as well expect to go to heaven right away."

"Could it be managed?" Alida asked that question of her cronies.

"We might all go without new hats," suggested Belle Homans, reluctantly.

Kate Robinson caught at the notion. "They trim hats at the back instead of the front. Behold!" She whisked her last winter's toque hind side before. "Here's three dollars toward Cissy's education," said she, gayly.

Not one of those girls blest themselves with fresh hats that winter. It became the fashion to wear last year's head-gear with the "stern at the bow," as Kate explained.

"And this, fellow-voyagers, is my rudder," she said, pointing to the stiff tail feathers of the bird, which shot out over her brow in a most belligerent fashion. She refused to change it. "We're all in the same boat," she insisted.

But when all the pennies were counted, they amounted to but ten dollars. It was then that Alice Homans breathed the mystic word "sale."

"And a little two-for-a-cent play in our parlor," added Amanda Wright.

So the bee became a regular institution. It met twice a week at different houses, and the girls staid to tea.

"Deliver me!" cried Maria Aurelia, when Belle informed her that she was to entertain the bee next week.

The awful past swept across the handmaiden's terrified mind. Her eyes rolled wildly. Her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth.

"Make yourself easy," said Belle, with much dignity. "We shall pass our own plates, and it will be very simple for you to give us clean ones for the cake, as you do every day, Maria Aurelia."

Every one hunted up bits of velvet and plush and ribbon. Alida's fingers, which had grown deft, crocheted rigolettes and knit shoulder-capes. Kate made pretty cushions for crewel and darning needles out of orange and yellow braid. Alice feather-stitched white crash, and fashioned it into dressing-cases. Belle was skilful in the line of fancy pen-wipers in the shape of pansies. Prissy Parker came to the bee. She hemmed exquisitely, so they gave all the aprons into her care.

To her great delight Prissy had discovered a patch on one of Alida's sleeves; she had also observed the "done-over gown," and, in a burst of fellow-feeling, had offered the astonished Alida half her orange.

To find the two-for-a-cent play was difficult; for, alas! in all the village there was not one available boy.

"Such lots of superfluous females!" exclaimed Alice Homans in disgust. "Even our kerosene can is marked 'five gals!'"

After much searching, a French drama was discovered, in which all the characters were feminine. The girls fell upon it, armed with dictionaries and grammars. They met frequently to translate and write out the forty pages. Finally the crude English was put into Mrs. Bernard's hands to receive a last "polish."

Mrs. Bernard had been very happy this year. She had watched with satisfaction the growing friendliness between her daughter and the village girls. She herself was finding the mothers, especially sweet Mrs. Homans, very companionable.

She shook her head a little mournfully as she looked across the table one evening, and saw Alida stitching



A BUSY MORNING.

busily on the stockings which now needed weekly mending. "Mr. Peters is coming from Chicago to-morrow to talk business with papa," she said.

"Is he? Oh, that's jolly!" answered Alida, promptly.

Mr. Peters was ever and always a heartily welcome guest.

"You know the mills are becoming very prosperous again," Mrs. Bernard went on.

Alida pricked up her ears.

"Both those Chicago firms whose failures hurt papa so much are struggling to their feet," said Mrs. Bernard.

"And papa will be—rich once more?" questioned Alida.

Her mother smiled. "I shouldn't wonder," she said.

The little French clock ticked on the mantel-piece. The room was very still. Alida wove her threads in and out. At last she spoke very softly: "Mamma."

"Well, dear?"

"Mamma, do you think we shall go back to Belfield?"

Mrs. Bernard looked into her daughter's eyes. "I suppose we shall," she answered. And it might have been noted that neither of them smiled.

Mr. Peters came. He and Mr. Bernard held long secret conversations, and the two staid hour after hour at the mills. For all that, Mr. Peters had many a pleasant confab with Alida.

The elderly man and the young girl found themselves now, as always, the best of friends. Indeed, no one showed such practical sympathy as did Mr. Peters when the proceeds of the sale and play fell four dollars short of the necessary thirty. His hand went straight into his pocket, and the girls cried, "Oh, thank you!" in a chorus. It was Mr. Peters who drove Alida up the Wheeler Road to Cissy Larkins's door.

"And how shall I manage to give her the money without hurting her feelings?" queried Alida, anxiously.

"I think you can venture to frankly tell her the whole story," said Mr. Peters. "From what you have said to me about Cissy, I don't believe she's one of the persons whose pride will stand in your way. Now if she were Kate Robinson, it would be different."

"Oh, very, very different," exclaimed Alida. "That's the trouble. Kate has such a splendid voice, and she

ought to have singing lessons. But even if we're rich again, I can't do a thing for her."

Mr. Peters nodded.

"Before I came down to the village, I might have supposed I could just hand her the money," confessed Alida. "But now—~~now~~—I understand."

Mr. Peters nodded again. "Maybe we can find out a way," he said.

Alida's confidence in his wisdom became even more firm when she found how well he had read Cissy Larkins.

The young seamstress was simply and honestly grateful for the thirty dollars. She thought it exceedingly kind in the girls to have taken so much trouble in her behalf.

"I can make cloaks for all you folks, and I'll do 'em cheap."

That was Cissy's view of the case.

Yes, the Bernards were to go back to Belfield. That was decided. Mr. Bernard was jubilant over the turn of fortune's wheel. Mrs. Bernard rejoiced in her husband's happiness.

As for Alida, she kept eying her schoolmates wistfully. Belfield was so far from the village. No longer could the girls run in and out of the house, as they had learned to do.

"I wonder," mused Alida, "if they will think of me as 'up on the hill,' in every way? Of course now I shall have more money than they have, just as I did before. And we shall go on journeys, and so, perhaps, it will be necessary for me to have finer clothes. And the horses are coming back with all their jingle. And—and—oh, my Kate, *don't* think I'm different from what I am down here under the elms." Her heart went yearningly out to her friends. "They know *now* that I love them. And I'm sure they love me." So she consoled herself. "The money is nothing—nothing—nothing!"

She repeated that to herself. Ah! she saw clearly the truth of it all. Would they? She was sure, if they were asked, they would say the same. But in practice, as well as in principle, would they acknowledge it?

For go to Belfield she must to-morrow; the house would be ready for them, and then good-by to the village.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

NEW-YEAR'S IN RUSSIA.

BY THE COUNTESS NORRAIKOW.



IT would be well, perhaps, to tell my young readers something about the holidays of the preceding week before I proceed to describe the ceremonies of the first day of the new year. Christmas day itself is taken very little notice of in Russia. It is the manner of celebrating Christmas eve which delights the hearts of the young people.

All holiday observances are more closely followed in the rural (or peasant) districts than in the large and crowded cities, where in the struggle for life many of the traditions and superstitions are forgotten. But the peasant father, in his humble and quaint manner, remembers them all, and does his best to hand them down to his children.

Christmas eve is an important event in rural life. Just as the sun sets on that day, the people, young and old, assemble in the principal street of the village, and

form in a procession, which is followed by a masquerade.

The ceremonies of the occasion begin with a custom called *Kolenda*, which, translated, means begging for money or presents. The people composing the parade first proceed to the home of the nobleman of the village, in front of whose house they sing songs in commemoration of the birth of the Saviour. These songs, like the other music of the country, are always in a minor key, and very sad and plaintive. The expected alms is seldom refused, for the nobleman, at all other times hard and tyrannical to his peasant tenants, is on festive occasions very generous. The Mayor, the Elder, and the other village dignitaries are visited in turn, and each contributes according to the means at his disposal. But I am sorry to have to tell you that the money thus obtained is seldom put to good use, for it usually finds its way into the pocket of the village dram-seller.

The masquerading party soon after appear on the scene disguised as various animals, such as the ox, cow, goat, and hog. The scene is very funny, as the masqueraders pass slowly in single file before the house of the chief magnate of the village; and, like the party which preceded them, they visit the Mayor, the Elder, and the other officials, who give them either money or articles as presents.

This celebration is in remembrance of the Saviour's birth in a manger. The meaning the people intend to convey by this display is that the animals which occupied the stalls of the stable in which the Christ Child was born recognized the sanctity of the new arrival. The peasants who represent the various animals decorate themselves with flowers, if it is possible to obtain them.

On Christmas eve, the moment the evening star appears above the horizon, the people begin rejoicing, and they have what they call a *colatzia*, or supper. A long table is covered with straw, and over this a cloth is laid, on which the samovar is placed, together with fish prepared in various ways, and different kinds of cakes. The peasants sit around the table and drink tea, and partake of the food provided for the occasion. The feast begins by dividing the blessed wafer, a small portion of which is given to each person present. This is a sacred rite in which none dare refuse to participate. The head of each family is given his share first. The remaining members are served according to their ages, the little children, of course, being left till the last.

At the conclusion of the evening-star celebration, a majority of the peasants proceed to the house of the nobleman whom they first visited, where an immense tree has been prepared for them. This tree is laden with presents of various kinds—nothing very expensive, but all useful articles. If the nobleman has any young children, he supplies them with quantities of small coin, which they generously bestow on the peasant guests. The villagers then return to their homes, well satisfied with the evening's enjoyment. The children, their arms laden with presents, dance merrily along beside their parents.

The first day of the new year in Russia might be called the children's time, for it is ushered in by all sorts of pranks played by the small boy. On New-Year's morn the sun is scarcely visible above the eastern horizon ere the young boys of the village sally forth on mischief bent. It is a great day for them, and they make the most of the occasion. It is customary for the youths to form into groups, and, with their pockets well filled with dried pease and wheat, proceed from house to house. The doors of the houses are never bolted, and the boys are thus enabled to enter without disturbing the inmates.

The pease and wheat are very significant emblems.

The former are used to arouse from their slumbers those persons who in any way have incurred the enmity of the boys. They are sometimes thrown with such force and in such numbers as to cause the operation to be a very painful one. This, of course, affords the throwers the greatest amusement. The sleeper, thus suddenly awakened, feels like chastising his tormentors, but when he remembers that it is New-Year's morn, and that it is the youngsters' day, he joins in the laugh against himself, and turns over for another nap. The wheat is more gentle in its effects, and is tried on friends only. Thus, at the very beginning of the year, the children show their likes and dislikes, and each individual is given to understand whether he is regarded in the light of friend or foe. This custom is exclusively the privilege of the young people.

Early in the day the handsomest horse of which the village boasts is brought out, and its trappings are gayly decorated with evergreens and berries. Thus adorned, it is led to the house of the nobleman, followed by the pea and wheat shooters of the early morning. On the door being opened, the horse is led into the parlor, where the family assemble to admire his glossy coat and fondle him. The noble animal receives the caresses of the family with the greatest solemnity, while he gazes about him with a proud air, as if he understood that the occasion was a memorable one. This is the greeting of the peasants, old and young, to their lord and master. The origin of this custom is shrouded in mystery, but it is supposed to date from biblical times. The persons who enter the house with the horse are rewarded with small silver coins, which are usually bestowed by the children of the household.

Next comes a procession of real animals, such as the ox, cow, goat, and hog, led by children. These quadrupeds, like the horse, are decorated with evergreens and berries. They do not enter, but pass slowly in front of the house, that the master and his family may view the strange procession from the windows. Then old women appear, bringing the different barn-yard fowls, which are also decked with evergreens and berries. These are intended as presents for the master. The noise made by the feathered tribe as they are carried into the house is almost deafening. It occasionally happens that some of the birds make their escape, and then ensues a wild chase, in which all the children of the village join. The Russian small boy is no different in this respect from the American youth, for he frequently provokes this sport by suddenly snatching a bird from under the arm of one of the old women and setting it free for the purpose of having the village urchins chase it. This is capital fun, and the children enjoy it very much.

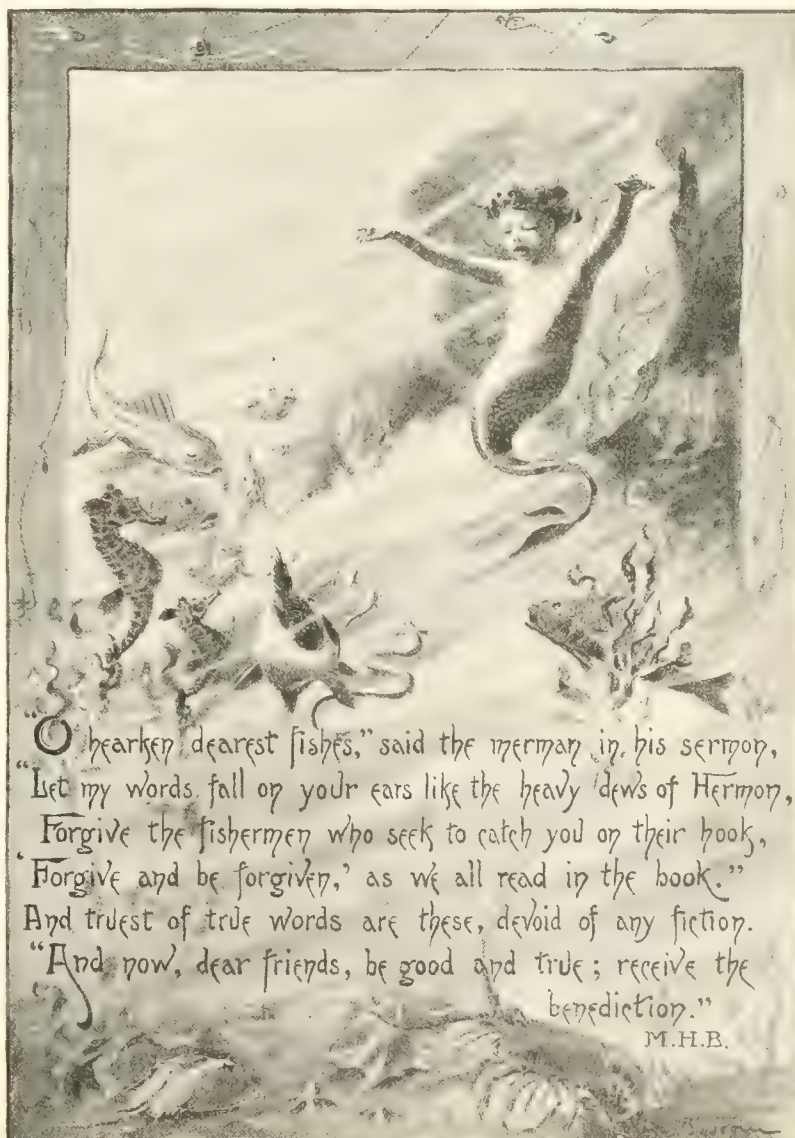
The peasants are very superstitious, and believe that the miracle of the feast of Cana of Galilee can be repeated, if the people only have faith, as the old year ushers in the new. At precisely the midnight hour, or as nearly as the clocks of the

village reckon that time, men, women, and children stand around a large jar filled with water which they anxiously watch to see if it will turn into wine. Year after year the same performance is enacted, and always with the same result.

A superstition indulged in by young girls soon after the advent of the new year is to place a looking-glass between two lighted candles, and sit looking into it until the face of the future husband of each is revealed to her. A trick of the imagination does the rest, and the young girl is happy.

The second day of the new year is devoted to paying visits, a pleasure which the children share with their parents. The visiting over, parents and children separate—the older people to enjoy themselves in their own way, and the young people to follow their example—both parties usually indulging in sleigh-riding.

The young folks always try to get beyond the reach of the older people. During the attempt many ludicrous scenes occur. For instance, the village youths and maidens, in their wild efforts to get beyond the reach of parental control, frequently have their sleighs upset, when a general scramble ensues, and the vehicles are righted amid much merriment. This amusement concludes the holiday season, and the next day the villagers, young and old, return to their ordinary pursuits.



"O hearken, dearest fishes," said the merman in his sermon,
 "Let my words fall on your ears like the heavy dew of Hermon,
 Forgive the fishermen who seek to catch you on their hook,
 'Forgive and be forgiven,' as we all read in the book."
 And truest of true words are these, devoid of any fiction.
 "And now, dear friends, be good and true; receive the
 benediction."

M.H.B.

OLD JIM.

THE TRUE STORY OF A HORSE.

BY LEMMA C. BOWD.

"YOU must put Old Jim out of the way before I come home!"

That was the parting order of Mr. Bardwell as he drove away to Poultney on that dreary November morning.

The matter had been pending for weeks, and yet the words cast a sudden gloom over the household. Nobody ate much breakfast, and there was little talking.

Old Jim had been the favorite family horse for years; but he was now too old to be of much use, and Farmer Bardwell could not afford to keep him through another winter. Crops had been poor, and with Jasper in college and Tina at boarding-school, it was all the farmer could do to make both ends meet. Mr. Bardwell was too merciful a man to sell the horse, perhaps to let him be worked to death in a few weeks or months. So he had come to the conclusion that the most humane way was to kill him outright, though it nearly broke his heart to think of it. It was not often that the farmer shirked his duty, but now he had arranged that a small bit of business should keep him in Poultney all day, for he argued, "The boys will do it easier than I could, and I shall be thankful to have it over with."

John Bardwell knew that a command from his father was not to be trifled with, so after the chores were done he brought out his gun, saying, "If we must do this thing, we must, I suppose, and the sooner the better. Come on, Joseph!"

Joseph followed his brother to the barn without a word, but when he came to Old Jim's stall and heard his familiar whinny, it was all he could do to keep from crying, big twelve-year-old boy that he was.

The spot selected for the tragic scene was a hemlock grove about two miles from the farm-house, chosen because Mrs. Bardwell had said, "If I hear that gun go off, it will kill me!" So John and Joseph and Old Jim plodded across the desolate fields towards this remote corner of the farm.

The brothers were never boys of many words, and now they were silent till they reached the edge of the little wood. There John, who had been stalking ahead, paused irresolute. He took an apple from his pocket, and let the horse eat it from his hand. Then he buried his face for a moment in the gray mane.

"You must do it, Joe—I can't," he said at last, holding out the gun.

"Oh, John! No, no!" pleaded the younger boy, with a sob in his voice.

"Well, somebody's got to, and I sha'n't! So go ahead. You can shoot as well as I. Only be quick and sure about it; that's all."

Joseph was naturally a timid boy, never asserting his independence, as John often did, and without another word of remonstrance he turned down the wood path, his arm around Old Jim's neck.

John threw himself on the ground, and waited. It seemed a long time, and then the sound came that he was dreading to hear—the sharp report of his gun. With a groan he covered his ears with his hands.

Joseph said nothing when he returned, and John could not bring himself to ask any questions.

They were half-way home when the younger boy lagged behind.

"What is the matter?" asked John.

"I am so tired," said Joseph; "and my head has ached all the morning."

He looked really ill, and without more ado John took him on his back, saying, "I am strong enough to carry two of you," and thus they reached home.

That was the beginning of a long sickness for Joseph,

and it was the last of March before he was able to be out-of-doors again.

On the day following the sorrowful little journey to the hemlock grove there had been a heavy snowfall, and the ground had been covered all winter.

One day, near the 1st of April, Joseph was missing. Nobody knew where he was. At last John discovered tracks in the snow leading off towards the evergreen wood, and he started to follow them.

But he soon came to a sudden halt as he looked ahead. There was Joseph, and—could he believe his eyes?—there was surely Old Jim walking at his side! How well he knew the white foot, and the white star in the forehead! John bounded forward, and in a moment was covering Old Jim with tears and caresses, while the horse whinnied and rubbed his head against the lad's shoulder.

"Oh, John!" cried Joseph; "I couldn't kill him that day, so I just tied him with a little string, and shot the gun into the air, and there he has lived all winter, and pawed away the snow to get the grass; and—oh, do you suppose father will care?"

"Care!" echoed John. "He has said more than once that he would give anything to have him back again. Why, he will be the happiest man in town."

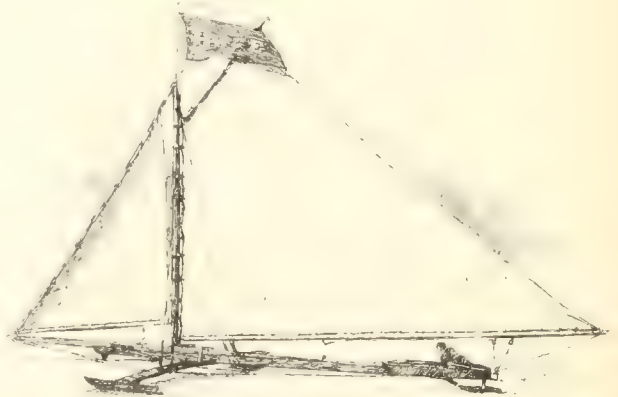
And Old Jim lived on oats and bread-and-butter and sugar and hugs and kisses the rest of the day, and for years afterwards dwelt in comfort and happiness on the old Vermont farm.

THE ICE-BOAT.

BY FREDERIC W. PANGBORN.

ANY one who has nerve enough to ride a high wheel, straddle a lively horse, and handle a cat-yacht, can safely use an ice-boat.

Ice-boating has become one of the institutions of this country, and wherever there is good ice you will find these queer-looking craft quite numerous; and a pretty sight they are, as they skim, like great white birds, hither and thither over the cold blue frozen water which is their element. They look to the novice like dangerous toys, but in reality they are as safe as any other machine that travels fast; much safer than horses or sail-yachts or rowing boats. In fact, there are but two dan-



THE "HAZE."

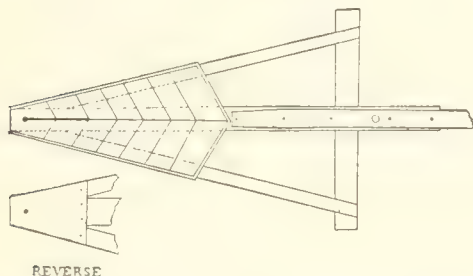
gers to be guarded against while running an ice-boat, namely: you must not sail upon weak ice or near the edge of open water, because this involves the peril of drowning; again, you must be careful not to drive your boat's runners into cracks in the ice, because this means a sudden ending of your sport, and perhaps a general smashing of the whole machine. Avoiding these two perils, you will find that ice-boat sailing is not only an exciting and delightful sport, but a very safe one.

People sometimes think because an ice-boat goes very swiftly that it is therefore peculiarly dangerous. This is not so; for such

boats are easily controlled, can be stopped at once, and steer so readily that one can literally "turn about in his tracks" and avoid danger with incredible quickness.

Let us now examine the ice-boat and see what it is like. The boat, or, more properly speaking, sled, is a triangular wooden frame, partly covered, in order to give room for its crew. This frame rests on three skate-like runners, two of which are in

PLAN FOR
HOME MADE ICE BOAT



front, the third in the rear. This last runner is also the rudder of the boat, and is turned by means of a tiller similar to that used in sail-boats, and it is with this tiller that you really do all your sailing; for the sails of an ice-boat are seldom trimmed in or handled at all when once they have been set. The ice-boat is generally rigged like a plain jib-and-mainsail sloop. Other rigs have been tried—notably the lateen rig and cat rig—but none find favor like the simple balanced jib-and-mainsail rig. The jib-sheet is generally set on a traveller, and requires no trimming down when you "go about."

In sailing an ice-boat, you have but two things to consider: the boat does not ride in the water, hence she makes no leeway; she does not float, hence is not intended to careen. Right here let me remark that the prevalent idea that an ice-boat flying along with one side runner kicked up high in the air is "the proper caper" on ice is false. Ice-boats do sometimes "rear" in this way, throwing up the windward runner, but it is not the desire of their skippers that they shall do so. Like a heavy "knock-down" by a sailing yacht, it is a thing to be prevented, not encouraged. An ice-boat is made to go on three runners, not two, and such capers, although exciting to witness from the shore, add nothing to the speed or handiness of the craft or to the reputation of the one who sails it. Keep your boat "down" all the time when sailing, and if you can't do it alone, send a "man" out on the windward runner to weight it down. It won't hurt him, and if the boat happens to "rear" occasionally, he will merely enjoy the fun. Some covet this honor. Use a fat man, if you have one.

Ice-boats are never, except when absolutely necessary, allowed to run before the wind. In sailing "off the wind" with an ice-boat, take a slightly zigzag course back and forth in the general direction of the wind, but not directly before it. The ice-boat never sails well before the wind. Meeting with no appreciable resistance (as does the sailing vessel in the obstructing water), an ice-boat behaves badly when sailing free, for she runs up against the wind, and falls back continually, a very disagreeable proceeding indeed.

An ice-boat, as I said before, is never sailed with slack sheets. The sails are always kept flat; so, you see, there is really no seamanship required in the management of one beyond that necessary to steer properly, and even the steering is different from that of a sail-boat.

In steering, you will perceive no "feel" on the helm. It turns so easily that the utmost care is required to acquire that firm, gentle "touch" which marks the skilled ice-boat helmsman. The operation is more like that of a man at the throttle of a locomotive engine than of a sailor at a ship's wheel. Once acquire the knack, and it is delightful sport to control and guide your fleet and frisky craft. To stop the boat, "round up into the wind," as with a sail-yacht (only you can do it more quickly), and set your rudder runner squarely across the stern. This is easy to do, for the ice-boat, having little weight, loses headway at once when relieved of wind pressure.

If you want an ice-boat there are, of course, two ways in which you can get one—you may buy it, or make it. One would not expect a boy to construct a boat so fine as that shown in the picture, which is reproduced from a photograph of one of the famous "racers" of the Hudson River; but it will

be wise to study the picture carefully, for it represents an ideal ice-boat, and one whose form and construction are excellent in every detail. If you can afford to have one built, such a boat will be a fine thing to own. You can, however, make a serviceable and handy ice-boat, if you are good at carpentering; one which will give you all the fun you desire, and it need not cost much either. You need the help of a blacksmith to make a good rudder, but, with this exception, you can build the boat yourself.

For lumber, use oak planks if you can afford them; if not, get good yellow pine, and build your frame of this. Make the platform of light pine, or fancy wood if you prefer, and build a sort of railing around the edge, as shown in the drawing. You can plank this platform straight across, if you choose, but the construction shown in the drawing is neater, and costs no more than would the other. Put the frame together with bolts and screws, using nails only on the platform; but screws are better even there. The construction of the boat is really so simple that one can understand it by studying the plans, and but little description is necessary. Rig your boat as simply as possible, and be sure to have strong stays to secure the bowsprit and mast.

The runners are the only detail of the work which is likely to perplex one. Ice-boat runners are made in many ways, from the simple screwing of old skates to the frame to many adroit devices designed by the most skilful workers in iron and steel; but, for your purpose, I think something like the runners in the drawing will suffice.

Make your runners of stiff heavy oak. Bore them carefully, and attach them to the frame with bolts. The blocks which hold the forerunners should be bolted to the plank of the frame, and set so as to hold the runners firmly.

The iron shoes for these wooden runners may be made either of square bar or of three-sided iron; if the former is used, a groove must be cut in the wood for its reception; the latter may be screwed to the flat surface of the runner. These irons must be carefully drilled, and the screws which fasten them must be countersunk so that their heads may not touch the ice.

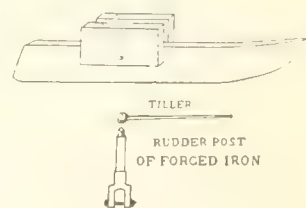
The rudder post and tiller will require the skilled handiwork of a good blacksmith for their construction. Have them forged as shown in the drawing. Have the head of the post squared off to receive the tiller as shown. Secure the steering runner to the rudder post with a bolt, and slip a large iron washer over the post to give a smooth bearing.

The best material for the runner shoes is a matter of controversy. Ice-boats have been fitted with shoes of many kinds, and nearly all the hard metals have been tried. Shoes have been made of tool steel, soft steel, hard iron, soft iron, and even of cast iron; brass and hard tin have been tried, and one experiment has been made with runners of strong heavy glass. Some experts hold that the best material is soft iron, and their theory is this, that if you use fine hard steel, the friction with the ice heats the shoes to such a degree as to destroy the temper of the steel, and this, of course, renders it worthless. Soft iron, on the other hand, becomes heated while the boat is running, and as soon as she stops, the cold ice at once "chills" the metal, and gives its edge a degree of hardness equal to that of steel. The theory is good, anyhow, and you may take it for what it is worth. This much is true, that the runner shoes of an ice-boat do become very hot by friction, and the wise man will not care to put his fingers upon them just after a long rapid spin in his boat.

Ice-yachtsmen sometimes strap themselves to their boats in order that they may not be hurled out by sudden turnings. It will be well to have a few eye-bolts screwed to the platform and some straps attached to these, for you might find them handy.

The speed of the ice-boat is something wonderful. The locomotive is the only machine which can compete with an ice-boat, and even "old choo-choo" must go at its best gait to outrun one in a half-a-gale-o'-wind. A mile a minute has often been made with an ice-boat, and reports have been issued telling of greater speed. No skater can keep up with it, and even the boastful wheelman must bow in acknowledgment of defeat when he compares his best record with that of the ice-boat skipper. So, if you like to travel fast—and most of us do—get an ice-boat, learn to handle it gracefully and without fear, keep a cool head on your shoulders, avoid rotten ice and frost cracks, and "let her go."

RUNNER AND BLOCKS



THE MAGICAL DOOR.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THERE'S a door in the wall of the ages
 A door that no man sees;
 For the Angel who writes in the Book of Time
 Is the keeper of the keys
 Once in the year it opens,
 At the solemn midnight hour,
 When the children sleep, and the old clocks keep
 Awake in the tall church tower.

And then, as it swings on its hinges,
 Whoever might peer inside
 Would catch a glimpse of the centuries
 That behind in the silence hide.
 Egypt and Rome and Tyre,
 All in that mythical place
 Where the old years rest that were once possessed
 By the wonderful human race.

The shadowy door swings open,
 And a pilgrim enters in,
 Bowed with a twelve months' struggle
 In this world of strife and sin.
 With him a farewell greeting:
 He will pass no more this way
 This weary year who must disappear
 In the haven of Yesterday

The door still swingeth open,
 And outward another comes,
 With a stir of banners and bugles
 And the beat of friendly drums;
 His hands are full of beauty—
 The cluster, the song, the sheaf,
 The snowflake's wing, and the budding spring,
 And the foam on the crested reef.

This is the New Year, darlings,
 Oh! haste to give him cheer.
 Only the Father knoweth
 The whole of his errand here.
 This is the New Year, darlings;
 A year for work and play,
 For doing our best, and for trusting the rest
 To the Maker of night and day.

YAWCOB, THE LITTLE MONKEY.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

I NEVER went to Central Park this summer or autumn without expecting to see that dear child. "Here he comes," I would say to myself, "getting trundled along in his baby-carriage; and since the sun is so warm, how thoughtful of his nurse to put up the sunshade, so that his complexion may not be spoiled!"

I was disappointed every time. He never did make an appearance. Then I reasoned it out to myself:

"He must be a year old now, and the idea of his permitting himself to be tucked up in a baby-carriage is absurd. Why, not one nurse, nor ten of them, could keep him in a perambulator. The first thing you know he would be wriggling out and riding on the top of the hood, or hanging down under the axle, and before you could say 'Jack Robinson,' he would be climbing a tree and turning summersaults, and going through horizontal-bar tricks on the uppermost branch; and the nurses would be trooping around the tree, shrieking and crying and wringing their hands, and the policemen would come tearing in, and there would be such a hubbub and confusion as never was seen or heard of before in Central Park."

It was a year ago that I told you of my first visit to Mrs. Jenny Macaque and to Yawcob. When I paid my respects then to the baby monkey, it really was a ceremonious affair. It was not

everybody who was invited, for Yawcob was only three days old at that time, having been born October 15, 1890. You had to go in on tiptoe, and were requested to make just as little noise as possible, and to be careful to shut the door, and not to be familiar, nor cluck, nor chirrup, nor whistle, nor say, "Poooty itsy sing," nor as much as blow a kiss to the baby. Being so small and feeble, Yawcob's mother resented any one approaching her nursing, for she would get in a rage if you even winked at her.

Mrs. Jenny and the child still occupy the same apartment in that fashionable flat commonly known as the monkey-house of the Zoological Department of Central Park, New York.

Yawcob a year ago had a body barely five inches long, but his tail would measure fully an inch more than his body. To-day the baby monkey is a foot long, and as to his tail, it has grown quite out of proportion to his size. Mrs. Macaque is just as affectionate as ever to her baby, but her respect for the rest of the world has not increased.

Just now there is a man who thinks that monkeys have some kind of a talk, and he is trying to find it all out. He does not believe that ordinary monkeys ever did talk anything like those polished and cultivated monkeys in the *Arabian Nights*. In order to study their chatter, Mr. Garner takes down on a photographic machine the sounds real monkeys make when they ask for banana, or milk, or their dinner, or for a napkin-ring, or a finger-bowl—the last to play with, of course. Now if Mr. Garner could only interpret Yawcob's mother's talk, I think this would be what she keeps saying most of the time:

"Oh, the horrid man! What is he here for, anyway? Tell him to go away and grin somewhere else. You want to kidnap Yawcob. I know you. You are an organ-grinder. And you, children! you are organ-grinders too. You can't fool me. There is that other man, who seems to be kind enough, giving me banana and apple. I don't mind him so very much, because he is our keeper, but I do not put too much trust even in him. He may be wanting to go to-morrow into the organ-grinding business, and the first chance he gets he will carry off my dear Yawcob. I know that all men, women, children, and nurses, live for no other purpose than to steal monkeys and exhibit them."

For all the fuss Mrs. Macaque makes over him, Yawcob seems happy. If he longs for palm-trees and cocoanuts, he does not show it. He likes to play by himself with a little piece of wood, and pretends to lose it, so as to find it again. He is very spry, and occasionally, when his mother will join in with him, the two have a regular game of hide-and-seek. The minute, however, you want to see which of the two, Yawcob or his mother, is in or out, Mrs. Macaque puts on airs, and becomes terribly dignified. She despises intrusion. Yawcob is by no means timid, and he looks as if he wanted to pick up friends, but his mother will not entertain the idea of his making any stray acquaintance; she is that exclusive.

When I was close to the cage, admiring the little monkey—for it is among the rarest of all things for a monkey to have been born and to have grown up in confinement—I said to him, "Yawcob, when are you going to put on long trousers?"

You see, I was mixing up things again. Mrs. Jenny at once resented any allusion to her son's future get-up. She picked up Yawcob, though he hung with one toe and his tail to the perch, and carried him off bodily, turning her back directly on me. Yawcob was, however, curious, for he poked his head over his mother's shoulder, and he positively winked at me, and he looked so trustful and amiable that at least I can entertain the idea that he did not believe I ever had anything to do with the grinding of hand-organs.

JOHNNY'S COMPOSITION.

COLUMBUS.

COLUMBUS was a great man and is known even now for miles around, although it is four hundred years since he immigrated and discovered the United States. He was very fond of finding out things, and the roundness of the earth like an orange or a ball is due to him. He also made an egg sit up, which is harder, my mother says, than making boys do the same in church like me. I wish my father was more like Columbus's must have been, for when I tried to make an egg stand up on end he told me to stop right away or I'll send you to bed. Who knows what country I might discover if my parents did not discourage me right in the beginning, just as I was ready to start out and begin to commence?

Columbus didn't have a much easier time than I do though. Everybody thought he was crazy, and several times he was incarcerated behind prison bars for various things, and once he came before a large number of people in chains. I have seen a photograph of that dreadful occasion and Columbus looks real sad and seems to be saying to himself what next but he got there just the same.

He fell in with King Ferdinand and Isabella, who gave him enough money to pay his fare over to the United States which he went to, though it was slow work and some of the sailors said lets go back but he wouldn't which was good for us, for if he had have where would we be living now in Turkey maybe where the people ain't Christians but Mausoleums, and are ruled by Sultans who get elected because their fathers have just died and are thrashed every fifty years by the aristocrat of all the Russians, which would be terrible.

Columbus was nearly three months crossing the ocean in three boats. My Uncle George says that was a month apiece but I don't think that was the way it was. He sat sail on the third of August 1492 at eight o'clock in the morning, and the cyclopaedia says the first thing he did was to weigh his anchor, though it never says why. Then he sailed right ahead for three days, when he broke his rudder and had to go to Africa to have it fixed which delayed him some and the crew got mutinous which he immediately put a stop to and sat out again this time keeping it up until he got to America, where he planted his flags and said oh never mind about that to the mutinous sailors who said they were sorry they had been mutinous. Then he kissed the beach and told the proprietor it belonged to King Ferdinand and Isabella but the proprietor never murmured. I guess he either didn't understand what Columbus said or else he felt King Ferdinand and Isabella wasn't likely to come over there and settle down himself, and then besides Columbus was dressed in his best uniform, epaulettes and all, and it made the proprietor kind of afraid of him though gratified to think Columbus had come so far to see him.

The date of this affair was October 12th 1892 and I can't help thinking it was lucky for Columbus he was Admiral because another fellow, one of the sailors, saw the land before he did but of course the admiral got the glory. It was all right though. It took Columbus to know that it was America.

Then he went back to see King Ferdinand and Isabella who made him round-shouldered with honors and riches, which Columbus liked so much that he started out again and discovered America several times more before he died but it got monotonous to people after a while, and for a time Columbus ceased to be a great man even King Ferdinand and Isabella going back on him. He died in 1506 and had several fine funerals.

He was a really great man, though I do not think he would have been so great if he had lived in this century for the good reason that some other fellow would have discovered America by this time if he hadn't, so it's a good thing for him he was born when he was and not later on like

Yours truly

JOHNNY.

FROM THE PATENT-OFFICE.

SOME months ago the American Patent-office had its one-hundredth birthday, and the last half of the century has witnessed wonderful strides in that direction. In the first fifty years only 12,412 patents were issued, but last year there were 22,080.

The variety of patented articles is really wonderful, and American ingenuity seems to be in no danger of exhausting itself. Every year shows a larger number of inventions than the year before; and a few of the novelties patented in the last two years make quite amusing reading.

The approach of fly-time suggested an idea for a cow-tail holder. A clamp like a clothes-pin catches the bushy end of the tail, and two cords with a snap attachment fasten the tail to the cow's leg, to a post, or to the milking-stool. The same day that the Nebraska man got his patent for a cow-tail holder a man in Maine got one for the same purpose. The Maine man's tail-holder is of a single piece of wire coiled so as to connect the tail with the cow's leg. "A candle for killing insects" is a mixture of insect powder and tallow, or something else that will burn, moulded round a wick.

The wife of President Jackson is said to have once accounted to the British Minister for a bad cold in the head by telling him that "the General had kicked the kivers off" the night before.

But there seems to be no longer any excuse for people who "kick the kivers off," as a clamp and a spring are now patented for attachment to the bedstead. By this simple device the covers are fastened down. The spring gives sufficient play, so that there is no danger of one getting choked in the act of turning over.

Any one might guess that a Kentucky man is entitled to the credit attached to the invention of "a combined inkstand, pistol case, and burglar alarm." No Kentucky editor's desk should be without it. To illustrate: An editor sits at his desk writing. A well-known rough editor to demand a correction of the report about that row on Gold-digging Creek. The editor reaches forward, as it to dip his pen in the ink. He touches a spring in the top of the inkstand. A shallow drawer flies open toward him, and his hand drops upon the revolver. At the same time the alarm goes off, like one of those new devices to call the people at 5 A.M. in country hotels. The mountaineer jumps back as if he heard the b-r-r of a rattler, and before he recovers he is covered. The editor is master of the situation. This inventor lives in Louisville.

A hand-car which moves along the tracks and mows weeds fifteen feet away is one of the innovations in railroad machinery. It will do very well to go with the rotary snow-plough, as an illustration of automatic intelligence.

AN AFTER-CHRISTMAS DINNER.

BY M. E. M. D.

PLAY like these acorn-shells is cups (the biggest is for me!).

An' the water in this cup's the milk, an' in that one it's the tea.

Play like this sand is sugar—the kind that people buys, To make the Chris'mus cakes an' things, an' sprinkle on the pies.

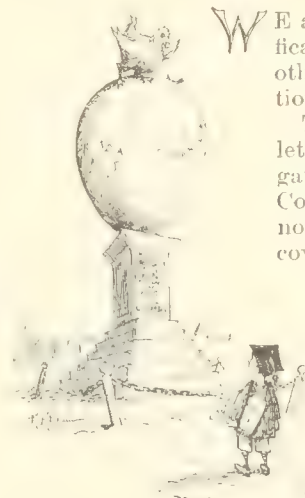
Play like the dinner's ready; Marth' Ann, set up the chairs; Turkey! my! an' jelly, an' cake, an' candy pears!

Play like these sticks is knives an' forks, an' these chips is chix'n plates;

An' play like we're the mothers, 'cause the mothers never wars!

A HEN MONUMENT.

BY WALLACE PECK.



WE are soon to begin a great glorification of Columbus, and among other features will be the erection of statues to his memory.

This is all right in itself, but let us not forget attendant obligations. When we all-hail to Columbus, let us ask if there was not another agency in the discovery which should also receive our acclaim. Was it not the egg that clinched Columbus's argument with the wise men at Salamanca?

Grant this, and the case is clear. If we erect a statue to Columbus, we are likewise bound to similarly honor the hen that laid that egg. She may have been the humblest sister of her flock; merely, if you will, a lay member.

She may never have done anything more important than to scratch up Isabella's garden. But in laying that egg she put the whole Western world under obligations; therefore, while we are busy with Christoforo, let us also immortalize her pin-feathers in marble.



LITTLE TAN KEE, OUR LAUNDRYMAN'S BOY, HAS CURLY HAIR.

A WILD GUESS.

My odd little friend Roy Gregor so often surprises us with quaintly worded remarks that I am once in a while of the opinion that some of his ancestors were of the "raile ould Irish shtock," and that he has inherited their talent for making what we call "Irish bulls." None but an Irishman could gravely assert that ice-cream is baked in a cold oven, and if this reply of Roy's to a question is not a genuine Irish bull, I am at a loss to give it a name.

"Roy," said his mother, "this can't be your stocking. Yours had a hole in it when you came home from school."

"Yes, mamma," said Roy, after a moment's study; "but the hole is *wored out*, I guess."

THE TWINS ARE PUZZLED

Now sister's come we do not know

Exactly how 'twill be,

Our papa's lap will have to grow

To make room for us three;

We rather think he'd better go

And buy another knee.



MISS APE. "Do you think it looks like me, mamma?"

MRS. APE. "Well, I can't say I do. It has a SIMIAN CAST OF COUNTENANCE WHICH IS NOT AT ALL LIKE YOURS. IN FACT IT MAKES YOU LOOK LIKE A MONKEY."

THE ARTIST. "Oh, MADAM! How CAN YOU SAY SUCH A THING?"

TOMMY'S LUCK.

"I'm glad America was discovered so long ago," remarked Tommy, "because our relatives in England wouldn't have known where to send our presents if Columbus hadn't come along."

WOODLAND NOTES.

MR. AND MRS. ROBIN have gone South with their family.

This is a great season for nuts.

Gray Squirrel fell into the honey store of a bee-tree lately, and the young ladies say he is the sweetest thing alive.

Mr. R. Abbit is posing as a novelist, but everybody knows that he hasn't a tale worth speaking of.

Brer Fox considers it libel to call a fox-hunt a brush with fate.

Father Bear has gone into his winter-quarters, and will not be in our midst again until April. Adieu, Pop.

Mr. Turkey Gobbler and wife took advantage of the approaching holidays to go camping in Glen Hollow. It is the opinion of their friends that this timely outing will prolong their lives.

TOMMY'S IDEA.

"Of course it's nice to know how to skate
After you've learned just how -
But I find that on my hands and knees
I can make better progress now."

THE PRICE OF POETRY.

THERE is a story told of a poor Greek poet who lived in Rome at the time of the Emperor Augustus. It shows us that wit often succeeds where merit fails.

The poet was anxious to gain favor with the Emperor. Every morning he waited at the palace door, and as the Emperor passed out, the poet presented him with a verse or an epigram which he had composed. The Emperor accepted the poetry, but never paid the poor poet anything. Indeed, his presumption rather amused the Emperor, and being one day in a merry humor he wrote a verse himself, and handed it gravely to the poet, who waited for him as usual at the gate.

The poet, with ready wit, pulled out his purse and emptied the two or three coppers it contained into the Emperor's hand.

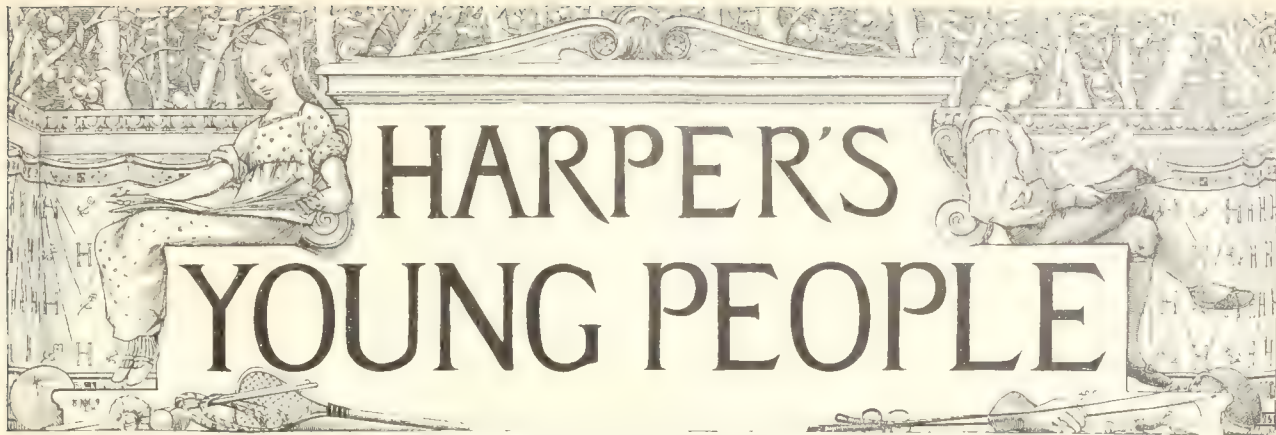
"Ah," cried he, "there should be more, but I give you of my ability. If I were as rich as you, great Caesar, I would pay a much greater price for verses."

And it is pleasant to be told that the Emperor thought the joke worth a thousand crowns.



A LITTLE GOOSE.

EFFIE (who is delighted with her first experience of playing in the snow). "OH, MAMMA, I HAVE GOT A WHOLE BUCKETFUL TO KEEP! PLEASE PUT IT AWAY FOR ME IN THE CLOSET. IT WILL BE SO LOVELY TO PLAY WITH NEXT SUMMER!"



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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

POPS'S CLOSE CALL.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

GEORDIE GRAHAM was barely four years of age, it will be remembered, when first he joined our little garrison in that sultry valley in far-away Arizona, so very much farther away in '74 than it is to-day, when the locomotive whistle echoes through the very cañons that used to ring with the shots of our carbines and the battle-cry of the Apaches. The little fellow was not yet in knickerbockers when presented with his first chevrons and the title of "Corporal Pops." He was still a mere toddler when there was brought before his wondering eyes that swarthy little Apache as a playmate, and not more than five when promoted to the grade of Sergeant for his pluck and promptitude in slashing a rattlesnake, the sight of which had been enough to send his nurse shrieking with fear. But after this episode, Pops seemed to shoot up into sturdy, self-reliant boyhood with really wondrous rapidity. He had gained confidence in himself, in his own courage and powers, and he felt that now he had a reputation for bravery to sustain.

The soldiers could never do too much for the little fel-



* A sequel to "Corporal Pops," "Pops's Partner," and "Pops's Promotion," published in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE Nos. 605, 614, and 631, respectively.



low. He was the only boy among the families living in Officers' Row, as has been explained, except that baby brother, beginning now to toddle around on his own account. He had no playmates of his years except Apache Dick, who could out-shoot him with bow and arrow, out-run or out-climb him, out-match him in stalking for jack-rabbits or gophers, but whose lithe, sinewy limbs had not the burly power of those of the little Scotchman; and when it came to wrestling matches, which the soldiers not infrequently encouraged, Pops could throw Dick every time. As a consequence, wrestling was

Pops's pride and delight. Like other boys I know of, this preference was for games or tussles in which he excelled.

But though he "greeted sore" at the time, it was one of the best things that ever happened to Pops that just about a month after his promotion to Sergeant and to trousers, our regiment was ordered out of Arizona, and a new one came in and took our place. We bade good-by to our little man and to black-eyed Dick, believing, in our conceit, that they would never have warmer or better friends in the cavalry than in the old troop, where Sergeant Donnelly and Corporal Murnane and others of the men had made such pets of them both. They were carried miles away up into the mountains, indeed, the day we marched, perched on the rolled overcoats of the troopers, and passed from man to man that each might have a parting word with the "kids." And when finally we halted on a distant height and dismounted for one last look at the wild winding valley that so long had been our army home, and Doctor Graham and the infantry officers who had ridden with us to Tonto Rock were compelled to return, the parting scene between Pops and his old friends was something not soon to be forgotten. The little fellow tried hard to be a soldier and to "keep a stiff upper lip," as old Donnelly whispered to him, but when he saw the Sergeant turn away and dash his gauntlet across his eyes, and when he was taken into Murnane's strong arms for one big hug and looked into the Irishman's twitching face, and everybody seemed to see again at that moment the picture the two made the night of that wonderful chase and rescue from the Apaches, it was too much for Geordie as well as for Murnane. Pops buried his face in the Corporal's broad shoulder, and twined his arms about his sun-burned neck and sobbed aloud.

There was only one way to end it, and bluff old Major Stannard, whose own eyes were blinking, signalled to his trumpeter to sound "mount," and then Doctor Graham gently took his son in his own arms, and squeezed Murnane's brawny fist in his own broad palm, and whispered, "Now remember, you're to write to us, for we can never let you out of our lives, Murnane." And Geordie's face, all smudged with blacking from the trooper's carbine sling, and streaked with tears from his own weeping eyes, was shifted to the paternal shoulder-strap, where the gold was speedily coated with a plaster of moist heel-ball. And then the trumpet rang out "forward," and in another moment, when Geordie lifted up his eyes for one last look, nothing but a cloud of dust floating about the rocky point a few yards away was left to tell him of his trooper friends.

Little Dick, however, true to his Indian instincts, had taken matters in a far more philosophical style. He was stolid throughout the parting scene; indeed, he grew even jovial, flashing his white teeth at each good-by, and hailing his soldier protectors by the nickname by which each was known. "Goo'-by, B'icktop," he laughed at Kelley, whose hair was as red as Jersey mud. "Goo'-by, W'iskee," he grinned at Strauss, whose fondness for fire-water had given him that alcoholic title. "Goo'-by, Don'ly; mebbe so bimeby catch 'em some mo' M'ria," an allusion to the veteran Sergeant's recent attentions to the Doctor's maid of all work that called forth a shout of laughter from the applauding crowd, and turned old Donnelly's cheeks the color of his nose, which was fiery. And in this wise had these oddly assorted playmates bidden farewell to "Ours," only a scattered few of whose members—officers or troopers—they were destined ever to see again.

And yet this parting, sad as it seemed to Geordie Graham, was simply a blessing in disguise. Despite all that a wise father and a loving and thoughtful mother could do to prevent, there was every chance in the

world, as I have said, of our utterly over-petting and spoiling the one boy of our garrison. It was the luckiest thing in the world for Pops that when the new squadrons came marching in, there were four boys among the officers' families, and, for the first time in his life, he began to realize that, after all, he was not of so much account in the world.

All this experience came to him after we had left, but letters from the Doctor and from our infantry friends kept us well informed of the changes being wrought in Geordie's life and character, and it was plain to see that though Graham himself felt keenly for his first-born, he was strong and wise, and saw that it was all for the good of the little fellow's future. But it was a hard time for Pops, and can best be briefly told.

For two days after the coming of the new troops Dick was left to shift for himself, Pops being absorbed in those four boys of the other cavalry. There were Captain Wister's two, Bob and Harry, aged eight and six respectively; there were Lieutenant Farnham's Billy, aged seven, and Lieutenant Rand's Charley, aged seven and a half. They had been reared in Kansas and the Indian Territory; had followed the regiment on the long march overland—Bob Wister riding almost every mile of it on his own Cherokee pony. They had a proper and exalted idea of the fighting and marching and drilling capacities of their own regiment, and a corresponding disbelief in the prowess of any other. For two days, as I say, Pops was in a whirl of delirious importance, excitement, and delight, showing these new importations about the post. He could hardly sleep at night. He could hardly find time to eat by day, such was his enthusiasm in this engrossing duty.

Then came the third day and—disaster. Billy Farnham had sneered at Arizona fighting. "Anybody," he said, "can whip Apaches. Wait till your fellows get out among the Cheyennes and Kiowas before you talk 'bout Injun fightin'." And Pops was up in arms in a flash. He was a year or more younger than Billy, but he was just about as big. He had unlimited faith in his wrestling powers, and when that scamp Bob Wister proposed that they settle it man fashion, there was no demur on the part of either. Pops had, boy like, been boasting, and had hinted not a little at what he himself could do. The bragging of all that his friends, the Fifth, had done, and shyness of the first few hours, had given place to enthusiastic familiarity, and with this came the inevitable cross-purpose and contempt. The wordy wrangle was short enough. Pops flew at the throat of his little foeman like the Graeme of old, counting on a clinch and a throw. But those four young scalawags had had many a "scrap" among themselves, and were for their years skilled fighters. The burly young Scotchman was never permitted to get his favorite hold. Billy Farnham danced about him like an animated cork, every now and then putting in a telling blow, and in less than five minutes, roaring with pain and rage, with bleeding nose and bruised cheeks, poor Geordie was rushing homeward to tell his mother.

Wise young matron! She bathed his battered face and soothed him as only mothers can, but gently bade him wait until all his wrath was gone before telling how it happened. That very morning the Doctor had warned her, as Pops excitedly retailed some of the other boys' remarks, that the explosion would be sure to come, and that so long as there was fair play the boys must settle things among themselves. The victorious four, dreading reprisal at the Doctor's hands, held themselves aloof for some hours; but Graham's boyhood had been spent at Eton, and his creed was that of Thomas Hughes—than whom no boy, English or American, need ever seek a nobler mentor nor better, fairer friend. He believed that every youngster should learn to wrestle and to spar,

and to be ready to fight his own battles in the world in a fair and manly way. To seek no quarrel, but being in, so to bear himself that the adversary might beware of him. He greeted the shamefaced little fellows from the Kansas plains with laughing eyes and outstretched hand. He made Mrs. and Mr. Farnham promise that Billy should not be punished. He interposed when Captain Wister would have soundly thrashed his eldest boy for umpiring the battle. He made the youngsters shake hands over some store lemonade that very evening. And the next day, barring Pops's discolored eye, they were herding together again as though nothing had happened.

But something had. Geordie Graham had learned a hard but a valuable lesson, and others followed. Within the week there was another and fiercer engagement, and this time Chuck Rand was the aggressor. He had challenged Pops to wrestle, was fairly and squarely thrown, and then in his chagrin and wrath smote the little Scotchman on the cheek. Pops had heard the biblical injunction, but he could not appreciate it. So long as clinching was allowed, he had the best of his panting opponent; but Chuck claimed foul, and as he had had many a fisticuff with his garrison comrades, the advantage of a stand-up fight was entirely on his side. Again was Geordie defeated, and again did he make for home and comfort; but this time he did not roar with pain and rage; nor the next, when Chuck Rand was again to blame in having whacked Apache Dick with the stock of a mule whip in the corral. Pops blacked Charley Rand's eye for him that time, and threw him heavily in the clinch that followed, and though eventually worsted, the boy made so plucky a stand that Bob Wister, from the superiority of his eight years and ownership of a pony, confidentially told young Rand that for the honor of the regiment he had better not tackle Pops again. "Little Pills is as big as you are now; he can lick you in a clinch, and as soon as he learns how to use his fists, you're a goner, Chuck." And within the winter that followed, Pops had proved the wisdom of these words.

Still that was a hard winter to Geordie. It was a sad lesson to learn that he was no longer the little lord of the bailiwick; that the new soldiers best liked their own officers' boys, and had only good-natured railery for the Doctor's kid. They laughed at the chevrons Donnelly and Murnane and the troopers of the old regiment had treated with such respect, and, with quivering lip, Geordie had long since begged his mother to strip them off and hide them away. Many a night he cried himself to sleep, thinking of the old friends and the old triumphs. But boyish hearts are elastic, and boyish spirits respond to every touch of sunshine. Boyish troubles—God be thanked!—are soon forgotten. The Wister boys and Billy Farnham were first-rate fellows, after all, and Chuck Rand soon had to wheel into line with them, and admit Pops to close comradeship. And so the five grew together, and there was no more fighting, but many and many a good-natured bout with the gloves which the soldiers made for them, and many a tussle in Græco-Roman and "catch as catch can," wherein Pops could even throw burly Bob himself, to the shrill delight of Apache Dick. Poor Dick! who was wellnigh forgotten in the new dispensation. Poor Dick! who might, after all, have drifted back to the reservation, and brought about a very different dissolution of their boy partnership, but for the thrilling event that followed.

Another year had rolled by. Ripe for any adventure or exploit, the five boys had grown in months if not in grace. Since the last skirmish of Geordie's friends, over far to the east in Sunset Pass, there had not been an Indian fight in Arizona, and the Apaches seemed to have quit their mountain lairs, and come in to be guarded on the reservation. No longer was it unsafe to hunt or

picnic in the neighboring ranges. And one day there started forth from the garrison a joyous party of about a dozen ladies, officers, and children, with an escort of only a handful of troopers, bent on a three days' excursion to that strange freak of nature lying high up on the Mo-



POPS'S DEFEAT.

gollon Mountains, known as Montezuma Well. Doctor Graham had long been anxious to explore it, and thither now Captain and Mrs. Wister, Doctor and Mrs. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Rand, the five white boys and Apache Dick were bound. Starting at sunrise, it was a long day's drive up a tortuous mountain trail to reach the neighborhood of the spot, and all were tired and ready to seek their tents as soon as supper was over. But at the earliest dawn of the following day Pops and Dick were astir, the other boys speedily joining them.

"Mind, Geordie," said his father, "you are not to attempt to go down into the cave or the crater until we are all ready after breakfast."

And so the youngsters had huddled near the edge, gazing awe-stricken down into the deep green pool in the depth below, and into the strange cave dwellings, tier upon tier in the vertical cliffs that encircled the fathomless waters. They had learned enough of physical geography by this time to know that this was an extinct volcano; its fires quenched many centuries ago; its rocky sides tunnelled out into dwellings for a prehistoric race that long since swarmed within its sheltering walls, and then, too, in their turn, had become a thing of the past. They soon tired of vain attempts to throw stones into the pool that seemed to lie so close to them. They were speedily recalled to other aims by a joyous cry from Bob Wister, who had wandered off among the stunted oak and pine and juniper farther to the east. "Hi! piñons!" And in an instant the party rushed to the spot fast as feet could carry them, eager to gather the daintiest nut that grows in Arizona. For ten minutes hands and teeth were hard at work. In those ten minutes, absorbed in the search, the boys had scattered through the scrubby timber, and only their gleeful shouts told where they were.

The Doctor had just stepped forth from his tent, and was exchanging jovial morning greeting with Captain Wister, who was sniffing the aroma from the bubbling, steaming coffee-pot, when of a sudden the soldier cook dropped the skillet into the coals; the troopers sprang for their carbines; the Doctor flew into his tent and out again, grasping his revolver; poor Mrs. Graham gave a

shriek of agony and dread; and the two officers, followed by their men, dashed off at full speed in the direction in which the boys had gone. The gleeful shout had given place to screams of terror. Out from the trees burst little Harry Wister, full four hundred yards away, stretching forth his hands for help. Out came Chuck Rand, racing madly for home. Out came Billy Farnham, speechless. Out from another gap Bob Wister, yelling at the top of his voice, "Bear! bear!"

And then, farther away, hand in hand, the lithe Apache bounding along like an antelope, and fairly dragging his heavier playmate with him, came Dick and Pops; and not twenty feet behind them, lumbering along at clumsy gallop, but gaining at every stride, open-mouthed, raging, hungry-eyed, a big black she-bear.

Poor little Pops! that terrified backward glance was fatal. That treacherous boulder was just in the wrong place. Running full tilt, he stubs his toe, and down he goes upon his white face, madly clutching at the empty air with his little hands, and no help within three hundred yards.

In vain the father and the rushing soldiers yell or fire, in hopes of distracting the attention of the furious brute. The boys had stumbled over one of her cubs, and all the savage mother in her is now aroused. Poor little Pops! An instant more and those cruel claws, those gleaming fangs, those gaping red jaws will be rending him. It is an instant of awful dread. Then there is a sudden shout of wild joy and encouragement from those tearing to the rescue. Quick as a flash Dick has turned, leaped over Geordie's prostrate form, grasped that rock in both his little black hands, raised it high above his head, and in another instant crash it goes straight into Bruin's face, right between those glaring eyes. Another second, and, like a Spanish bull-fighter, he has leaped aside, the bear, with fearful growl, turning upon her assailant, yet lunging past him in her rush. Around she scurries as he takes to his heels, and in a moment is gaining on him, just as a moment before she had gained on Geordie; two more strides and she is upon him, but again he nimbly dodges, like the jack-rabbits he has hunted time and again. Bruin fairly roars with baffled rage, as a second time she whirls about. Away goes Dick, scudding for dear life across the open mesa; away goes Bruin in pursuit; but now the rescuers are close at hand. Graham speeds straight to Geordie. Captain Wister drops on one knee, the muzzle of his carbine sweeping across the horizon. Puff! bang! A roar of pain, a yell of joy. Bang! bang! again. It is poor Mother Bruin now. Piteously she limps and plunges, dragging a broken leg along. Bang! bang! Half a dozen men are upon her. Poor brute! she is only trying to get back to that wondering, innocent cause of all the trouble, that black-eyed, sharp-nosed little cub gazing stupidly from the edge of the timber. Let us turn away to where the Doctor stands, clasping his boy to his heart with one trembling arm, while the other is thrown about the panting form of "Pops's Partner," swarthy, exhausted, but triumphant—the hero of the day.

That was fifteen years ago. No question was there after that as to what Dick's future was to be. When the Grahams left for their Eastern station the partnership remained unbroken; the boys went on together. Their lessons, begun at Mrs. Graham's knee in Arizona, were pursued at the public schools of a great city near the Atlantic seaboard. Dick astonished his teachers then and thereafter, for he went with credit from the Grammar to the High School. Through the High School he passed out into the world with a certificate of merit and scholarship of which any white boy might be proud. His specialty was one not uncommon among his race—he proved an expert with the pencil; and if you want to know what became of "Pops's Partner," peep in some day at the

great car shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Philadelphia, and there in the mechanical draughting-room is, or was when these lines were written, our friend Apache Dick.

What became of Pops? Well, wait awhile, boys and girls, and I'll tell you. He has his Sergeant's chevrons again, but they are gleaming on sleeves of cadet gray now Geordie has gone to West Point.

THE SNOW-HOUSE.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

ALL yesterday it snowed and snowed,
And all last night, until the road
Was whiter than the downy spread
Upon my cozy trundle-bed.
And once, before the daylight broke,
When from the land of dreams I woke,
I heard the poor wind whine and moan
Like Carlo when he's left alone.
Then high above the fleecy plain
The red sun sprang, and shook his mane,
And every window seemed like cake
The busy city bakers make.
So I got all my warm wraps out,
And buttoned tight my roundabout,
And found my shovel in the shed,
And shouted loud and long to Ned,
Until he came with answering cries,
All bundled to the very eyes:
Then down the orchard path we ran,
And Ned was rear and I was van.

Its whistle shrill the wind still blew,
And, oh, what drifts we floundered through!
The apples clinging to the bough
Were like big bursting puff-balls now;
The brook was smothered; not a note
Came gurgling from its merry throat,
And only cheery chickadee
Sang welcome from the cherry-tree.
Beside the fence was piled the snow
As high as pony's back, I know;
And there we cleared a space before
A lumpy drift, and made a door,
And hallway wide to light the gloom,
And then a great round sitting-room,
Whose roof was set with shining things
That looked as bright as mamma's rings.
We had to creep along the hall,
But didn't have to here at all;
And snug within our house of snow
We played that we were Esquimaux.

A REVENGEFUL LITTLE BIRD.

IN spite of the poet, "birds" do *not* "in their little nests agree," but, like some people, they have a general reputation for amiability, without at all deserving it. But it seems difficult to believe that anything with so small an allowance of brain as a bird has could find room in its cranium for ever so small a bit of memory, and even meditate and carry out a plan of revenge. Yet this is known to be a fact.

Years ago, said an English writer, I found in my garden a nest of the shrike. The young birds, four or five in number, were nearly fledged. Having heard a good deal of the predatory habits of the tribe, I was going to wring their necks. I had put them on a hedge, and they sat quite still, but looked so proud and self-possessed, and the dark, glittering eyes that were bent upon me with an expression of indignant surprise, said so plainly, "Have we not as good a right to live as you?" that my con-

science smote me, and I could not find it in my heart to kill them. I walked away to call my daughter and show them to her, but when I came back they were gone.

One morning next year I was in the garden looking at my roses, when I felt something hit the back of my head. Turning round not a little startled, I saw a bird flying up to the top of a high tree. When it had got there, it said, "Check!" Very soon afterward it came down again, flapped its wings against my head as it had done before, flew up to an opposite tree, and repeated its "Check!" At the first glance I had seen that it was a shrike.

Since then, and for several days, I could never show myself bareheaded in the garden of a morning without being assaulted or saluted in the same manner, and I soon got quite accustomed to it. When my head happened to be covered I was left alone; and neither my gardener nor any other frequenter of the garden was attacked. It is clear that the bird must have been one of the nestlings of the preceding spring or one of their parents, and that it remembered me probably as the disturber of its peace, not with any feeling of gratitude, however, for having spared a life I might have taken, for it evidently hit me as hard as it could, and there was an unmistakable sound of revenge in its cry.

THE LAWYER'S GHOST.

A LAWYER and a bishop (perhaps the bishop should come first) were talking, and this was the manner of their talk:

"I have become thoroughly convinced," said the lawyer, "of the existence of nocturnal apparitions, for I have seen one!"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the bishop. "I am very curious. Relate the story."

"I will, my lord, I will," said the lawyer. "It was between the hours of eleven and twelve. I had gone to bed, and was just falling into my first comfortable sleep, when I was awakened by a strange creaking noise. It sounded as if some one was walking up stairs! The steps sounded nearer and nearer, slower and slower; solemn and measured they were, and presently they halted at my door. I drew the sheet over my head, and lay there trembling, not daring to move.

"Something," continued the lawyer, "entered my room, and threw the sheet over my face. I felt rather than saw a faint yellow glimmering light. I could not move at first, but I presently managed to gain a little courage. I drew the sheet cautiously down from my face, and looked!"

"Well!" cried the bishop, excitedly.

"In the centre of the room," said the lawyer, slowly, "stood a tall old man. He seemed gaunt and worn with age or hunger, and his long gray beard hung half way down his breast. He was dressed in a queer loose cloak with a cape, and he wore a broad leather band about his waist. In one hand he held a peculiarly shaped lantern, from which flowed the yellow light, making strange ghostly shadows on the wall behind him. In the other hand he held a staff, the look of which was unpleasant. He stood still in the middle of the floor, looking at me. Presently I said, 'Whence art thou? What dost thou require?'"

"And what did he say?" cried the bishop, fixing his eyes upon the odd expression of the lawyer's face.

"He said"—replied the lawyer, speaking in a hoarse whisper—"he said: 'I beg yer pardon, sur. I'm the watchman of the street, sur; an' I thought 'twould be best for me, sur, to come up an' tell yer that yer front door stood open! If ye do be lavin' it that way, sir, it's bad luck ye'll have before the mornin'!'"



DIEGO PINZON,*

AND

THE FEARFUL VOYAGE HE TOOK INTO THE UNKNOWN OCEAN A.D. 1492.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHILE the crew of the *Pinta* were rejoicing over the certain indications of land, Diego chanced to look towards the other vessels, and saw that the *Santa Maria* was crowding on more sail.

He immediately suspected the meaning of that. The indications of land had been seen from the Admiral's vessel, and those aboard of her were intending to gain a good lead before communicating their discovery. Owing to the unfortunate altercation between the Admiral and Martin Alonzo, the crews of the two vessels had become imbued with a feeling of jealousy towards each other, and each was willing to gain honor at the expense of the other.

Besides, there was a reward of ten thousand maravedis for the first discovery of land, and each vessel was naturally desirous of seeing it earned on her deck. Diego then ran over to his cousin and exclaimed:

"They have seen the signs on the *Santa Maria*, and are pushing her to take the lead."

Martin Alonzo looked quickly towards the vessel, and then turned and gave orders for spreading every inch of canvas on the *Pinta*. There was a good breeze blowing, and the *Pinta* was the fastest sailer of the fleet, so that it was not long ere she was showing the other vessels her stern.

All that day and until night came on there was not an eye in the fleet but was eagerly bent in the direction in which land was supposed to lie; but when darkness

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 627.

came on, and there was no sign of the looked-for sight, most of the men gave over watching.

On the *Pinta* old Rodrigo de Triana had been one of the most careful watchers, though it was noticed that he had kept his eyes as much on the water as on the horizon. His watch was relieved at midnight, but he remained on deck, saying to Diego, who was in the watch with him, that he did not feel sleepy, and had a mind to study the stars.

"To study maravedis, you mean," said Diego, laughing.

"Why, maybe you're right, lad," answered Rodrigo, slyly.

Diego had half a mind to watch too, for he had a good opinion of the old sailor's shrewdness; but he was sleepy, and deferred hope had made him suspicious of appearances, and so he went to bed. It seemed to him, however, that he had no more than fallen asleep when a gun fired from the deck of the *Pinta*, followed by loud and joyous cries, sent him out of his berth in a great haste.

He found himself jostled by all the others of the crew, who had been startled at the same time, and were crowding out on deck, eagerly inquiring of each other if land had been discovered. Then presently they heard the voice of Martin Alonzo joyfully proclaiming the great tidings.

"Ay, ay, boys! it's land sure enough. There! you can see it for yourselves, dark as it is. And who should be the first to set eyes on it but old Rodrigo, the cunning old salt, who, instead of turning in like the rest, must spend the night in the round-house looking for those ten thousand maravedis. Now, Brother Francisco, have in those sails, and we will lay to until the blessed sun comes up to let us have a clearer view of this land of Zipangu. Ah, lads! you lay your heads down to-night poor men; but if the tale be not a false one—and you see it has been true so far—you shall not go to bed again without gold under your pillows."

With that the men all fell to shaking hands with one another, and could hardly be got to take in the sails, for the excitement they were in. And it chanced that in the general jubilee of congratulation, Diego, whose spirits were as easily exalted as any one's, had gone about dancing and shaking hands like one beside himself, as indeed he was, and had at last caught the hand of Juan before he knew it.

"I'm afraid you don't mean it," said Juan, half wistfully, half laughingly; for Diego's joy was very extravagant.

"No, I didn't," answered Diego, drawing back; "but indeed I am so rejoiced that I will shake hands with you heartily if you will promise we shall fight it out in all friendliness at the first chance."

"That I will," said Juan, more glad in truth of the good-will of Diego than of the discovery of land; for he had craved Diego's liking, as Diego, with all his self-confidence, would never have been able to suppose.

So they shook hands again, Juan laughing with joy, and Diego presently hugging him in his excitement.

"To tell the truth," said Diego, as they leaned over the rail together, "I think I have wanted to shake hands with you this many a day, but I was ashamed. And I was mad to think you had been more generous than I—for you were; that's the truth. But my heart is set on fighting it out; for I think I am the master—in all friendliness, you will understand—and that I should have had the best of it that day in the wood if we had fought it out."

"That we shall see," said Juan; "but anyhow we shall be friends, whoever is the master, shall we not?"

"Truly we shall."

"And you will not despise me for having come from the jail?" asked Juan, trembling for the answer.

"Martin Alonzo says that it is not what you were, but what you are," answered Diego.

"Thank you for saying so; and some day I will tell you my story, and you shall see that I was not so bad as you have thought, perhaps; though to be bad at all is too bad, as I very well know. But we won't talk of that now."

"That's as you please," said Diego, who found himself interested even then, with land dimly visible over the rail; though perhaps it was because the land was there and not to be reached that he was glad of something to talk of. "Tell me now, or tell me never."

"Well, it's not much, and will not take long, and then it will be done," said Juan, slowly. "It is this: My mother and I were starving, and I tried to earn some bread for her and could not, and so I stole it. That is all."

"I should have done the same," said Diego.

"Stealing is stealing," said Juan, and Diego thought of the melon; "and, after all," he said, a little huskily, "it did no good."

"What do you mean?" asked Diego.

"My mother died with the bread on her lips."

Diego had nothing to say to that, but he showed his sympathy by suddenly taking Juan's hand and shaking it, letting it go as quickly as he had taken it.

"The only thing," said Juan, after a moment's pause, "that I was glad of was that she never knew I was taken to prison."

"I would not think it a disgrace," said Diego.

"But it was," said Juan; "and if I had not come aboard here and met you and quarrelled with you, I should have become as bad as the worst. I had only thieves, and even murderers, for friends, and could have had no other sort as long as I lived if I had not come on this voyage. I should have been glad I came the voyage even if we had not discovered Zipangu; though I would have done anything to desert at first. And now you may whip me as much as you can, if you will only remain my friend."

"I will, of course—glad to be; but you mustn't let me whip you, or I sha'n't like you," said Diego.

"Oh, I shall do my best to whip you," said Juan.

"That's it," said Diego, heartily. "I wonder if you and I shall be of the party to go ashore?"

CHAPTER XVII.

DAYLIGHT comes and goes quickly in those latitudes, and it seemed to the waiting, watching men as if a veil had suddenly been lifted from before their eyes, when a small wooded island appeared to them in the early morning.

It did not, indeed, look like that civilized Zipangu of which the Admiral and Martin Alonzo had spoken so often; but it was a new land, and it might well be an outlying island not yet brought under the civilizing influence of the rich and prosperous countries they were seeking.

In short, no one doubted that Zipangu and Cathay, with their enormous stores of gold, silver, and precious stones, lay beyond the island they looked upon. It was a wonderful sight, surely, to see that peaceful little island lying there on the placid bosom of the waters which had been so mysterious to them but yesterday.

And presently the shores began to fill with people the like of which they had never seen nor even heard of before. They were quite innocent of clothing, and from the ships they appeared to be of a brown complexion, though they were afterwards discovered to be of a coppery hue. They were plainly as much surprised at the sight of the strangers as the latter could be at sight of them; for there was a constant running to and fro among them, and a gesticulating and pointing that showed that they could not conquer their wonder.

But what the men could distinguish from the ships

only made them the more anxious to be ashore, and there was a general shout when the Admiral signalled to drop anchor and prepare the boats. Then came the eager question of who were to be the unfortunates to remain on board. Martin Alonzo settled that summarily by selecting for the boats those who had been the least troublesome during the voyage. Neither Diego nor Juan dared ask to be of the party; but Martin Alonzo was in no manner of doubt over their desire, and he said to Diego:

"I can have no fighting here, Diego, and so I can take but one of you two boys. Which ought I take?"

"An it please you, Martin Alonzo," cried Diego, eagerly, "there need be no question of that. Let us both go, and we will pledge ourselves not even to speak otherwise than softly. I pray you, good cousin!" he begged.

"And you, Juan?" asked Martin Alonzo, ready to smile.

"I will let him strike me without striking back."

Martin Alonzo laughed outright at that.

"I would not trust you that far. But put on all your bravery— Stop! you have none. Diego, do you and Juan come with me, and I will give you each one a morion and a bit of gay apparel, so that these natives may see us all at our best. The men shall all go armed."

It was in the spirit of putting the best appearance on themselves that the whole fleet acted. The gentlemen adventurers clad themselves in shining armor and donned their most brilliant cloaks, and the sailors were armed with arquebuses and pikes, and were clad in their best, with breastplates and helmets to complete their bravery.

The Admiral was splendidly robed in a brilliant scarlet cloak over his rich and glittering armor, and held the royal standard in his own hand as he stood upright in his own boat, which led the way to the new shores, which his steadfastness had earned and his great mind foreseen.

The heart of the noble discoverer was filled with piety, and so it was that his very first act on setting foot on land was to kneel down, kiss the earth, and offer up thanks to God for His goodness, even shedding tears from the fulness of his gratitude.

After that he took formal possession of the new land in the name of the Spanish sovereigns, and proclaimed himself by the titles which it had been agreed upon with Ferdinand and Isabella should be his in the event of the accomplishment of the purpose of the voyage—Admiral and Viceroy.

It is painful to relate now how the men who had reviled him, and had even plotted his death, crowded around him with words of most fulsome flattery and praise. Martin Alonzo, however, was not one of these. If he had had differences with the Admiral, they had been honest ones, and he lost nothing of his self-respect now, in the full tide of the Admiral's triumph.

He congratulated the Admiral and gave him his full meed of praise, and the Admiral cordially met him, giving him back the most gracious answers. A pity it was that the good feeling that existed between them then could not last. However, if it had, this tale need never have been told; for it was because of the renewed differences between the two men that Diego and Juan fell into such trouble. But of that later.



REFRESHING THEMSELVES WITH THE FRUITS THAT WERE BROUGHT THEM BY THE NATIVES.

At first the natives would not approach the strangers; but when they saw how peaceful they were—the Admiral would not permit them to be otherwise—they came gradually nearer and nearer until some of the more courageous were emboldened to touch their guests.

They believed, then, that these white men, in their shining armor and bright raiment, had come down from the skies, the sails of the ships being taken for the wings on which they had floated down out of the firmament.

When the others saw that nothing evil befell those who went near to the visitors, they flocked out of the woods like so many children, and could not restrain their curiosity, feeling of the clothing, the arms, and the very skin and beards of the white men. Yes, and they were so ignorant of the nature of the weapons that one of them boldly closed his hand on the blade of a sword, not knowing it would cut, and being as much surprised as pained to see the blood flow from his wound.

The men begged that they might remain on land all the day long, and the Admiral permitted it, only admonishing them not to stray too far from the boats; and so they spent the beautiful day enjoying the delights of the soft climate and refreshing themselves with the fruits that were brought them by the natives, who needed only to know that a thing was desired to bring it.

The Admiral distributed among the natives some of the cheap trinkets that he had brought with him, and it was a marvel to the sailors to see how little notion they had of the value of the glass beads and hawks' bells, prizing the latter, indeed, above everything else, and being willing to barter anything they had for them.

Gold, however, was the one thing that the voyagers craved before everything else, and that they could not find; nor could they discover any means of conveying their wishes, except by showing the metal to the natives, and making signs of wishing to have the same. But as the natives had nothing of the shape of the things shown them they only shook their heads and indicated by other signs that they had nothing like what was shown.

Diego and Juan had been furnished by Martin Alonzo with some bells and beads, and they went about looking for objects for which to barter them. Indeed, it was

such a pleasure to them to see the joy of the Indians as the Admiral had called them, thinking he had come upon India—that they gave most of what they had with out any sort of exchange.

But at last they stretched themselves luxuriously out in one of the charming groves, and let themselves be waited on by the willing creatures, who brought them fresh fruits and roasted yucca root until they could eat no more, when they offered these young Sybarites water in calabashes.

"I tell you, Juan," said Diego, drowsily—for the luxury of all this, taken with the scant sleep of the night before, aided not a little by the quantities of food he had consumed, had made him sleepy—"this is better than fighting, is it not?"

"I think so, indeed," was the prompt answer.

The boys had become sworn friends during the day, and had not been separated once.

"Do you feel like a prince?" demanded Diego. "Martin Alonzo promised we should be such, you remember."

"I don't know how a prince feels," answered Juan, with a laugh; "but I don't believe he can feel any better than I do."

"I wish I could find some of that gold he talked of," said Diego.

it, it may not be amiss; for the Jew's accent was not very good. Say, old man?" he raised his voice and looked at an old man who had watched the two boys with an extraordinary interest, but had yet approached near to them, having but recently come from a neighboring village.

When he saw that he was spoken to, he stood up and showed himself a very respectable and dignified person; though, as Diego said to Juan, most hideously painted on the face. Diego beckoned him to come nearer, and began in Latin, Juan listening attentively and with as much respect, almost, as the natives. But Diego had not said three words before he sprang from the ground and agitatedly caught the old man by the nose and led him, considerably startled and dismayed, to where the sun streamed into an open spot in the woods.

Juan followed anxiously, a vague fear troubling him lest Diego was going to do some violence to the old man. But that was not his intention; though Juan might be excused for suspecting him. What he did was to turn the old man's head, using his nose as a sort of handle, until the light struck athwart it. Then he took his hand away and cried out, at the same time dancing:

"Gold! gold! gold!" There was a ring of that metal in the old man's nose.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A HOUSE OF BUBBLES.

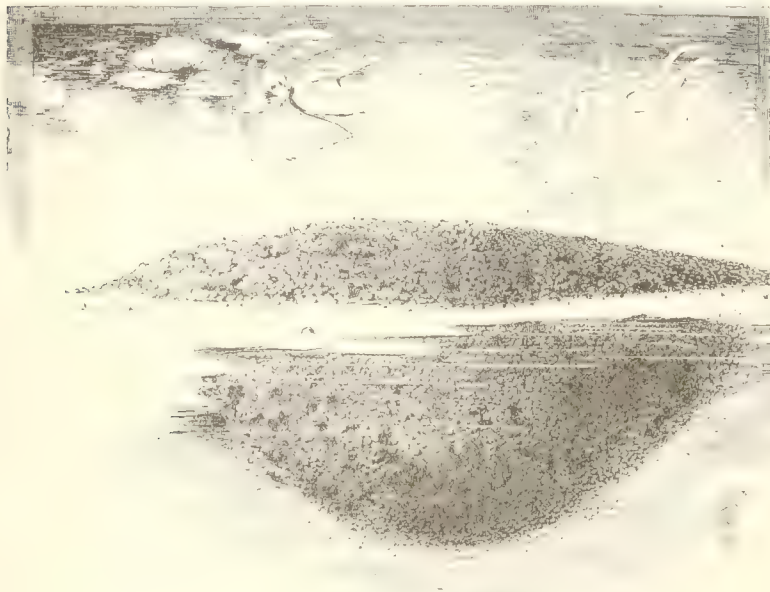
BY MEREDITH NUGENT.

THE paradise-fish makes his house entirely of bubbles. He expels the bubbles from his mouth until a nest of them is formed—often as large as shown in this illustration. Not less curious is the

way in which he brings the eggs from the bottom into the nest. Unable to carry the eggs in his mouth, he places himself beneath them, and suddenly exhaling a large quantity of air, they are carried to the surface by multitudes of little pearls. Some time ago a paradise-fish built such a nest in Professor Rice's room in Fulton Market, which attracted a great deal of attention. In Paris, also, one built its nest in a private aquarium. This is the only case I know of where bubbles are used for a nest, and the raising of the eggs to the surface by means of air floats is certainly very ingenious. I am not quite sure, but I believe that I am the first artist who has made drawings of this nest.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

"I'm glad I'm not a fish," said Georgie, as he gazed at his goldfish. "It can't be much fun to be in bathin' all the time."



"Have you tried your Latin with them?" asked Juan.

"I did not think it worth while. Luis de Torres, the converted Jew, spoke to them, as you heard, in I don't know how many languages, and they only stared at him and shook their heads, wondering, I suppose, how he ever twisted his tongue around so many odd sounds. I thought, myself, that he would lose all that remained of his teeth when he spoke in Hebrew. No, I have not tried my Latin; though, now you speak of



THE CHRISTMAS SOCIETY'S TREAT IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY.

A WHOLESALE SANTA CLAUS.

EVERY year Santa Claus finds that he has more work to do than ever before, and on the Christmas of 1891 he was simply overwhelmed. There was a time when the poor children of the great cities were overlooked, and they never knew anything about Christmas, never had any candy or presents, and never even heard of Santa Claus. Just imagine what an awful state of things that was when thousands of little ones did not know any difference between Christmas and any common ordinary week-day! As Christmas is a season of good-will and happiness, some kind-hearted people thought that they would find out all these poor little children, and bring them to the attention of Santa Claus. So for a number of years more and more people have engaged in the work, until Santa Claus, as I have said, has had so much work to do that he really could not do it. This state of things having come about, the good old Saint has merely acted as General of the army, and employed grown-up people to serve as his officers and see that all the young ones were not forgotten.

This time three gentlemen enlisted in his service, and set out to provide for over ten thousand children. Think what an army ten thousand children make, and picture poor old Santy trying to fill the stockings in one evening! It would be really impossible, no matter how fast the reindeers travelled, and therefore it was necessary that others should aid him. These three gentlemen that enlisted in the cause did not try to fill these ten thousand

stockings. They hired the biggest place in the city of New York—the place where they have the big three-ring circus and the Horse Show and everything else that is big—for nothing smaller than the Madison Square Garden would accommodate the young ones.

Years ago the workshop of Santa Claus was more than busy with the making of presents; and when he found that his officers had discovered ten thousand extra children to be provided for this time the old General of the Christmas army said that the presents must be procured elsewhere. So these gentlemen formed themselves into a "Christmas Society," and asked the children whom Santa Claus had not neglected in previous years to supply the presents for the army of little ones who had none. These children responded right heartily, and the great building was turned into a regular toy shop. They didn't send broken, good-for-nothing toys, but toys that were as good as new, and others that were entirely new. So when Christmas morning broke, Santa Claus looked at the presents in Madison Square Garden, and told his officers that their work had been well done.

While the collection of toys was being made, other people had gone among the poorer quarters of the great city, and when they found neglected children they gave them tickets, and told them that the tickets meant candy and presents. So when the doors of the building were opened, at 1.30 on Christmas afternoon, there was a line of children and mothers waiting that extended all around the block occupied by the Garden. And when the doors were opened! Well, any one who was not there

cannot imagine the excitement and the joy of everybody, for many of the children who had given presents occupied seats where they could see the others who had come to receive the gifts. It was a great time, I can assure you, and Santa Claus must have chuckled with delight.

From the floor to the roof of the building ran a hundred ropes worked on pulleys, and on these ropes were hung the presents, and in addition to these a great platform in the centre was heaped high with other presents—dolls and drais, hobby horses, doll carriages, in fact everything that you could find in the best toy store in the world. Then there was a band, led by Levy, at one end, and at the other end about two hundred banjo-players, and with these two orchestras there was music all the time. When the place was filled with children, poor, ragged, and crippled, who had never even dreamed of so wonderful and beautiful a sight, the distribution of presents began. The little ones were formed into lines, and marched past stalls where stood the kind ladies who had come to assist in the Christmas work.

As each child passed, a present was handed out, and if the little one was particularly pinched and wan, an extra present was given—something appropriate and particularly nice. Then the procession passed on and out of the door, to make room for the others who waited outside. Each child that was admitted received a bag of candy and one of fruit at the door. And how do you think the candy was served? Have you ever seen those great chutes that pour down coal? Well, two men were kept busy pouring candy into two chutes all the time, in order that the children might be supplied, and every child that came went away with something. This was the way that the afternoon of Christmas day was passed by ten thousand children in New York, and every one of these was made happier, and its poor little life was brightened; and something more was carried away than presents—a knowledge of good-will and peace. Those who gave and those who received the gifts felt, although unconsciously, that the message of the angels that the shepherds heard long years ago belonged to them, and Christmas was made a day of joy. F. S. M.

SANTA'S BOY LIEUTENANT.

PERHAPS the youngest and most active of Santa Claus's officers is a fifteen-year-old boy that I know. Many of my readers will know him too when I say that his name is Tello d'Apery, for Tello has a very large circle of acquaintances, whom he has either met or corresponded with, or who have read his bright little paper, the *Sunny Hour*. To make a selection from this circle would be to name some of the most famous persons living, including Queen Victoria and the Poet-Queen Elizabeth of Roumania.

Out of the profits of the *Sunny Hour*, which he has been publishing for some three years, Tello has founded a charity which he calls his Barefoot Fund. He asks his friends and readers to send him all their left-off shoes, no matter how much worn they may be, provided they can be repaired. These rejected articles of foot-gear he takes to a cobbler with whom he has an arrangement for repairs, and who, in consideration of being allowed to take his own time about the work, and do it when more profitable jobs are slack, charges Tello a very low price for his labor. Very likely, too, the cobbler puts some charity into the unprofitable work, for Tello's sake and the good cause in which he is engaged.

Though the Barefoot Fund is continually being drawn upon, the greatest drain upon its resources is at Christmas-time, when Tello, in his capacity of lieutenant to Santa Claus, entertains large numbers of the poorest class of children. At the Christmas of 1890 he entertained and provided presents for upwards of 300; this last Christmas the number rose to about 800. Think of it! Eight hun-

dred boys and girls made happy with oranges and cake and candy, and caps and cloaks and shoes and gloves, by a boy of fifteen, and not a rich boy at that! There was a Christmas tree in the middle of the great room, and the presents were hung upon it and grouped around it, and when all was ready the policemen at the door let in a steady stream of eager little things until the hall was crowded. Hundreds more were waiting in the street, and none went away without something to eat and something to keep. Truly has old Santa Claus an able and worthy lieutenant in this New York boy of fifteen.

A. B. S.

LITTLE ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH AND HER BONBONS.

ONE of the most interesting royal children in Europe is certainly little Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria, the eight-year-old orphaned daughter of the ill-fated Crown-Prince Rudolph. She has inherited all her father's sweetness of temper, and bids fair, when she grows up, to resemble her beautiful grandmother, Empress Elizabeth. Her grandfather dotes on her, and seems to have transferred to her all the love he bore his only son.

The idol of the Viennese people, who call her "die kleine Frau" (the little woman), she never drives out without receiving a perfect ovation, and many eyes fill with tears of pity when gazing on the tiny Princess, so early deprived of a father's love.

A few weeks ago an incident occurred which is so characteristic of the little Archduchess that it is worthy of being placed on record. There is a well-known young ladies' school at Dresden, where a great many Viennese girls are sent, when they reach the age of ten, to finish their education under the care of the celebrated Madame F——, the owner of the school in question, and an Austrian by birth. Until this autumn the little girls were in the habit of receiving from home once a month small boxes containing some of the delicious confectionery for which Vienna is renowned. Unfortunately, several cases of sickness among the pupils having been caused, according to the house physician, by too many bonbons, Madame F—— gathered the young people around her one morning, and declared to them solemnly that she absolutely forbade any more indulgences of this nature, and that she would, moreover, address a circular to the children's parents, requesting them to avoid sending sweetmeats or any other toothsome dainties to them during their stay at her school. This edict caused terrible consternation among the little *gourmandes*. They came very near an open revolt against so arbitrary a measure, and matters were looking very black indeed, when suddenly a dark-eyed, fair-haired little beauty of eleven summers climbed on a table, and silencing the noisy troop of her comrades, harangued them as follows:

"Children," she exclaimed in vibrating accents, "we must be revenged. We cannot allow such injustice; we will not submit to an undeserved punishment, which robs us of our only pleasure. Madame is an Austrian, and as such she must submit to anything done by our imperial family. Do you know what? We will send a round robin to our little Archduchess, imploring her to forbid madame to treat us so cruelly."

"What little Archduchess?" "Who is she?" "Where does she live?" cried the excited listeners.

With a smile of pity for so much ignorance, the speaker explained to her now delighted audience that Archduchess Elizabeth, the Emperor's granddaughter, is all-powerful at the court of Vienna, and that should she consider their prayer favorably, the whole imperial family would come forward, if necessary, to crush madame's decree against the importation of sweets.

The truth of this statement was so patent, that without

further delay the little girls in great glee set to work to draw up their petition—a document which cost them much pains to compose, and which ran thus:

"DEAR ARCHDUCHESS ELIZABETH. We love you and your grandpapa very much, and we are here in Dresden at school, where we are generally pretty well satisfied. To-day, however, something awful has happened: madame has forbidden our dear parents to send us any more bonbons for ever so many years; no more sugar plums, no more chocolates, no more cakes, nor anything sweet and good. So we want to ask you to help us out of our trouble, dear Archduchess. Please, please tell your dear grandpapa to send word to madame that she is to let us have bonbons again as before. With this ardent prayer we close our letter. Our best love to your dear grandpapa and grandmamma. We all kiss your little hands, and remain your true and respectful little compatriots."

When the long list of names had been signed to this remarkable epistle, it was carefully put in an envelope, and addressed to "Die Kleine Frau Erzherzogin Elizabeth, *per adv.*: Ihrem Grossvater, den Kaiser von Oesterreich, Wien." (To the little madame, Archduchess Elizabeth, c/o her Grandpapa, the Emperor of Austria, Vienna.) And with many misgivings and heart-beatings it was duly posted.

A week later Madame F—— was much surprised to receive a huge box addressed to "the pupils of the F—— Institution, Dresden." It came from Vienna, and was stamped on the lid with the imperial coat of arms. She immediately summoned all the children, and as soon as they caught sight of the gigantic package, the little Austrian conspirators huddled together, whispering to each other, with glowing faces and glistening eyes.

On the top of the box lay a pink and silver card, on which was written, in a round childish hand, "From Archduchess Elizabeth to her dear little compatriots in Dresden."

Under the card was a letter sealed with the imperial crest, which Madame F—— opened and read with boundless amazement. It was written by the Countess Coudenbove, the lady-in-waiting to the little Archduchess, who said that as a rule such petitions as had been sent by Madame F——'s little Austrian pupils were not taken any notice of, but that in this instance the little Archduchess had begged so hard to be permitted to grant it that their Majesties had allowed her to choose and send the contents of the box to her dear little compatriots, with the wish that they might be allowed to enjoy them to their hearts' content.

The children, now almost beside themselves with delight, crowded round the box with shouts of joy to examine the sweet and fragrant contents thereof. Nothing can give an idea of their enthusiasm when, one after another, boxes of exquisite bonbons of all descriptions were brought to light. Boxes made of dainty tinted silks with the imperial arms and crown stamped in gold on each of them; bags of silver tissue tied with azure ribbons and filled with chocolate pralines, each of which was wrapped in multicolored tissue-paper, with devices and mottoes; marvellous bars of Viennese nougatine enclosed in satin wrappers on which the pictures of the Emperor and Empress were painted in water-colors; tiny crystal bonbonnières containing sugared petals of roses and violets and orange blossoms, certainly prepared by fairies for the special delectation of good little Austrian subjects of his Royal and Imperial Majesty the Emperor Francis Joseph. The shouts almost deafened poor Madame F——, who, not so very black at heart after all, could not but end by forgiving her pupils, to whom she suggested that in return for the kindness and favor just received they would do well to embroider a handsome bedquilt for their little benefactress. This piece of work is now in progress. It is to be superb, and all the little ladies are laboring at it with a will, while they nibble now and

again some of the Archduchess's exquisite bonbons, loyal little Austrian monarchists forever. The quilt was to be presented to her Imperial Highness for Christmas.

M. C. O.

THE FATE OF BELFIELD.

BY MARY SELDEN MCCOBB.

Part III.

ALIDA stood at her chamber window at Belfield. From its height she could see over the country far and wide, even to the hills which bounded the horizon on the west and to the strip of ocean on the south. The river wound along like a broad silver ribbon. On its banks stood the mills, and a huge pile of buildings called "The Barracks." Here most of the mill-hands lived. At the foot of Belfield hill lay the village. Close by the white church nestled Kate Robinson's cottage. A little farther down street the Homans' house could be seen. Prissy Parker lived on a cross-road, and Amanda Wright at the end of a broad lane. All the houses were visible from Belfield, while Belfield itself was a mark for miles in every direction.



"BEST SO," SHE SAID, AS IT SHRIVELLED AND DROPPED INTO ASHES.

"So if you want to see me, and can't come down, hang a red flag out of your window, and I'll spin up the hill." That was Kate Robinson's plan.

Alice Homans caught the suggestion. "Use a yellow flag for me, and a blue one for Belle."

"And mine shall be green," said 'Manda. "Prissy shall take white."

So it was agreed. The five flags were made. Alida kept them in an upper drawer, ready for use.

This very afternoon she was fastening all five to her window-sill. The breeze caught them, and flaunted them alluringly. They seemed to beckon, beckon, beckon. Alida took her opera-glass, and gazed down into the village. Presently she gave a little laugh of satisfaction, for from the small house shadowed by the church spire

an answering signal fluttered, while further down the street she spied the flapping of a blue apron.

"Kate and Alice will notify the other girls," thought Alida, and she went hastily into her mother's dressing-room.

"Now for the flannel, mammy dear," she said. "And did you say twenty cents a yard, my precious pet?"

"Seeing it's you, I'll let you have it at that price," said Mrs. Bernard, smiling.

It took the strength of both of them to carry the heavy bale of striped red and gray flannel into Alida's room. Together they unrolled it, and gathered it into graceful folds, after the manner of dresses exhibited in shop windows.

Then Alida waited. She grew quite impatient, for to climb the steep hill was a work of time, and if Prissy and Amanda did not happen to see their flags, they would have to be hunted up, which would cause further delay. Sometimes it chanced that none of the girls were on the lookout. Then if Alida were detained at home, she must needs give up seeing her friends. This was very different from the happy runnings in and out of the last year. Sometimes she could send the carriage for the girls. But she had once overheard a foolish remark from Alice Homans to the effect that she, Alice, had rather use her own two feet, and not be "pulled round by other people's donkeys." Alida never forgot that.

But in due time in came the five, flushed and rosy with their climb up the hill.

"The soiree's in my room," called Alida from the top of the stairs. "Now, then, ladies, what do you say to *that* for a costume"—she pointed to the striped flannel—"for our tennis club?" she went on. "What's the fun of a Club with a capital C if we can't have a capital *uniform*? And this is a 'mark down,' Alice. This flannel is a 'bargain,' my girl. Only twenty cents a yard. Five yards is ample for a skirt and blouse. One dollar and twenty cents for the suit. What do you say?"

They all cried: "Splendid!" "Charming!" and scissors were brought to divide the spoil.

"The bee can hold a meeting now and here," said Alida; and the girls fell to work on their costumes.

Alida did not feel called upon to mention that Mrs. Bernard had paid sixty-two and a half cents a yard for the flannel, and that it was she who provided this particular "bargain." No need to tell *all* that one knows.

So also thought Prissy Parker. She snipped and basted with the others, but all the while she was perplexed as to where she could find her dollar and twenty cents. Prissy had no "allowance." Pennies were scarce in the Parker family.

That Alida knew. She had found it out when living in the village. Prissy had let her into several choice domestic secrets while teaching her one day how to knit a certain kind of afghan stitch.

The next morning to that on which the bees swarmed at Belfield Alida knocked at Prissy's front door. "I thought I'd walk to school with you to-day," she announced. "And, by-the-way, suppose we go 'across lots.' There is no end of harebells down by Cressy's brook."

So, instead of leaving the house by the front door, Prissy drew back the bolts from a side entrance. Alida lingered to tie her shoe, so Prissy stepped out on the porch before her.

She gave an exclamation of surprise. Right under her eyes, lying on the piazza floor, glittered—what was it? A bit of shining tin? Prissy stooped, and her astonished fingers closed on a silver dollar fresh from the mint. "Where *could* this have come from?" she cried.

"What is it?" asked Alida, pressing forward.

"A dollar!" whispered Prissy.

"Somebody must have dropped it," suggested Alida.

"The Parker family aren't in the habit of dropping dol-

lars," said Prissy, "and no one else has been on this porch for a week."

Indeed, no one could be found to claim the money. At the end of a fortnight Prissy, unable to discover an owner, felt satisfied in keeping the mysterious windfall.

"Now my tennis suit will cost only twenty cents," she said, gleefully.

Alida, who had been on pins and needles lest she should be asked perplexing questions, breathed freely.

About this time Prissy's mind was relieved on another point. She and Alida were on their way to the village library to see if perchance it might contain a book on tennis.

Suddenly Alida thrust into Prissy's hand a small parcel. "Many happy returns of the day, Pris," said she. "I'm mighty glad you were born—fifteen years ago, wasn't it?"

Prissy untied the package. Then she gave a sigh of relief and pleasure as she took from the paper a small red cap with a gray knot in front. This would complete her tennis suit.

"And it couldn't have cost more than fifty or seventy-five cents," thought Prissy, quickly and gratefully.

She had feared lest an expensive present should put to the blush the very small book-mark which she had given Alida the preceding week.

But Alida had grown wise—very tenderly wise; alert to catch faint signs from her friends, eager, in her recovered prosperity, to please them rather than to gratify her own generous impulses.

"I just hated to have Virginia Carroll send me that dressing-case with the silver brushes," remembered Alida.

A book on tennis in the village library? Not so. And if there had been, it would have taken time and courage to hunt it up in the jumble of volumes kept in Zephaniah Brock's harness shop.

At one end of the small dark room were a dozen shelves, on which were crammed and jammed some hundred books. This was "The Library," as some of the village folk called it.

Zephaniah Brock's maiden sister, who loved books, had covered and numbered these. But she could not vanquish chaos in a room only seven feet by twelve, overstocked with leather and broken bits of harness. If one needed a book from the upper shelves, he was welcome to risk his neck on a rickety step-ladder, and to put his head into a cluster of cobwebs.

But, after all, it was good to have even this diminutive library, in which one could find Prescott's histories, a few odd numbers of the Waverley Novels, and the second volume of Motley's *Netherlands*, not to mention a battered copy of Josephus and one of Fox's *Martyrs*. Many of the mill operatives came round to Zephaniah's on Saturday nights to smoke a pipe in his close quarters, and sometimes one of them went home with a book to read on Sunday.

But, as I said, no work on tennis could be found. Alida caught her dress on a rusty nail as she turned to say good-by to Zephaniah, who sat for all the world like a good-natured spider in the middle of his web. She gave an exclamation of dismay.

"Did you ever see such a horrid rent? All criss-cross."

Cissy Larkins happened to be passing. "Let me darn it for you?" she asked, eagerly. And Alida was thankful to accept her offer.

As to her reasons for still wearing her last year's gowns, Alida kept her own counsel. In one sense she was as poor as she had been in the house under the elms, for she was hoarding her allowance like a miser. But *miser* in this case could not be translated *miserable*. Alida wrote to Mr. Peters, and told him what "fun" it continued to be "not to buy till the next time." And Mr. Peters's reply had a P.S., for all he was not a woman:

"P.S. — Continue to save your pennies. A pretty scheme begins to dawn upon me, of which more hereafter."

Alida showed that postscript to no living soul.

As matters turned out, the expected tennis games were interrupted this summer. In June the postponed trip to Quebec was enjoyed. During July, Virginia Carroll brought her three Saratoga trunks to Belfield. Alida coaxed Kate and the twins to call on Virginia, but the old stiffness suddenly took possession of all three. As for Amanda and Prissy, they always had a reason which made it utterly impossible for them to come near Belfield while Miss Carroll aired her graces on its veranda. Alida missed her cronies sorely.

When Virginia departed, there was a week of the old free life. Picnics in the woods; a drive in one of the mill wagons to a Shaker settlement ten miles away; happy evenings on the piazza with lemonade and stories, while the lights in the village below twinkled like stars which had missed their way and fallen to earth.

The only bitter drop in Alida's cup was that even in the renewed intimacy there was a slight offishness in Alice and in Prissy Parker, a shadow of the late stiffness. They found Belfield rather "fine" even without foreign guests. Alida could have given them both a good shaking for their silliness; and before she had managed to get the better of Alice's absurd pride Belfield was full of friends from New York and Boston. They were all grown people, but, of course, the daughter of the house must help entertain them. And then all her time was taken up in arranging a very grand fête which was to come off in August. The Belfield grounds were illuminated, and all the village folk enjoyed the rockets and other fireworks at a distance.

Little by little Alida's especial comrades were being weaned from her. They had their merrymakings, to which Alida was unable to go because of the claims at home.

Many of the Belfield guests were agreeable persons. Still they only came for a week or two, and then flew away. They found very little in common with the villagers; the villagers were shy with them.

The care of the big house, with its retinue of servants, weighed on Mrs. Bernard. In spite of her hospitable heart, she was not sorry when autumn came, and the last visitor from the city departed.

"Really, Alex," she said, softly, "I have hardly seen you for three whole months."

And Mr. Bernard answered: "Let's stay alone for a while. You and I and the chick!"

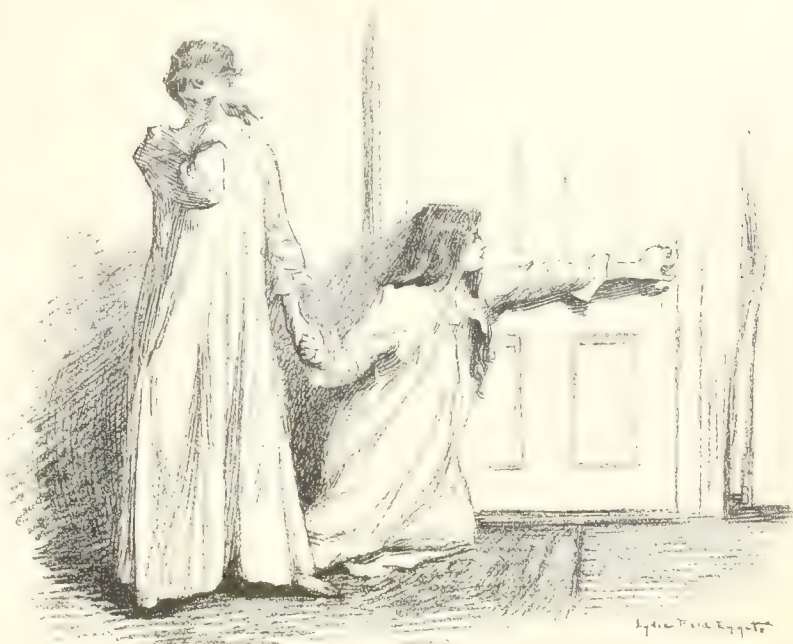
But "alone" did not exclude Alida's friends. She hung out her red flag that very afternoon.

"I'm going to keep Kate all night, and get acquainted with her once more," she announced. "Can Michael drive her up, mamma?"

"In an hour he can go for her," said Mrs. Bernard; "just now he's oiling the kitchen floor and the border of the dining-room."

Alida drew in her flag, but suddenly Kate burst into the house, her eyes as big as saucers, her cheeks flaming with excitement, her breath coming in gasps.

"I just tore up the hill," she panted. "Oh, Alida, what do you think has happened? The most extra-ordinary thing! It's a miracle! I never heard of him in my life, and here's a letter from him. His name is Silas Putnam. He lives in Chicago. He says he's heard



A SUDDEN FLASH OF LIGHT FROM THE ADJOINING WING SHOWED HER THE DOOR.

that I have a great *talent* for music. And—was there ever anything so marvellous?—he's sent me—*me*—a check for a hundred dollars, and says I'm to spend it on singing lessons. I took the check to the bank, expecting it must be a fraud, but the teller gave me the money right off. Silas Putnam! Who can he be?"

"It's like a fairy story," said Alida, clasping her hands.

Kate ran to Mrs. Bernard, who was perfectly astonished. She had never heard the name of Silas Putnam before.

"I'll believe now in the unknown uncles who suddenly pop up in India and say the poor girls are their heiresses," said Kate.

Mr. Bernard knew no Silas Putnam. No light could be thrown on the mystery. But during the evening Alida stole up stairs, took from her pocket Mr. Peters's last letter, and held it in the candle flame. "Best so," she said, as it shrivelled and dropped into ashes.

In that note Alida had read: "Your hundred dollars received, my dear girl. But never again trust a bundle of bank-bills to the mail. Your guardian angel must have watched over this unregistered package. I should have sent my check, but being known in your village, our underhand, sly, vicious plotting would have come to light. So I took one Silas Putnam into my confidence, and he has sent Miss Kate a letter which, unless I am mistaken, will puzzle her well, and, I hope, may transport her to the seventh heaven, where I am sure she will find you awaiting her, my little friend."

Kate was easily persuaded to spend the night. Song after song she sang in the echoing music-room. "I've studied as well as I knew how by myself," she said; "but I'm sure Professor Cassini will find my 'method' all wrong."

She could hardly go to sleep when bedtime came. As for Alida, there never was a more sympathetic listener. Into her attentive ear the future prima donna poured her raptures. The mystery in which the hundred dollars was wrapt made the whole affair perfect to the poetical Katherine.

In the dark, Alida stretched out her hand and patted the dress which lay on a chair, and on which Cissy Lar-kins's darn was a prominent feature. "Have new dresses?"

she thought. "Not I, when my money will cultivate nightingales and skylarks."

This was on Monday night. Kate flew round the next day, completing her arrangements for future singing lessons. Professor Cassini's headquarters were in a town five miles away. Kate walked there and walked back. Then she came to Belfield to report progress, and again spent the night. Probably she was weary, and the late talking of the previous evening made both girls' eyelids droop.

But Alida's first sleep was restless. In spite of her rejoicing over Kate, she was again worried over Alice's estrangement.

"Just as long as I live at Belfield I shall have to fight her silly pride," thought Alida, half grieved, half angry. "She won't see that money makes no difference between us."

And at the same time she did realize why Alice felt awkward in the presence of the fashionable city ladies who had visited at Belfield. As long as the Bernards lived on the hill a certain style was expected, perhaps properly expected of them. And yet, at least nine months of the year, the village folk were their only neighbors.

"And since I'm to live here all my days," thought Alida, "I wish our house were like their houses. In New York we lived as our neighbors did. Here, in spite of all I can do, the girls find me—different."

Between her excitement over Kate and her irritation in regard to Alice, Alida's brain worked wildly. Besides, why should she be shut up in a dungeon? The air was close—was stifling. She was drawing heavy breaths. A stone, a large stone, lay on her chest. She tried to call out, but she could make no sound. The walls of her dungeon approached each other, as in a hideous tale she had once read. With a desperate effort she flung out her arms and awoke—"Ah! Ah! Ah!"

She was still stifling. The room was full of smoke. Kate lay sleeping profoundly. Alida seized her, and, dragging her along, staggered across the room. She groped blindly along the wall, then dropped on her knees, feeling her way through the dense smoke. A sudden flash of light from the adjoining wing showed her the door. She flung it open and almost fell into the hall, shrieking:

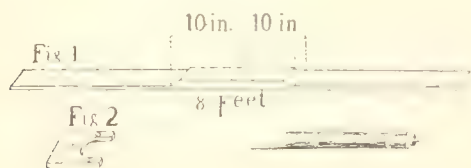
"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"SKEES," AND HOW TO MAKE AND USE THEM.

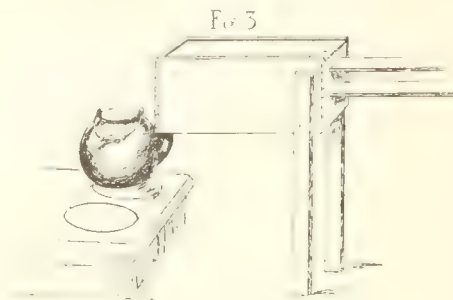
ONE of the pleasantest and most invigorating sports for winter, and one of the most popular in the part of the State in which I live, is skeeing. In the United States skeeing is almost unknown, but in Norway, its native home, it holds the highest place among the sports of that country. In our own North-western States, where are settled largely by Norwegians, it is very popular, and the annual races are the great events of the year.

Skees, or skis, are within the reach of all, and I will attempt to describe to the readers of the HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE how to make a pair. The cost of material will not exceed seventy-



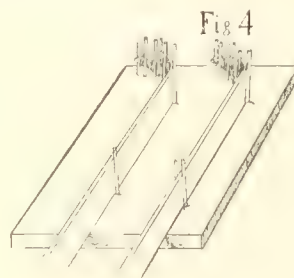
five cents. The first thing to be done is to go to a saw-mill and select a tough, straight-grained white-oak board. From this have cut two pieces six or eight feet long, and have them planed

down to about three-quarters of an inch thick. The width of the skee should be three and a half inches. I would recommend the six-foot skees for a beginner, especially if he is not very large. Mark one of the planed sides of each piece, the side which has the smoothest and straightest grain. This side will



be known as the "work side." Ten inches from the centre towards the ends of the skee make a mark across the edge. Then have the skee resawed, that is, have it slit parallel to the work side and a quarter of an inch from it, cutting through the whole width of the skee, the slit extending to the mark on the edge. From this mark have the waste pieces half an inch thick cut off, leaving the skee as in Fig. 1. The first slit should be cut on a circular saw, and the rest on a jig-saw. From the waste pieces have two heel plates cut, as in Fig. 2. These will be used to steady the foot in sliding. The rest of the work you can easily do yourself at home with the aid of a few simple tools—a gimlet, a brace and a quarter-inch bit, a quarter-inch chisel, a plane, a screw-driver, and jack-knife. First, you decide which you want for the front end of your skee. This you do by rubbing your hand along the work side, and whichever way the grain runs smoothest have that for the way it will run on the snow. Next, make your strap-holes about four or five inches front of the forward ends of your block. These holes are one inch by a quarter of an inch, and a quarter of an inch from the work side of the skees. They are made by boring holes with the brace and bit half-way through the skee, and then repeating the boring from the other side, so as to meet the holes first bored. The extra wood is then chiselled out, and a smooth hole left. The upper side of the skee should then be planed off, and made to taper slightly towards the ends. Sharpen the forward end, as in Fig. 1, and then screw the heel plates on the block, so as to have the

heel slip easily into it when the strap is buckled over the toe. The strap should not be too tight, as freedom of motion is necessary.



Now the skee is ready to be turned up, but first a steam box and form must be made. An empty starch-box will answer for the former (Fig. 3). Make a hole in the bottom at one end for the spout of the teakettle; then make two slits in the other end, about four inches by three-eighths of an inch, so that

the skees may be inserted. Nail two sticks to this end of the box, to serve as legs to rest on the floor. The form may be made from an inch pine board and a few pegs (Fig. 4). Mark on the board the turn you wish for your skees, and alternately on either side of this line, and about six-eighths of an inch from it, bore holes in which to put the pegs. Boil water in the teakettle, and then steam the ends of the skees till they will bend easily—say fifteen minutes—and then put in the forms to dry. They should be placed into the forms just as soon as possible after taking them out of the steam-box, as they very soon become rigid and will not go in. When dry, the ends may be fastened into position by wire. Bore two small holes about half an inch apart, where the turn commences, and pass a wire down through one and up through the other, twisting it tight. Sink the wire flush with the work side of the skees, and fasten the other end tightly around the tip of the skee, and after receiving a coat of oil, behold! the skee is finished.

The best pole to use that I know of, and the one that is used about here, is the butt end of the large bamboo fish-pole. Select a good strong pole, and from the butt end cut off about eight feet, making the cut about two inches from a joint on the larger

piece; then get a brass ferule to fit tightly over this end. Bore a quarter-inch hole in a piece of pine about one and a half inches long, and whittle it to fit tightly into the end of the pole. Get a quarter-inch bolt about three inches long; put it through the hole in the plug. Put the plug in the end of the pole, letting the head of the bolt rest against the solid joint; then fit your



ferule closely over the end. This spike is useful in helping to propel yourself over the snow, as well as for cleaning the snow and ice out of your heel plates. A coat of varnish adds both to the appearance and durability of your pole.

If you wish to make your skees go faster, coat the bottom with beeswax. To do this, take a hot iron and spread the wax evenly over the bottom. The wax will also prevent damp snow from sticking to the wood, and thus causing many a hard fall.

The steering is done with the feet, assisted by the pole, which may be also used as a brake. In using skees experience is the best teacher, but perhaps a few hints may be useful to a beginner. The pole should be held on the left side, and should be long enough to reach behind the skees easily when the rider is standing erect. While riding, one should stoop slightly, so as to be prepared for any little unevenness in the snow.

The skeeing club to which I belong has only been running for two years, and it has now a membership of about forty, and the number is constantly increasing. Regularly every week, while the snow lasts, we take a run on skees, for they can be used for running and walking in level country as well as sliding down hill. What can be more delightful than a moonlight trip out into the country, a supper at a country inn, and then a race for home? Skees compare very favorably with Canadian snowshoes in a level country, and among the hills they far surpass them. They attain a speed rivaling that of the fastest "double runner," and are far more exciting and pleasant to use. When I think of the fun I have had on them, and that every boy might have, I wish that the sport might become universal.

A. S. E.

HOW DREAMS MAY COME.

THE great poet's fancy that figured Puck putting a girdle around the earth in forty minutes is not quite the exaggeration it seems. We all can do better than that in a deliberate dream, and find we have been asleep for only five minutes. We can think of many things in five minutes—of the sun's rising and setting, for instance. Do that in a dream, and you have a "day," with its long series of incidents and adventures. Why is it we lose our measure of time in dreams? Simply because we have no fixed standard of following the succession of fleeting thoughts. Awake, we keep track of the hours by the sun, the clock, the appetite, or the routine of the day. And yet we find that hours slip by almost unnoticed, even in the daytime.

Many stories could be told of people losing their sense of time in dreams. Thus, Daniel Webster fell asleep while listening to an opposing counsel reading a citation from a law book, dreamed a long dream, and awoke in time to hear the last words of the paragraph, the first words of which were in his ears when he became unconscious. A well-known minister of Boston had been reading a missionary's narrative of his trials and sufferings. One evening he fell asleep, and dreamed that he sailed from Boston, and had been a week in the wilds of Africa. Somehow he became involved in a dispute with the natives. He was seized, bound, and led to the stake, and having awoke with a jump and a cry, he found that he had not been asleep over ten minutes. Doctor Reid tells of himself that having had a blister applied to his head, he dreamed of going out West, falling into the hands of the Indians, and being scalped.

Thus, memories of waking sensations and thoughts, together with sensations received in sleep, are "such stuff as dreams are made of." The senses go to sleep in a certain order, and one or more of the senses being imperfectly asleep produces an imper-

fect kind of mental action or dreaming. Thus, a whisper in the ear is sometimes enough to start a dream. It is related of an English officer that his companions in this way conducted him through the whole process of a quarrel, which ended in a duel, and when the parties were supposed to meet, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired, and he awoke with the fright. What about the dreams of the daytime, of building castles in the air? How often they lull pain of body or mind, lighten drudgery, and bring innocent pleasures when all other delights fail! So, too, with the dreams of happy childhood days. For life is but a continual round of dreams, with wakings more or less sudden and sad; so that when the journey is over, when dreadful giants and ogres have been escaped, when the Hill Difficulty and the Doubting Castle have been passed, says the dreamer, "Now I awoke, and, behold, it was a dream!"

THE REASON WHY.

"I REALLY don't see," said the old gray mole,
 "What pleasure there is aboveground,
 I would much prefer to live in a hole,
 Where plenty to eat can be found."

And two little robins up in a tree,
 Laughed so hard that they couldn't fly;
 "Of course," they twittered, "a mole can't see,
 For he's blind—that's the reason why."

THE LITTLE HOUSEHOLDER.

"OH yes, I have all kinds of tenants," said a kind-faced old gentleman, "but the one I like best is a child not more than ten years of age. A few years ago I got a chance to buy a piece of land over on the west side, and did so. I noticed that there was an old coop of a house on it, but I paid no attention to it. After a while a man came to me and wanted to know if I would rent it to him.

"What do you want it for?" said I.

"To live in," he replied.

"Well," I said, "you can have it. Pay me what you think it is worth to you."

The first month he brought two dollars; and the second month a little boy, who said he was the man's son, came with three dollars. After that I saw the man once in a while, but in the course of time the boy paid the rent regularly—sometimes two dollars and sometimes three. One day I asked the boy what had become of his father.

"He's dead, sir," was the reply.

"Is that so?" said I. "How long since?"

"More'n a year," he answered.

I took his money, but I made up my mind that I would go and investigate; and the next day I drove over there. The old shed looked quite decent. I knocked at the door, and a little girl let me in. I asked for her mother. She said she did not have any.

"Where is she?" I asked.

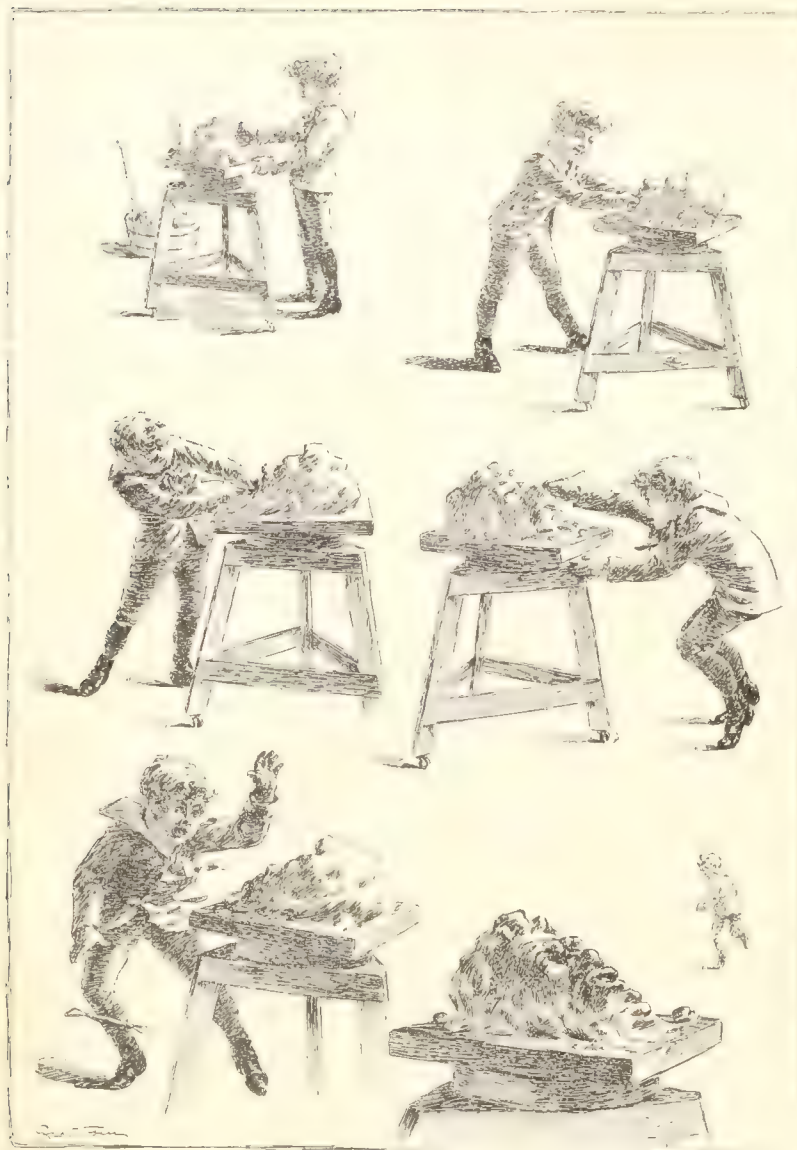
"We do not know, sir. She went away after my father died, and we've never seen her since."

Just then a little girl about three years old came in, and I learned that these children had been keeping house together for a year and a half, the boy supporting his two little sisters by blacking boots and selling newspapers, and the elder girl managing the house and taking care of the baby. Well, I had my daughter call on them, and we kept an eye on them. I thought I would not disturb them while they were getting along. The next time the boy came with the rent, I talked with him a little, and then I said:

"My boy, you are a hero. Keep on as you have begun, and you will never be sorry. Keep your little sisters together, and never leave them. Now look at this."

I showed him a ledger in which I had entered all the money that he had paid me for rent, and I told him it was all his, with interest. "You keep right on," said I, "and I'll be your banker; and when this amounts to a little more, I'll see that you get a house somewhere of your own."

That is the kind of a tenant to have.



THE YOUNG SCULPTOR - DRAWN BY GEORGE T. TOBIN

AIDS TO MEMORY.

"I KNOW a way to remember my lessons," said Jimmie. "I know a 'T' whenever I see it because it's an I with a roof on it. A 'Q' is an O with a tail to it. An 'R' is a P with another tail to it, and a 'W' is an M turned upside down."

A PROPER REQUEST.

"Now, Willie," said mamma, "I want you to keep very quiet. I don't want you to say a word all through dinner."

"Ve'y well, mamma," returned Willie. "On'y I fink you ought to help by givin' my mouf plenty of fings to eat, so's to keep it busy."

DIDN'T NEED ANY.

"Ho!" sneered Willie, "our baby's got teeth, 'n' yours hasn't."

"I don't care," retorted Jimmie; "ours don't need any, coz we feed him on soup in a bottle."

NOT MUCH OF A TALKER.

"WELL, Tommy," said the visitor, "how do you like your baby brother?"

"Oh, lots and lots—only I don't think he's very bright."

"Why not?"

"We've had him 'most two weeks now, and he hasn't said a word to anybody."

EPITAPH ON A PET PUG.

POOR Bobby, with turned-up tail and nose,
Has gone at last, and turned up his toes.

AN OBJECTION.

"CAN you say your alphabet now, Harry?" asked Uncle John.

"Yes—but I don't see much use in it. It doesn't spell anything."

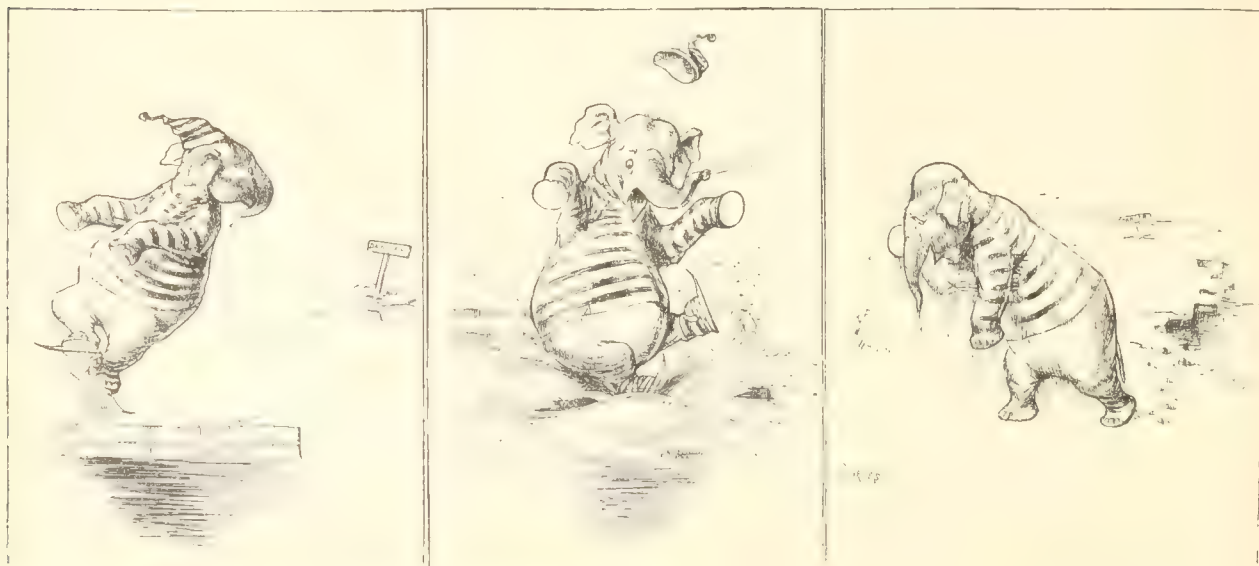
YOUNG FOR HIS YEARS.

VISITOR. "How old are you, Teddy?"

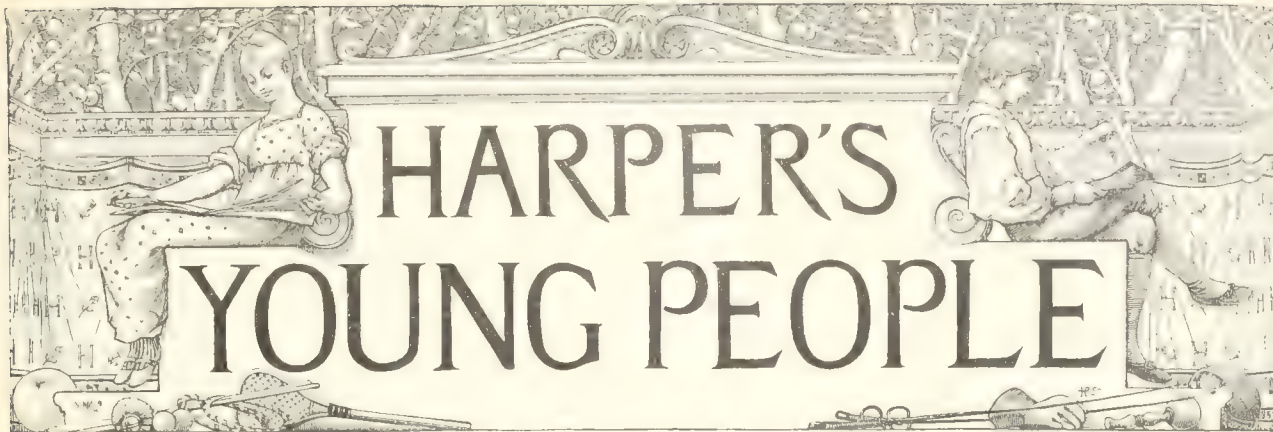
TEDDY. "Teddy's four years old."

AUNTIE. "Oh, Teddy! Now you know you are five."

TEDDY. "Yes, auntie, but I can only count to four."



MASTER CHIEF PHILIPAS CAME SO NEAR RUNNING INTO AN ALL-BONE CHAIR DOOR SHOCK, FOR THE TIME BEING, RENDERED HIM BLIND TO ALL ELSE—WITH A RESULT QUITE DAMNING TO HIS FEELINGS, BOTH PHYSICAL AND MENTAL.

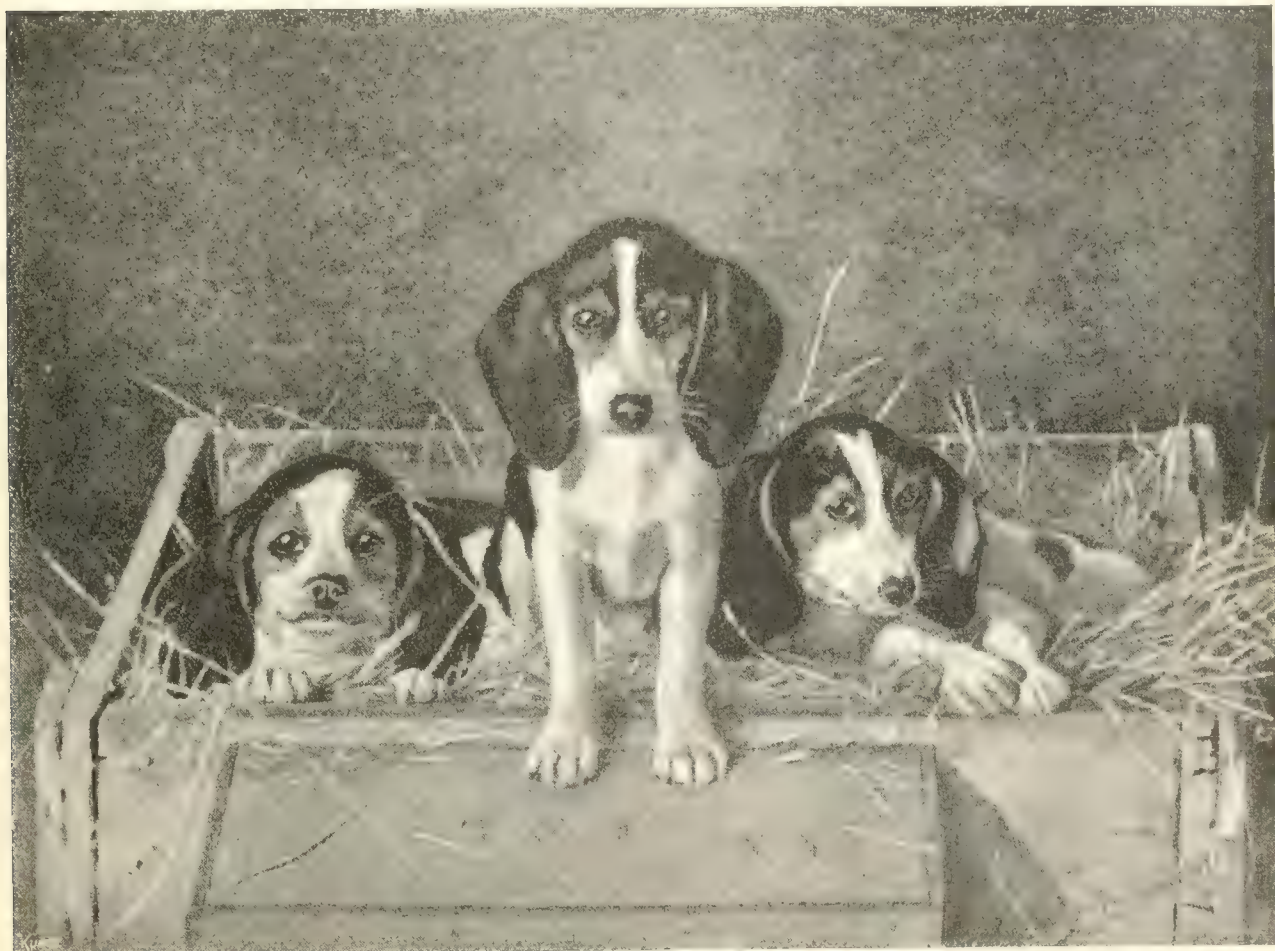


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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



BEAGLE PUPS.—DRAWN BY J. E. BARCLAY

OUR FAITHFUL FRIENDS.

BY ZITELLA COCKE

NO other dog, however faithful, well trained, or accomplished, can be to us quite the canine friend which we loved and which loved us in our childhood. Then the sense of companionship with the animal is deeper and stronger than in after-years; the child feels a delight in awakening and eliciting the affections of the dog, and realizes

"A joy to watch in lower creature
Such dawning of a moral nature."

No other animal appropriates man so much as the dog, and no other animal displays so many human characteristics. The great scientist Cuvier, with whom many young readers are growing acquainted, says that the dog is the most complete conquest that man has ever made, inasmuch as each dog is devoted to his own master, distinguishing him from all other men in his recognition and affection, and adopting him, so to speak, into his own family and interests.

The dog has courage, patience, and fidelity, and even gratitude. It was the portraying of this humanity of the dog which made Sir Edwin Landseer's paintings so won-

derful and so popular. He represented not dog-shapes only, but the inner nature—the dog's heart—and he declared that the dog, of all beasts, had the most expressive countenance. English boys found the greatest delight in going at his famous pictures of dogs. "Low Life and High Life," "Dignity and Impudence," and the "Last Mourner." In the last-mentioned picture the grief-stricken dog watching by the side of his master's coffin is said to have caught and fixed the attention of dogs who came in with persons who wished to see the renowned painting. Perhaps some of the Greek students among young readers may recall the act of the Greek philosopher Xenophanes, who, hearing the cries of a poor dog which a peasant was unmercifully beating, implored the man to desist, as he detected a human tone in the cry of the dog.

With the exception of the elephant, the dog is said to be the most intelligent of all beasts, and the most capable of receiving instruction. Sir Walter Scott believed that the dog comprehended the conversation of human beings. Dr. Gall, a German scientist, gives an instance in which a dog understood French and German. A gentleman residing upon an estate in Yorkshire affirmed that his dog thoroughly understood his conversation with servants upon matters pertaining to the estate. To test the dog's comprehension in the presence of a visitor, he called to him suddenly, as the animal lay asleep on the hearth-rug, "Dash, the cows are in the field!" The dog slowly opened his eyes at the sound of his master's voice, but relapsed into sleep. The master called again, "Dash, the cows are in the field!"—when, with a loud yelp, he jumped from the rug and rushed to the field, nor did he return until he had scoured it from one end to the other.

An American citizen had occasion to move his residence from New York to Paris, and carried to his new home his much-loved dog. For a time the dog seemed to be in a bewildered state, looking wistfully and earnestly at the talking foreigners, but after a sojourn of a few weeks his whole attitude changed, and he showed unmistakable signs that he comprehended the new language, which at first seemed such a puzzle to him, and was perfectly at home in his new surroundings.

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, had two wonderful dogs—Sirrah and Hector. Both of these animals manifested in a rare degree that power which we call instinct, but in their cases it seemed more worthy the name of intelligence, or even reason. It happened one day that the master missed a flock of sheep from his grounds, and as the weather was severely cold, he feared the destruction of the lambs. That afternoon he discussed the probabilities of danger with his herdsman while Sirrah was standing by his side. An hour afterwards he missed the dog, and the next day the dog was found standing in front of the flock of sheep, which he had driven into an old barn. The same master told similar stories of Hector's intelligence and fidelity. Sir Walter Scott and Dr. Gall are not the only authorities for the dog's comprehension of language and conversation. A Parisian student asserts that his dog always knew when he intended to make a visit to the country from the remarks he made to his valet. A clergyman of the diocese of Massachusetts tells the story of a brother clergyman, who remarked one day in the presence of his dog that had grown very old and infirm, "Really, I must have that dog killed, he is so infirm." The dog rose from the spot where he lay, and walked away, and for six months could not be found. At the end of that time the faithful old creature returned to his master.

The writer knows an instance of a dog, whose master was killed in the late war in America, that was in the habit of lying before his master's portrait looking up at it, and uttering the most piteous moans. This was done some three

or four times a week, and was kept up with greater or less frequency until the dog's death. Sir Walter Scott tells of his dog Camp, that remembered a whipping he once received so well, that if persons made any allusion to it in their conversation, he would walk out of the room with evident signs of embarrassment. Professor Bell tells of a dog that would take up a coin flung to him and carry it to the baker's, and wait patiently for a loaf of bread in return, and also mentions another dog which, in seeking his master, would invariably look to see if the master's overcoat and hat were hanging in their accustomed places. If not, he went out at once in search of him; if, however, he saw the coat and hat, he settled himself somewhere in the house with an air of undisturbed satisfaction.

A traveller in Europe recounts the wonderful feats of two learned dogs he saw on exhibition in France—Fido and Bianco. Fido was the elder, and would spell words by taking the letters in his mouth, and placing them in order upon the floor. Once he undertook to spell the word Jupiter, and made the mistake of placing a *b* in the place of a *p*, whereupon Bianco sprang up and corrected his senior by replacing the *b* with a *p*. A marvelous dog story forsooth, but not more astonishing than another performance of the same dog Fido, that attempted to spell the word Heaven, and discovering that there was only one *e* at his disposal, removed the one which he had just placed before *a* in the first syllable, and laid it down before the letter *n*. We must not quarrel with the authenticity of this story, so long as canary-birds continue to tell fortunes on the street. A boot black in Paris actually taught his poodle to wallow in the mire, and then rub himself against the shoes of the passers-by, and by this means increase his master's custom.

But what numerous instances of the dog's unswerving fidelity are to be found in all ages of the world! Young readers, no doubt, have often heard the story told by Plutarch of the dog that brought the murderer of his master to Pyrrhus, when that monarch was reviewing his troops. Pliny the elder relates the story of a dog whose master was slain by order of Nero. When the body was thrown into the Tiber, the dog clung to it, struggling with the current, and finally sank in the vain effort to save all that remained of his beloved master.

Sir Henry Lee, of Oxfordshire, was saved from assassination by the watchfulness of his dog, which at bedtime was repeatedly beaten out of his master's chamber, but creeping back to his hiding-place, sprang upon the burglar who had entered the room to rob and murder. Sir Henry Lee had a full-size portrait of his courageous protector executed, and under it the words inscribed, "More faithful than favored."

A dog belonging to Xanthippus swam by his master's galley to Salamis when Athens was threatened, and at his death the grateful master buried him upon a promontory in Greece, which was called by the Athenians the Dog's Grave.

Italian chronicles relate that a Genoese merchant was about to sail from home to be absent for many years. His dog was at the wharf, and, through mistake, the vessel set sail without him. For ten years the dog visited the wharf whenever vessels came in sight. Disappointment never destroyed his hope, and at the end of ten years a vessel bearing his master landed. The dog flew to the master he had expected for so many years, leaped upon him, and then fell dead at his feet. The first Napoleon narrates an incident which stirred his sympathies, even when the sufferings of dying men did not move him. It was the sight of a dog guarding his master's coat, when that master was already dead upon the field of battle.

Poets have always loved dogs. In this poets and boys resemble each other. Walter Savage Landor was de-

voted to his dog Giallo, and Byron's epitaph upon his dog Boatswain we all remember.

"To mark a friend's remains, these stones arise:
I never had but one, and there he lies."

Cowper was very fond of his dog, and we know how Charles Lamb, who was a prose poet, loved his Dash, and how Mrs. Browning appreciated the little Flush to whom she indited a poem. The Earl of Shaftesbury kept his noble collie in his library with him at all times, and Samuel Rogers always walked out with his dog. Scott declined an invitation to dinner when his dog died, saying that he could not accept on account of "the loss of an old friend."

Wordsworth and Scott both celebrated in their poems the famous old Gelert. This dog, a deer-hound, was given by King John to his son-in-law Llewellyn, who kept him at his hunting-lodge, in the neighborhood of the Welsh mountain Snowdon. Gelert was missed one morning from the hunt by his master. Llewellyn, upon his return to the lodge, saw the dog, and discovered that its mouth was besmeared with blood. Concluding that the dog had devoured his child, the infuriated master slew the poor animal. Upon investigation, he discovered a dead wolf by the child's cradle, while the child was safely and soundly sleeping. The brave dog had saved Llewellyn's heir from the wolf. A monument was erected to the faithful creature, which bears the name of Beth-Gelert.

Geese once saved Rome, and a little dog once saved an empire simply by keeping quiet, which proves that silence is golden. A dog which belonged to Frederick the Great was that monarch's constant companion. It was an Italian greyhound, and was so small that it was carried on its master's arm. Upon one occasion, when Frederick was hotly pursued by the Austrian dragoons, a detachment of the enemy had approached him so nearly that the slightest noise from him or his dog must have revealed his hiding-place. The little creature upon his arm seemed to be sensible of his master's danger, and almost held his breath until the hostile troops had galloped out of sight.

The famous St. Bernard dogs, trained to rescue persons lost upon mountain steeps and overwhelmed by snow and bitter cold, have been a blessing to humanity. It is said that one of these dogs had saved in his life no less than forty persons. A monument has been erected to his memory, and we must confess that it is a well-earned tribute to real worth.

A lady tells of a mastiff which rescued her canary from a cat. She entered the room one day, and spied the empty bird-cage. Looking around, she saw pussy's crouched form and gleaming eyes. Opposite the cat lay Bruno, a ponderous mastiff, with his eyes fixed upon the cat. To her great astonishment the lady discovered the canary in the mastiff's mouth. Driving the cat out of the room, she approached Bruno, who carefully dropped the bird into her hand without a feather being injured.

Icelandic and Norwegian history abounds in stories of the dog's fidelity. No man or boy loves his dog more than the Iclander; he is his companion and his friend. When we remember the many instances of heroism, fortitude, and self-sacrifice shown by dogs, the expression often vulgarly used, "dog mean," seems to be a libel upon the noble animal, and we are inclined to agree with Pythagoras, who thought that the dog protected man more than man protected the dog, and to endorse Horace Walpole's words, "If I could have a friend possessing such fidelity, I should not at all mind his having two additional legs"; and many of us have known dogs well deserving the inscription written over Kingsley's dog at Eversley, "*Fideli Fidelis*."

DIEGO PINZON,*

AND

THE FEARFUL VOYAGE HE TOOK INTO THE UNKNOWN OCEAN A.D. 1492.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IT was so plain to the Indians that Diego's antics were caused by satisfaction that they were immediately reassured, and were presently gathered around him to discover what it was in the old man that caused their heaven-sent visitor such pleasure.

"I believe 'tis gold," said Juan.

"I am certain of it, and I will see if I can get it from the old fellow," answered Diego, and thereupon began to make signs.

He took a hawk's bell from his pocket and jingled it before the eyes of the dignified but therewith delighted savage. Then he tapped the ring of gold with his finger,



JINGLED IT BEFORE THE EYES OF THE SAVAGE.

tapped the bell, and offered it to the savage. The old man understood him in an instant, and it gave Diego and Juan—their greed for gold being very great—a mighty satisfaction to see with what trembling eagerness the old man took the ring from his nose and exchanged it for the hawk's bell.

"Say nothing to the others till we have our fill of it," said Diego, feverishly, to Juan, not knowing that the more gold he had, the more he would be likely to wish for, and that the time when he had his fill would be little likely ever to come.

"Perhaps they have no more," said Juan.

"That we will speedily learn," answered Diego.

So he took from his pockets, Juan doing likewise, all the bells and beads he had. Then he made signs that he would exchange them only for rings of gold. Upon that, the savages ran off, and returned with a handful altogether of the rings, and Diego and Juan were soon rid of their trifles in exchange; though it must be said that

* BORN IN HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE NO. 127.

the Indians gave every evidence of thinking they had made the better bargain.

When they had procured all they could from the men, the boys, in great excitement, hurried out of the grove and shouted for Martin Alonzo, until he was pointed out to them.

"Well," said he, "what madness is on you now?"

"Madness indeed!" said Diego, his dark eyes sparkling like the precious stones his head was now full of; for he was as certain as if he had them in his pockets that he would soon be possessed of burdensome quantities of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and the like.

Martin Alonzo very quickly caught the expression, and demanded eagerly: "What then? What then? Speak, Diego!"

"Look, cousin!" said Diego, softly, and drew several of the rings from his pocket and gave them to Martin Alonzo.

"Gold!" said Martin Alonzo, in a tone that might fairly be called an adoring one.

"I have twenty if I have one, and Juan has as many," said Diego.

"Ha! ha!" cried Martin Alonzo, rubbing his hands gleefully; "did I not say you should have it? Come! we must to the Admiral with this."

"Why," said Diego, "let us get more ourselves first."

"Tut!" said Martin Alonzo, and laughed like a man drunk with expectation; "be not so grudging, boy; there will be enough to load the *Pinta* to the rail. Come! Ah, this looks well indeed."

So he led the way to where the Admiral sat trying to extract some sort of information from the natives.

"My Lord Admiral," said he, joyously, "this boy here, or the two of them together—for they run in couples now, though they were for flying at each other's throats a while since—this boy, I say, has found the thing we have sought."

"And what is that?" asked the Admiral, looking kindly at the flushed, eager faces of the two lads.

"Show him, Diego. A shrewd lad and a cousin of mine, Admiral," said Martin Alonzo.

Diego, for the better showing of his shrewdness and his good fortune, drew out all of the gold nose-rings he had obtained, and Juan turned all he had into the same pile, Diego holding his two hands together to accommodate them all.

The Admiral took some of them in his hand eagerly too, and examined them carefully before he spoke.

"Gold; and without alloy. Pure," he said. "This is well. How came you by them, my boy?"

So Diego told the story, looking to Juan for confirmation now and again, and the latter responding loyally, giving Diego all the credit that was his.

"I knew it would rejoice you," said Martin Alonzo, very proud of Diego.

"And so it does," said the Admiral.

"And shall I issue bells and beads to the men and let them barter for the yellow stuff?" asked Martin Alonzo, eagerly; for he was anxious to redeem his promises to his men.

"Not so," answered the Admiral, gravely. "Gold is a monopoly of their Majesties, and can only be bartered for on their account. And 'tis the same with cotton. All things else the men may procure from the natives."

"Not barter for gold?" cried Martin Alonzo, in his quick, passionate way.

"Not barter for gold," repeated the Admiral, with all the dignity of his authority.

"And you will not return these rings to the boys?"

"Assuredly not, Martin Alonzo," said the Admiral. "You must see that it would be impossible; though I would be glad to do it for the sake of rewarding their shrewdness."

"Then," said Martin Alonzo, his bronzed face all aflame with wrath, "I say you shall yield it up to them. I say you shall," and he stamped his foot on the hard sand of the beach where they stood.

"Martin Alonzo Pinzon," said the Admiral, in a stern tone, "you do forget yourself."

For a second it seemed as if he had indeed forgotten himself, and would continue to do so, ere he would yield his point. But a better judgment prevailed, and he held his peace, though it was impossible for him to quite control his temper. He caught Diego's hand in his and emptied the rings out of it upon the sand, and then swept both of the boys along with him as he walked sternly away.

He said nothing to either of the boys, but stalked along in a towering rage, and when he had come to his boats, gave the order that the men should be collected, so that they might go aboard for the night.

As for Diego and Juan, they were divided between indignation at the manner in which their cherished gold had been taken from them and dismay at the attitude Martin Alonzo had assumed towards Christoval Colon, whose lofty manners as well as whose dignities awed them.

"I wish," said Diego, who could never be wholly repressed, "that that old man had not thrust his nose into my face."

"Or that you had wrung it off, as I supposed you intended to do," said Juan.

"Hush! Martin Alonzo is looking this way. If he should see us smile now, I think he would make but one bite of our two heads. But, say, Juan, if we may not traffic in gold—cotton I would not have as a gift—what is to become of us?"

"There are the precious stones."

"Oh, ay," said Diego, doubtfully; "but where are they? I saw no semblance of any this day."

"That's because you saw nothing but noses," said Juan; and both the boys, easily recovering from the loss of their gold, laughed behind their hands.

CHAPTER XIX.

If the boys were easily reconciled to the loss of the gold which they had at first sought with such avidity, the same was not the case with Martin Alonzo; although even he cared less for the loss of the gold than for what he considered an affront to him.

But he had promised his men that they should carry away as much gold as they could procure, and he held himself responsible to them for the fulfilment of his promises. "And then," he thought to himself, "comes this upstart Italian, who could never have sailed an inch this way but for me, and puts me down with his talk of their Majesties. As if I were not a better subject of them than he!"

That was not especially to the point, but it was sufficient to the angry sailor, who was jealous at the bottom, and did not ask for any good reasons for disliking the Admiral. However, Martin Alonzo was not a man to brood for naught. He could not nurse a wrong, real or fancied, without coming to a conclusion which should lead to action.

During the few days that the vessels remained at the island which the natives called Guanahani, but which the Admiral named San Salvador, Martin Alonzo did nothing openly, though he was not in the least active in any of the plans made by the Admiral. One thing he did; he called Diego to him.

"Diego," said he, "it seems to me that the time has come when you should prove the truth of the encomiums of the good Fray Bartolomeo."

"As to what?" demanded Diego, with some surprise;

for the good fray was very far from his thoughts at that moment.

"He said you had a gift of language," said Martin Alonzo.

Diego had been so often mocked at by his cousin because of his alleged gift that he looked curiously at him to see if behind his gloomy face was any sign of mirth. As there was not, he answered, quite soberly, "Perhaps he praised me too highly, good cousin."

"I hope not," said Martin Alonzo, knitting his brows; "for I have use now for such a gift."

"And may I ask what that use may be?" asked Diego, seeing his cousin pause.

"Yes, you may ask and know, for I look to you to practise it. Diego, I wish you to put yourself to it to learn the language of this people. Will it be a difficult task? You should know, having studied other languages."

"I think it will be an easy task," answered Diego, "for I have already begun to learn some words, and I can say more than you would believe, considering I have studied but three days."

"That is well; that is as it should be. Keep your counsel, Diego, and say nothing of what you are doing to any soul."

"Juan already knows I am studying. But, cousin, I hear that the Admiral intends to set sail as soon as the boats return from coasting the island, and if that be so, I shall not have time to learn much."

"That will not matter, for we shall carry away a few of the men to act as interpreters. The Admiral has so informed us. That is, if the men will go, and I do not doubt they will."

"May I know with what especial object I am to study?" asked Juan, whose curiosity was roused, as much by the sullen manner of his cousin as by anything else.

"No, you may not," answered Martin Alonzo, curtly. Then, as Diego turned abashed, he asked, "Do the men understand why they may not traffic for gold?"

"Yes."

"And do they know how the gold was taken from you and Juan?"

"Ay, they do, and have been angry because of it, grumbling greatly that you promised them as much gold as they could carry. However," and Diego laughed, "it has not made a great deal of difference, for it would seem as if Juan and I had stripped the island of its gold."

"It is true that not much more has been found; but, Diego, there must be more where that came from, and I wish you to learn as soon as you can where it did come from. That is a part of your task. And be secret."

"Learn where the gold came from!" repeated Diego to himself, with a short laugh, when he had left his cousin. "That is well said; but, worthy Martin Alonzo, do you not know that every man on the fleet is striving his utmost to learn the same thing? A pretty secret that!"

Nevertheless, he prosecuted his studies, which he had taken up from sheer love of learning languages, having truly the gift the good fray credited him with, and with a definite object in view now, he strove harder than ever, Juan meanwhile admiring his extraordinary facility in learning, without making the least effort to learn himself.

It was as Martin Alonzo had said. The Admiral did not remain long at so unimportant an island, but having partly explored its coast and finding it uninteresting, returned to the ships and set sail, taking seven of the natives with him, three of them going on the *Pinta*, as Martin Alonzo had supposed would happen.

All the talk of the fleet was, as Diego had said, of gold and where it could be found; and the Admiral, by dint of signs and such words as he had been able to pick up, had gathered in a vague way that the source of the gold was to the south of Guanahani, and so he made his way thitherward, stopping at various islands on the way, but never with any success in finding more gold than had been had in Guanahani.

All of the islands were as charming as they very well could be, each one seeming more beautiful than the last; but as they held no gold in store for the greedy voyagers, they gave but little pleasure to any one but the Admiral, who had always an enthusiastic description of each to jot in the journal he was keeping for his sovereigns.

It was the 12th of October when the fleet dropped anchor off Guanahani, and it was not until the 28th of the same month

that it came in sight of Cuba, which gave the first promise of being the land they were in search of, for it was great in extent, and was marked with lofty mountains.

At first the Admiral was convinced that he had reached Zipangu; but afterwards, owing to something which Diego gathered from the Indians on the *Pinta*, Martin Alonzo gained the belief that it was not an island, but the mainland, and at once both the Admiral and Martin Alonzo jumped to the conclusion that it was Cathay, and on this supposition they made a landing.

The Indians told of gold in great quantities to be found in a certain part of Cuba; but although every effort was made to find it, it was always without success. The truth was that the Indians knew but little of the island, and what they told was always immediately magnified and distorted by the Admiral, who saw everything by the light of his belief that he had discovered the eastern coast of Asia.

In the mean time Diego had gained a considerable knowledge of the language of the Indians, and was profiting by it to question the natives of Cuba; for although the language was not the same there, it was enough like that of Guanahani to enable him to communicate in it with the Cubans.

Every day Martin Alonzo eagerly questioned him on



"NOT BARTER FOR GOLD?" CRIED MARTIN ALONZO.

his progress in knowledge of where gold was to be found, and as often would express his disappointment that there was nothing more definite to tell, saying that the Admiral had as much knowledge of the matter as he had.

"Well," said Diego, "and why should he not have?"

"Boy, boy," said Martin Alonzo, one day, "I depend on you. I will not brook the authority of that upstart foreigner. I tell you I depend on you. Now ask, pry, discover."

Then one day, after having had an interview with the Admiral, he called Diego, and said, almost angrily:

"Here is more that you have not discovered for me that the Admiral knows. Now that we have spent two weeks exploring and coasting this country of Cuba, some one tells him that on the island of Babeque, which lies to the northeast, there is plenty of gold and precious stones. What have you to say to that?"

Well, it was only natural that Diego, having been badgered so much, had exerted himself to learn something that was not known to anybody else, and he had supposed he had accomplished it, when Martin Alonzo came with this piece of news. At the first word he fancied that he had been forestalled again; but when his cousin had concluded, he picked up his spirits, and answered:

"I have nothing to say to that; but I have something else to say, and that is that to the southeast, not far from here, there lies an island which the Indians call Bobio, though I think that is not its name, but only a sort of description. It is on this island, according to more than one, that gold is found, and that powerful and warlike people live."

"Do you trust this report, Diego?" demanded Martin Alonzo, eagerly.

"I do, because I have questioned the men carefully. I have more faith in it than in the Admiral's Babeque, anyhow."

"And it is to the southeast?"

"To the southeast," answered Diego.

"Diego," whispered Martin Alonzo, "I will trust you. Keep your counsel still. I think the time has come when I can show that proud upstart that he is not supreme. Diego, I shall leave him to find his own gold, and I will go find mine. Ah, I shall not prevent free dealing in it, should ever we come upon it. Quiet, boy, and you shall be satisfied for the gold he took from you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE UNNATURAL HISTORY OF PLINY.

DURING the first century of Christianity there was a gentleman in Rome who rejoiced in the name of Caius Plinius Secundus. He was a soldier and a writer, attending strictly to the former business when there were certain Emperors on the throne who would be sure to object to his literary work. During Nero's reign he suspended a Roman history until another Emperor rose which he knew would be in a short time. When Titus assumed the imperial purple, Pliny went back to writing, and to this Emperor is dedicated this most wonderful of natural histories. That is what he called it, but time has proved it to be most unnatural in many respects. Pliny was prefect of the Roman fleet at Misenum, and perished in the eruption that buried Pompeii, so he never knew but what he had educated the world to a proper knowledge of what then existed. He certainly tried to educate the world, and it is apparent that had he lived in later times he would have been a famous novelist, for his imagination was simply boundless.

The first book of his natural history is devoted to an "Account of the World," in which he calls it a globe—a very correct beginning; but proceeding with an essay on

thunder, he states that tents made of the skin of sea-calves are one of the few things never struck by thunder. This is perfectly true, although unnecessarily limited, for nowadays it is the lightning that strikes. Pliny records the instance of a child eight years of age who, between morning and evening, ran a distance of seventy-five miles, and also of a man who could distinguish objects one hundred and twenty-five miles away. This leads one to believe that the historian was apt to accept anything he ever heard, and to write it down as the truth. Considering the great interest taken in such subjects nowadays, it may be interesting to state that Pliny gives to Hercules the honor of having first instituted athletic games, and says that Pythus invented the game of ball. The latter would hardly recognize his invention as played to-day, and would probably be hooted as an umpire.

As we understand the use of the word, these things are hardly natural history, and would only be found (if true) in an encyclopedia; but the old Romans were content. After dealing with mankind, the venerable historian writes, "Let us now pass on to the other animals," and begins with an account of the elephant, which is supposed to have a notion of religion. Elephants will not go on board a ship, says Pliny, "until their keeper has promised upon oath that they shall return home again." These animals eat stones, and have a horror of a mouse—which latter statement is confirmed by an eminent naturalist. Elephants also hate dragons, which seems perfectly natural, and the two are continually fighting, and both are always killed. These statements are made by that voracious historian of old, and it is scarcely necessary to speak of their exaggeration. Ethiopia has dragons twenty cubits in length, and the only thing that surprises Pliny is that they are believed to have crests. Four or five of them twist together, and thus interlaced set sail, with their heads erect, and go through the ocean to Arabia.

A story is told of a man who had once found a dragon and nurtured it. The dragon was afterward turned loose, but one day some robbers attacked this man, who cried for help, and the dragon heard and recognized the voice, and came to his benefactor's assistance. Pliny attributes this to the greatness of the destinies rather than to the dragon's affection. In Ethiopia, near the fountain of Nigris, is found a beast called a catoblepas, with a head so heavy that it is always bent to the earth. This heavy head is a fortunate thing, for, remarks Pliny, all who behold its eyes fall dead upon the spot.

The same power is given to the basilisk, a variety of crowned serpent. In addition, this monster is so terrible that it withers grass and shrub by contact; and even if attacked by a man on horseback with a spear, its poison will run through the spear and kill man and horse. The only thing that has any power against it is the weasel, which is fatal to the basilisk. Hunters in those days should have carried a few weasels along for protection.

Pliny tells of chameleons that live on air, and change their color to suit their surroundings, and of porcupines which shoot out their quills; which statements have been believed by many people, the only truth being that the former animals do assume various tints at different times. The dog is treated at some length, and a story is given of a certain dog that vanquished an elephant by making it turn around and around, until the latter got so giddy that he fell down. "Among other prodigies," Pliny makes mention "that a dog once spoke, and that when Tarquin was expelled from the kingdom, a serpent barked." The next noble animal is the horse, which beast sheds tears and foresees battles. In speaking of apes, a writer is quoted who says that they play chess; and further on, Pliny remarks that among winged animals swallows and bees are the ones that can be called "half

tame." Any one who has had any experience with a wild bee will never try to tame one, however.

The subject of tritons and nereids is commented upon seriously, and many witnesses are quoted who claim to have seen them. They had a human face and a fish's body, and are the same as mermen and mermaids. A deputation of persons came from Olisipo to the Emperor Tiberius regarding a triton that had been seen in a cavern blowing a conch-shell.

It is interesting to observe that dolphins make a moaning sound not unlike a human voice, and that they like to be called "Simo," which name they recognize. The dolphin loves music, and is friendly to man, and assists fishermen in their business. In Arcadia there is said to be a fish that has the power of speech, and that also comes ashore at night to sleep. Even Pliny acknowledges that it is a wonder. Mention is made of a fish called the murex, which is about a foot long, but its power is so great that it can stop a vessel, and when preserved in salt is able to draw up gold from a well, no matter how deep.

Under the head of birds, an account of the fabled phoenix is given. No person has ever seen this bird eat, says the Senator Manilius, and it lives five hundred and forty years. It then builds a nest of cassia and sprigs of incense, and lies down to die. From the dead phoenix comes a small worm which changes into a bird, and the first thing the new phoenix does is to carry the nest and lay it upon the altar of the sun in the city of that god, to whom it is sacred. But Pliny is not certain that this is not a fable, and indeed in most of his statements seeks to quote some authority. The only occasion that Pliny knew of a rooster to speak was at the farm-house of Galerius, which fact is recorded in the Roman Annual, A.U.C. 676. Pliny is almost tempted to think that geese have an appreciation of wisdom, and quotes several stories about them. The birds that are unable to fly aloft, such as partridges, are commended for their shrewdness in building their nests upon the ground, though it is hard to imagine where else they might be built, considering the circumstances. A bird was heard of in the German forests which had feathers that shone at night like fire; but Pliny regards as fabulous the birds called pegasi, which have a horse's head; nor does he place any faith in griffins or sirens. You can see how hard the old fellow endeavored to be honest in all he wrote, and when he found things that were even too incredible for him to believe, he said so. He never knew how many things of his were false; perhaps he might be surprised at the number of his statements that have been proven to be true.

These are only a few of the most curious things mentioned by the old Roman historian. He has written on thousands of subjects that cover all the knowledge of his time, and his learning was exceedingly great. He advances all sorts of theories on all questions, and it is wonderful to think that with this work he also had time to attend to his official duties. But, nevertheless, however kindly disposed toward him we may feel, there is no doubt that a great deal of his work is deserving of the title of Unnatural History.

MABEL'S PERPLEXITY.

OLD Santa Claus has brought to me
A herd of painted cattle,
And to my sister Emilie
A pretty rubber rattle.

Now this is just the funny thing
That puzzles me, and greatly,
About the toy-and-candy King,
So corpulent and stately:

Since Christmas last he's not been here,
Then how could he remember,
My sister very small and dear,
Born sometime last September?

R. K. M.

BIRDS THAT NEST IN SNOW AND ICE.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

WHEN the cold winds begin to pipe from the North in the late autumn and scum over the pool with ice, the feathered armies gather on the edge of the woods or on the plains, and then, rising well up into the air, take their bearings and stretch away for the South; but many remain in the woods when the ground and the branches of the trees are covered with snow. They lie close in stormy weather, though as soon as there is any sunshine you hear their song again breaking the deep quiet of the forest.

Some of these birds actually nest in the midst of ice and snow; and, so far as ornithologists know, they do not breed in summer. Why they select winter as the time for laying and hatching is a mystery; and it was



NEST OF THE CROSS-BILL.

not until a comparatively short time ago that ornithologists knew that any birds hatched their young in winter. The bird whose nest has been found in greatest number is the Canada jay or "moose-bird," known in technical speech as *Perisoreus canadensis*. The jays are a sub-family of the crows, and the scientific men very properly call them *garrulinae*, because they chatter so much. But it is in winter that they are most noisy, and I have known them to fill the forest for acres around with their cries. In the North there are two varieties of jays that make themselves known in winter to the woodsman, namely, the Canada jay or moose bird and the blue jay. Both of these lay their eggs and hatch their young in winter.

When winter sets in, the jay goes into the densest part of a spruce or fir forest, because it is warmer there than among the deciduous or bare trees. About February it begins to build its nest, selecting the branch of an evergreen tree about ten feet from the ground, and protected from storm by the branches of other trees. It first breaks off small twigs, carrying them one by one to its building site, and then constructs a skilful frame of twig-work. When this part of the work is complete, the two birds gather the softest moss they can find, bring it in large pieces in their bills, and weave it strand by strand through the twig framework, till the nest is thick enough to keep out the frost. They are obliged to build very thoroughly, because the cold in these woods is often as much as fifteen degrees below zero. Very often they prowl about the camps of the lumbermen, stealing small scraps of cloth, woollen thread, or anything else that they are able to weave through the twigs of the nest; and sometimes they go into the woodsmen's shanties and steal meat, when they cannot find rags. The interior of the nest is made soft and warm with feathers picked up here and there in the woods, and these are often kept in place by moose hairs.

All the woodsmen in the North call this jay the moose bird, and they give it this name because the bird has often been seen perched on the back of a moose, pecking. It does this when building its nest, and its object is to collect hairs, which it pulls out of the back of the poor moose. The animal jumps as each hair is drawn, whisks its short tail, and tosses its head, but the jay collects its beakful of building material before it leaves. Should any snow get into the nest during the building, the birds remove every grain of it with their beaks and claws; and if rain wets the feathers, they take out the draggled ones, and go through the woods for some that are dry and fluffy.

The moose-bird lays three eggs, which are gray, with a yellowish tinge. When the eggs are laid, one of the jays is always on the nest, and if the day is very cold, you may go up the tree and put your hand on the bird, so careful is it that the eggs shall not become cold; for five minutes' exposure kills the life in the egg. When the young ones peck their way through the shells, they have no feathers, and are about the size of a hazel-nut. The old birds sit on the nest in turn, and whichever one is off duty goes jabbering through the woods to get food for the family. The jay is very cunning, and before winter sets in, it collects a large quantity of berries and seeds, and hides them in hollow trees, in knot-holes, or between the bark of a tree and the bole. It often stores away pieces of meat and fish, which it steals in the autumn from trappers, fishermen, and camping parties. In Newfoundland dogs are used instead of horses for drawing firewood, and are fed on the roasted flesh of a small shark known as the dog-fish. When a fire is lighted in the woods and the fish is put to roast upon it, the jays come out of the dense thickets by hundreds, and I have often seen them actually steal a part of the dogs' meal. They nest in winter as far north as Labrador, through the wooded parts of Newfoundland, in the New England States, and in Canada.

Another family of birds that build their nests in winter are the cross-bills. They are very hardy, and sing in the roughest storm their "week," "week," which sounds above the din of the gale. They do not, like the jays, collect berries and seeds, their chief food being the pit of the fir cone, which they can open with great skill and swiftness. The white-winged cross-bill is one of the best known of Northern winter birds, and the lumberman, lying in his bunk on dark nights, when no star can be seen, hearing its plaintive cry, says to his fellow-bunkman: "No work to-morrow; hear the cross-bill? Wonder if it will snow or rain?" The white-winged cross-bill, like the jay, goes among evergreens to build its nest, which has a framework of fine spruce twigs, the walls being made wind and frost proof by those pale green lichens that are found in evergreen forests; but hair gathered from trees where wild animals pass, bits of moss, and even shreds of bark, are often used.

The cross-bill is rather wild in summer; but in winter, especially in the nesting-time, it is so tame that it will come and feed from one's hand. On Sunday, when the lumberman in the heart of the forest has nothing else to

do, he goes out and feeds the jays and the cross-bills. Sometimes he will climb a large evergreen tree to look at the nest and leave a week's food for the birds on the branch. The white-winged cross-bill lays one egg, which is pale blue, having on the large end dots of black, ashly lilac, or London-smoke. The egg is never exposed to the cold, the bird crouching upon it; and even if driven off with a stick or by the report of a gun, it comes back a moment afterwards. The young bird has a comfortable coat of feathers when it is about two weeks old, but its mother makes it stay in the nest when the weather is stormy or very cold, spreading her wings over it. When the sun shines, she takes it out, and begins to teach the little thing how to open fir cones, or any other seed of the *coniferae*, or of plants not covered with snow.

Of all birds, none is more careful of her young than the mother cross-bill, for if the little one strays away into the woods, as it is likely to do, its parent follows with loud appealing cries, as if begging it to come back to its nest. The mother protects the young one, leads it to the cones and seeds, and sees that it gets plenty to eat till April,

when it has grown large enough to scour the woods for itself. The lumberman cutting the limbs off a spruce log which he has felled often starts as he sees a nest on a branch, the mother clinging to it and keeping her little one warm. Very often, too, after a severe storm and a bitter night both are frozen to death. The mother might easily survive by taking a swift flight among the trees and getting warm, but she prefers to sit and save her little one.

A lumberman from the Penobscot told me this:

"I know of no creature so affectionate as that little bird" — meaning the white-winged cross-bill. "One of them was nesting in February in a tree close by our

camp, and I could just reach it with my peevy [or log-driving pole]. I often touched the bird with the cold iron point, but it wouldn't fly; and one day when the young one was out of the shell, I went up the tree, lifted the mother off the nest, and put it on another branch. It went back at once, turned and bit me whenever I put my finger near enough. We fed the family with crumbs, and the youngster grew fast, and was very fat; but there came one very cold night, and when I went up the tree in the morning before taking out my team, the mother was dead, frozen through and through. The little fellow was alone, and opened his bill for something to eat. We took him into the shanty, and kept him there till the last of March, when we let him go. He was then full grown."

There are several other cross-bills that breed in ice and snow, among which I may name the red cross-bill (*Loxia curvirostra*), and also the pine finch, so called because he builds his nest mostly in pine-trees. Ornithologists call this plucky little bird *Spinus pinus*. He is a first cousin of the goldfinch; but small as he is, he may be found nesting in midwinter in the branch of a pine-tree, snow above, below, and around him, and the thermometer many degrees below zero. But it hatches the eggs, feeds and protects the little ones, and only lets them go to make their own living when the trees begin to drip in the warm days of spring.



NEST OF THE MOOSE BIRD

HE WOULD NOT BE HAZED.

BY W. J. HENDERSON

"WHAT'S your name?"

"Frederick Searles."

"Put a 'sir' to that."

"I don't understand."

"When you address an upper classman you must say, 'Sir.'"

"Oh, I was not aware of that, sir. Hereafter I shall bear it in mind, sir. Good-day, sir."

And there was something in the delicately sarcastic accent on that "sir" which made Harvey Halton's blood boil. Yet there was no open cause of offence, so he contented himself with muttering as Fred Searles walked away: "That's about as fresh a newy as I ever saw. But I guess I know a way to take him down a peg or two. I'll just go and see Bob Savin and the boys, and talk it over."

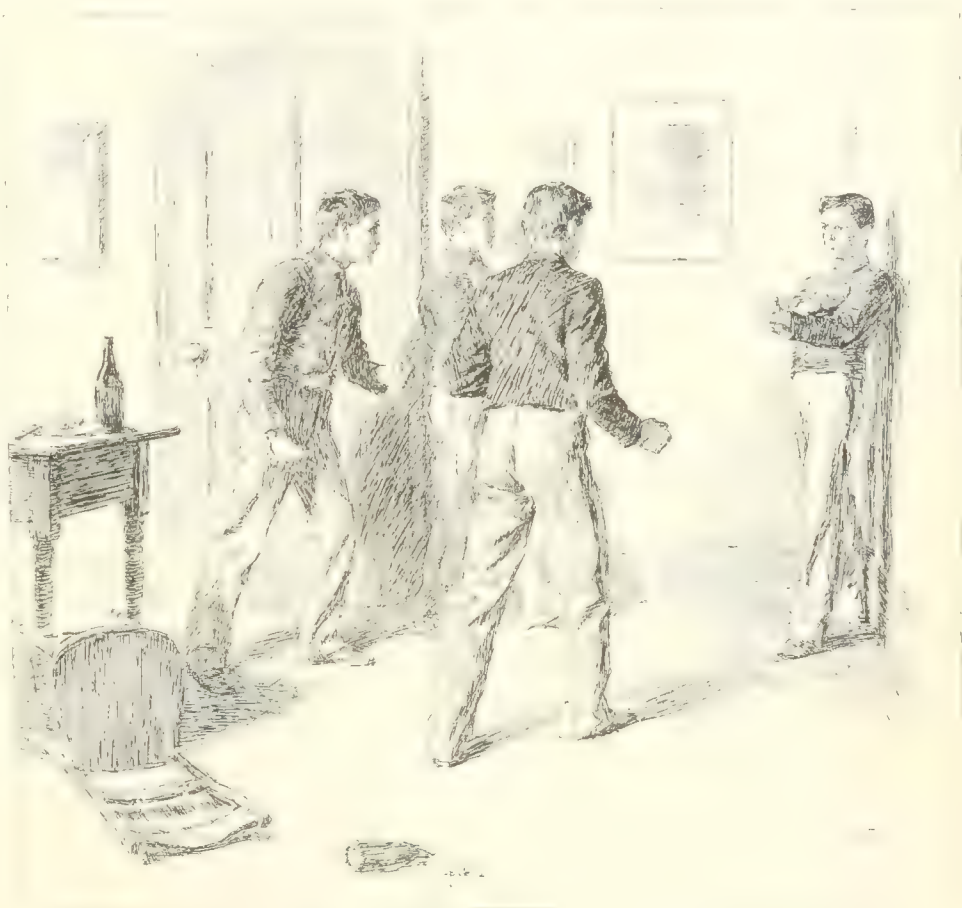
Harvey Halton evidently forgot that he himself had been a "newy" of considerable "freshness" only a year earlier; but that is one of the things that boys at school are likely to forget. The boys at the Tallent Military Academy ought to have remembered it, however, for the school had an unenviable reputation for its hazing. No new boy could expect to escape hazing in some form, and, as a rule, those who had just entered the school were obsequious in their deference to upper classmen. Fred Searles, however, was apparently not inclined to look upon upper classmen with reverence. As he walked away from Harvey Halton, he smiled somewhat contemptuously. He moved slowly across the drill-ground to a shady spot under the trees, where he threw himself upon the grass. He was rather tall for his age, and looked slender in his uniform. His black hair and eyes made his colorless face appear paler than it really was. He did not look healthy or strong, but in truth he was a very sound, hearty, and tough-sinewed boy, whose muscles had been trained by long days on the water with his father, a tireless oarsman. At the school at which Fred had pursued his preparatory studies he had played right guard on the football team, and his departure had been loudly mourned. He had talked a long time with his father on the subject of hazing before starting for the Tallent school. Mr. Searles had heard of the hazing at the institution, but he did not deem it an obstacle of sufficient importance to prevent him from sending Fred there, and indeed the boy himself had, when questioned on the subject, promptly declared that he was not to be frightened away from the academy.

"Hazing, Fred," said Mr. Searles, "is a mean, cowardly

business. If boys could only be brought to look at it in its true light, they would drop it forever. Just think of it: half a dozen fellows who are familiar with the school pounce upon a new boy who is perhaps away from home for the first time—nervous, homesick, maybe—and they go to work to intimidate him and make him uncomfortable for their amusement. It's about as unmanly a sport as was ever invented."

"Well, I'm not going to be hazed, father," said Fred, with some spirit.

"Are you not, my boy? How are you going to prevent it?"



HE STOOD WITH PALE FACE AND CLINCHED HANDS.

"I don't know yet; but I shall find a way."

"I fear you will not succeed. The best way to do is to take it with such good humor that there will be no fun in it for the hazers."

"That would be all well enough for me," said Fred; "but it wouldn't prevent them from going off and hazing some other fellow."

"Well, you're not going to undertake to thrash them so that they can't walk to another boy's room, are you? There will be at least three of them, you know."

"Don't make fun of me, father. I shall not do anything foolish; but I'm not going to be hazed, even if I do have to fight three fellows."

Mr. Searles did not approve of fighting any more than any other well-disposed man does, but he certainly did approve of courage, and he would rather have seen his son fight than act the coward. Fred had not been at the school more than half a day when the conversation with Harvey Halton took place. When the new boy had stretched himself on the grass under the trees he reflected:

"I suppose I have let myself in for it now. I shall be visited by hazers to night as surely as the sun goes down. Now, let me see what shall I do."

The boy remained engrossed in thought for half an hour, and then arose with a smile on his face.

"I'll try it, anyhow," he said to himself, "and if it does not succeed, I'll fight as long as I can stand or see."

The day passed, as all days do, and the stillness of a lovely starlit night settled down over the Tallent Military Academy. Fred Searles sat alone in his room. He was reading and waiting. He felt confident that the visit of the hazers was not far off. He was destined not to be disappointed. Suddenly a sharp rap sounded at the door.

"Come in," called Fred, in a cheerful voice, as he arose and laid aside his book.

The door opened, and four boys wearing black masks entered the room in single file.

"Good-evening, gentlemen," said Fred, amiably. "I have been expecting you. You're a little late, are you not? But sit down, I beg of you. I have some most excellent bottled root-beer that I brought from home—"

"And you'll bring it out at once, sir," said a voice so solemn that Fred smiled.

"With the greatest pleasure," said Fred. "I was just about to do so."

He opened his cupboard door, and produced a bottle of root-beer and some glasses. He also brought out a fine frosted cake, some fruit, plates, and knives.

"Gentlemen," he said, very courteously, "I beg that you will sit down and make the best you can of my poor fare. I am much honored by your presence, and wish it were in my power to entertain you more suitably. And will you allow me to ask you to remove your masks? I shall not remember your faces to-morrow."

"Oh yes, you will," said one of the boys, with a sneer.

"Pardon me," said Fred, with dignified politeness. "I have said that I will not. My word has never been broken, and it never will be."

There was a moment's silence; then Harvey Halton removed his mask, saying, "I'll see whether you are telling the truth or not."

Fred did not betray by any sign that he had ever seen Harvey before. The other boys took off their masks, and stood looking at one another, in doubt how to proceed. Harvey, however, sat down at the table, and poured out some root-beer. The other boys followed his example. Fred stood up, and passed the cake and fruit.

"Pretty good waiter, isn't he?" said Harvey, rudely.

"Any gentleman should be able and willing to wait on his guests," said Fred, pleasantly.

There was another silence, and two of the four boys looked a little uncomfortable. Harvey Halton, however, was a brute and a bully at heart. He picked up the remains of the frosted cake, which Fred's sister had made, and opening a window, threw it out, saying,

"That stuff is not fit for pigs."

"No; I don't think it is," said Fred, quietly.

At that Halton sprang up from his chair, and said: "You're altogether too smart, newy! Now you've got to make up for it. You see those apple cores? Well, you'll eat them."

"I regret to say that you are mistaken," said Fred. "I shall do nothing of the kind."

There was no longer any hesitation on the faces of the four boys. They were of one mind now. They made a simultaneous movement toward Fred.

"One moment!" exclaimed the new boy. "I want to say a word to you before you begin. After I'm through, you may do your worst. This, I believe, is a military school, where young men are taught to be manly and brave. There are four of you; I am one. I am not going to eat those apple cores; I am not going to be hazed. I positively and finally refuse to take any orders from

you or any other upper classmen, except such orders as may be properly given me by my superior officers in the cadet battalion. If you four fellows set upon me, you may do me serious bodily injury. Some one is surely going to be hurt. If I am injured, it will stamp you four fellows for the rest of your lives as pitiable cowards, without a spark of honest manhood in you. If you have courage enough to face that possibility, I have courage to face you. Now do your worst."

There was a dead silence for five or six seconds. Then Clarence Thorp, one of the four boys, said, "I am not in this;" and he left the room.

"I think we'd better let this fellow alone," said Frank Marshall, another of the four.

"You're afraid!" said Halton, who was boiling with rage.

Marshall was afraid of Halton's opinion, so he weakly said, "Well, I'll stick by you."

Fred had backed up into a corner of the room, where he stood with pale face and clinched hands. "If any one of you will come on," he said, "I'll show him some fun."

Halton sprang forward and rushed at Fred. There was a sudden sharp spat as Fred's left arm shot out, and Halton measured his length on the floor. The other boys saw in a moment that the new boy had skill in the use of his hands. But Halton had sprung to his feet fuming with wrath. Turning, he saw the empty root-beer bottle on the table. He caught it up and hurled it at Fred, who calmly bent his head, allowing the missile to crash to pieces against the wall.

"Come on!" exclaimed Halton to his companions.

All three boys, now excited beyond measure, dashed at Fred, who hit out left and right with telling effect. But he could not thrash three boys, of course. In a moment he was down, and they were on him. Now Halton's brutal cowardice showed itself, for he violently kicked the prostrate boy on the arm. Fred uttered a groan, and fainted.

"Hold on, Harvey!" exclaimed Marshall, horrified. "You'll kill him."

"I'll bet you've broken his arm," said the other boy. "We'd better get out of this."

The three brave youths left the room on tiptoe, and passed out into the grounds, of which they had to cross a narrow portion in order to reach their quarters. As they turned the corner of their own building, they walked plump into the arms of the cadet officer of the guard, a first classman, who was making his rounds.

"Halt!" he said. "Your names, gentlemen; and I should like to know why you are out of your quarters at this hour."

The hazers gave a very lame account of themselves, which did not at all satisfy the officer. He ordered them to go to their quarters, however, feeling sure that whatever mischief they had been up to would come to light sooner or later. He was right. He had not gone much further when he saw a dishevelled figure walking toward him slowly and painfully.

"Halt!" he said.

The figure halted.

"What's your name? Why are you out of quarters?"

"My name is Frederick Searles. I want the doctor; my arm is broken."

"Why, how did this happen?"

"I hope you will excuse me from telling; but I don't think it was my fault."

The officer of the guard summoned a sentry, and the two escorted Fred to the doctor's quarters, where his arm was set. The officer of the guard visited the boy's room, where he saw the pieces of the broken bottle, and other evidences of the struggle. The next day the three boys who had tried to haze Fred were charged with the assault

on him, and Marshall promptly broke down and confessed. The three were publicly expelled, and from that day on hazing was looked upon with such disfavor in the Tallent Military Academy that it soon became a tradition of the past.

THE FATE OF BELFIELD.

BY MARY SELDEN MCCOBB.

Part XV.

SERVANTS came running. Confusion reigned. All at once flames poured out at every window in the right wing of the house.

Up the hill rushed the villagers. The mill operatives came hurrying from the Barracks.

But of what use were hands when there was no water? The town was to possess a new fire-engine—next week. It was to-night in the manufactory far away. Buckets were of little avail, though a line of men passed them rapidly from the well to the house. The coachman, Michael, was especially active, spurred on by guilty remembrance of a certain heap of oily rags, which, after polishing the kitchen, he had left in a lower room of the wing. The fire evidently had kindled there, and, though the terrified Michael did not mention it, he had heard of "spontaneous combustion."

The flames gained headway. The men invaded the great hall, and dragged tables and furniture to the lawn. Six stout fellows managed to crowd the grand piano through the music-room door, which opened on the garden. They had scarcely passed the threshold when the entire ceiling fell.

The fire raged with fresh fury. Red and yellow tongues licked the pictures, which shrivelled to ashes. With a roar like wild beasts the flames leaped from gable to turret. Beams toppled, embers hurtled through the air and fell on the stables. The maddened horses broke loose and galloped down the hill.

All night long Belfield blazed; a magnificent and appalling sight for miles around. When the morning, chill and gray, crept over the crest of the hill, a smouldering pile of stone was all that remained to tell of former grandeur.

Clinging to one another, Mrs. Bernard, Alida, and Kate turned from the desolation. Kate was holding tightly an oaken box, which proved to be Mrs. Bernard's jewel-casket. She vaguely remembered snatching at the first thing she could lay hands on. As for Alida, solemn as the occasion was, she burst into a peal of laughter as she found herself clutching—a milk-pan and a carving-fork. These she had saved from destruction!

Kate led her friends to the little house near the church. Here hot coffee and rolls and a most sympathetic welcome awaited them.

There was no question as to the next step to be taken. The old elms seemed to beckon toward the empty house under their hanging branches. Willing helpers brought what furniture had been saved from the wreck into the rooms where the Bernards had spent the days of their temporary poverty.

"We were happy here then; we shall be happy here now," said Mrs. Bernard.

Alida's heart fairly danced for joy. It seemed as if the problem which had vexed her had been solved. She was once more in a home like unto those in which her friends lived. She felt called upon to apologize for her exceeding happiness.

"Belfield wasn't the abode of our ancestors for generations after generation," she said, deprecatingly.

She watched her father narrowly. "If only *he* isn't heart-broken," she thought.

And when, about a week after the calamity, she found

him one day sitting before the open fire, his foot on the fender, his elbow on his knee, and his head on his hand, she came close to him, wrapping both arms about him.

"Oh, *please* don't be homesick, daddy," she pleaded. And then, forgetting her own desires, "You can build it all up again, you know."

Her father looked up, smiling cheerily. "I'm not brooding over my misfortunes," he said. "I was thinking about the men at the mills. I can't tell you, daughter, how their sympathy touches me. Scarce one of them but has tried to express his sorrow for my loss. Some of them say, 'Hard lines, sir!' or 'Tough job, master!' One old Irishman, Pat Rooney, seized my hand



"YOU CAN BUILD IT UP AGAIN, YOU KNOW."

and worked my arm up and down like a pump handle, while his feelings could only find vent in one word, 'Gorry!' But the tears stood in the fellow's eyes, and I verily believe in mine." Mr. Bernard laughed, and then took out his handkerchief. "What cut me," he went on, soberly, "was to hear one Swede say to another, when I was passing, 'I wish it had been our Barracks instead of Belfield.' They're a ram-shackle lot of buildings, those Barracks. I've meant, for a year, to have them overhauled. But Belfield took all my spare shekels. I suppose, if the plain truth were spoken, we've paid out enough for roses alone to have repaired the mill-hands' quarters."

"Couldn't we attend to the Barracks now?" asked Alida, hesitatingly.

"I'm afraid it would take all my loose change to rebuild Belfield," said her father, smiling.

It was a month after this that Alida was coming down stairs one evening. She had an opera-glass in her hand. Her father called her, from the parlor.

"Are you in a hurry, little girl?"

"Kate has invited me to go to the concert with her. It doesn't begin till eight o'clock, and we can walk to the church in five minutes."

"The church?"

"Oh, that's the only place for concerts, or for any sort of entertainment, you know. There was a man who gave a lecture on Dickens, with stereopticon views, and

what did I do but tuck in a picture of the temple at Jerusalem. 'Out of compliment to this sacred edifice,' he said, meaning the church! And I wouldn't go when some people gave a play there, and called it 'a dialogue,' as if that would excuse them. But what can they do, papa? There's no hall in town."

"If you have time, just glance over these plans for the future Belfield," said Mr. Bernard.

Alida came up to the table, on which lay several large sheets of Bristol-board covered with drawings. "Why, how strange!" she said, much puzzled. "These all look like cottages."

"Does this suit your lofty ideas better?" asked her father. He put the outline of a large brick block of houses before her. "Here's the inside of the building," he added, taking up another sheet.

It was divided into suites of rooms.

"Living-room," "Bedrooms," "Kitchen," read Alida. Her face suddenly flushed crimson with excitement. "Oh, daddy!" she exclaimed. "These are plans for new quarters where the mill people can live in comfort."

"The Barracks are fit for nothing but burning and utter destruction; more shame to me!" said Mr. Bernard, quietly. "Shall we postpone Belfield for a while, my daughter?"

Very little of the concert did Alida hear that evening. She was dimly aware that her nerves were set on edge by some vigorous scraping on a disreputable fiddle, and that there was danger of an ambitious tenor's breaking a blood-vessel in his frantic efforts to reach high C. But those plans on the parlor table were before her mind's eye, and she could hardly refrain from telling Kate the joyful news then and there.

Many and long were the consultations over the cottages and the flats. Mr. Bernard was a keen business man. He had no notion of not getting in the end a proper return for his outlay. So there were intricate calculations as to what he could afford to build for the rent he could justly demand from his tenants.

The mill-hands were vastly pleased at their prospects.

"They say the cottages is to cost fifteen and twenty dollars the month," said one.

"For my part, I'll stick to the block," said another. "I ain't goin' to live out o' screamin' distance o' folks, in an isolated timinint."

There was no one in town who could not find time to inspect and comment upon the new apartment block, and to give opinions for or against the superiority of the cottages.

On Saturday nights the harness shop was full to overflowing.

"Zephaniah Brock seems to be a very popular person," remarked Mr. Bernard.

"Why, papa, his shop is the town 'library,'" said Alida. "I wish the books were in a bigger place. Then, maybe instead of looting on the bridge, or going to Tim Jones's grocery store, where they say one can buy something besides sugar and water in a tumbler, the boys and men would get a chance to read, and would go home sober. Ever so many of the mill people like books. Zephaniah Brock's sister told me so."

The Bernards were to spend a fortnight in New York. The Symphony concerts were going on; Wagner's operas also. It happened to be vacation at school, so Alida was free.

But she evidently had something on her mind. Once she said, apropos of nothing, that she really wished she were only to be away from home a week.

"Out with it," said her father at last. "I'm bright enough to see through a millstone when there's a hole in it. What are you hinting at, my dear?"

Thus urged, Alida spoke. "If you'd only divide what you pay for my board at the hotel between Alice Homans

and me, and give us each a week, papa. Alice wants to consult an oculist about her eyes. And this would be just her chance. Oh, I'd far rather 'go halves' with Alice!"

So it was arranged. Alice accepted the invitation with alacrity, driven into graciousness by the condition of her eyes.

"I think, maybe, I'll be less cranky when my eyes focus right," she confessed, gently.

The day before the Bernards departed, Alida and Kate Robinson took a stroll in the direction of the mills. The block had gone up as if by magic. Already its future occupants were moving their furniture into their new abode.

"But I prefer the cottages," said Alida.

These stood on the banks of a racing little brook, the waters of which, further down, were caught and made to forget their play, and to work at turning mill wheels, as if they were "a grown-up river," complained Kate.

"And, oh dear! What dirty children!" she went on, in sudden disgust.

She made a dart forward, and before Alida knew what she was doing, had caught one astonished small boy by the ear, and was marching him down to the brook. She tucked him securely under her arm. Then, in spite of strugglings and kickings and roarings, she scrubbed his face vigorously with her own handkerchief. He came forth from the ordeal much rasped and highly indignant, but a cleaner if not a wiser infant.

His screams, however, were not fruitless. Out from a cottage sallied his mother, who opened fire on the intruders. It was only when Alida, choking with laughter, introduced herself, that the tempestuous Mrs. Bessie Noodles calmed down enough to remark that, "Leddies had no call to interfere, even if they *was* the boss's daughter."

Alida, as she thought the matter over, was sure she and Kate had failed in courtesy, and in the midst of the hurry before the New York train started, she made a private excursion afoot and alone to Mrs. Noodles's cottage.

She came into the small house so breezily, and was so honestly sorry to have offended, that Mrs. Noodles fell in love with her on the spot, and in ten brief minutes had confided to "the boss's daughter" all her plans for making "his" earnings do their utmost for the furnishing of the new quarters.

"And we're to have a parlor, miss, as if we was folks," explained Mrs. Noodles, with modest pride. "We shall set there when the neighbors drop in."

A Mrs. Baker, happening to "drop in" that very moment, was duly presented to Alida. There were a few kindly words, and Alida hurried away to her train greatly pleased.

"For I've found two new friends, mamma," she said. "And one of them has thirteen children. A 'baker's dozen,' she calls them."

But at the moment there was no chance to mention that she herself had tucked in her purse a bit of Mrs. Noodles's red wall-paper for future purposes.

To Alida's absolute horror whom should they stumble upon at the Grand Central Station in New York but Virginia Carroll. And, lo! that young woman was staying in New York.

"I shall see you every single day," she announced.

Alida glanced at Alice. Then, falling behind the others, she beckoned to her cousin.

"Poor Alice is to have her eyes examined," she whispered.

In a moment Virginia's face was full of sympathy. "Don't you remember what trouble I had with my eyes three years ago?" she asked.

And that very afternoon she turned up at the hotel,

bringing a great bunch of mignonette expressly for Alice. So hearty she was withal, and so different from the formal Miss Carroll who had axed the little country lass in days gone by, that Alice forgot to be stiff.

"And would you mind if Miss Virginia went with me when I take my ether?" she asked Alida.

So Virginia supported her through the trying ordeal, and when Alice came to herself after the slight operation which was performed, it was on Virginia's stylish plush jacket that she rested her dizzy head.

In the mean time Alida was eagerly searching for cheap corn-colored curtains. "For Mrs. Noodles's parlor," she told her mother. "I wouldn't have Kate know about it, mamma, for she'd laugh. But why shouldn't the new cottage have something pretty in it? Mrs. Noodles said, 'I wisht I had curtains; but there, I can't take 'his' money for nonsense.' And really the only ornaments she has in her room are a fearful wax-flower cross and a dismal wreath made out of human hair."

Alida was as earnest in her shopping for her new acquaintance as she would have been if commissioned to purchase the most elegant draperies. "You see, this paper is a peculiar shade of red" (and indeed it was), "so the curtains ought to be carefully chosen lest they make fun of it," she said.

The only real drawback to Alida's pleasure was that she could not invite Kate Robinson to come down to hear Beethoven's "Heroic Symphony." But Kate was peculiar, and Alida feared lest she might touch her friend's pride if she bade her to an entertainment similar but infinitely superior to Kate's especial treat in the village church.

At the end of the week Alice and Alida were ready to return home. Virginia was going with them.

"And I trust to you to see that she has a good time," Alida said to Alice.

"I'll manage the other girls," answered Alice, valiantly.

And she proved her word good, for at the very next meeting of the "bee" Virginia appeared, and was promptly appealed to to give her opinion on the best way to cut baby clothes.

"For Alida has promised her Mrs. Baker that we shall help her sew for her thirteenth olive branch," announced Kate Robinson.

So Virginia came yet farther out of her shell, and when it appeared that she was more ignorant in the sewing line than any one present, the tables were quite turned, and Virginia found herself pleasantly yet decidedly patronized by the village girls.

"Oh, I never *can* make up my mind to leave the village for the hill again," thought Alida. "It was bad enough before, but now it would be even worse, for there are Mrs. Noodles and all the Bakers; and I'm sure I shall know more of the mill people before long."

She feared every day that plans for rebuilding would be spoken of. The block and the cottages complete, Mr. Bernard would be ready for his own house. And Alida was dimly aware that the mills were becoming more and more profitable. Some one said that Mr. Bernard was going to count his millions before long.

"Then," thought Alida, wistfully, "maybe *we* could afford not to make everything 'pay.'"

She might not have reasoned the matter out had not good old Zephaniah Brock died this very year. Where now would his literary friends pass a quiet Saturday evening? Where should the "library" take up its abode?

Some one put that question in the Bernards' parlor. Lightning is not so quick as the flash of two pairs of eyes. A thought darted from one brain to another. Was it in Alida's heart it originated, or in her father's? Who can say?

"And if the little building goes up, perhaps there *might*

be a hall for shows and concerts as well as a library and reading-room." That is what Alida said, with both hands clasped round her father's arm.

So it turned out that the building of Belfield was again delayed. Once more the village was in a ferment.



SHE SCRUBBED HIS FACE VIGOROUSLY.

The girls were crazy to embroider a drop-curtain for the stage in the new hall. It was suddenly remembered that the old library would never half fill the prospective alcoves. Kate Robinson, full of enthusiasm, sallied forth with a subscription paper. As she knew every soul in town, and as every one saw fit to be amused at her bright speeches, her list swelled rapidly. Even Simon Grigg, who was "as close as the bark of a tree," was wheedled into putting down his name for two volumes for "our library." So the weeks flew by full of work and play.

One day, near spring, Alida, running in at her front door, nearly fell over an immense box which blocked the passage. On the wooden cover her own name stood out in bold letters.

"It came by express an hour ago," her mother explained.

By means of a hammer and a screw-driver the nails were extracted. Alida fairly turned pale with surprise and delight.

"An offering from an old friend for the new Belfield," ran a card which came into view.

"It's from dear, dear Mr. Peters," cried Alida.

"It" was a very fine painting of a scene in the Swiss Tyrol—a stretch of green meadow-land, with wonderful snow-capped mountains in the far distance. The picture was really magnificent.

"And to *think* of his giving it to me!" breathed Alida, on her knees before it.

She stepped softly round the house that evening. After bedtime she came creeping down stairs, candle in hand, for another look. One by one her friends were called in to wonder and admire.

"I want everybody *everybody* to see it," Alida said.

"Where will you hang it?" asked her mother; and then Alida came close up to her.

"For Belfield," she answered. "That is what Mr. Peters said. But do you think that he'd be willing I should put it in the new reading room where the mill people can see it too, mamma?"

She grew more and more impatient for the completion of the library. She told Mrs. Noodles and the ten elder Bakers of the treat in store for them. They really reached a small frenzy of expectation urged on by her descriptions. So eager were they that when a day was finally set upon which the finished building should be formally opened, those ten Bakers, in a graduated row, headed the procession of villagers. Imagine Alida's feelings, when, marching straight to the reading-room, flung open to the public, the Bakers, still in a row, standing in front of that Tyrol picture, gazed in blank disappointment!

"Is that all?" said the eldest Baker, glumly, while Baker number six set up a howl of despair. "You said it was handsome, and I believed ye!"

Oh no; the Bakers had no soul for art. Neither, perhaps, had many of the mill-hands. But some few fed their eager eyes on the painting. Old Pat Rooney sat before it entranced. "Gorry!" he said, and violently blew his nose. Others came in at spare moments, and stood spellbound. Alida was satisfied.

For some time this picture was alone. Then Mrs. Bernard consented to "loan" her copy of Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair," to keep the landscape company. The women particularly looked at this, and Alida wondered if the sight of that divine motherhood might not touch their hearts.

"For some of them do whip their children so," she sighed.

Whether it was from ill treatment or only from ignorance or carelessness, there were many deformed children at the mill quarters.

"I do my best," said the village doctor; "but the mothers won't follow my advice. I put a weight on one boy's foot, in hopes to help his hip; I am convinced he takes it off the moment my back is turned. As for the Bricket baby, his mother tosses him into bed when I come round the corner. The rest of the time he pervades the neighborhood and spreads the measles."

Alida reported these remarks at the dinner table. Her father groaned in mock despair.

"Oh, I know what you and your precious mother will be coaxing out of me next," he said, gruffly. "You'll be for postponing Belfield a third time, and setting up a hospital."

"Oh, papa!" cried Alida, "you're like the woman who told her small boy not to put beans up his nose. He had never thought of such a trick till she mentioned it. But there's poor Jack Wylls, who could be cured of rheumatism if he had proper treatment; and there's old Mrs. Stubbs, who, Dr. Rhys says, *ought* to have a surgical operation, only there's no chance for it at her home; and there are one—two—oh, I can count six children without winking, who need good nursing to set them on their legs. Oh, *do* let's start a tiny little hospital, honey! What's your vote, mamma? You see," she went on, eagerly, "when we're right here among them all, they love us, and we love them, and it's so much more—interesting."

And will Belfield never be rebuilt? Indeed I do not know. At last accounts, a small hospital was sheltering ten patients. Mr. Bernard was superintending the fashioning of a huge reservoir, and the bringing of spring-water from the distant hills, the river-water having been pronounced unwholesome for the public.

Mrs. Bernard was maturing a famous scheme, by which

superior musicians might be induced to give a series of afternoon concerts in the new hall.

Alida—Oh, Alida was nicely helping to clothe one or two ragged babies, and trying "not to buy till the next time," thus saving money to "surprise" the girls and Mrs. Noodles withal. It really seems as if her desire found an echo in her parents' hearts.

"Ah, *do* let's live just as our neighbors do! And as for the extra money, let's spend it for something we can all enjoy together!"

So I cannot say what will be the future fate of Belfield.

THE END

A MOTHER GOOSE BAZAR.

BY MARTHA BURR BANKS.

THE girls and boys of the town were longing for some novel idea for a small fair that they had in hand for the benefit of the hospital that was so greatly needed in the place, and for which almost everybody was doing something. So they put their heads together, and devised a "Mother Goose Bazar."

The characters and costumes were all taken from the old story-books, and, with a trifling outlay of thought, money, and work, many bright and attractive little conceits were presented which delighted the children and the grown people too. Over the entrance to the enchanted realm were shining, in golden letters, the words,

STORY LAND.
Admission Ten Cents.

and just inside the door stood Mother Goose herself, in a quaint gown, a bunched-up over-skirt, and a pointed cap, ready to welcome her guests, while near by was her son Jack looking after the tickets and the change. The room was decorated with flags, evergreens, and colored lanterns, and there were all sorts of grotesque and fanciful pictures from fairy-lore besides, cut from toy books and pinned to a frieze of turkey-red, which was fastened to the walls.

In one corner of the parlor was a small grove of cedars, where the Babes in the Wood were heartlessly selling their best friends, the robins, in the shape of cookie birds. Opposite was the sign, "Open Sesame," swinging over a miniature cave formed of hemlock branches, before which crouched Ali Baba, waiting for a bribe of five cents before he would allow any one to peer into the darkness for the sake of choosing some small treasure, which, if one were not too critical, might pass for a casket of diamonds or pearls. Not far away the dear little shepherdess Bo-Beep was keeping her flock of woolly white sheep, and Boy Blue, close by her fold, was blowing his tin trumpet as an invitation for some one to come and buy.

Down one side of the room ran a row of booths, arranged with screens and draperies, and here might be seen a little Greenaway lady with small Greenaway dolls, tidy and trim, in straight skirts and queer bonnets; Alice in Wonderland, willing to dispose of any number of March hares, or Canton-flannel rabbits, as they are commonly called; Red Riding-hood, displaying tiny coats, capes, sacques, and hoods, which any baby or any doll might try on at pleasure; Jack Spratt and his hungry wife, only too glad to show their wee plates and cups and saucers; the Queen of Hearts, with tarts enough and to spare; Dame Trot, petting her rubber dogs and cats; and, last of all, Handy Spandy Jack-a-Dandy, adorned with ribbons and ruffles, supplying purchasers with sugar plums and pea-nuts.

On the other side of the parlor were two tables, upon one of which several of the industrious Miss Pellicees had spread out work-bags, aprons, and needle-books. Behind the second one, scattered with buds and blossoms as sweet as the spring-time, Mistress Mary smiled over her gay garden-bed. Bells made of silver paper, and scallop-shells with a hole in each, hung against a background of more turkey-red, and each pretty maid had a head-dress fashioned to represent some flower, so that there were roses, lilies, sunflowers, bluebells, and marigolds, all nodding in a row. Mistress Mary was doing a driving trade too, for clink, clink, jingled the coin into her watering-pot.

True to his history, Jack Horner sat in a corner, and Jack had a big bran pie before him, and any one who would pay for the privilege might "put in his thumb" and pull out a bagful of delicious pop-corn. Across the way Santa Claus, in a red

cloak trimmed with ermine, made from Canton flannel and ink spots, was perched on a chimney with no house attached, and he begged to call attention to his selection of wooden swords and guns. At this end of the room also was the charming bower, from which peeped Rose Red and Snow White, with strawberry and vanilla ice-cream to set before the visitors, and dainty cakes covered with pink and white frosting. At a short distance the maid who was "hanging out her clothes" had a line full of scarfs and tidies. "The old woman who lived in a shoe" did not deal out babies, as usual, but worsted socks and shoes, and dolls' boots and rubbers. Cinderella, in picturesque attire, wandered about with pocket pin-cushions patterned after her own slippers, or her godmother's pumpkins, and she had chocolate mice as well.

"Tom, the piper's son," sang of his red and yellow candy pigs. The bachelor who was so fond of bread and cheese offered small wheelbarrows to the customers, saying nothing about any fadling that they might have in the matter of breaking down at critical moments; and "Old King Cole and his fiddlers three" would part from their wooden violins at a reasonable price.

In the very centre of the parlor was a large wash-tub, with a clothes-horse fence around it, upon which was pasted a placard, bearing these mysterious words:

"THE WISHING WELL."

The well was watched by an old witch arrayed in the style of Mother Goose, and whoever would cross her palm with a dime might wish a wish and fish out a fish; and if the wish should not quite "come true," why, he might try again at the same rates, and, anyway, he was sure to catch something, which is more than can be said of all fishing.

For five cents, too, one might seasaw with Marjory Daw in the alcove, or blow bubbles with the group of fairies in gauzy gowns, white wings, and golden crowns, dancing in a fairy ring in the bow-window, or taste of the lemonade that Jack and Jill had in charge in a wooden pail. Luckily they staid on level ground, so that both Jack's crown and his beverage were safe.

Nothing in the whole bazar was expensive, and no one liked to slight any of these familiar friends of youth; so when the young salesmen and saleswomen counted up their money after the last guest had departed, they were happy to see that, making allowance for all expenses, they had fifty dollars as clear gain. And when the hospital was built at last, this sum was sufficient to furnish one room entirely, and the credit was all due to Mother Goose.

A SHORT FEAST.

BY EVA LOVETT CARSON

THERE was once an old rat who lived in a garret. He had begun life there, and having now a large family, he found it inconvenient to move. But the garret had one drawback as a place of residence. It was a long distance from the kitchen, and the rat, having to go so far to forage for food, found it not always easy to supply the needs of his growing family.

One night he started down the garret stairs to find something for supper. His tail sounded thump, thump on every step. Any one listening could have heard the patter of his feet through the hall. But everybody was asleep. The sitting-room door stood open. As the rat passed he glanced in, and noticed a queerly shaped bag lying upon the table. He went nearer to investigate, and found a bag of lovely fresh biscuits—at least two pounds! Here was a treasure indeed!

"Aha!" cried Mr. Rat, smacking his lips; "I shall not go down to the kitchen for supper to-night."

He reflected upon what he had better do. He could not carry the whole bag up stairs. If he took the biscuits up one at a time, he would not be able to secure all of them before he was discovered. Must he lose this feast, and be content with the two or three he could eat before morning?

He looked about the room, and his eyes fell upon the open grate, bare and fireless. It was only used in the coldest weather.

"Just the thing!" said the wise rat.

With a biscuit in his mouth he ran up the flue, and found there a splendid hiding-place. The chimney was filled with a bag of straw, and behind it he secreted the biscuits, making many journeys, and leaving only enough in the bag to provide a hearty supper for the young rats after his exertions.

The next morning there was a great outcry among the children. Some one had eaten the sweet biscuits! The bag was empty!

"Mice!" declared Aubrey.

"Nonsense!" cried nurse. "No mouse, no, not for mice, could eat all those biscuits in one night!"

But nobody solved the riddle. The rat family lived high for a week, and Mr. Rat grew fat from finding continual supplies at such short range.

At the end of the week there came a big snow-storm, and then a hard frost. The house was very cold. Mamma decreed extra fires, and Nancy came up stairs to build a fire in the sitting-room grate.

"Don't forget the straw bag, Nancy," said nurse. "It's put into the chimney to keep out the wind, but you must take it down before you start the fire."

Nancy put her arm up the chimney to pull down the straw bag. One end seemed quite loose, but the other was wedged in tight. She gave a hard tug, and the bag came away so suddenly that she tumbled over backward.

"My goodness!" cried Nancy.

For after the straw bag followed a shower of soot, and then a shower of curiously shaped objects, which had once been white, but had grown gray and then black in their hiding-place. But the parties feasting upon them had never hesitated on that account.

When she had examined them, Nancy called nurse, who was duly surprised, and then she called the children, who added "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" to suit the occasion.

"It's them lost biscuits, to be sure!" pronounced nurse. "And it's that old garret rat that's done it—the wretch! I hear him come thumpin' down them garret stairs every night."

Presently the fire blazed and roared up the chimney, and threw flashes of light into the farthest corners. That night when the old garret rat came down and saw it, his heart sank down into his toes. He knew he would have to go all the way down to the kitchen again to find a supper. His royal time was over.

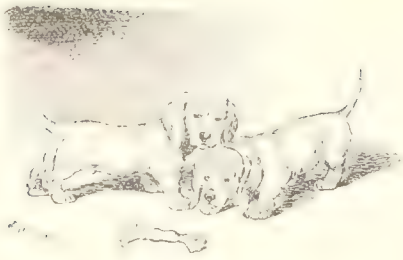
PHOTOGRAPH-CASE.

FOR a photo-case as seen in this illustration you will need some pretty ribbon of two different colors that will blend nicely; tan-color and yellow are one of the latest combinations for fancy-work. Although this one is painted, fancy-embossed ribbon is almost as pretty and requires much less work.

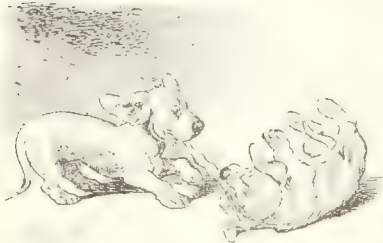
For one to hold cabinet-sized photographs, you will need twenty-two inches of four and a half inch wide ribbon and twenty-eight of the two inch wide. These are overhanded together to within five inches of the end of the wide ribbon. The extra



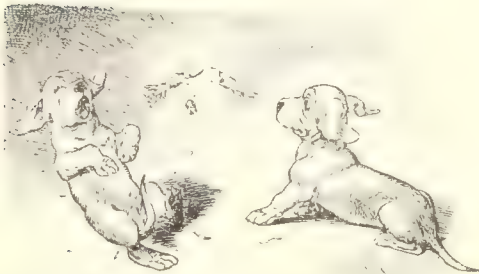
length on the narrow is used for the little sachet bag. It is formed by folding the ribbon and overhanding the edges together. After it is filled with scented cotton, shir it together with a silk thread the shade of the ribbon; these ends are fringed out an inch and a half. The other end is hemmed and turned to form a pocket five inches deep, then overhanded together on the edges. The fringed ends are turned over so as to conceal the photographs, but may be easily lifted up to slip them in or out; This cover is formed in a little knot at the top as seen here.



1.



2.



3.

THE DACHS DOGS AND THE SNAPPER.

TURNING THE TABLES.

GEORGE. "Our kitten saw a mouse yesterday for the first time."

DICK. "Did the mouse run away?"

GEORGE. "I don't know; but the kitten did."

THE FIRST GREAT DISCOVERY

"COLUMBUS may have been surprised when he discovered America," remarked Bobby, "but I guess Adam was more surprised when he found he was in the world all by himself."

DOUBTFUL.

UNCLE JACK. "Have you always been a good boy, Dick?"

DICK. "I don't know. If I acted like the baby when I was his age, I must have acted very naughty."

PROOF.

"How do you know the ice is thick enough to skate on?" asked his father.

"Because nobody has tumbled in for a week," replied Tommy.

TURNING BAD INTO GOOD.

"How did you amuse yourself while you had the whooping-cough?" asked Uncle Jack.

"We played Indian," answered Bobby, "and we could give splendid war-whoops."

DIDN'T KNOW COLUMBUS.

"WHAT happened four hundred years ago this year?" asked Freddie's teacher.

"Don't know," answered Freddie; "I'm only seven years old."

A LETTER.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS. You brought me some skates at Christmas, but there hasn't been any ice. If you are willing, I will give them back for a bicycle. Your friend,

TOMMY JONES.

A THING IMPOSSIBLE.

"I SUPPOSE your father can do almost anything," remarked Bobby.

"No, he can't," answered Tommy; "he can't stop the baby crying at night."

TOO MANY.

"WHAT would you do if I gave you a pretty little kitten?" asked Tommy's neighbor.

"Nothin'," replied Tommy; "we've already got six at home."

A HOME THRUST.

"GRACIOUS!" cried Uncle Jack, looking at Tommy's Noah's Ark. "Noah has a large family."

"They isn't all Noah's," answered Tommy; "some of 'em is relatives visiting 'em."



1.

2.

3.

THE SNOW HUT.—A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



"EAT 'EM!" ORDERED CAP'TN MOSEBY.

LITTLE MIRANDY, AND HOW SHE EARNED HER SHOES.

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

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BY the 1st of June Mrs. Thayer had the sun-bonnets done. There were four of them, for the four youngest girls—Eliza, Mary Ann, Harriet, and Mirandy. She had five daughters besides these, but two were married and gone away from home, and the other three were old enough to make their own sun-bonnets.

There were four Thayer boys; one of them came next to Mirandy, the youngest girl, the others ranked upwards in age from Harriet, who was eleven, to Sarah Jane, who was sixteen. There were thirteen sons and daughters in all in Josiah Thayer's family, and eleven were at home. It was hard work to get enough from the stony New England farm to feed them; and let Mrs. Thayer card, and spin, and dye, and weave as she would, the clothing often ran short. And so it happened that little Mirandy Thayer, aged six, had no shoes to her feet.

One Sunday in June she cried because she had to go to meeting barefooted.

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself, a great big girl like you, crying?" said her mother, sternly. "You go right over there, and sit down on the settle till father gets hitched up, and, Daniel, you go and sit down 'side of her, and teach her the first question in the catechism. She'd ought to find out there's something else to be thought about on the Sabbath day besides shoes."

So Mirandy, sniffing between the solemn words, repeated them after Daniel, who was twelve years old, and knew his catechism quite thoroughly. And when the great farm wagon, with the team of oxen, stood before the door, she climbed in with the rest without a murmur.

But sitting in the meeting-house through the two hours' discourse, she drew up her little bare feet under her blue

petticoat, and going down the aisle afterwards, she crouched, making it sweep the floor, until her mother dragged her up forcibly by one arm.

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself?" she whispered. "A great big girl like you!"

Mirandy was in reality very small for her age, and everybody called her "little"; but she got very few privileges on account of her youth and littleness. In those days, and especially in a family like Josiah Thayer's, where there were so many children that each had to scratch for itself at an early age or go without, six years was considered comparatively mature, and the child who had lived that long was not exempt from many duties.

So Mrs. Thayer did not think herself in the least severe when she said to Mirandy after meeting, "If you want some shoes so bad, you'll have to work an' earn 'em."

Mirandy looked up inquiringly at her mother.

"You can pick berries an' sell 'em," replied her mother. "You're plenty big enough to."

Mirandy said nothing, and soon her mother set her to rocking Jonathan in his red wooden cradle; but as she sat, with her small bare foot on the rocker, ambition expanded wider and wider in her childish soul, and she resolved that she would earn some shoes.

The berries were not ripe before the middle of July. She had some five weeks to wait before she could fairly begin work. But not a day passed that she did not visit the pastures to see if the berries were ripe. She brought home so many partially ripe ones for samples that her brothers and sisters remonstrated. They, too, were vitally interested in the berry crop in behalf of shoes and many other things. "She won't leave any berries on the bushes to get ripe if she picks so many green ones," they complained, and her mother issued a stern decree that Mirandy should not go to the berry pasture until the berries were fairly ripe.

But at last, one hot morning in July, the squad of berry-pickers started. There were four Thayer girls and two Thayer boys, besides Jonathan, the baby, whom Eliza dragged in his little wooden wagon.

"If you go berrying this mornin', you've got to take Jonathan with you," Mrs. Thayer had said. "Dorcas is weaving, an' Lyddy an' I have got to dye. You'll have to take him out in the pasture with you, an' tend him."

The berry pasture whither they were bound was about a half-mile from home. The two boys scurried on ahead, the four yellow sun-bonnets marched bravely on, and Jonathan's wagon rattled behind.

"The berries are real thick," said Harriet; "but they say the bushes are loaded with 'em over in Cap'n Moseby's lot, an' they're as big as walnuts."

"He can't use quarter of 'em himself," returned Mary Ann. "I call it real stingy not to let folks go in there pickin'!" She nodded her sun-bonnet indignantly.

When they reached the berry pasture, they fell to work eagerly. Jonathan's wagon was drawn up on one side, under the shade of a pine-tree, and Mirandy was bidden to have an eye to him. Nobody had much faith in the seriousness of Mirandy's picking, and they thought that she might as well tend Jonathan, and leave them free.

But Mirandy stationed herself at a bush near Jonathan, and began with a will. They all had birch baskets fastened at their waists to pick into, and they had brought buckets to fill. Mirandy had hers as well as the rest.

The yellow sun-bonnets and the palm-leaf hats waved about among the bushes, and the berries fell fast into the birch-bark baskets. Mirandy staid close to Jonathan, as she had been bidden, and she struggled bravely with her berry bush, but it was too tall for her; the bushes in this pasture were very tall. Mirandy tugged the branches down, and panted for breath. She was eager to fill her basket as soon as anybody. She heard Harriet and Mary Ann talking near her, although she could not see them.

"Cap'n Moseby's pasture is right over there. You get over the stone wall, and go across one field, and you come to it," remarked Harriet.

"I s'pose the berries are as thick as spatters," said Mary Ann, with a sigh.

"Dan'l says the bushes are dragging down with 'em."

"Well," said Mary Ann, "nobody would dare to go there, for he keeps that great black dog, and I've heard he watches with a gun."

"So've I. No; I shouldn't dare to go. I s'pose it would be stealing, anyway."

"I don't s'pose 'twould," rejoined Harriet, hotly. "I guess if anything is free, berry pastures are. Who planted berry bushes, I'd like to know?"

"I s'pose the Lord did," said Mary Ann. "Mebbe it ain't stealin', but anyhow I shouldn't dare to go there."

"I shouldn't," agreed Harriet; "an' I know Dan'l and Abijah wouldn't."

Mirandy listened; she thought both Harriet and Mary Ann very wise. She trusted to their conclusion that it would not be stealing to pick Cap'n Moseby's berries, but she privately thought she would "dare to."

Mirandy did not know what fear was; dogs did not alarm her in the least; and as for Cap'n Moseby and his gun, she knew he would not shoot her; once he had given her some peppermints.

She pulled her bush down painfully, and thought the berries were not very large, and how fast those in Cap'n Moseby's pasture would fill up. Harriet's and Mary Ann's voices grew fainter. Mirandy let the bush fly back, and pushed softly through a tangle of blackberry vines to the stone wall; a narrow stretch of rocky land lay between it and the other which bounded Cap'n Moseby's land. Mirandy stood on tiptoe, and peered over; then she looked at Jonathan asleep in his little wagon, his yellow lashes on his pink cheeks, his fat fists doubled up.

Mirandy was loyal, although she was so young, and she had been bidden not to leave Jonathan. She looked at him, then at the stone wall; it was manifestly impossible for her to lift him over that. She took hold of the little wagon, and pushed it carefully along. She remembered that she had seen some bars a little farther back.

When she reached the bars, she shook Jonathan until he woke up. He stared at her in a surprised way, but never cried; he was a good baby.

"Put your arms round sister's neck," ordered Mirandy; and Jonathan obeyed.

Mirandy tugged him out of his little wagon, and they both rolled over under a berry bush. Still Jonathan did not cry. He only gurgled a little, by way of laugh. He thought Mirandy was playing with him.

The bars were close together, and Mirandy could not stir one. Jonathan gurgled again when his sister rolled him, like a ball, under the lowest bar, and then rolled under herself. But it was harder for her to tug Jonathan across to the other bars which guarded Cap'n Moseby's berry pasture; he could only toddle feebly when led by a strong hand. It was quite a puzzle for six-year-old Mirandy, but she got him across and under the other bars; then she set him down in a sweet-fern thicket, and bade him keep still; and he fell asleep again.

Mirandy picked until she had filled her bucket and rounded it up. Her heart beat faster and faster; her face was flushed and eager; she looked a year older than when she started that morning. She had seen no great black dog, and Cap'n Moseby, with his gun, had not appeared. In the distance she could see the hipped roof and squat chimney of the Moseby house; but nobody molested her.

When her bucket was full, she tugged Jonathan across the field again. This time he rebelled; a blackberry vine had scratched his little legs, and his peace was too rudely disturbed. Mirandy tugged him into his little wagon, and he lay there kicking and screaming. She

flew back across the field for her bucket of berries. She had been forced to leave it while she brought Jonathan over, and the bucket was gone. She had set it close to the bars, and there could be no mistake about it.

Mirandy went back across the field; Jonathan wailed louder than ever. Her four sisters were gathered about his little wagon, and Daniel and Abijah were coming through the bushes. Then they all turned on her.

"Now, Mirandy Thayer, I'd like to know this minute where you've been?" demanded Eliza.

Mirandy jerked her head backwards.

"You 'ain't been over in Cap'n Moseby's pasture?"

Mirandy nodded.

"She's been over in Cap'n Moseby's pasture," announced Eliza to the others.

They all stared at Mirandy, and paid no heed to Jonathan's wails.

Suddenly Mirandy flung her little blue apron over her face, and began to weep.

"Did you get scared?" asked Harriet.

"Did the dog chase you?" asked Mary Ann, very excitedly.

Mirandy shook her head, and sobbed harder.

"Did you see Cap'n Moseby with his gun?" asked Daniel.

Mirandy shook her head.

"I wouldn't be such a baby for nothing, then," said Daniel.

"I've lost my bucket!" sobbed Mirandy.

"Lost your bucket!" repeated Eliza. She was the oldest sister there.

Mirandy nodded.

"You're a wicked girl!" Eliza said, severely. "I don't know what mother 'll say. Here's Jonathan all scratched up, too. Did you take him over there?"

"Yes," sobbed Mirandy.

"You're a dreadful wicked girl! Didn't you know 'twas stealing?"

"Harriet said—it wasn't," returned Mirandy, in feeble defence.

"It was. I shouldn't think you'd said such a thing, Harriet."

"Of course it's stealing," said Daniel, soberly.

"Here you've been stealing," scolded Eliza; "and your bucket's gone, and Jonathan is all scratched up with blackberry vines. I don't know what mother 'll say."

She took Jonathan out of his wagon, and hushed him, and then they had a consultation as to what was best to be done. Mirandy related, with tearful breaks, the story of her well-filled bucket and its mysterious disappearance.

"Of course Cap'n Moseby was watching out there with his gun and took it," said Daniel.

It was finally agreed that they would all go in a body to Cap'n Moseby's, and try to recover Mirandy's bucket, that she might not have to face her mother without it. When they reached the Moseby house the doors were closed and the windows looked blank. They knocked as loudly as they dared, and there was not a sound in response. They looked at one another.

"S'pose he ain't at home?" whispered Harriet.

"Dan'l, you pound on the door again," said Eliza.

And Daniel pounded. Abijah pounded too, and Eliza herself rattled away on one panel, with her freckled face screwed up, but nobody came.

"If he's there, he won't come to the door," said Daniel.

Suddenly the silence within the house was broken. Then came a volley of quick barks, and the children all fell back in a panic, and scurried into the road.

"He's in there," said Daniel; "an' he's been keeping the dog still, but he can't any longer."

"Just hear him!" whispered Harriet, with a shudder.

The dog was not only barking and growling, but leaping at the door.

Mary Ann began to cry. "I'm going home," she sobbed. "S'pose that door should break;" and she started down the road.

Eliza grasped the handle of Jonathan's wagon. "I guess we might just as well go," she said. "I don't b'lieve he'll come to the door if we stand there a week."



THE VISIT TO CAP'N MOSEBY'S.

I don't know what mother 'll say when she finds that good bucket's gone. I guess Mirandy 'll catch it. An' when she finds out she's been stealing too, I don't know what she will say."

The sorry procession started. Jonathan's wagon creaked; but Mirandy stood still, with a stubborn pout on her mouth, and her brows contracted over her blue eyes.

"Come along, Mirandy," called Eliza, with a foreboding voice.

But Mirandy stood still.

"Why don't you come?" Harriet said.

"I ain't coming," said Mirandy.

"What?"

"I ain't coming till I get my bucket."

Then the whole procession stopped, and reasoned and argued, but Mirandy was unmoved.

"What are you going to do? You can't get in," said Eliza.

"I'm going to sit on the door-step till Cap'n Moseby comes out," answered Mirandy.

"You'll sit there all day, likely 's not," said Eliza.

"What do you s'pose mother 'll say? I'm a-going to tell her."

"She'll send me right back again if I don't stay," said Mirandy.

And there was some show of reason in what she said. It was indeed quite probable that Mrs. Josiah Thayer would send Mirandy straight back again to confess her sins and get the bucket.

"I don't know but mother would send her back," said Eliza; and Daniel nodded in assent.

"I'll stay with you," said Mary Ann, although she was still trembling with fear of the dog.

"Don't want anybody to stay," protested Mirandy.

Finally she sat on Cap'n Moseby's door-step, and watched them all straggle out of sight. The creak of Jonathan's wagon grew fainter and fainter, until she could hear it no longer. The dog was quiet now. Mirandy sat up straight in front of the panelled door.

She waited and waited; the time went on, and it was high noon. She heard a dinner horn in the distance. She wondered vaguely if Cap'n Moseby didn't have any dinner because he lived alone. She began to feel hungry herself. There was not a sound in the house. She wanted to cry, but she would not. She sat perfectly still. Once in a while she said over to herself the questions she had learned from the catechism, and she reflected much upon the two boys in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. She had eaten a few of the Cap'n's berries as she filled her bucket, and she wondered that they did not make her ill, as the fruit did the boys.

Nobody passed the house, the insects rasped in her ears, she thought her forlorn childish thoughts, and it was an hour after noon. She did not see a curtain trimmed with white balls in a window overhead pulled cautiously to one side, and a grizzled head thrust out; but this happened several times.

About two o'clock there was a sudden puff of cool wind on her back; she glanced around trembling, and there stood Cap'n Moseby in the open door, with his great black dog at his heels. His old face was the color of tanned leather, and full of severe furrows; his shaggy brows frowned over sharp black eyes. He leaned upon a stout oak staff, for he had been lamed by a British musket ball.

"Who's this?" he asked, in a grim voice.

Mirandy arose, and stood about, and courtesied. She could not find her tongue yet.

"Hey?" said Cap'n Moseby.

"Mirandy Thayer," she answered then, in a shaking voice that had yet a touch of defiance in it.

"Mirandy Thayer, hey? Well, what do you want here, Mirandy Thayer?"

Mirandy dropped another courtesy. "My bucket."

"Your bucket! What have I got to do with your bucket?"

"I left it out in your berry pasture."

"Out in my berry pasture! So you have been stealing my berries, hey? What about your bucket?"

Mirandy's little hands clutched and opened at her sides, her face was quite pale, but she looked straight up at Cap'n Moseby. "You took it," said she.

Cap'n Moseby looked straight back at her, frowning terribly; then, to her great astonishment, his mouth twitched as if he were going to laugh. "You think I took your bucket, and you have been waiting here all this time to get it back, hey?" said he.

"Yes, sir."

"Didn't you feel afraid that I'd set the dog on you, or shoot you out of the window with my gun?"

"No, sir," said Mirandy.

"Well," said Cap'n Moseby. He paused a minute, his mouth twitched again. "You have got to come into the house and settle with me if you want your bucket," he continued, and his voice was still very grim.

Mirandy stepped up on the threshold, and the black dog growled faintly.

"Be still, Lafayette!" said Cap'n Moseby. "I'm going to settle with her. You lay down."

She followed Cap'n Moseby into his kitchen, and he pushed a little stool toward her. "Sit down," said he.

And Mirandy sat down. Directly opposite her, on a

corner of the settle, was her berry bucket, and near it stood the gun, propped against the wall. She eyed it. There was a vague fear in her mind that settlement was in some way connected with that gun; but she never flinched. She was resolved to have that bucket.

Cap'n Moseby went to the dresser and got out a large china bowl, with green sprigs on it, and a pewter spoon. He filled the bowl with berries from Mirandy's bucket, and then poured on some milk out of a blue pitcher. Mirandy watched him.

He carried the bowl over to her, and set it in her lap. "Eat 'em all up, now, every one," he commanded.

Mirandy looked up at him pitifully. Her courage almost failed. She thought of the boys and the stolen fruit in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and she almost felt premonitory cramps.

"Eat 'em," ordered Cap'n Moseby.

And Mirandy ate them, thrusting the pewter spoon, laden with those stolen berries, desperately into her mouth. Never berries tasted like those to her. There was no sweetness in them. But she kept thinking how her mother could give her boneset tea if they made her sick, and she was determined to have the bucket back.

Cap'n Moseby watched her as she ate. He emptied the remaining berries out of the bucket into a large bowl. Then he sat opposite, on the settle. Lafayette lay at his feet.

Mirandy finished the berries, and sat with the empty bowl in her lap.

"Finished 'em?" asked Cap'n Moseby.

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Mirandy Thayer, I'm going to ask you a question." Cap'n Moseby's eyes looked into hers, and she looked back into his. "If you hadn't been a little gal, Mirandy Thayer, what would you have been?"

Mirandy hesitated.

"Hey?" said Cap'n Moseby.

"One of my brothers," said Mirandy, doubtfully.

"No, you wouldn't. I'll tell you what you would have been. You would have been a soldier, and you would have gone right up to the redcoats' guns. Well, you must tend to your knittin'-work and your spinnin'. Now what did you steal my berries for, hey?"

"To earn my shoes," faltered Mirandy; she felt a little bewildered.

"Earn your shoes?"

"Yes, sir; I 'ain't got any to wear to meetin'."

"Have to go barefoot?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, they went barefoot at Valley Forge; that's nothing. You wait a minute, Mirandy Thayer."

And Mirandy waited until Cap'n Moseby had limped into another room and back again. He had a pair of little rough shoes dangling in his hand.

"Here," said he, "these belonged to my Ezra that died. He had some grit in him; he'd have done some marchin' in 'em if he'd lived. They'll jest about fit you. It's a pity you're a little gal. Well, you must tend to your knittin'-work and your spinnin'. Now you'd better run home, an' don't you ever come stealin' my berries again, or you'll run faster than they did at Lexington."

And so it happened that Mirandy went home, about three o'clock of that summer afternoon, carrying her new shoes in her berry bucket, and Cap'n Moseby limped along at her side. Mirandy did not know that he went to explain matters to her mother, so that she should not be dealt with too severely, but she was surprised that she received so small a chiding.

"Don't you ever let me hear of your doing such a thing again," said her mother; and that was all she said.

The next Sunday Mirandy went up the aisle clattering bravely in little Ezra Moseby's shoes, and she could not help looking often at them during the sermon.

OTTO'S "CHANCE."

BY LUCY C. LILLIE

Part E.

"A GENUINE Distin, sir. Yes. You would do well to buy this."

The speaker, a thin ivory-faced little man in a skull-cap, leaned over the counter, turning the valuable Distin cornet from side to side.

"B-flat cornet is the best," Guy Redmond remarked to his companion. She was a cheery rosy-looking girl of fourteen, two years younger than her cousin Guy, and with him studying music in the old German town. The purchase of a first-class cornet with his Christmas money was a matter of almost as much importance to Meg as to Guy himself, and just at present they had a very laudable object in working hard over music. The famous Baron von Broschen had announced a charity concert to be given in his beautiful dwelling near Nymphenburg. The special feature of the entertainment was to be the performance by amateurs under eighteen on different instruments, original compositions being requested. A prize was to be awarded, while the proceeds of the sale of tickets would go to a new hospital for children.

"Only forty marks," the dealer observed, with a smile of self-compassion, "and you can use the C shank."

Guy lifted the instrument to his lips, and played a bit of the *Lohengrin* music that he and Margaret had been practising together. The drudgery of last year's practice—drudgery for Guy and torture for those around him—had finally been rewarded, for he could really produce sweet sounds now in place of those distracting, ear-piercing tones which had caused him last summer to be banished to the woods with his cornet.

"So, so!" murmured old Früstoepe!; "you do well, mein Herr. And the gnädige Fräulein, is she too an artist?"

Meg's sweet face colored, and her eyes glowed. "Not yet," she answered, gayly, "but I love music."

"That is the first necessity," was the old German's quiet response. "To love it. Yesterday there was a poor boy playing the cornet out on the square. Ach! there was an artist for you. I ran after him, but he was gone. If I could have found him, he should have played for the Capellmeister himself."

"A street musician, I suppose," Guy remarked to his cousin, as, the precious cornet in his hands, they were out in the sunny wintry street once more. "I wish I could have heard him. Perhaps he'll turn up again some day. Wait, Margeret; here comes the King's band."

And, accordingly, the cousins stood still, facing the dreary-looking palace where the poor, half-sick, half-crazy, but superb-looking monarch, Ludwig of Bavaria, was leading his gloomy fantastic life. Down came that famous band, trained to such perfection that the music-loving King might have his deepest passion gratified, and taking their places, began, first, the music from Wagner's *Meistersinger*, just then absorbing Munich, and after various other selections, bursting into a melody which was played daily by the King's command—the song of the "Toreador" from Bizet's *Carmen*.

"Grand, isn't it?" declared Guy, as the exhilarating

music passed them by, growing faint in the distance as the last glimpse of the King's band disappeared. "Oh, Meg, I wonder if we'll ever do anything worth while?" the boy added, as they turned in the direction of the Amalienstrasse.

A large house pierced with many windows, and having an ample court-yard, was their destination. A short flight of marble steps led to the doorway of old Mrs. Redmond's apartment.

A very pretty young lady turned from one of the windows as the boy and girl entered. "Oh, you've missed



"A GENUINE DISTIN, SIR."

such a treat!" she exclaimed; "such wonderful cornet playing—and from a poor boy. I sent Bretta out with some pfennige to him. I hope he will come again."

Guy's face glowed. "Good for you, Aunt Ruth," he exclaimed. "That must be the boy old Früstoepe! told us about. Now look at my cornet, will you? Ah! ah! but isn't that the daisy?" he added, as he lifted the instrument from its case.

"Now for the serenade," exclaimed Meg, seating herself before the piano, while Guy produced a rather badly written piece of manuscript music, and for half an hour a somewhat stumbling performance was gone through with. It was Guy's first effort at composition, and although in their musical studies the cousins were giving much time to harmony and counterpoint, yet the technical difficulties in writing were not mastered, and in spite of having it, as he said, "all in his head," the lad found that to put it on paper scientifically was quite another thing.

"That doesn't sound the right sort of thing," Guy exclaimed, finally, and laying his cornet down with a sigh.

"I wish we knew just how it ought to be written," Meg lamented.

"Look! quick!" cried Miss Redmond, in the window. "There he is, Guy; my little cornet boy."

Guy made a dash to the window, saw a slender, poorly dressed figure crossing the square, and without a word rushed from the room, seizing his fur cap from the hall stand, while a moment later Meg and her young aunt beheld him flying across the Amalienstrasse towards the corner where the young street musician was standing.

Otto Hildmeyer had spent one of the most wretched days he could remember. It had not been from choice or inclination that he had taken up the rôle of "street musician." Desperate need had driven him to it. Just one year ago Mr. Hildmeyer had died suddenly, leaving his children—Saxe, a lad of seventeen, Crescenz, two years younger, and Otto, thirteen—penniless, their only legacy being Hildmeyer's rare cornet and piano, together with some testimonials and decorations, the result of his superior work in Vienna and Berlin. Saxe had already begun to study art, but at once turned his attention to something which would bring in daily bread for the little family, while Crescenz added a trifle by means of her dainty lace-making. In one way and another they had contrived at least to keep the wolf from the door until two months ago, when Saxe had fallen ill, and Crescenz became the sole help of the little household.

"Crescenz," Otto had announced one bitter morning just a week ago, "we must not tell Saxe, it would grieve him, but I am going to take my cornet out into the streets to play. There, don't weep. It will bring food at least, or buy what will keep Saxe alive."

And in spite of poor Crescenz's remonstrances she had been forced at last to yield to Otto's trying this distasteful means of earning money.

How hard it had been for the proud-spirited lad to stand before doorways and windows playing for chance pfennige, no one but he himself could have told; and when money was tossed to him, how his heart had throbbed and his cheeks burned! Two or three days had proved tolerably successful, and he had bravely resolved that at least until Saxe was on his feet again, he would persevere. But to-day there had been almost no gain, and twice cruel insults; the one ray of sunshine being when, playing on the corner of the Amalienstrasse, he had seen Miss Redmond's beautiful, kindly face in the window. Her nod and smile had cheered him, and when old Bretta came out with a handful of pfennige, he had felt almost like declining the money. Ruth's sweet look of sympathy had paid him well. Going home, after a rough experience with some noisy students who considered it funny to make a butt of him, he had turned down by way of Mrs. Redmond's apartment, hoping to catch a glimpse of the beautiful *güldige Fräulein* again. Yes, there she was, and Otto, with a quickly drawn breath and wistful, haggard eyes, stood still. A moment later, and Guy, breathless and excited, was at his side.

"Wait a moment," Guy exclaimed, anxiously, for Otto was hurriedly moving on. "You are the boy who played the cornet over there? Yes; that is well. Won't you come into our house for a little while?"

Otto's thin, fair face, lighted by a pair of deep-set, luminous brown eyes, flushed crimson, partly with pleasure and excitement, partly shame. He smiled, but shook his head, looking down at his shabby clothes, his worn boots. Guy could not have been his father's son and anything but a perfect gentleman.

"So," he said, with cordial good-humor; "if not, may I go home with you?"

It was impossible for Otto to refuse; and, indeed, something in the frank handsome face of the American boy, in the unembarrassed cordial way in which he spoke,

went right to young Hildmeyer's heart, and a moment later he was leading the way into a labyrinth of narrow, crowded streets, towards the corner on which stood the building where the Hildmeyers had their humble home.

Meanwhile, with the ready freemasonry of boys and musical students, they had exchanged various "opinions." Otto had briefly explained to Guy the reason for his "street music," and Guy had unfolded the story of the concert his composition—the difficulties he had encountered in writing.

"Here we are, sir," Otto said at last. He motioned to a doorway on the corner of a dingy old street. It led into a second-hand furniture and bric-à-brac shop. Guy remembered having gone there with Shepherd, an American artist (whom his friends usually call "Shep"), one morning about a month ago. Through the shop they passed now, Guy and his new friend, thence into a gloomy square or court-yard, up two flights of stairs against the side of the house, where Otto opened a door leading into a little hall, and at once called out, "Crescenz, art thou there?"

A door opened quickly. A tall, sweet-faced, but tired-looking young girl appeared, some lace-work in her hands.

Guy's presence was explained, and with true German hospitality Crescenz welcomed him, leading the way into the family living-room, where, in a window overlooking the old market-place, Saxe, the invalid brother, was lying on a sofa.

Saxe Hildmeyer's dark eyes glowed when Otto, flushed and excited, presented Guy, and explained how they had met. He was a fine-looking fellow, although gaunt and haggard now from illness and want, but he had the deep-set eyes and prominent brow which so surely indicate the artistic and poetic temperament; and Guy, kindling to the influences about him, felt in ten minutes thoroughly at home and in harmony with his new friends.

Otto displayed some of Saxe's work, and Guy, although no critic, could not fail to see something Shep would have liked in the young German's bold drawing. Shep was always trying, he knew, to get more of what he called "breadth" into his work, and only half understanding what it meant.

"I may bring my friend here, then?" Guy asked, after explaining that Shep was an American artist hard at work over here.

"It will be a favor—a wonderful kindness," young Hildmeyer exclaimed; and then Guy remembered the main object of the visit.

Crescenz dutifully took her place at the old piano, and Otto placed the cornet with artistic precision to his lips. What they played was a serenade of Schubert's. Crescenz was but an indifferent performer—by no means so good a musician as Meg—but she accompanied accurately; and as for Otto's use of the cornet, the delicacy and strength of his playing were a revelation to his visitor. Otto was to come the next morning and give him a lesson.

"The Baron has been here," was Meg's breathless announcement when her cousin appeared. "You should have heard him rave over your new cornet, Guy."

"Yes," said a voice from the recess, and a tall, brown-haired, dark-eyed young man, with a very well satisfied and good-humored expression, came forward. "He talked so knowingly that I am now quite posted as to the mechanism of your beloved instrument."

Mr. Philip Shepherd, for it was he, took up the *Distin*, and with the air of a lecturer continued:

"The compass of the cornet is two octaves and—two notes."

"But the Baron said only a fine artist should play the upper and lower ones," interposed Meg.

"My child," observed Shep, gravely, "don't interrupt the current of thought. It gives all the intervals of the

chromatic scale as far as the lower F sharp. How many kinds of cornets are there? you may ask."

"Well?" Meg giggled, derisively.

"B flat, A, A flat, C, F, E natural, and E flat, and D," rattled Guy, with a laugh. "Oh, Shep," he added, suddenly, "you must go to the Hildmeyers. You'd rave

you must write your cornet part in G. That will be easy. Saxe is the one who could teach you all that. When will you come?"

Needless to say that arrangements were easily and speedily effected, and it was also decided that on the occasion of Guy's visit to the Hildmeyers, Phil Shepherd should accompany Meg and himself; and then Mrs. Redmond, with gentle kindness and tact, made the business arrangement whereby Otto would receive a daily payment in return for an hour and a half's "practice" or study with her grandson. Not a large sum by any means, but it would serve to keep the little household in Bertrandstrasse from need of any more of those wretched wanderings on the boy's part. Otto went home elated, happy, exhilarated—perhaps quite as much because of the courteous hospitality and kindness shown him as the substantial benefit received. The King's band was once more marching down through the street, the gleam of the winter sun falling on their glittering instruments and gold-laced uniforms, while a moment later came an open carriage out of the palace gates, in which sat a tall, broad-shouldered, handsome man, with a pair of melancholy but fiery dark eyes, and opposite a man past middle age, whose longish hair, overhanging, hard and piercing but kindly glance, Otto Hildmeyer recognized with a swift leap of color in his cheeks. He stood still, baring his young blond head, and wishing he could speak what he felt. The gentlemen in the carriage politely returned the lad's salute.

"Who is that?" said a North German voice near him. A young man was gazing at the barouche as it rolled away. Otto's cheeks still glowed.

"It is Richard Wagner," he announced, proudly, "and the King."

He felt as if this had been a day of electric events, and hastened his steps, eager to tell all to his brother and sister, and describe how Wagner, whom they had once—during the father's lifetime—seen and spoken to, had bowed to him as he drove by with the King.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"WAIT A MOMENT!" GUY EXCLAIMED.

over them—and the view out of the window! Breadth—that's the word, isn't it? Well, this Saxe, as they call him, has that in his work, or I'm a Dutchman."

Otto came at the time agreed upon the next morning, but he was very shy, and rather stiff in his manner. Old Mrs. Redmond received him, as did Ruth, beautifully, and Meg hovered about with sparkling eyes and red cheeks, while he and Guy "talked cornet," and looked at the wonderful "piece" over which the latter was struggling.

"It must be written, you see," grumbled Guy, running his hand through his curly hair, and looking down in perplexity at the rather illegible music sheets in Otto's hands.

"*Natürlich*," declared Otto, without raising his eyes. "So perhaps the *Fräulein* Margarethe will play it?" He smiled very respectfully as he held the music towards her.

Meg felt herself in the presence of genius, and colored with embarrassment as she seated herself before the piano, but her heart was set on Guy's success in this undertaking. There was to be a special prize for brass instruments, and, so far as they knew, only four cornetists were entered.

Guy, with considerable reluctance, took up his cornet, and they began. For some reason, it certainly went better than usual. Mrs. Redmond laid down her knitting to listen, with the complacent expression any performance of Guy's brought to her delicate, soft features, and Ruth sauntered in from the adjoining room.

"Good! good!" cried Otto. "But," he added, with his peculiar flashing smile, "it is this way. You play your piano part in F. Then, you see, for a B-flat cornet

LITTLE SNOW-WHITE.

A Tableau.

BY LYDIA FIELD EMMET.

THERE is a period in every one's career where one's literary cravings are satisfied by the works of Mother Goose primarily, and the next steps on the intellectual ladder are such stories as were written by those dear good, merry old friends of all children, the brothers Grimm. Their very name has a quaint, elfish sort of mystery in the sound. One almost imagines that they looked like the kind, ugly little dwarfs they created, and that they must have lived in just such a little house on the edge of a forest as Snow-white found her way to. They left moral lessons to school-time, and had no thought but to amuse and charm their little readers into that pretty fairy world where Princesses are as beautiful as the day and as thick as blackberries; where the animals know how to talk, and the wicked step-mothers and witches always get roundly come up with in the end. This is the world where, on long summer days and long winter evenings, children love best to play; ay, and sometimes a "grown-up" likes to take a little child's hand, and be led back there for a while. To those who know their way there it is unnecessary to tell the story of Snow-white; and those who do not know the way would better find it as soon as possible.

Snow-white, being a royal Princess, must wear a very rich dress in the tableau. It may be of either white,

very pale yellow, turquoise, or blush-pink soft satin or broadened curtain silk, so long as the material is flexible and clinging. So far as the effect of the tableau goes, the dress need not be made at all. One breadth pinned tightly around her body under the armpits, and scooped out at the top for a neck-hole, would have exactly the same effect in the reclining position as the most elaborately finished dress. But the young lady must be careful not to wake up and show her back to the audience. If, however, it were desirable to have the dress made to wear at a fancy ball or on any such occasion, it should have only two seams, and open at the back. The front is perfect-

that the Queen in the story, while sewing at a window, pricked her finger so that the blood fell on the snow-covered sill. This caused the royal dame to wish that she had a little daughter with skin as white as snow, lips and cheeks as red as blood, and hair as black as ebony. This wish, it is needless to say, was gratified, as is the custom of fairy tales, in the person of Snow-white.

The dwarfs' costume consists of a pair of long stockings, to which long points can be joined. The short trunks they wear are hidden by the little shirt or jerkin of woollen stuff. Over this is a straight tabard of a different shade.



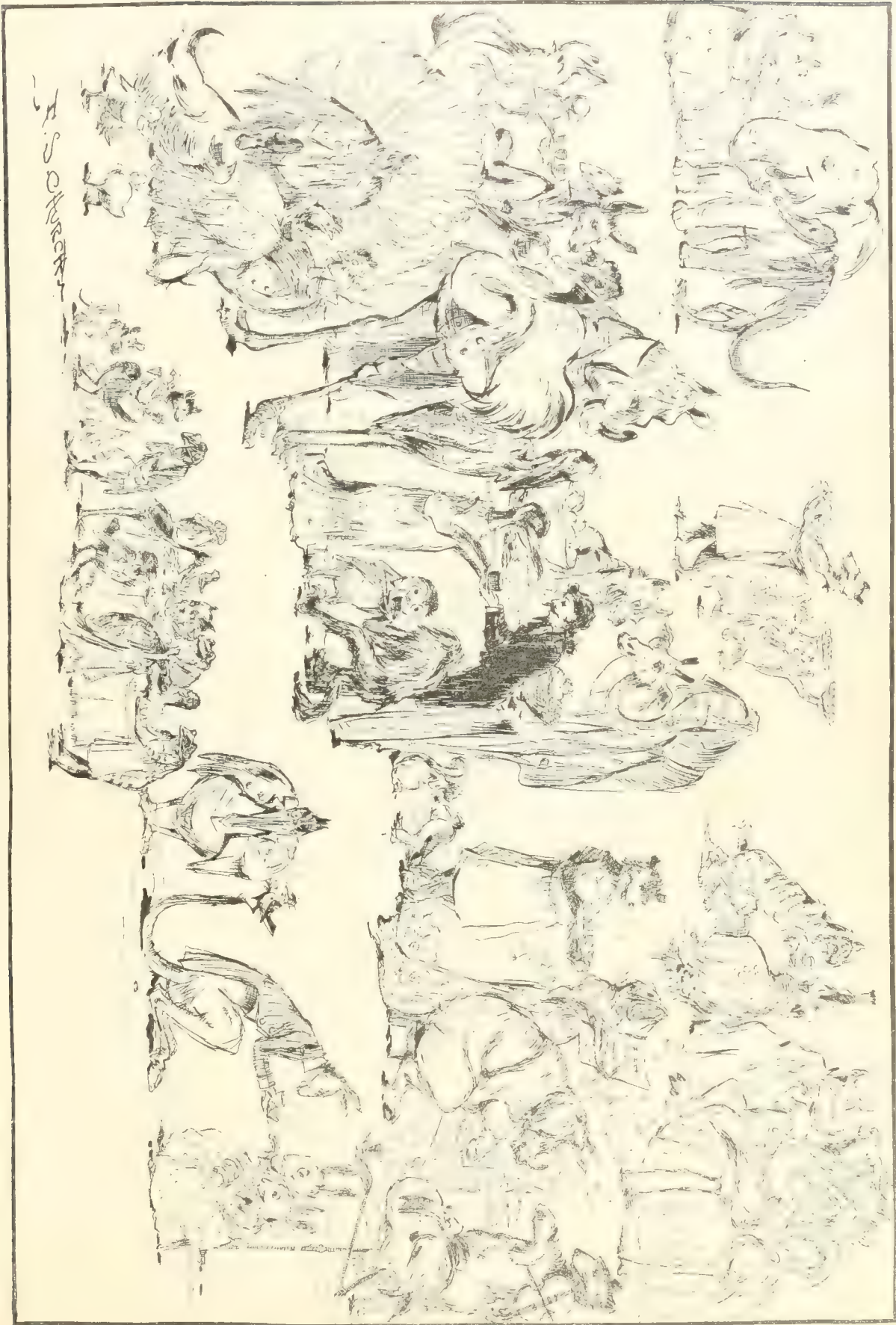
TABLEAU OF "LITTLE SNOW-WHITE."

ly plain, and fits tightly over the chest and shoulders and hips. The side seams curve in slightly at the waist, and whatever fulness is allowed should be gathered into the waist at the middle of the back. There should be a slight train behind, and Snow-white may wear a long girdle of pearls around her hips, hanging almost to the ground in front.

The sleeves are made of a piece of the same material as the dress, and are cut just wide enough to meet round the wrist and forearm. They gradually widen to the shoulder. The piece is scooped out under the arm, and the points fasten on the shoulder. The sleeve is left open from shoulder to elbow, showing a puff of white muslin. The neck, sleeves, and bottom of the dress are edged with pearl trimming. On the head is a little circlet with four pearl-tipped points. It will so easily be fashioned of gilded pasteboard and glass pearls that it needs no description. The part of Snow-white should be taken, if possible, by a dark-haired child, as it will be remembered

It will be seen that this is merely a strip of stuff as wide as the shoulders, hanging down back and front, and with a hole cut for the head to come through. The waist is confined by a leather belt. The hoods can be cut out in half a minute of two pieces of cloth laid together, and a seam running through the centre, with a space left unsewed for the face to come out. The dresses only differ one from another in color. They may be of various shades of earthy brown, tan, and dull dark olive green. Each little man holds a candlestick of twisted iron or brass.

The little bed on which Snow-white is sleeping so peacefully may be constructed out of two or three soap-boxes placed together, and hidden by a valance of pale soft green cheese-cloth. The mattress, pillows, and curtains are of the same material and shade. The tableau is posed against a background of dull gray-green lining muslin, or a piece of tapestry, where such a thing is available.



AN EVENING PARTY AT THE ZOO.—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH, N.A.

DIEGO PINZON,*

AND

THE FEARFUL VOYAGE HE TOOK INTO THE
UNKNOWN OCEAN A.D. 1492.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL

CHAPTER XX.

IT was all wrong and utterly indefensible for Martin Alonzo to take the attitude he did towards the Admiral, and Martin Alonzo knew it quite as well as any one.

Of course he justified himself to himself, and rehearsed in his own mind how he had contributed money and influence, without which the voyage could not have been undertaken; but down in his heart he knew that he was bent on a wrong deed, and it must have been borne in on his better nature that the real cause of his dislike for the Admiral was born of a union of jealousy and an insubordination which could not brook authority from any one.

Diego felt that Martin Alonzo was intent on a thing that was wrong—his cousin's manner indicated that—but he could not reason on it; for he did not clearly understand what the relations were between the Captain and the Admiral. It was generally felt that Martin Alonzo was the life and soul of the enterprise, and that the honors and authority which were to fall to the Admiral were quite undeserved.

Besides, Diego was too young, too happy in the excitement of the voyage, to care much. He admired his cousin and loved him, and would willingly follow his lead; and as he felt no responsibility in the matter—having none, indeed, for his clear duty was simply to obey the orders of his Captain—he gave himself no concern either at that time or later.

It was on the morning of the 19th of November that the Admiral finally gave up hope of gaining anything by remaining on the coast of Cuba, and turned the prows of his ships towards that island which he called Babeque. The course set was due east, and the *Pinta*, as usual, took the lead.

The wind was dead ahead, however, and after battling all that day and during the night, very little progress had been made. Martin Alonzo spent his time, as he had frequently done of late, in gnawing his lips and fingers, and in watching, with sullen eyes, the ship of the Admiral. On the morning of the 20th he called Diego to him.

"You have been wishing to have a word with me, Diego," he said. "What is it?"

"The Indians say that the island we are heading for must be Bohio, and not the Babeque of which the Admiral speaks."

"Yes," said Martin Alonzo, "that is what I supposed. Well, neither the *Santa Maria* nor the *Niña* can sail long in the teeth of this gale, so they will be obliged to turn back."

"So Rodrigo de Triana says," answered Diego.

"He says well. Now go, Diego," and he turned and walked to where his brother, Francisco Martin, paced the unsteady poop of the *Pinta*.

It is singular how the very air seems to be charged with expectation when a plot of any sort is brewing. The sailors of the *Pinta* knew that something was to happen that was out of the common, and they often whispered when there was no need of it, and kept casting curious and expectant glances towards the poop.

All day long the gale pelted them, and they beat about

before it; though the sailors of the *Pinta* knew she was not doing the best she could have done under the circumstances. They told themselves that it was because Martin Alonzo did not choose to get too far from the other ships.

Late in the afternoon the Admiral decided that it would be better to turn back and wait for better weather, and he therefore put his vessel about and signalled the other two to do the same. The *Niña* obeyed, and the sailors of the *Pinta* stood ready to take Martin Alonzo's orders. But he merely beckoned his brother and two of the gentlemen adventurers to join him, and they talked earnestly for a few minutes, the sailors watching them intently and whispering among themselves.

Presently Martin Alonzo separated himself from his companions, and walked to where he could see the sailors. There was a set smile on his face, and he said nothing for a full minute.

"Now we shall hear something startling, depend upon that," said Juan in Diego's ear.

"It is an egg he has been sitting on for some time," said Diego, "and I am curious to see what will be hatched."

"My men," said Martin Alonzo, raising his powerful voice, "come nearer. I have something to say to you."

There was no need of a second invitation, for the men crowded as near as they could, and listened while they clung to any available thing; for the vessel was tossing like a cork. Martin Alonzo stretched out his arm towards the other ships.

"They are going back to a land where there is no gold," he said, and stopped.

"Ay, ay!" growled the men, looking at the ships and nodding their heads.

"I promised you all the gold you could procure," said Martin Alonzo. "There has not been much as yet to get; but you know whose fault it has been that you could not have a share of what there was."

At this the men seemed to half comprehend what was coming, and nodded vigorously at one another, and shouted, "Ay, ay!" in a way that showed that they would not lag behind his wishes.

"But for me," went on Martin Alonzo, "this expedition would never have started, or, having started, would never have continued on its way. I promised you gold and precious stones if you would keep your spirits, and I have been prevented from keeping my promise. Well, so far we have found but little gold; but the boy Diego has been learning the language of these Indian fellows, and he has discovered that the gold comes from a certain island not far to the east of here. The other ships have turned back. Shall we turn back, or shall we go on? Come! it is for you to say. If we go, it is for the purpose of letting each man get what treasure he can, that he may have some profit out of a voyage that has had enough of terror for us all. What is the word, men? Shall we keep on our course, or shall we put about and return?"

"To the island!" "Gold, gold!" "Keep our course!" and such like cries were his answer, as he very well knew they would be.

"What do you think of that?" asked Diego, in a whisper to Juan.

"I think he has the gift of language too," answered Juan.

"Good!" said Martin Alonzo; "and now let us make our terms at the start, so that there may be no misunderstanding. I have been at great costs on account of this expedition, and it is but fair that I should receive more than you. Again, I shall have to supply you with the means of traffic. In consideration of these things, I ask you if it will not be right that I shall take half of the gold and have the other half divided share and share alike among you?"

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 637.

The sailors had listened dubiously at the opening of this speech, expecting to hear him propose far less advantageous terms to them; so that when he concluded they were agreeably surprised, and showed their satisfaction in a shout of acquiescence.

Thus it was that the *Pinta* disregarded all the signals of the Admiral and kept her course as well as she could, while the companion vessels were forced to seek shelter on the coast of Cuba.

For a while the feeling that they had broken loose from the supreme authority put the sailors into a riotous state; but Martin Alonzo was not the man to permit that. He might defy authority himself, but no one should disregard his authority, and he very speedily gave the sailors to understand it; so that in a little while he had his crew in its accustomed state of subordination.

CHAPTER XXI.

No other motive than the strong desire to escape from the domination of the Admiral would ever have kept Martin Alonzo beating to windward in that storm, when he could have run before it to find a secure shelter on the Cuban coast.

As it was, he had to give up all idea of making the island of Bohio; and all the night long the little vessel plunged through the waves, carrying almost no canvas at all, but being hurried along at a rapid rate towards the north.

During all the next day, and the next, the storm raged, and the sailors, with the faint-heartedness that seemed characteristic of them, began to murmur that they had only exchanged one evil for a worse, when land hove in sight and closed their lips.

The Indians could tell Diego nothing of this new land, and so Martin Alonzo determined to make it and explore it, in the hope of finding there the much-desired gold. Besides, it was advisable to go into shelter; and as he drew nearer to the land he saw that it was a collection of islands, none of very great size, giving him the assurance of a harbor in some one of the channels between the islands.

He was fortunate in finding a safe harbor before night came on, and there he dropped anchor and remained until morning. At the first streak of dawn the deck was alive with the sailors, eagerly scanning the land to gain some notion of its promise. It was sadly disappointing, being neither so attractive nor so populous as the country

they had just left, and, what was far worse, gave every augury of containing no metals of any sort.

As the bad weather continued, however, Martin Alonzo spent several days in the comparative security of the inland sea formed by the far-stretching cluster of islands, going ashore every day only to confirm the first dismal impression of the barrenness of the land; and at last emerging into the open sea again, determined to sail to the south and come upon the famed Bohio, which they all had come to regard as their promised land.

The weather was not propitious for the voyage, but

all hands were agreed that they would rather take their chances of a storm than to remain among the profitless islands where they were; so Martin Alonzo set his course to the southeast, and took leave of the islands that had done no more than shelter him.

For several days they beat about in an unusually tempestuous sea, and the only consolation Martin Alonzo drew out of the long voyage was the belief that the Admiral would be unlikely to make the attempt to cross over from Cuba in such weather.

However, the voyage bade fair to come to an end at last; for one afternoon the men on the lookout gave the welcome cry of land. By the time it was near enough to be seen distinctly, it was too late to enable them to make out anything but that it was a

rocky coast, with high mountains rising up in the background.

The storm, too, had been gradually increasing in violence, so that the ship could not even lay to until daylight, but was obliged to take an easterly course and run before the wind, which seemed suddenly to have altered its course, and was now blowing steadily from the northwest—a sign, according to Martin Alonzo, that the storm would presently abate.

The storm, however, did not trouble the sailors now; for the prospect of soon fingering that gold for which they were all so eager gave them patience in the midst of their impatience. It was now that Diego was in great demand among them.

His merry humor and constant flow of spirits had long ago made him a prime favorite with the men, while his knowledge of the Indian language made him of importance. It was to him that all questions relative to the nature of Bohio were always addressed, and now that the



DIEGO DROPPING THROUGH THE BLACKNESS OF THE NIGHT.

Pinta had broken loose from the fleet, Martin Alonzo had given him permission to answer all questions freely.

It may not be amiss to say that Miguel was the only one of the crew who had not taken kindly to Diego; and his aloofness was due as much to his jealousy of Juan's liking of Diego as to his own sullen temper. Once or twice, when an occasion had offered, he had made a showing of being ready to injure Diego; but he had been very quickly warned that any such act on his part would end disastrously for himself, and therefore, although it was very well known that he was unfriendly to the boy, no one gave it any serious thought, and Miguel indeed always acted as if he had yielded to the force of public opinion.

"Where is Fray Diego?" asked Rodrigo de Triana, on the evening after Bohio had been sighted. The sailors had fallen into the way of calling him fray, partly as a jest, and partly because his superior knowledge of book learning seemed to make the sobriquet a natural and proper one.

"Here he is," answered Diego, who, with Juan, had been lying on the deck near the foremast, but in the shadow, so that he had not been recognizable. "What is it, my son?"

By way of joke he often assumed the clerical manner, which he mimicked as well as he did most things.

"Come hither, and tell us more of this land we have sighted at last."

"Ay, do, good fray," cried one after another of the men. Although a stiff gale was blowing, it was not a cold one, but rather laden with heat, as if it had come from a warm region, and the men were lying about the deck, clad only in shirts and trousers.

"Why," said Diego, "there is nothing new to tell you. I have told you all I know twenty times over."

"Then tell us for the twenty-first time," said Rodrigo.

"How well that worthy Rodrigo calculates!" said Diego, paternally. "He can add one to twenty and know the result. It is because he has taken to counting maravedis lately, no doubt."

Everybody laughed, for it was very well known that Rodrigo had spent many times over in imagination the ten thousand maravedis which were to be his for first seeing land.

"If he get them," interposed Miguel, sourly. "Deserters are not likely to have many favors shown them."

"Oh," interposed Juan, who often came between Miguel's crookedness and the anger of the men, "he will never think again of his maravedis after he has been a few days at Bohio, if what Diego tells has but a grain of truth in it."

"This is Bohio, then?" demanded one of the men, eagerly.

"The Indians say so," answered Diego, "and are so mightily afraid at the very thought of landing here that I think they must be right."

"They say the inhabitants are great warriors and cannibals, do they not, Diego?" asked Juan.

"They do indeed," answered he.

"But the gold," inquired one, as if the question had not already been asked and answered a hundred times, "do they say there is a plenty of it?"

"Plenty and plenty; but what is the use of my telling that so many times? By the morning we shall know all about it; and if we are not all roasted and served up before we can get away, I have no doubt that we shall all be as rich as we ought to be."

"Ay! if we are not roasted," growled Miguel.

"Have no fear, my son," said Diego, in his most benevolent tones; "for unless it should be in the dark, I doubt if any savage would take so much as one bite of you. And unless your flesh be far sweeter than your temper, even the darkness would not win you a second bite."

The men laughed heartily, and Miguel muttered under his breath; while Juan, leaning over to Diego, whispered uneasily.

"I pray you, Diego! You promised you would not torment him."

"Then let him stop his croaking. If there be mischief, he is in it; if there be doubts, he has bred them. Always scowling at me, and always ready with his eternal croaking."

"It is true, Diego; but he is almost alone on the ship now, and you have all the friends. Besides, you promised me."

"Well," said Diego, contritely, "I will try to rule my tongue."

With his change to better thoughts and feelings, Juan had been unable to continue the close intimacy with Miguel which had been begun in the prison; but he was of too generous and loyal a nature to cast him off, and so he had all through been placed in a very uncomfortable attitude towards him.

It is quite likely that there would have been more said on this occasion that would have led up to harder words, for there is nothing your idle sailor likes better than a quarrel, unless it be a good story. There was now, however, no time for either of those time-killers, for the lookout suddenly shouted that ominous word which always sends terror to the sailor's heart:

"Breakers! Breakers off the starboard bow!"

In an instant all was confusion, and Martin Alonzo was shouting orders that sent the men flying about the vessel, some here and some there. The *Pinta* was suddenly brought about, and pointed almost at right angles to her course. Diego, Juan, Rodrigo, and Miguel, quick to the order of the Captain, had jumped into the bow, and were hanging on by the low rail, awaiting the next word, when the *Pinta* swung around in the topping seas. The frail craft quivered and shook for a moment, and then buried her nose in a monster wave. When she came up again, a cry, wild and terrified, fell upon the ears of the men.

"Save him! save him! Oh, Miguel!" The cry was from the lips of Juan.

And Rodrigo, straining his eyes from the other side of the deck, saw three terrible things: Diego dropping through the blackness of the night, Miguel with his hand upraised, Juan leaping from his place into the air.

"Man overboard!" yelled Rodrigo.

But the ship was in great danger, and no boat could live in such a sea; and so, though shuddering and anxious, Martin Alonzo continued to give orders, and the ship shot away through the waves after a moment of quivering hesitation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME CURIOUS TRUTHS.

THERE are a number of societies in the world that bear strange names, but probably one of the most curious was a club founded in 1735 by an English actor. It was called "The Sublime Society of Beefsteaks," and had among its members the Prince of Wales and other royal personages. They met in the painting room of the Covent Garden Theatre, and dined upon beefsteaks. The club was in existence for more than a hundred years, and became quite noted because of its odd customs. Another strange name was that of the "Sensibler Club," which Swift founded in 1714, and to which Pope, Gay, and other literary men belonged.

Sedan chairs were first used in England by the Duke of Buckingham during the reign of James I. The first chair aroused much indignation among the people, who said that men were being used to do the work of beasts, but later on they became very fashionable.

The fashion of saying "God bless you!" after sneezing, ori-

ginated with the ancients. These people believed that some danger attended sneezing, so they generally made a short prayer, such as "Jupiter, help me!" It has been found to be the custom among savages to do the same, and Jewish rabbis also make mention of the fact. An old Roman writer says that the custom originated during a plague, when people who were seemingly in good health sneezed and fell down dead.

Bagpipes are generally ascribed to Scotland, where they have been in use for a long time, but it was an instrument upon which the ancient Greeks and Romans played. Nero is said to have performed upon it, and an old piece of Grecian sculpture represents a player on the bagpipes dressed in the fashion that is known to-day as the Highland costume.

THE BOY KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

THERE is at present, in the ancient city of Cairo, Egypt, a lad of seventeen who is exciting the interest of all European nations. In virtue of his birth as the eldest son of the late Khedive of Egypt, he is ruler of the Egyptian people.

I think there is no more interesting sovereign among the nations of the earth than the Khedive of Egypt, ruler of that



ABBAS PASHA, KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.

wonderful country of the Pharaohs and Ptolemys, whose ruins, pyramids, and marvellous tombs bear testimony to the time, thousands of years ago, when it was a land teeming with all that was splendid and luxurious in art and daily life.

In 1806 the French had possession of Egypt; and a man who had risen from the ranks, Mohammed Ali, by force of military skill and indomitable perseverance, as well as by having acquired a great popularity among the people, captured the country from the French invaders, and in the course of a short time established the present line of sovereigns, who are known as Khedives, or Viceroys.

The father of young Abbas Pasha, the boy Khedive, died January 7, 1892. He was sixth in succession from Mohammed Ali. Political reasons compelled the father of the late Khedive to abdicate in 1879, and at the age of 27 Mehemet Tewfik ascended the throne. Both he and his wife were of one mind in determining to do all that they could for the benefit of the people. A lady who knew her as intimately as the customs of the country would permit told me that the Princess Emineh, mother of the young Khedive, is a woman of extraordinary ability and force of character; and although both she and her husband were scarcely more than children when they were married, they were well suited to each other.

At the time of his father's death young Abbas Pasha was in Vienna. He was compelled at once to start with his younger

brother for home, where the meeting between the other members of the family and himself was sad in the extreme.

The change effected by his father's death is all the more striking, since for some years he has been at a sort of military school, known as the Theresianum, at Vienna, which, although almost all the pupils are boys of the highest rank, is the most severely disciplined in Europe. The students are subjected to the closest supervision, never under any circumstances being left alone. There are a number of "ushers," or sub-teachers, whose duty it is to keep a perpetual watch upon the boys, and until very lately the young Prince Abbas was treated with the same severity as his comrades. A few months ago he wrote to his father complaining so bitterly of this perpetual guard over his movements and studies that the Khedive allowed him to have a small house and servants of his own, but the school authorities insisted upon his "usher" mounting guard as usual.

The country this boy is called upon to govern, as you will see by looking on your map, is in the northeast of Africa, on the Mediterranean Sea, and its area of square miles is about three times that of the State of Florida. The greater part of the country is a desert, where the Bedouins and Arabs live in tents, leading a wandering existence, and depending largely upon their occupation as guides for travellers. But the plains of the river Nile are fertile. There are no forests, but cotton, wheat, and sugar form a large industry, while grapes, oranges, and lemons grow in profusion. The country people are called "fellahs." About one-tenth of the population at present are Christians, but the rest are Mohammedans, who, however, in small observances of late years do not live up as strictly to their religious creed as they did half a century ago.

Cairo, the capital of Egypt, is, as most of my young readers doubtless know, the scene of many of the stories in the *Arabian Nights*; and walking through the narrow streets, visiting the bazars, which are collections of shops and booths, spending a Friday—which is the Moslem Sabbath—in the old town, one can easily fancy one's self back in the days when Scheherazade told her wondrous tales to preserve her life. A few years ago there were in Cairo schools only for boys, and these were conducted on what would seem to American children a very curious plan. The pupils sat on the floor grouped about the teacher, and with one voice, as it were, studied their lessons aloud, rocking back and forth as they recited the Koran, and using as slates little wooden tablets. Education for girls consisted in teaching them to sew and embroider, to cook, and to perform household duties. But at present there are fine schools for both sexes, and every facility has been given to teachers, many of whom have been sent to Europe to learn the best methods of instruction.

Going through the streets of Cairo you will see here and there European fashions in dress mingling often in a most amusing way with the conventional Mohammedan costume. For instance, a lady wearing the usual drapery and veil, concealing all but her eyes—which for centuries has been the female out-door garb—will display high-heeled Parisian shoes, and perhaps a French bonnet perched on top of her ganze head-gear. A friend of mine who called on a native lady in Cairo was greatly amused when her hostess entered the room in the richly draped and embroidered costume of her rank, over which she had a silk dolman with jet trimmings fresh from the hands of a Parisian dress-maker.

The daily routine of the late Khedive's life was as follows: He rose at eight o'clock, and, after a light refreshment, went into his special reception-room, outside of which two Arab chasseurs, gorgeously attired, stood guard. There the Khedive sat to receive his councillors. One by one during the morning they appeared to lay matters of state before him. Meanwhile his secretary, who occupied an adjoining room, was attending to a huge correspondence. This done, foreign consuls, or people on important business, were admitted, and, singular to say, this Eastern monarch is almost easier of access than the President of the United States. According to the rank of his visitor, the Khedive asks him to be seated on a divan or a chair.

At noon a gun fired from the citadel warned every one that for an hour the Khedive was to be undisturbed. During that time he visited his family and breakfasted, but at one o'clock was again at his post; and, except for a drive or walk in his gardens, his task of attending to matters of state continued until seven o'clock, when he dined in private, unless a special entertainment was given, after which he spent the evening, as a rule, free from business care, but generally in the society of some intimate friends or specially invited guests.

Of course the boy Khedive of to-day may alter this routine; but if he follows out the line laid down by his father, he can shirk none of his heavy responsibilities.

SHALL MY BOY PLAY FOOTBALL?

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

TO the father I reply by asking: Would you not have your son grow into courageous manhood? would you not have him equip himself for the bitter struggle of the work-a-day world, learning something of self-control under extreme pressure, while yet it does not carry with it the sting of later life?

But it is not to the father—at least not to him directly—that I am writing, though I hope every boy who reads this will show it to his father, and talk it over with him. It is to the youngster who is perhaps just about leaving for his first term at a school, away from home influences, or to the lad grinding away hard to pass his college exams next June, that I am addressing myself. And it is quite fitting that just at this time of the year, with its New-Year resolutions, I should have my little talk with him. Now, my boy, read carefully what I am going to say. You may fancy that athletics have little to do with your future; but if so, you are much mistaken.

Your very character is formed between the rough-and-tumble of the play-ground and those delicious little chats with your mother, when you have strayed into the house at an odd hour, and with your head in her lap, built air castles without number of what you will do when you become a man. The influence of both will remain upon you when, after years of struggle with business or professional cares, they may have faded into a mere memory of childhood. There will be moments in the darkest hour of worldly strife when you will recall the afternoon you sat on the arm of the big chair your mother occupied in the library, while, drawing you closely to her, she told of the plans for your future, which you silently pondered over and enlarged upon, until the trooping in of the other children brought you to the sudden and annoying realization that you had not yet entered your teens.

There will be moments, when business worries envelop you in one ominous care-laden cloud, that you will be carried back to the day when your football eleven won the championship from the rival team. You will remember how as half back you bucked away at the centre, and tried to circle the end; how you were tackled with little gain at almost every attempt, until it seemed to you that your own rush line had added its weight to the force against you, and you felt you could not possibly make another effort. But, ah! there is your signal again, between right guard and tackle. You grit your teeth, and start fast and hard; you find a clean opening, and you are through, with the ball tucked securely under your arm, making for the enemy's goal as though you were fresh from the subs at the side line. You elude one half back, ward off the other, and the goal seems almost in your grasp, when you see the full back preparing to throw himself at your knees. You wonder where the rest of your men are, and why none of them interfere for you. You put all your strength into your speed, determined to "down" hard. Just as the opposing full back dives for you, your end tackles him, and down they go, while you cross the line for a touch-down—and victory!

You chuckle exultantly as you recall the boyish triumph, and you take up the problems of your daily work with greater zest.

Who will say that the boy is not profited by these early experiences or the man bettered by their remembrance?

But, my dear boy, it is not all so easy as it reads. You will not find your efforts at running with the football invariably, or indeed very often, resulting in a touch-down, any more than in after-life will your business ventures always turn out just as you would wish. The gridiron field, however, is the mimic battle-field of life, and on it

you may undergo a training that will fit you to cope the better with the more serious combats to come.

Shall you play football, you query. Would you become strong, brave, and active?—strong in curbing your temper, and gaining the advantage of cool judgment; brave in a courage that chooses a course and adheres to it; active in what makes you a hero on the play-ground and a student in the class-room? Of course you will play football, if you have American blood in your veins.

But you must bear in mind, as you value your future physical well-being, that football is not to be rushed into like battledoor and shuttlecock or marbles. It is not a gentle game, and no boy must think of engaging in it until he has hardened his muscles to some extent. It needs preparation, and a lad should no more think of rushing into the unaccustomed mêlée, expecting to be able to play the game with spirit and security, than he would of mounting a high-mettled horse and essaying to clear the five-foot bar before he has learned the rudiments of horsemanship. Parents should under no circumstance permit their growing sons to play against older and bigger boys. To allow it, is to court strains or hurts that may seriously affect the boys' physical development.

Boys of to-day have great advantages in their physical training over those of even ten years ago. It is easily within the remembrance of those of us who have not been out of college so very long, how the mere mention of football at home brought down a storm of parental wrath, while unrelenting prohibition followed us back to school. The game was then an enigma, and the newspapers added horror to the mystery by printing their accounts of matches in a manner calculated to chill the blood of any well-regulated household.

Gradually as the sons induced their parents to view the sport themselves, the prejudice wore away. The game finds favor in schools from Maine to California, and the result is a generation of lads growing up whose physical beauty and healthful condition put us of the last generation to shame. Our very sixteen-year-old stripling can outrow, outrun, outswim, outride and outdrive us; give us points on football, baseball, and tennis; and happily devoid of that sickly pallor peculiar to the student of our day, knows quite as much, with the ruddy glow of health in his cheeks. And yet there are to be found some few that do not favor athletics for boys!! The glorious influence for good that sports have on the general education and welfare of both boys and girls has not begun to be appreciated. When I see a boy who does not take his play-hour, I regard him with as much disquiet as the man who never has a kind word for any one. Play is as necessary to the boys and girls as water is to a plant. Without it the growth of the one is restricted and unhealthful, while the other, having fewer resources, dies.

Now, my boy, having preached a little sermon on the benefits of football, let us chat a bit about yourself. Probably you are intending with the new year to make your first appearance in a school away from home. It will be a new world to you, filled with strange scenes and experiences. You will be brought into close relations with boys of various dispositions and tendencies, and you will have your first taste in miniature of the struggles in the big world for which you are preparing. If you have played football at home, you will be somewhat pleasantly surprised to note how much less disturbed you are than you had expected to be by the strange staring faces. You will discover that it is not so dreadful after all, and that like the cold-water plunge the anticipation is much more awe-inspiring than the realization. If you have gone in for any kind of sport at home, you will find yourself much less abashed than you had expected, but football will have done the most for you in this particular.

If you ask the reason why? I reply that football is peculiarly adapted for the mental and physical training

of boys. First of all, it brings them into contact with boys of all kinds of dispositions—good-natured and ill-natured boys, honest and manly ones, and those whose petty natures will seize on any dishonest, underhand method of securing an advantage. You are daily, in your football practice, running the gamut of human nature in all its phases. The very boys you are facing in the rush line are displaying the subtleties you must meet in later life. You are learning in your miniature world the tricks that develop into the schemes that will harass your business career. You are learning to fight the battle of life. You are gaining confidence in yourself to meet emergencies without getting "rattled." Best lesson of all, you are learning that it is not wise or manly to pout and give up the struggle if your end is not gained at your pleasure; your temper is sorely tried, and many times when your opponent treads on your toes you are tempted to throw judgment to the winds and pay him back in his own coin. But you have learned that such a course is neither manly nor profitable; that it is the player, on either the gridiron field or the battle-field of life, who "follows the ball" that makes the success.

This is why I consider football the best possible educator for the boy, and why I have said that he who has played has on entering his first boarding-school, his college, or business or professional career a great advantage over the boy who has not.

But there is another side to sport, my boy, that I want you to bear in mind. Possibly you may become a player of such cleverness during your preparatory school course as to attract the attention of the big university athletic managers. Bribes to go to a certain college may be offered you; spurn them with all the indignation at your command, and have nothing further to do with the tempter who has insulted you by assuming you were not a gentleman. Remember you are a gentleman, and gentlemen never compete for money, directly or indirectly. Some of your schoolmates may sneer at your honorable intentions, and you may count yourself lucky to have found out the scoffers, for they are not worthy of your friendship. Remember that the boy who would jeer at honor is not the one who would throw aside his coat and pitch in and help you; he is the boy who, as a man, is honest because he fears the law. There is little else of value in this world but your honor, either as boy or man. Do not suffer it to sustain the slightest imputation.

Inhale with the first rudiments of the game the definition of an amateur—one who plays solely because of his love for sport. Never be persuaded to believe that you can fall from this standard and remain a gentleman. No gentleman permits himself to be a hireling in sport. Don't jeer at an honorable opponent who has lost; on the contrary, give all the encouragement you can to your schoolmates. It is such a pleasant retrospection when you have passed out into the selfish world. And when you celebrate, don't mix up hoodlumism with a good-natured indulgence of your animal spirits. A gentleman never confounds the two.

JOHNNY'S COMPOSITIONS.

III.—MILK

MILK is a watery fluid that is white like snow and is good to drink. They get it from cows and dairies. I have tasted both, and they are very much alike, especially in color, only dairy milk hasn't much cream on it, which the cow has and lots of it if she is a good one. The principal uses of milk is as a drink with or without tea or coffee. Kittens like it very much, and babies have been known to cry for more and they generally get it. The dictionary says milk is opaque, but I don't much believe it is, because on the same page it has a pic-

ture of a drop of milk that looks more like a twenty-five-cent piece with a lot of holes bored into it than anything else, which isn't like any drop of milk I ever saw, and I've seen gallons of them; and if the dictionary is wrong in anything, what is to prevent its being wrong in another? Milk is sold by the quart, except where people want less, when it comes by the pint.

My father was very much worried about our milk while the water famine was imminent over New York. He said he was afraid there wouldn't be enough to go round unless there was a good rain or people wouldn't mind salt water in theirs, which is very wrong for milkmen to do because water doesn't cost anything, and it isn't fair to sell it for eight cents a quart to people who think they are getting milk.

Our milkman has a soprano voice which he yells with at five o'clock every morning in the front airy of our house, and my uncle who lives with us says he's going to have him indicted for murder if he has to commit the murder.

There's milk in cocoanuts too, but they don't milk a cocoanut like they do a cow; and it's a good thing for the cow they don't milk cows like they do cocoanuts either, because it must be very painful to be broken in two every time a person wants some milk. Goats also give milk. Then there's buttermilk which is sour, and condensed milk that comes in cans and wagons built like a soda-water fountain with a man to drive and turn it on. Condensed milk is very sweet and thicker than cream, but give me cream.

A man once fed his cow on cracked ice in hope of getting ice-cream as the milk, but the cow caught cold and died. It served the man right, but I am sorry for the cow. It wasn't his fault; he'd rather have had grass any day.

Certain kinds of weeds have milk in them, but they get pulled up just the same if the gardner sees them, not being any good and the milk being unavailable.

Milk is always good to have around, especially in houses where there aren't any cows, for then you have it in case you want it.

The pleasantest form of milk is in cream in soda-water which is elegant.

Yours truly

JOHNNY.

A MOVING TAIL.

SOME one is acquainted with a very fascinating and wonderfully intelligent dog named Lion, who shows plainly that he knows just what is said to him, and also what is said about him to others. He manages to do considerable talking himself with his tail; and a conversation took place one day, when a lady called on his mistress, that amused the visitor very much. During her call, Lion walked into the parlor with an air of being the right dog in the right place, laid himself comfortably down on the soft carpet, and closed his eyes in great content.

"What a handsome dog you have!" said the lady, as her eyes rested on the noble-looking animal.

Lion opened one eye at this.

"Yes," replied his mistress; "and what is still better, he is a very good dog, and takes excellent care of the children."

The other eye was opened now, and Lion waved his tail to and fro along the carpet.

"When the baby goes out," continued his mistress, "he always goes with her, and I feel sure then that no harm can come to her."

Lion's tail thumped violently up and down on the floor.

"And he is so gentle to them all, and such a nice playmate and companion, that we would not take a thousand dollars for him."

The tail seemed in danger of being thumped and shaken off; it went up and down, to and fro, round and round, in such uproarious glee.

There was something different, however, to come. "But Lion has one fault," added the speaker.

The tail was now perfectly quiet, as though it had been turned into stone; and if ever a dog's face expressed disappointment and uneasiness, Lion's did at that moment.

"Again and again have I told him that he must *not* come into the parlor with dirty feet and lie down on the carpet, and again and again does he disobey me."

Poor Lion! The visitor really pitied him, his expression was so utterly wretched and crestfallen. He packed up, as it were, his eloquent tail, and slunk mournfully out of the room in the deepest humiliation.

UNDRESSING THE POTATOES.

MAMMA was peeling the potatoes. "Can't I help you undress them?" asked Myra.

A FATAL DISEASE.

A CELEBRATED General once inquired of one of his soldiers the cause of his brother's death.

"My brother died, sir," replied the soldier, "because he had nothing to do."

"Well, my man," said the General, "that is reason enough to kill the greatest General of us all!"

WORKING FOR PERFECTION.

A FRIEND called one day upon Michael Angelo, and reproached him for the small amount of work accomplished since his last visit.

"You have done nothing! You have been idle since I saw you!" cried he.

"Not at all," said the sculptor. "I have retouched this part, and polished up that. I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle. I have given more expression to this lip, and a little more energy to this limb."

"But what do such trifles amount to?" asked his friend. "They are nothing."

"Altogether they amount to perfection," answered Angelo. "And perfection is not a trifle."

WHEN the air-balloon was first discovered, Dr. Franklin professed great faith in its capabilities.

Some one flippantly said to him, "Of what possible use is a foolish toy like that?"

"What is the use of a helpless new-born infant?" replied the doctor. "Some day it will become a man."

"Oh, Harry, I told you not to tell any one your sister is to be married," said mamma.

"I didn't *tell* any one," returned Harry, innocently; "I whispered it to a boy in school."

"How many are there in your house?" asked a lady.

"Do you mean how many there are, taking in my dolls?" asked Blanche.

"No; how many are there who can talk?"

"Oh, there's papa and mamma and myself and the clock. The clock talks all the time."

A PERSIAN NOTION.

THE Persians have an idea that all foreign merchants come to them from a bleak, desolate island situated in the far northern ocean. It is a dreary, miserable place, they say. It produces nothing good, nothing beautiful.

"Why do you think that?" one merchant asked.

"Because," said the wise Persian, "you want all the beautiful and precious things we can produce. Why do you take such pains to seek those, unless it is because you have nothing of your own?"

"WHEN I pray for you, what shall I ask God to make you?" asked mamma.

"Ask Him to make me a man just as quick as he can," answered Peter.

DIRECTOR OF THE SUN.

THE petty sovereign of a tribe of North American Indians has a custom by which he displays his superiority, not only to all the world, but to the heavenly bodies as well.

Every morning he stalks solemnly out of his door, and stands until the sun appears above the horizon. Then with his finger he indicates the course through the sky which he expects the sun to take. Then having marked out the sun's course for him, he devotes the rest of the day to directing his tribe. Although the poor Indian's notion of his own importance is absurd, yet so many of us have equally absurd notions of our importance that we can afford to think twice before we laugh at him.

Untidy Amanda.



A slovenly girl Amanda was;
She would not comb her hair;
Though it was rough and tangled, too,
Amanda did not care,
And when mamma the matted locks
Would fain have brushed and tied,
Amanda pushed the comb away,
And stamped her feet and cried.



But only listen now; it chanced
Mamma had gone away,
And left Amanda in the house
All by herself one day.
Then someone rattled at the latch;
Amanda heard him there;
She heard him shutting fast the door,
And creaking up the stair.

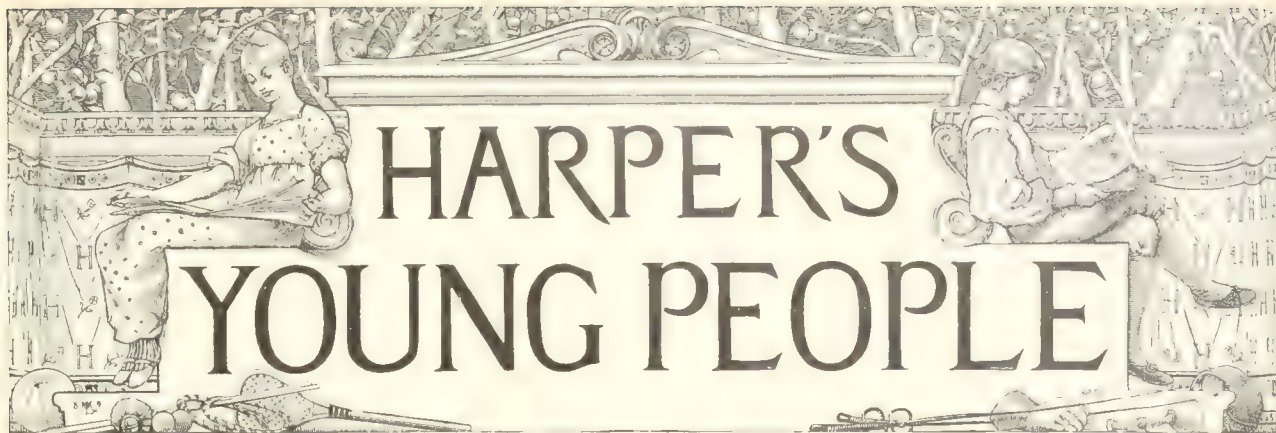


Someone with scissors in his hand,
And dreadful gleaming eyes;
"Where is the child who will not comb
The tangles out?" he cries.
In vain Amanda shrieks and runs;
He has her by the hair.
Snip! snip! the shining scissors go,
And leave her head quite bare.



Now when mamma comes home again
Ah! what is her surprise,
To see Amanda's naked head,
And note her tearful eyes.
And now, lest she a cold should catch,
A night-cap she must wear;
And when her locks have grown once more
I'm sure she'll comb her hair.

K P. le.



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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



LENA'S CITIZENS.

BY KIRK MUNROE



TELL you, Hans, the best always pays best. That's what we say in Minnesota, anyway; and out there when we can't have the best, we go without, that's all."

The speaker was a handsome young fellow, evidently an American, who was taking a vacation tramp through Switzerland with his Berlin chum, Hans Dammer, a young German of his own age. The latter was stooping, with a rueful countenance, to remove the third pebble that had found its way within

an hour through a broken place in the side of one of his heavy walking-shoes. Although the shoes were heavy and looked strong, they were not made of the best leather, and had given out after three weeks of hard usage. Now Hans would be forced to purchase another pair, or else give up the last week of their trip; for it was certain that he could not walk with pebbles in his shoes, and the leather had proved too rotten to be repaired.

When the chums bought their walking-shoes, the young American selected the very best pair for tramping purposes that he could find; while his friend took an inferior

pair, thinking they would answer for that one trip, and that the few thalers thus saved could be added to his pocket money.

The young American's words were uttered in a laughing tone and without much thought. Hans Dammer only answered them with a grunt as he flung away the offending pebble. Then the two swung ahead, and disappeared around a jutting point; but lightly as the words were spoken, they had sunk deep into the heart of one hearer for whom they were not intended.

Twelve-year-old Lena Kinzel, rosy-cheeked and sunny-haired, with a very resolute expression on her bright little face, was sitting on the shady side of a great rock near the road-side, watching her mother's goats. She was sitting so that the young men did not see her. The sound of their approaching voices had caused her to peer shyly around a corner of the rock, and she listened eagerly to try and catch the meaning of what they were saying, for they were talking in English. Lena called it "American," and had been striving to master some of its easiest difficulties ever since her father left them, six months before, to seek a new home for his wife and children in the new land across the great ocean.

He had said that while he loved their own land and knew it to be a good one, they must always be poor in it, as his father and grandfather had been before him. He believed there were better chances for such as they in America, and the very best in the world was none too good for such children as his. So he went away to find it for them, and was to send back the money that would take them to him just as soon as he could earn and save it.

Lena was the eldest of the seven children; then came Gretchen, Fritz, Annchen, Hansel, Susette, and baby Christian. When, just as he was leaving, the father bent down and whispered to her that she must take good care of the little ones, she choked back a sob and smiled bravely as she answered, "And I will bring them all to thee when thou sendest for us, father, never fear."

Then she set to work to study the strange American language, and with the help of old Margot, who had once travelled as maid with an American family, and was now employed in the great hotel at the foot of the alp, she had already picked up a number of words. Thus she understood what the young American meant when he said that the best always paid best, and her heart leaped at the word *Minnesota*. Was not that the canton of the New World in which her father was even then making a home for them? Eagerly she watched the pedestrians out of sight, and then again turned her attention to her goats, who were nibbling at rather scanty feed.

"Ze bester pays ze bester!" There was a much better bit of pasture up over that rocky ridge. She had thought of it before, but it was so hot up there. Now she arose with a very determined look on her face, and after a half-hour of hard work, her goats were enjoying the very best pasture the little girl knew of.

The goats, the pasture right, the two cows, and the very cottage in which the Kinzels lived were only theirs to hold until the end of that season. Then they must be turned over to Herr Strubach, who had advanced Mr. Kinzel the money for his venture in the New World. By that time the father expected to be able to send for his dear ones to join him; but until then they must support themselves by the sale of their butter and cheeses.

Twice every week Lena took the fresh white cheeses and rolls of golden butter down to the big hotel, but there were so many others trying to sell the same things that sometimes the steward did not want hers. Then she had to dispose of them as best she could, at lower prices, elsewhere. The steward always selected the best, both in looks and quality.

"Ze bester pays ze bester!" How very true!" thought Lena, as she rested after the exertion of getting her goats to the best pasture; "and how much of wisdom has that Herr Baron *Minnesota*. If only we could make our butter ze bester as ever was, how well would it pay!"

But the little Swiss maid turned this thought over and over in her mind; and when the brothers and sisters were fast asleep that night, she talked of it to her mother. Poor tired Mrs. Kinzel, whose hacking cough would not leave her, and who was growing thinner and paler every day, fully agreed with all that her little daughter said; but what could they do to make their wares better or more attractive than they were?

"We might get old Franz to carve us a stamp."

"Carve a stamp, mine Liebchen! Do you know what old Franz charges for his carvings? They are the best and most beautiful in the canton."

"Ja, Mutter mein, but ze bester pays; ze Herr Baron *Minnesota* said so."

Finally Mrs. Kinzel yielded, and the stamp was ordered and made. It was an exquisite bit of carving, for old Franz was so charmed by the winsome ways of his little customer, who ran over every day to inspect the progress of his work, that he outdid himself to please her. It was the letter K, surrounded by a wreath of Alpine edelweiss, and he charged for it—well, the mere mention of the price caused poor Mrs. Kinzel to lift her hands and utter an exclamation of dismay. It was promptly paid, however, though it took every franc of their scanty savings.

When Lena next visited the great hotel, the baskets that she bore were lined with fresh green leaves. The cheeses in one and the pats of butter in the other all bore the imprint of the new stamp, and were arranged in layers, with sweet-scented leaves between each two, in addition to the strips of snowy muslin.

The steward, having bought both butter and cheeses that morning, was just about to say that he did not want any more, when Lena deftly whipped off the cover from one of her baskets and exposed its contents. A glance was sufficient; there was no need to test the products of the Kinzel dairy by tasting. Not only did the steward purchase all that Lena had brought, but he promised to take the entire product of their dairy for that summer, provided it all looked as inviting as these samples, and if Lena would not offer any of it elsewhere.

So the edelweiss butter and cheeses became a feature of his table that season, and many were the compliments he received for them. Other butter-makers invested in edelweiss stamps; but old Franz never put his heart into the carving of another as he had into the first, and then, too, the steward would purchase that brand from none but Lena.

"I will have none but the best," he said, "even if I have to pay a little more for it."

To supply the demand for their butter, Mrs. Kinzel and the children worked harder than ever that summer; but while the latter seemed to thrive on the hard work and grew stronger and rosier each day, the dear mother grew thinner and paler, until, at the end of the season, she was forced to take to her bed.

At length came the long-looked-for letter from the father in distant *Minnesota*; but it was filled with tidings of ill success and bitter disappointment. It enclosed money—every cent that he could send them—but this was not more than half enough to pay for a passage to the new home.

"I am sick with the Heimweh for my dear ones," wrote the father. "I think of them and long for them so that I do not good work. But, alas! it must be another year before I can see them, for I have not the money to bring them to me."

Lena's face flushed, and the tears filled her bright eyes,

as she spelled out this sad letter to the sick mother and the children clustered about her bed.

"Oh!" cried the mother, "if he had only come back instead of sending the money; or if he had never gone! What shall we do? What shall we do?"

"Let us now count the money in the 'Castle of Delft,'" said Lena.

Then she ran to fetch the little earthen-ware castle that was their bank, and held all their savings. No one could see its contents without first breaking it, and so they had no idea of how much it contained.

"It will be so little," murmured the sick woman.

Even hopeful Lena did not believe it would amount to much, so little had they put in at a time. But if they had only put in a little at a time, they had done so very many times. Lena was surprised at the weight of the "castle" as she brought it from its hiding-place; and when, with a quick blow, she shattered its roof, she uttered a cry of amazement at the quantity of copper pieces and silver coins that rolled out on the table.

Breathlessly the money was counted; and when Lena at last made the triumphant announcement that the "Castle of Delft" had held a few centimes more than the sum sent by their father, and that the total of the two amounts would be sufficient to take them to Minnesota, after all, there arose such a hubbub of excitement in that humble cottage as has rarely been seen in any chalet of the Swiss Alps. Even the sick woman was lent such strength by renewed hope that she arose from her bed, and at once began preparations for their departure.

The following day brought Herr Strubach, to whom Mr. Kinzel had also written, begging that his family might be permitted to occupy the cottage for another year. He came to say that this would be impossible, as he had made other arrangements, and that they must move out at once.

He was amazed at the cheerful smiles with which his demand was received, nor did he comprehend when Mrs. Kinzel informed him that, as a new home was already awaiting them, this one should be turned over to him before the week's end.

So, when their scanty furniture was sold, and Lena had kissed the cows and every one of the goats good-by, the long, wonderful journey was begun. They took with them only the mother's little black Bible, the edelweiss stamp, their clothing, and a supply of bedding for use on the ship. The good steward of the big hotel, who happened to be going to Bremen at that time, made the journey easy for them to that port, and did not leave them until he had seen them safely on board the great steamship that was to bear them to the land of New York and Minnesota.

Upheld by excitement and her own determined will, the brave emigrant mother had borne the journey thus far without a murmur; but when her little flock was at length safe on the ship, and there was no longer a necessity for immediate action, her slender stock of strength gave out.

For the first two days of the voyage she sat on deck, wrapped in blankets, with her little ones clustered about her. She talked to them feebly, but bravely, of "das beste land," to which they were going, and of the father to whom their coming would be such a joyful surprise; or Lena read to them from the mother's book; or Fritz told of what he meant to do when he became a man in the new land; or they all played with the baby, and made him scream with delight at their antics, until the saloon passengers on the promenade deck looked down and smiled in sympathy.

Only Lena was awake on the third night, and knew when the dear mother left them to go to "das beste land" of all, and the new home in which was to be no more toil nor weariness nor sorrow. A few loving

words, brokenly whispered, charging the eldest daughter to be a mother always to the others, to take them to the father, and to comfort him; an answering promise that would never be broken, whispered in the solemn darkness; a long sigh, a lingering kiss, and the mother spoke no more. A few minutes later all that part of the steerage was awakened by a child's frightened cry and passionate sobbings.

Then men came with bright lanterns. Tender-hearted steerage women took the bewildered children in their arms, and soothed them with gentle words.

When daylight came the mother was gone, and the kind women said they must not look for her, for she was in "das beste land," toward which they too were journeying, and the children wondered if she were already in Minnesota. Only Lena knew; and when she gathered them about her on deck, and read to them from the mother's book of the wonderful city with streets of gold and walls of precious stones, they were quite content. They only wished the ship would sail faster, that they too might get there more quickly.

All the saloon passengers walked to the forward end of the promenade deck that day to gaze on the pathetic little group. Most of the ladies turned away with tears in their eyes; while some of the men pulled down their caps to keep the sun from blinding them, and making the tears come into their eyes too.

The sailors also watched the little Kinzels, and brought them odd playthings, such as none but a sailor would ever have thought of. The grimy coal-heavers came up from mysterious regions deep down in the ship to nod and smile at them. As for the steerage steward, he hovered about them so constantly with bits of good things to eat that you would have thought they were his own little boys and girls.

That evening there was an unusual gathering of passengers in the grand saloon; and for three days after that several of them met in one of the smaller saloons every morning, while everybody seemed interested and expectant. Then, on the last night of the voyage, when the New York pilot was already on board, the grand saloon was turned into fairy-land. The little Kinzels were carried aft to see it, and they wondered if the golden city in "das beste land" could be any more beautiful, or if the angels Lena read of could be any kinder than the people who thronged about them.

After they were asleep—all but Lena—such sweet strains of music floated through the great ship that the children heard them in their dreams and smiled.

It was as fine a concert as ever was given on shipboard—everybody said so—but the voice that was applauded above all others, and encored again and again, was the wonderful barytone of a young American, who was returning to his Western home after several years of musical study in Germany. So completely did he bear off the honors of the occasion that, by a unanimous vote, he was chosen to present to Lena Kinzel the well-filled purse that the concert given for the little flock of motherless emigrants had earned.

They were gathered in their accustomed place on deck—the place their dear mother had chosen for them—watching with eager curiosity the nearing land, when the singer and those who had assisted him went forward to fulfil their mission.

The children drew closer to Lena when he spoke to them, and gazed at him in open-eyed silence. Even Lena failed to comprehend what he was saying, for he spoke in the German of Berlin, which was almost as foreign to her as the American language that she was trying so hard to learn. Besides, she was regarding his face so intently that she hardly knew he was speaking; and when he finished, she only said, as though uttering her thoughts aloud, "Ze Herr Baron Minnesota."

"Minnesota!" he exclaimed, catching the word. "Are you going to Minnesota?"

When Lena, in her mixture of very imperfect English and German patois, made it clear that she had seen him before in her own canton, and that they were now going to his in the New World, he became more interested than ever in the motherless flock. He declared that, since their journey lay in the same direction as his own, he would constitute himself their guardian, and not lose sight of them until they were safe in their father's arms.

Then a tender-hearted New York banker, who had also taken part in the concert, changed their money into a draft on a Minnesota bank, payable to Leo Kinzel, and the young man smiled when he saw how greatly the receipts from the concert had been swelled by being turned into a draft.

Nothing could be more fortunate for the little immigrants than his resolve to see them safely to their journey's end. But for his assurance that they were in his charge, and that he would be responsible for them, the Commissioners of Emigration might have sent them back as paupers on the ship that brought them.

"Why," exclaimed the young man, indignantly, when this was suggested, "not only have they got money, but they can have more if they need it. As for that child"—here he pointed to Lena—"she is the pluckiest and most level-headed girl of her age I have ever met, and if she doesn't bring those brothers of hers up to be first-class citizens, then I'm mistaken, that's all. They are the kind we want in Minnesota, anyway, and out there we are pretty particular about having the best, I can tell you."

So the little Kinzels were finally passed through the emigrant office, and on their long journey to Minnesota they were well cared for by their self-appointed guardian. According to promise, he delivered them safely to their father, who, with tears and smiles chasing each other over his face at the same time, was excitedly awaiting them at the railway station nearest his farm. The day before he had received the first telegram of his life. It told him of the coming of his children, and of the departure of the dear mother to the better land.

It is now two years since the young emigrants sat on the deck of the great ship, and already, thanks to good schools, they not only speak English, but all, except little Christian, can read and write it. The money raised at the concert on shipboard was put into a neat frame house and several fine cows. Now the Kinzel dairy farm is becoming widely known for its famous edelweiss butter, which is spoken of as being the very best ever made in that section of the country.

And Lena, still bright-eyed and sunny-faced, though a little graver than she was two years ago, is the life and light of the new house as she was of the old one. She is mother as well as sister to the others, and is her father's wise little adviser as well as his housekeeper. She is also developing a strong interest in the politics of her adopted country, for she feels the responsibility of having four citizens on her hands. As she quaintly expresses it:

"I know alretty dose Republicans and dose Democreds; but it is only for ze bester mans dot my cidizens shall vote. In zis country we will haf ze bester or not any at all. Dot's what say ze Herr Baron Minnesota, an dot's what I says too."

HOME EXERCISES IN PHYSICAL CULTURE.

THE subject of Physical Culture is one that is just now of great interest. People have outgrown the queer old notions about "keeping down the body," and the ideal student is no longer a pale, thin, weary dyspeptic ghost, but a vigorous, active boy or girl that rejoices in good health, and "a sound mind in a sound body."

But, alas! this ideal, like most ideals, is far removed from the reality. In spite of all the talk and discussion, with the numer-

ous gymnasiums in our large towns and cities, with teachers of Physical Culture in many schools, the fact remains that we do not give proper attention to the bodily development of our children. "Look into our schools," says a wise thinker. "How many girls and boys do you see who are awkward, ill-formed, and undeveloped, who must soon go forth to labor all life long under the sad burden of a poor physique?"

Fortunately for those who are thus neglected in school, and who live in the country or in small towns remote from good gymnasiums, there are many good exercises especially arranged for developing the various parts of the body that can be used at home. They are so simple that any thoughtful young person can understand them, and as they need no expensive apparatus, they can be a blessing alike to rich and poor.

The following directions are carefully prepared from the notebook of an eminent teacher of Physical Culture:

"As the physique and general health depend very much upon the breathing power of the person, the first thing should be to obtain the best development of the lungs. Two things we must here observe: *First*, If the chest is flat, then the lungs have no room for full expansion. *Second*, The head must be held erect if we would have a well-developed chest. Therefore the first exercise is for the purpose of giving strength to those muscles in the back of the neck which are needed to keep the head in good position.

"EXERCISE NO. 1.

"Fold the arms behind the back, elevate the chin as high as possible, draw the right foot back for six or eight inches, and lean backward as far as you can. Remain in this position for a few seconds, keeping the shoulders well forced back. Breathe slowly, and let the lungs expand to their utmost extent. Now resume your usual position, all the while moving slowly. Repeat this exercise several times—not too often at first, but increase the number of times from day to day.

"The clothing must be loose, so that the child may not even be aware of its presence. If this exercise be continued for a long time it will make a wonderful rounding out of chest, and straightening up of head and shoulders.

"EXERCISE NO. 2.

"Stand perfectly straight, head erect, chin drawn in, arms hanging by the side. Slowly lift the arms from the sides (not thrown forward), until they meet on top of the head, the fingers downward, the shoulders well forced back. Remain thus for a few seconds, then with sudden upward motion separate the hands until the arms rise perpendicular from the shoulders, so that they stand 'straight up in the air,' as the children say. Then throw the chest forward as much as possible, and while doing so let the arms fall slowly to their ordinary position.

"EXERCISE NO. 3.

"Stand erect, chest thrown out, chin in, and abdomen drawn in. Arms at the side, with the palms of the hands turned outward. This is done by holding the hands so that the little finger of each is next the body. This is a wonderfully good position to assume, and its constant practice would straighten up the crooked shoulders in a short time. Now bring the arms out in front of the body, turning the palms of the hands inwards and touching thumbs together. Elevate the arms until they are on a line with the mouth. With a sudden upward motion separate the hands, and throw back the arms with an upward circular movement, at the same time forcing the chest out. While performing the backward motion or curved sweep of the arms slowly raise the body on the tip toes, and sink down again just as the hands meet behind the back. Repeat the motion by bringing the hands together at the front, then back again, and so on. This cannot be done very often at first, but by constant daily practice it becomes easy, and is particularly good for expansion of the chest and improving the figure.

"EXERCISE NO. 4.

"Stand straight, chest out, chin in, arms at the side. Raise the hands slowly above the head, palms to the front, thumbs locked. Remain thus for a second, and then bend forward very slowly, keeping the knees perfectly stiff and straight until the fingers touch the floor. Then slowly assume an erect position, bringing the arms and hands once more to their ordinary place at the sides of the body."

These exercises will certainly be very helpful to our children, and, if faithfully practised, give them the advantages of a Class in Physical Culture without expense, and without leaving home.

DIEGO PINZON,

AND

THE FEARFUL VOYAGE HE TOOK INTO THE
UNKNOWN OCEAN A.D. 1492.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

CHAPTER XXII.

DIEGO was an excellent swimmer, and his instinctive movement was to keep himself afloat the instant he found himself in the water; but in his heart there was nothing but despair and hopelessness.

During the few seconds that he had hung by the sail, he had seemed to realize in a flash of thought the extreme peril of his case—that he must fall into the dark waters, that the ship could never stop to try to save him, and that he must lose there the life that had seemed, only a few minutes before, so full of joy and promise.

Still he battled with the waves, turning his back to the wind, so that the dashing spray from the breaking crests would not smother him. He cried out, his agony lending strength to his voice; but the wind outshrieked him, and he knew that he had not been heard; though, even then, it came as a sort of melancholy consolation that it would not have mattered if he had been heard. But then it seemed to him that he had heard an answering cry, and for a moment his heart leaped, only to sink again, and the futility of struggling urged itself on him.

Oh! it was quite certain to him that he must go down; but there is such a love of life implanted in us that it is almost impossible to give up struggling; and so it was with him. The waves tossed him about, the spray enveloped him so that he could scarcely breathe, his strength was fast failing him, and still he fought for his life.

Then something touched him on the head, and the horrid thought that it might be a shark roused him to a sudden spasmodic activity. He put his hand out to push it away—and what it was he did not know; but it was not a shark, and he clung to it with the madness and the strength of hope.

He caught the floating thing with the other hand, and he was sustained. New life came to him, and he felt over the object to gain a securer hold. He could not quite make out the extent or nature of it, but it struck him, with a thrill, that it was like an overturned canoe. He climbed as far on it as he could then, and rested there.

"ego-o-o!"

Surely that gurgling, despairing cry sounded his name, or was his mind affected by his agony? No, it came again, and it was close beside him—only a rising wave between him and it. Juan! It was Juan's voice!

"Juan, Juan!" he screamed, his heart filled at once with terror and joy. "Juan, I am here, here!"

He peered through the gloom, watching the great wave sink into a hollow. He listened with sharpened ears for a repetition of the cry. The wave sank and was rushing away, with another sweeping in to take its place, Diego riding on its side, buoyed up by the canoe. Something, something—what was it?—gleamed on the black surface.

"Juan, Juan!" screamed Diego; and at the risk of losing his hold on the canoe, he reached out and clutched at the floating thing.

The wave rolled on, and broke over the speck of fighting humanity; then dropped away, and there was an in-

stant of calm. It was enough. Diego had Juan in the grip of love and loneliness.

Juan had been on the point of giving up; but, as with Diego, so with him; he was no sooner assured that succor was at hand than he revived. He caught the side of



HE REACHED OUT AND CLUTCHED AT THE FLOATING THING.

the canoe—the canoe of those Indians had a sort of flange running around it—and held there until he could climb on it as Diego had done.

It was a precarious resting-place, tossing about on the waves, but it was so much better than nothing that both boys felt, from the moment of touching it, as if they should live to see another day. Neither of them could find breath to say anything for a few minutes; but in a little while Diego put his mouth close to Juan's ear and said, "The ship is gone."

"Yes," answered Juan; "but I think we are safe here. Can you hold on long enough?"

"I think so. Did you jump after me?" The thought had suggested itself to Diego at once on finding Juan in the water.

"Yes; I couldn't help it."

Diego said nothing for a few minutes. He was thinking how true a friend Juan was; but a boy generally finds it hard to express gratitude for a service such as Juan had wished to do him.

"I can't fight you now, can I?" he said.

A strange thing to say, lying there on an inverted canoe, with the cold touch of death almost on them; but Juan understood, and that was enough.

"Oh, we are quits," he said. "I should have drowned if you had not saved me."

"You wouldn't have been in danger if it hadn't been for me," said Diego.

They both laughed at that, as if the absurdity of the argument had struck them. It was afterwards, however, that they laughed most; for their situation was too serious then for much mirth.

Fortunately Martin Alonzo had prophesied truly, and the storm that had been raging for so long was subsiding. Even so, the night was a long and a hard one, what with the fear of being carried ashore and dashed to

death on the rocks, and the danger of being washed off the canoe as their strength decreased.

The wind shifted again, however, and ebb tide must have begun to run, for whenever the boys listened for the sound of breakers, they seemed far away; and finally the sound ceased altogether.

Morning broke at last, finding them quite exhausted and barely able to cling to their support. As soon as it was light enough, they lifted their weary heads and looked around them. To the south of them they saw the coast, perhaps five miles distant; but to the east, where the ship should have been, they saw nothing but water.

Dawn is always the most dismal time for the miserable. Hope seems to take that time for slumbering. The boys saw the worst of their case then. They were deserted by their ship, they were five miles from shore on an overturned canoe, and even if they reached the shore it would be only to fall into the clutches of cruel cannibals.

"Gone!" was Diego's only word, as he exchanged a glance with Juan.

Juan shivered—it is always cool before dawn in those latitudes—and cast one more glance around, and then let his head fall upon his arms. Cold, hungry, hopeless! what could be more wretched?

But the sun grew warm little by little, and hope revived within the hearts of the castaways. They felt grateful for the warmth, but were too weary to lift their heads to speak; then, too, the sea was growing so much smoother that it was hardly more than lazily swelling now, and it seemed to lull them to sleep.

The sun was high and hot when they awoke; but it was not his beams that waked them. Diego had relaxed his hold on the canoe and had rolled into the water. He was frightened at first, but seeing that he was quite safe, he quickly caught the rim of the canoe, and actually smiled. Juan smiled back, having been awakened by the rocking of the canoe and the splashing of the water.

Diego climbed up on the canoe, and having taken a hasty glance around again, turned to Juan, and said, with a great deal of his old spirit:

"That sleep did me good. I feel better."

"So do I," said Juan, quite cheerfully.

"I'm desperately hungry," said Diego. "Anything to eat in your pockets?"

He felt in his as he spoke, and Juan did likewise. Both shook their heads together.

"Hawks' bells and beads," said Diego.

"That's all I have," said Juan; "but maybe the ship will come back for us."

"Sure to," said Diego, hopefully. "I say, Juan, don't you think we might get this canoe turned over if we tried?"

Juan felt sure they could, and so they both slipped off into the water and struggled with it as they had often seen the natives do; for the canoes are not at all seaworthy affairs, and it seemed quite a matter of course to a native to turn over in one: a thing that was of the less consequence, since the Indian could swim like a fish, and wore no clothes to get wet.

The boys presently had the canoe right side up, and had climbed carefully into it. It needed bailing out, and they had but their hands to do it with, so that it took some time, and was imperfectly done then. It permitted them to sit up comfortably, however, and only their feet were in the water.

"I hope the cannibals won't see us," said Diego, glancing apprehensively towards the shore.

"I don't believe it would matter if they did from there," answered Juan. "Do you?"

"I don't suppose it would. See! there are a great many coming down to the beach out of the woods. I hope they are not coming out to fish. Do you see any canoes?"

"No," answered Juan, his heart rising up into his throat.

And indeed it was a frightful thing to contemplate. The boys lowered their voices in speaking to each other after that, and kept their eyes fixed anxiously on the natives moving about on the shore. Their actions seemed very strange to the watching boys, though they afterwards knew that their peculiar antics were due to catching turtles and turning them on their backs. By-and-by they went away, and the boys breathed more freely, though still they were filled with anxiety. If they had had a paddle, they would undoubtedly have worked away from the coast.

"I wonder," said Juan, after a while, "if we are far from where we went overboard?"

Diego had already been wondering the same thing, and had been trying to work it out. "I'm afraid we are," he answered. "I think, from the looks of things, that that mountain to the east of us is where we nearly ran ashore. That is ten leagues away, at least."

"Then if the ship does come back—" said Juan, and stopped there, dreading to say what was in his thoughts.

"Yes," said Diego, who understood him; "if she comes back, she will go there."

"And will not go hunting around for us," suggested Juan.

"Why should she?" said Diego.

And they both fell into a silence.

"Diego," said Juan, presently, in a startled tone, "I think—"

"Well, what do you think?" demanded Diego, glancing around in alarm.

"I think the flood tide is taking us inshore," answered Juan.

And so it was, of a certainty. Diego did not turn pale, for he was already that, but he showed in his eyes how he dreaded such a thing. Then he put his hand on the sailor's knife which was in its sheath by his side, and said, with a half sob, "I will fight till I die!"

"And I," said Juan. Then hope whispered courage, and he said, quickly: "But we may get ashore undiscovered, and be able to make our way to the mountain yonder. Then if the ship does come back—"

"It will; it certainly will," said Diego, catching eagerly at the hope.

"—we shall be there to meet her," went on Juan, "unless she should come and go before we can get there."

"Oh," said Diego, his courage rising with the prospect of doing something for himself, "if she comes back, she will stay a day or two days, surely. Why not? As well come ashore at that point as at another."

"Besides," said Juan, "we shall get something to eat ashore, and I am hungry."

"That maize bread would taste good," said Diego, "or potatoes."

"Well," said Juan, sighing, "perhaps these cannibals don't eat such things."

"We can get fruit enough, anyhow," said Diego, shuddering at the thought of the food the people did eat.

They were being carried inshore very perceptibly, and after a little while they crouched down in the canoe, and allowed nothing but their heads to be visible. They saw nobody for a long time, and later saw only a few children, who returned to the woods after playing about for a short time.

The current set in strongest towards a rocky promontory, and they were rejoiced, indeed, when they saw themselves being carried thitherward; for, as Diego said, it was very likely that the savages were very near the shore, and only remained in the woods for the sake of the shade, and would be certain to see them if they were to go ashore on the open beach, whereas they could go ashore under the cliff that made the end of the promon-

tory, and remain there in safety until darkness came on, if that should prove necessary.

The canoe approached the shore very slowly, and they were lying fully concealed in it at the last, only venturing to peep over the side at long intervals to see where they were. The lapping of the waves on the shore was so soft that the boys could occasionally hear above it the

more than fifty yards away, when the boys agreed that it was time to swim.

So they dropped silently over the side, one after the other, and swam with what strength they had for the shore. Fortunately, for they were not in good vigor, the shore shelved off so gradually that when Diego dropped his feet to rest himself, he discovered that he could touch bottom. Whereupon he stood up and reached out his hand to Juan, who was panting and making but a feeble stroke.

They rested there a moment, and then made their way ashore, trembling at each step lest they should be discovered either by a passing canoe or by the children in their play.

They reached the shore in safety, however, and would have sunk on the first dry rock from sheer exhaustion had they dared. But fear kept them moving, until they had gained a spot behind some jagged rocks close up under the base of the cliff. There they both sank down, and it was a long time before either moved or spoke. It was Diego who spoke first.

"I did not know how weak I was," he said.

"Nor I," answered Juan. "Must we lie here until dark? I seem to be starving."

"Do you lie here," said Diego, "and I will steal to the edge of the cape and see what there is beyond."

"No," said Juan, rising to his feet; "if there is a risk, let us take it together. Besides, I feel stronger now. It must have been the sun, I think. Come! let us go together. But keep close to the cliff."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THERE THEY BOTH SANK DOWN.

cries and shouts of children, warning them that their suspicions of the whereabouts of the people had been correct.

"We shall be swept around the cape," said Diego, after looking up once.

"How far off from land are we?" asked Juan, looking cautiously over the side.

"A hundred yards, I should say," answered Diego. "Do you not think so?"

"Yes. What shall we do then?"

"We don't know what there is the other side of the cape," said Diego, in a whisper. "Would it not be best to swim ashore as soon as we find ourselves off the cliff, rather than take our chances by going farther?"

It was one of those questions difficult to answer; but as it had to be answered quickly, if at all, Juan took the view that Diego did, and they decided to swim for the cape.

"I think I can do it," said Diego. "Can you?"

Juan answered that he thought he could, and so they waited anxiously for the moment to come, each thinking, but not saying, that the step might be a fatal one, and each determined to resist capture at any cost. They watched until the canoe had drifted past the point of rock that jutted from the promontory. Then Diego rose with the intention of plunging off, but sat down and whispered to Juan: "We can't be seen from the shore now. Let us paddle with our hands and get nearer in if we can."

So Juan rose up and saw that what Diego had said was quite true, and they both immediately began paddling with their hands. And they soon found that it was not an idle thing to do, and that the canoe was getting at each moment nearer the rocky shore, until it was not

PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES AND HIS SISTERS.

THE untimely—indeed, tragic—death of the young heir to the throne of England at the very moment when life held out such a happy promise for domestic felicity, brings his brother and his three sisters, especially the young Duchess of Fife, into unexpected prominence; for should Prince George die unmarried, the crown of England would pass to the wife of an English subject—a Duke noted for his democratic tendencies, and who made it an understood thing when he married Princess Louise of Wales that she should henceforth be known as the Duchess, not the Princess. This would be a very curious state of affairs in the English court, and it is probable that as soon as the period of mourning for Prince Albert Victor is over, Prince George will seek a bride.

Prince George, the young naval officer, has always been very popular, with all classes. He is full of fun and vitality; good-looking if not actually handsome; fond of out-of-door sports, of dancing, of society, and at the same time passionately devoted to his family. His love for his elder brother was really touching; for "Eddie," in his childhood, was delicate, hard to instruct, and given to long spells of mental dulness which troubled his family and tutors, and during which George was unvarying in his tender watchfulness and devotion, shielding him from anything irritating or likely to hurt his feelings, and on all occasions trying to put him forward.

I well remember seeing the two lads, on a journey from Devonshire to London many years ago, eating their luncheon in the railway carriage at the station where there was a half-hour's wait. The boys were travelling with their tutor and servants, but with almost no formality, it being their father's wish at the time to have them in a measure "rough it." The luncheon was spread out on a damask cloth laid on the seat between the boys, and Prince George was busy cutting up a dainty bit of game for his elder brother, who had not been overwell, and was leaning back rather wearily against the cushions. His bright, animated face, under the sailor cap he wore becomingly, was screwed up with a funny expression, I remember, as he prepared his brother's lunch, but there was a touch of womanly tenderness in his manner, in the quick glance up at the quieter countenance of Prince Eddie, which I never could forget. It came back to me when I saw him years later, a tall, fine young sailor, bronzed with travel, but bright-eyed and light-hearted as ever.

The lads spent a great portion of their time when at home at Sandringham, the country seat of the Prince of Wales, where so far as it is possible formality is cast aside. Not a peasant nor a squire's son in the county but knows Prince George of the merry laugh and witty, kindly speech. He goes for afternoon tea to the rectory, teases the cats, and teaches the dogs new tricks, and let any one hint at a "bad" place to ride over, and away is my gentleman on his favorite mare Zuleka to see for himself where the difficulty lies. He has a pleasant word for every one about the place, even to the grooms in the stables, and it is said that at Christmas-tide, always a purely family festival at Sandringham, his advice as to the presents to be given the people on the place and in the household is invaluable, since somehow, by that gift of sympathy which he possesses in a rare degree, he knows precisely the individual tastes or needs of those around him—a quality which distinguished his aunt, the late Princess Alice of Hesse.

Prince George's vivacity, boldness, and irrepressible flow of spirits made him as a child less of a favorite with his grandmother than his more sedate elder brother. Restraint and formality were very hard for him to bear, and at the same time when a boy he had an amusing sense of his own importance. A lady visiting Sandringham told me that the Princess of Wales was far more severe in disciplining Prince George than any of the others, for he needed curbing. One day the house party were on the lawn amusing themselves with archery, and Prince George, who prided himself on his aim, was about drawing his bow, when my friend's husband sauntered by. George stamped his foot, exclaiming, "Look here, Lord C—, do you think you're made of air, and I can shoot through you?" As his lordship was unusually corpulent, the bit of ill temper had added meaning. Very quietly the Princess went towards her son, took the bow and arrow from him, and sent him to his room for the rest of the sunshiny afternoon, notwithstanding the pleadings of Lord and Lady C— for his pardon. "I never can indulge George," was the Princess's answer. "He is too headstrong." I regret to state that the exile devoted his time to writing verses, in which the misery of his position and the cruelty of those about him were set forth; but Lady C— told me that, without any suggestion from his mother, he made a most manly and humble apology to her husband the next morning, but with characteristic *aplomb*, looked at the middle-aged man of the world, shrewdly observing, "We're all right now, aren't we?" and receiving a grave assurance that such was the case, he nodded his head and sauntered off with the air of one who had done his duty as a gentleman!

Not a breath of scandal has ever touched the career of the young sailor Prince. He has no debts; he is generous, but not extravagant; and his recreations are of a harmless character. The simple life, considering his rank, which Prince George has been leading will be changed now. As heir, after his father, to the throne, he will have an "establishment" of his own, an increase in suite and income, and no doubt will marry as soon as decorum will permit.

The three daughters of the Prince of Wales may be pronounced not only the best-educated—that might be expected—but the best-bred girls in England. In rearing her daughters the Princess of Wales never forgot the salutary lessons of her own youth, when she and her sisters made their own gowns and bonnets, and counted themselves rich on five hundred dollars a year. To the same lady I quoted above, the Princess once remarked

"Whatever my girls may have, they shall learn what *work* and *consideration* mean." Accordingly, the three Princesses, Louise, Victoria, and Maude, have been taught every housewifely accomplishment. They can "bake and brew," like the girl in the old ballad, "make well a feather-bed," and few Belgravian dress-makers can fit and fashion a gown as well as the second of these sisters. Apart from these homely acquirements, they have, of course, had masters in various branches; music and the languages being specially considered, since, of course, the society they have in court life, at home or abroad, is cosmopolitan.

Princess Maude, the youngest sister, is not only the prettiest of the trio, but said to be the cleverest. But she has for some years been very delicate, and great care has to be taken of her.

The Duchess of Fife is a woman of sound common-sense and exquisite tact. In her new home this quality has been most apparent, for she has been obliged to cast aside some of the state in which she was born and bred, and yet to "hold her own" as the Prince's daughter. On one occasion an old friend of the Duke's mother came on a short visit to the castle, and at once



PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES.

the Duchess detected that the good lady—by no means of very high rank, but a valued friend of the Fiftes—was painfully embarrassed, and conscious that her hostess was the granddaughter of the Queen. The second day of Mrs. —'s visit the Duchess sent her lady-in-waiting (she still retains one such companion) to her guest, requesting the lady to come to her special apartments. She was welcomed on the threshold of the boudoir with the sweet cordiality of manner for which the daughters of the Prince are noted, and for an hour the Duchess entertained her guest in the most informal manner, showing a knowledge of her family and interests which was most complimentary, and dismissing her at last, not, as is usual with royalty, by simply rising and thus ending the interview, but with a prettily worded apology for having to join the Duke and go over some papers with him. Needless to say Mrs. — departed with heart and spirit cheered, and for many a day to come will she recall with pride and pleasure and honest satisfaction that most gratifying visit of her

life. In the face of courtesy so delicate as this, how mean snobbish "exclusiveness" of manner appears!

The second of the three sisters, Princess Victoria, is an ardent lover of out-of-door sports—fond of the country—never so happy as when at Sandringham. At the house of one of the few intimate friends of the young Princesses, I remember seeing charming photographs—amateur work—of this Princess with her dogs about her. She had evidently been out for a long ramble or scamper, as her dress was rather "rough and tumble," her jacket buttoned crooked, and her sailor hat somewhat awry, but the bright sweet face was very pleasant to look upon—just as the girl herself is when one sees her in the park during the sunny London season.

All three girls are plain likenesses of their still beautiful mother; yet they are bonny-looking, fresh and clear-eyed, with upright figures, well-poised heads, and a graceful carriage. They have not what are called "households" of their own. Since school-room days are over, each has a lady companion and a "dresser" or maid, each her own special apartments in Marlborough House and at Sandringham, while a special "Major-domo" and a page are on duty for the two Princesses now at home. They are their mother's almost constant companions, and are very young for their years, as might be expected from the sheltered lives they have led.



AIMING A 6-INCH BREECH-LOADER

NEW ENGINES OF WAR.

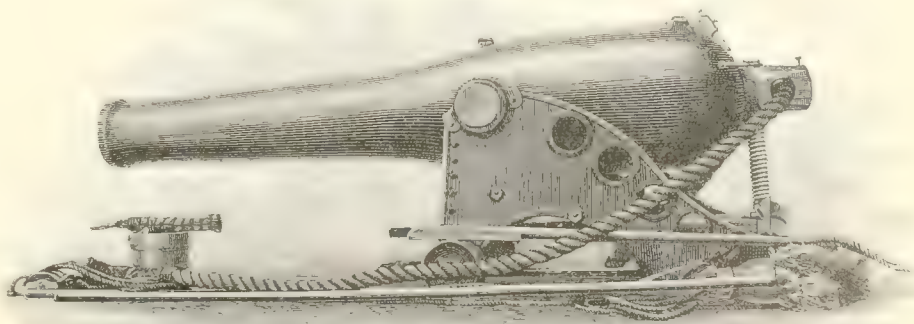
BY W. J. HENDERSON.

PERHAPS many of the young readers of this paper have seen some of our new war ships. Some of you have, no doubt, been aboard of some of these fine vessels, and have admired the long, slender, polished brown guns which project in threatening silence from their sides. I could tell a great deal that is interesting about those handsome weapons, for in the course of the last two years it has been my pleasant privilege, as an officer in the Naval Reserve, to learn a considerable amount about them, and even to load and fire one of them. At present, however, all that I wish to do is to tell the reader, without going too much into details, how they differ from the old smooth-bore muzzle-loaders which did such gallant work during the war of secession, but which would not count for much in a naval engagement to-day.

The new guns are all breech-loaders, and they are loaded, trained, and fired differently from the old ones. They shoot further and harder, and they hurl a much more effective projectile. Indeed, a 6-inch breech-loading

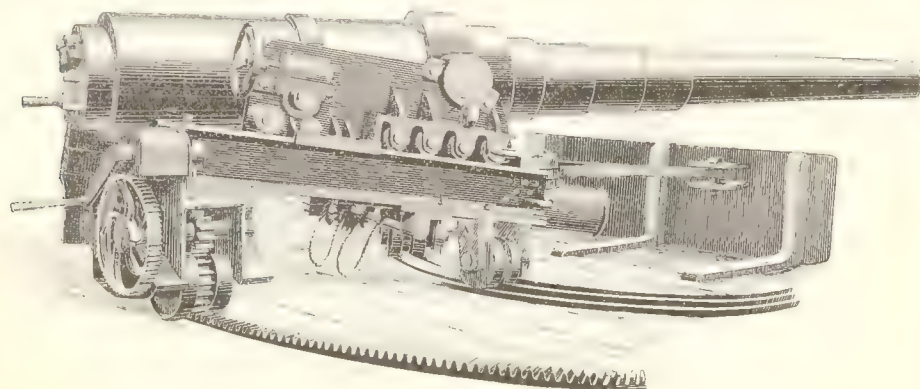
rifle, such as you find aboard the *Philadelphia* or the *Yorktown*, is a far more efficient piece of ordnance than one of those big old-fashioned guns that fire a 300-pound round shot. The old 9-inch muzzle-loading Dahlgren gun, such as is still in use aboard the *Yantic* and other old wooden ships, fires a solid shot weighing 90 pounds. The shell used in these guns weighs $73\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. The ordinary charge of powder is 10 pounds, but this is sometimes increased to 13 pounds. The bursting charge of the shell is 3 pounds of powder, and the range of the gun is 2100 yards. The projectile leaves the muzzle of the gun at the rate of 1700 feet per second. This is what is called its "initial velocity."

The new 6-inch breech-loader fires a conical shell weighing 100 pounds, and the ordinary charge is 48 pounds of brown cocoa-powder. The initial velocity of the projectile is 2100 feet per second, and the gun can hurl it six miles. Of course naval engagements are not fought at a range



9-INCH DAHLGREN MUZZLE-LOADER.

of six miles, but the advantage of having a gun that shoots so hard is that you get an immense gain in accuracy. The path of a projectile through the air is called its trajectory, and it is always what mathematicians call a parabolic curve. Now with a gun that has no great range the curve must be greater at any given distance than with a gun which has a great range. Of course



6 INCH BREECH-LOADING RIFLE.

the aim of the gunner firing the latter would be much more likely to be accurate.

The old-fashioned guns fired a round shell, which was exploded by means of a time fuse set to burst the shell after a certain number of seconds' flight. The shell fired by the modern gun is a triumph of science. It is a cylindrical projectile with a conical head. The bursting charge is from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 pounds of powder, according to the material of which the shell is made. Some are of iron, some are of steel, and what is called the armor-piercing projectile has a head of exceedingly hard chilled steel. The fuse is called the Schenkl percussion fuse. This fuse consists of a hollow metallic cylinder, inside of which is another cylinder, made of steel, and filled with a quick-burning composition. In the forward end of this inside cylinder is a nipple, on which is a percussion-cap, such as is used on a shot-gun. This inside cylinder fits rather loosely inside of the larger one, being held in its place by means of a small screw of soft material passing through the side of the main cylinder. At the top of the fuse is a brass cap, flat on one side, and countersunk on the other. This countersunk cavity is to prevent accidental explosion in case the inner cylinder bearing the cap should come loose and slip forward. Before the shell is put into the gun the brass cap at the top of the fuse is unscrewed, and replaced with the flat side down. When the gun is discharged, the shock breaks the little screw which holds the inner cylinder, and this slides back to the lower end of the fuse. When the shell strikes, the inner cylinder is hurled violently forward. The cap strikes the flat surface and explodes, igniting the quick-burning composition in the inner cylinder, and thus exploding the fuse and the shell. Although this explosion appears to take place at the exact moment of striking the object fired at, yet the fuse is so finely adjusted that the shell does not explode until it has penetrated a short distance into the object. For this reason the Schenkl fuse is classed as a "delayed-action" fuse.

I told you that the charge used in the 6-inch gun was 48 pounds of brown cocoa-powder. Just what this powder is made of I do not know, but it looks like chocolate. It comes in grains about an inch and a half long. They are hexagonal in shape, and each one has a hole bored through the middle. The reason of this is interesting. This is what is known as a slow-burning powder. When

the gun is fired, the powder burns all the way along the bore, and keeps pushing the shell all the way to the muzzle. In order to insure the complete combustion of the charge, they bore these holes through the grains, so that the grain burns inside and outside at the same time, and as the outer surface decreases, the inner one increases. The powder charge is put up in a neat canvas cover,

safely tied, and the whole cartridge is kept in a cylindrical tin case, out of which it is taken only to be put into the gun. I should add that at the base of each cartridge there are six or seven grains of ordinary quick-burning black powder for the purpose of insuring combustion from the primer. When one of these cartridges is exploded, the discharge produces a pressure of fifteen tons to the square inch in the chamber of the gun.

The old 9-inch Dahlgren requires a crew of sixteen men and a powderman. The 6-inch rifle is worked by a crew of twelve. To load the muzzle-loader it is necessary first to run the gun in. In order to do this the

side-tackles (ropes and blocks rigged from the side of the gun-carriage to the side of the ship) must be slacked up. Then the in-tackle is hooked into an eye-bolt at the rear of the carriage, and the crew drags the gun back from the port by main force. The powder charge is inserted at the muzzle and rammed home, the shell following. Then the side-tackles are manned, and the gun is run out again. The after-end of the carriage, as you can see by the cut, has no wheels, so one of the crew has to put under it a long handspike with a roller on its end and "boost" the carriage along. When the crew is ready to train the gun, it is done by hauling away on one or the other of the side-tackles and pushing with the roller handspike. The breech is elevated and lowered by the upright screw. A wire is pushed down the vent (or touch-hole, as some call it) to make a hole in the canvas cover of the cartridge. The hammer, a simple lever, is laid back and a primer inserted in the vent. The gun captain aims, and at his command the lock-string is pulled. The recoil of the gun is stopped by a breaching, a heavy rope run through the projection known as the cascabel, and made fast to eye-bolts in the ship's side on either side of the gun. The whole operation of loading and firing is, as you see, slow, laborious, and troublesome; and after the gun is fired it has to be sponged out from the muzzle.

When we are ready to load a modern gun the second gun captain turns a little crank on top of the breech, which revolves the breech plug, thereby unfastening it. He then takes hold of a handle and pulls, and the breech of the gun opens on a hinge like a door. The sponge is run in from the breech, and plenty of water is thrown in, thus quickly and thoroughly cleansing the chamber of the gun. Two men come up with the shell in a pair of tongs like an ice-man's. They insert the nose of the shell in the gun, and another man steps up with a rammer and pushes it in. Two more men come up with the powder charge, and it is pushed into the chamber in the same way. The man at the breech plug closes it, turns the crank, and it is locked. The gun captain opens a lit-



CARTRIDGE.

tle flap in the gunlock, which is in the centre of the breech, and inserts a primer. He cocks the lock, which works with a spring, and steps back with the lock-string. The second captain sets the breech sight to the proper range. On top of the sight is a little sliding leaf which can be set so as to allow for the speed at which the ship is passing the object to be fired at. Now the trainers take their places, one on each side of the carriage, at the training cranks, by means of which the breech of the gun is raised or lowered. The gun captain steps back, and, glancing over the sights, directs the trainers to move the breech right or left, as he desires, and the elevators to raise or lower. The instant that the sights are on the object, he fires. No one needs to move away from the gun, and it can be fired even while the training and elevating gear is in motion. The moment the gun is discharged, the order is given to sponge, and the operations above described are repeated.

This gun is mounted on a carriage. There are other kinds of carriages in use, but what is called a central-pivot is the simplest. By a system of cogs connected with the training crank the whole carriage revolves on its centre, carrying the gun with it. One man can turn it. The gun does not recoil except a few inches on its carriage, for the "kick" is checked by a neat contrivance called the recoil check cylinder. Inside the cylinder is a large piston through which holes are bored lengthwise. The cylinder is filled with a preparation of 80 parts glycerine and 20 parts water. When the gun is fired it starts backward along the flat inclined surface behind the cog-wheel; but the resistance of the glycerine and water flowing through the holes in the piston as the cylinder moves back with the gun checks the recoil, so that the gun goes only a little way, and then slides back to its place.

I have given you only an outline of the excellences of the new guns and their advantage over the old ones, but I think you must see how much better they are even from this brief account. The new guns can be loaded and fired much more rapidly than the old ones, and the labor of the operations is so much less that the guns' crews can continue it longer and retain their freshness and activity. Thus, of course, a much more effective fire can be maintained. Moreover, the removal from the drill at the gun of the pulling and hauling at side-tackles and in-tackles makes the drill neater and therefore more precise, thus enabling the officers to maintain better discipline at the guns. It used to be a fine thing for sailors to get hold of a rope and pull to the song—that is, haul away in time to some rude ditty of the sea. But aboard a modern man-of-war silence and something like military precision are desired, for a man-of-war's man in a modern fighting ship, without much sail power, has come to be more of a sea soldier than a sailor.

Our modern guns are as different from the old muzzle-loaders as the blue-jacket of to-day is from the blue-jacket of 1812. By-and-by we shall have such guns that every one will be afraid of them, and then there will be no more wars. But that happy time is probably a long way off.

A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

I DO not need a nurse, for I
Am bigger far than yonder fly.
He's but a twenty-tonty mite,
And seems to get along all right
Without a nurse always in view
To tell him what he mustn't do.

OTTO'S "CHANCE."

BY LUCY C. LITTLE

Part XX.

"I QUITE understand Guy's infatuation over the Hildmeyers," Phil Shepherd was saying one afternoon a week later. "They are the most picturesque trio, and the young man Saxe has undoubted talent. Monchasey is going to let him come to him when he is well enough. The younger boy will, of course, never be anything but a musician. However, as he has genius, that may answer all practical purposes."

"And Crescenz?" inquired Ruth Redmond, to whom Shep was discoursing.

"Oh, Crescenz!" he answered; "she is a little poem all to herself. No; well, hardly that, for she is too matter of fact; but she is making a delightful figure in my picture, and from time to time her 'young man' comes in and sits by to watch my progress. He is a young doctor



THE LAD LAY WHITE AND STILL ON HIS PILLOW.

—the same who has attended Saxe—and Crescenz informs me that in about ten years they hope to have saved enough to marry upon. If not, in twenty or thirty years perhaps. Meanwhile they are very patient and contented."

"It's too bad, I declare," exclaimed Ruth. "But I don't know quite how to interfere."

"A good appointment for the doctor," Shep suggested, while he put the finishing touches to some flowers he was painting from blossoms Ruth had in a bowl on the salon table. "Where are the kids?" he added, suddenly.

"Guy and Meg? Oh, rehearsing at the Baron's. Is it possible you don't know that the wonderful composition is complete; and, thanks to Saxe Hildmeyer's instruction, Guy has written both parts beautifully—piano in F and cornet part in G."

"I'm glad you are so accurate," Shep answered, and was going on with something ridiculous, when suddenly he sprang down from his perch on the table, making a dash towards the window.

"What on earth is this?" he exclaimed; for, turning the corner, a crowd of people were coming, some of whom were bearing what appeared to be Guy Redmond's lifeless body.

A moment later and the hallway was filled, while Meg pushed her way forward, crying hysterically, trying to

explain to the now excited household what had happened.

Returning from the Baron's, it appeared, they had dismissed their cab near home, in order to wait as usual for the band, and as they started to cross the square within a stone's-throw of home, Guy had been knocked senseless by a runaway horse. It was Shep who contrived to clear the place of all strangers save a doctor, who had seen to the boy's being brought home, and was now carefully examining into his condition, while Mrs. Redmond and the others stood about the couch with white faces, breathlessly waiting for the verdict.

"Impossible to decide at once just the extent of the injury," the surgeon said at last, but turning a very grave and anxious pair of eyes up to Mrs. Redmond's; "there are no bones broken; it is the head and spine; the case will require great care. I should advise calling in Von Z——," mentioning a famous Berlin physician then in Munich.

All that night the little household kept weary watch over the bedside of the unconscious boy—a vigil such as Mrs. Redmond remembered when Guy's father lay dying. Scarce seeming alive to anything but occasional spasms of distress, the lad lay white and still on his pillow. Now and then, when they attempted to move him ever so slightly, a moan escaped from the pallid lips. Day-break of the wintry morning brought the little doctor and the great Von Z——, and a consultation was held, which resulted in an opinion that the injury was a terrible shock to the brain and spine, and again the family were told that it was a critical case, requiring the greatest care.

"What does it mean, Shep?" Meg was whispering in the dreary salon a little later. Her sweet face looked nearly as pale and lifeless as poor Guy's. "They say it is his brain. Will he lose his senses, and have to be an idiot?"

Shep straightened his eye-glasses nervously and frowned in silence. He had once seen a case of the kind, and had been revolving something in his mind connected with it for an hour past. Then, seeing the tears coursing slowly down his little comrade's cheeks, Shep made a wild attempt to smile.

"Oh no, Peggy, my child. No, we hope not. You see it is one of those cases to think out, and just listen to me, little one. Sometimes people as dull about medicine and all that sort of thing as you and I are can get an inspiration. A case I knew like this was cured by trying to rouse the patient, and you and I must put all our small wits together to think of a way."

When the great doctor came again, Shep contrived to waylay him in the hall and expound his theory. To his satisfaction, Von Z—— agreed with the idea in the main, but added that the difficulty lay in the means used to produce a happy result.

"Anything violent would be disastrous," Von Z—— explained, "but we may see our way to something gently stimulating to his dulled senses. If we only knew just what had interested him before the accident."

Shep thought he knew, and so did Meg. They were both of them certain that when once or twice Guy had opened his eyes something which he evidently longed to express shone wistfully in them. Shep put on his thinking-cap as tightly as possible, and as he let himself into his studio in the dusk of the wintry evening he was startled by a voice speaking his name in broken accents. It was Otto Hildmeyer, who had been hanging around the Amalienstrasse all that day for news of his beloved friend's condition.

Shep struck a light, by which he saw at once that the German lad was pale and his eyes red with weeping. They sat down gloomily together, and Shep told Otto all that the great doctors had to say.

"Talk about German dulness," he said the next day; "Otto's wit exceeded any Frenchman's."

For as soon as the lad understood the situation, his face glowed.

"Ach! natürlich!" he said, emphatically. "To rouse him gently, do they say, mein Herr? I have it—his cornet—his own music!"

Guy, while they had thought him deaf and blind to all that was passing around him, had a sort of half-puzzled consciousness, in which his mind seemed to grasp but one idea clearly. The concert—was he to play at it? Could it be, he was thinking the next afternoon, that the music floating into his half-darkened room, reaching his vaguely roused senses with a soothing, delightful effect, was the music of the concert? But who could it be playing his little serenade on the Distin cornet?

"Hildmeyer!" A faint voice in the sick-room spoke the name.

Doctor von Z——, who was standing near the piano, glanced at Otto.

"Go," he whispered.

Hildmeyer, cornet in hand, stole softly into the adjoining room. He stood smiling in silence down upon Guy's face, into which a faint color had come now—the wide-open eyes showing that the world of sight and sound was coming back to him. Otto stood motionless, but his heart was thumping as if it would leap away.

"That is your serenade," he said at last. "Shall we play it again?"

And as Guy smiled an assent, Hildmeyer went back to the piano, where Meg was breathlessly waiting. Twice they repeated it, but on Otto's returning to the room Guy's face showed some strong emotion.

"The concert," he murmured, turning his face to the wall. "There will be no—"

Otto divined the unspoken thought. "You see," he said a few minutes later to the group in the salon, "he is grieving because to-morrow his little serenade cannot be performed at the Baron's. He has counted so much on it."

And then came the time for Shep's inspiration. With Otto away he went, hailing the first cab they could find, and out they drove towards dreary old Nyphenburg. The Baron's dwelling, with its magnificent vestibules, halls, and staircases, dazzled Otto as he and Mr. Shepherd were admitted and ushered through them to a room which seemed to the lad splendid in size and coloring, and richer than anything he had ever seen, even in dream-land. Knowing that he must soon meet the famous Baron von Broschen, the lad's courage nearly failed him; but suddenly he lifted his head with that proud sparkling look Shep always liked. He remembered his father's decorations, the royalty of his talent, and the legacy he had left his children, and Otto smiled, and nodded gayly at Shep, who was as unconcerned here as in his own studio.

A portière was drawn back, and the tall noble figure and fine face of the Baron appeared, and Otto found his shyness vanishing fast as he answered questions put him in a genial fashion, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world that before they left an arrangement had been made whereby Otto was to perform Guy's composition at the concert the next day.

How the hours passed until two o'clock the next afternoon young Hildmeyer could scarcely have told. They sped away, however, in some fashion, and he found himself like a person in a dream driving to the Baron's with Miss Redmond, her niece, and Shep, his shabby garments exchanged for the rich suit poor Guy was to have worn. How strange it seemed to think that three weeks ago he had played on street corners, and shivered with cold! But there was an eager exhilarating sense of his right to be among musicians; and to do well on this occasion would not only be to please and console his dear friend,

but it would be to pay a tribute to his father's memory; and as they were ushered into a great room, beyond which was the hall, where a grand audience was gathering. Otto had a light in his blue eyes and a certain nobility of bearing which made Meg think Shep was right in his fine predictions for young Hildmeyer's future.

Poor little Meg, however, was very wretched over Guy's absence, and not for worlds would she have admitted, what she secretly knew to be the fact, that her cousin's little serenade sounded very different when Otto played it. When they were on the platform, and in a few kindly words the conductor was telling of Guy's accident, Meg, excited and confused, turned her eyes toward the audience, seeking for Shep's thin bright face to give her courage. She could see him at last bending down to answer a remark from a small, dignified-looking lady in simple black silk, but with the flash of jewels on her breast, and whom the little girl well knew to be the King's "Queen mother," as she was called; and S——, the famous composer and master, with his blue eyes full of interest, was towering among a group not far away, while here and there and everywhere were sprinkled well-known musicians, artists, and notables in the great world of Munich; the bright-eyed Princess Gisela, with her charming little girls looking well pleased, now and again bidding her eldest little maiden watch how the other children played.

Then it began. Meg's eyes now dared not wander beyond the instrument, and she played as a good accompanist should, never obtruding her work above what was really the important part of the performance. And yes, Guy's simple little serenade seemed transformed. Gravely, tenderly, but with silvery clearness, the notes rose and fell, dying away, followed by a burst of applause, which was more perhaps for Otto's execution than the music itself; and in response to a hearty encore it was repeated. Otto's feelings were such as, except later to Guy, he never could describe. Before they left, two great band-masters had spoken to him. One of them had written down his name, remarking to the Baron, "The son of Hildmeyer, of Nuremberg, Herr Baron." And the Baron had answered, "So; how is it I did not understand this before?"

The winter's day had drawn to its close when the little party returned to the Amalienstrasse to find Guy with wide-open eyes, and quite ready to hear and understand the report of the concert. Otto bent over his friend, displaying an open velvet case containing a gold medal with an inscription and the Baron's coat of arms. It was the second prize.

"For your little serenade," the German boy said, proudly; and neither then nor later would Otto listen to Guy's pleading that he should accept the medal for his own performance.

It was a great day for all concerned when Guy was pronounced well enough to drive out with Otto and Shep to the Baron's, that kind-hearted patron of music having declared himself ready to undertake Otto's education; and still happier was the evening which followed in Amalienstrasse, whither the Hildmeyers were all invited by Mrs. Redmond, and amidst much music and useful enjoyment there were intervals of serious talk. Ruth and her mother had decided that nothing could be better for the German of the family than to have such a person in the household as sweet little Crescenzo, and accordingly a proposition was made her which brought tears of delight. Otto was to enter a good school at once under the Baron's patronage, and Saxe, with his facility for "breadth," which Guy was very proud of having discovered, would soon make his way in the studio where he was at work, not far from Shep himself.

Only the other day, in the charming house on the Hudson where Ruth—Mrs. Shepherd I ought now to call her—was entertaining a number of friends, among whom was the famous composer Hildmeyer, I listened to their rec-



WITH SILVERY CLEARNESS THE NOTES ROSE AND FELL.

ollections of Munich days, and presently Guy Redmond produced a shabby case, from which he tenderly lifted the dear old Distin, and, to Meg's accompaniment, played the serenade so fruitful in its results to all present.

REAL FRIENDS.

YOU may have heard your mother tell how, when she went to school, she had such a dear girl friend, and how they two have kept up the friendliness for many long years, and you have perhaps heard her say that school friendships are often the most enduring of any. Then you have wondered if you and your present "best friend" will love each other when both of you are gray-headed. Now let us see how things stand between you and your best friend Anna. Of course you like her very much, but you must confess that very frequently there comes a little "tiff," and you "fall out." When such a thing happens you straightway transplant your affections to some other girl, and your friend does likewise. You two scarcely speak when you meet, and generally make a point of showing great devotion to the new friend in the presence of the old one.

Now isn't it rather silly to have these unhappy differences so frequently? If Anna does some very unworthy act, then she deserves the loss of your friendship; but is your regard so frail a thing that it cannot stand small differences of opinion? Cannot you be more generous?

If your friend is lovable and you are the kind of girl you ought to be, then you will bear with her inconsistencies and put up with some of her faults. Perhaps you are not quite perfect yourself, and she may have to bear some things from you. If your friendship is the real thing, you will remember that love "hopeth all things," "beareth all things," and so bearing many things patiently and sweetly, you will find that years will not weaken, but will rather strengthen, your mutual bond of intercourse.

THE FAMILY AND THE PUZZLES.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

HEEDING not the crying
Of the stormy night,
Golden heads together
In the firelight
Mother with her brow
Lying in her lap,
Comes the evening rally
Round the map.

"Let us have the map, please,
We must try again
For those cliffs and inlets
On the coast of Spain.
We must find that fastness
In the gloomy North,
Whence the Enchanted Princess
Sallied forth."

Father from the office,
Brothers from the shop,
Neighbors just a moment
Having time to stop,
Grandma knitting nimbly—
All are mustered in,
Hoping these bright children
The prize will win.

Oh! such glad excitement,
When, beyond a doubt,
Something very secret
Is at last found out
Oh! the gay good humor
In the household band
Fairly sent a-voyaging
Into Puzzle-land.

Golden heads together,
Till the clock strikes nine,
Then the Sand man shadows
Even the lamp-light's shine.
Baby in the cradle,
Stirring in her sleep,
"Put away the map, dears;
Puzzle-games will keep!"

THE MARVELLOUS ORIGIN OF THE
ROW-BOAT.

BY FREDERIC W. PANGBORN.

ONCE on a time (I cannot give the exact date, because somebody has borrowed my book of dates and forgotten to return it) there lived a man who had eight sons very nearly of an age, for they were four pairs of twins, and all were strong, fine-looking, boys. Now, as these eight boys grew up, it seemed proper that they should begin to do something for themselves; "for," said their father, who was a wise and industrious man, "every boy should learn to make his own living." So they were told that they must soon prepare to seek their livelihood, and make for themselves places in the world of men. But the boys, instead of taking hold of any honest work which was at hand, began to "look about them," as the saying goes, going here, there, and everywhere, but never doing anything except "looking about."

This they did so continually that in time they all acquired a habit of turning their heads to this or that side, and seldom looked ahead, and, as time passed on, they were so much in the habit of "looking about" that their necks became twisted, and their heads were always turned to one side or the other, so that their gait became uncertain as they walked along, and they could not keep their faces to the front for a minute at a time, even when they wanted to.

Their father after a time grew weary of seeing them thus wasting their youth in merely looking about and doing nothing, so he one day said to them:

"Since you have no desire to work like other boys, and will do naught but look about you, until your heads

are turned away from everything which lies before you, I have decided to place you all in college under the Strict Tutor. This I do in the hope that a rigid discipline may incline you to accomplish something, and that you may be cured of the evil habit which you have acquired."

So the eight boys were sent to college, and placed under the care of the Strict Tutor. But he could do nothing for the boys, for the habit which they had formed could not be broken, and they still continued "to look about them." When they were at their books they never could read them rightly, but always turned their heads away, and could never fix their attention upon anything which was before them, until, at last, there happened just what you might expect—their heads were turned completely around, and they could no longer look in any direction but behind them.

A strange sight they presented after this. They were just like other youth in all respects save this one, but this difference made them very odd objects to behold.

And now they discovered for the first time how inconvenient it is to have one's head turned all the time, for they could walk only with difficulty, being compelled either to stumble along forward like blind men, or to tediously travel backward, a method of walking not very comfortable for the legs, and quite clumsy. When they ate their dinner, they had to stand, for they could not sit upon their chairs without turning their heads from the table, and at church and in the class-room it was the same. They could do nothing without discomfort and awkwardness. They never were certain which side of them was front or back; they were even perplexed at times as to which side round their coat ought to go on; they stumbled over obstacles when they tried to walk forward, and tripped and fell and bumped their noses when they tried to go backward; and were, in truth, very miserable. But they could do nothing, and were in despair of ever being able to get on at all in the world, when an event occurred which gave them an opening in life, and showed them one thing which they could do, and do well.

It appears that there was near by a rival college, and that it had been the custom for many years to hold athletic contests with this college. One day there came from this rival college to the college in which were the eight turned-headed boys a challenge for a boating contest. In those days such contests were held by crews of eight in long narrow canoes. Each member of the crew had a paddle, and the boats were propelled as are the canoes of to-day. Now it was well known in the college where our eight boys were that the crew of the rival school could generally out-paddle any crew which might be sent to compete with them for the prize, so the Captain of the college boats was not feeling very happy over the prospect of the coming race.

"Oh," said he, "if we only had some big, powerful boys, like those at Hawvaw now, how easy it would be to win a victory! But there are no such boys in our crowd, excepting those eight great worthless fellows, with their heads all turned the wrong way."

The Strict Tutor of the eight turned-headed boys happened to be present, and being enthusiastic for the success of his college (he had once pulled stroke paddle himself), the remark set him thinking. He told the Captain that he had an idea, and wished to see him privately. That night they held a long conference, and the next day the eight brothers were relieved from all study, and were sent secretly to the training pond where it was customary to drill the crews for the races. An iron-worker and a boat-builder were also sent for, to make "some repairs" to the college canoe.

For several weeks the college was kept in ignorance of what preparations were being made for the race, and it was not until the eventful day arrived that the plans of the Strict Tutor and the Captain were made manifest to

the astonished multitude who were assembled at the water-side to witness the contest of speed between the rival colleges.

The first to appear at the starting-line were the crew of the rival college. They certainly looked well, and gave reason to believe that they might easily win. There they squatted in their long narrow canoe, each with his stout paddle in hand, and ready for the inspiring "Go!" which was to announce the beginning of the race.

But imagine, if you can, the excitement which arose next minute when there came in line another long narrow boat, with queer little iron outriggers attached to her gunwale, and an equipment of very long light oars, each with a sweep of many feet; and sitting in the boat, with their heads all turned toward the bow, and each firmly grasping one of the oars in his hands, the eight brothers, all in racing trim, and looking straight ahead for the first time in their lives!

It is needless to describe the race. What could eight short paddles do against the swing and sweep of those eight long mighty oars? And how could the paddlers hope to steer so straight and true a course while twisting away at the water with their paddles, as could those eight rowers whose eyes all faced the bow, while their bodies swayed in regular rhythmic swing as they pulled for the finish. The race was a "walk over" from the start; and when the eight turned-headed brothers got out of their boat, they were overwhelmed with congratulations and praise, and were fêted, then and there, by the multitude.

But the Strict Tutor stood modestly apart, and quietly remarked to the Captain: "I told you so. Even a boy with his head turned may be good for something, if you can only discover the something. Still," he added, meditatively, "I would not recommend boys to get their heads turned permanently, for the 'something' does not always turn up."

From that day a new era in boat-racing began. The paddle was abandoned, and the long oar took its place. Of course such crews as that composed of the turned-headed brothers could not again be found. But even now there are always enough boys with their heads turned on the subject of rowing to make up a good crew; and with the help of a coxswain, they get along quite as well as if their heads were fixed the wrong way, and they were good for nothing else: which is really better, after all.

TREED.

IN this story it is an eel which was treed. This seems extraordinary. Men tree cats and dogs, possums, and various other animals, but one does not often tree an eel.

Once there was a boy who set a "night line" to catch fish. He tied his line to a willow-tree, on the bank of a stream. The line was baited, and his expectations were high. He put his line out one night, and the next morning, I expect, he got up bright and early to find the wonderful fish he was sure must be on that line. Perhaps it was, but he could not find the line. He was certain he had tied it to a branch of that willow-tree. The tree was there, to be sure, but the line was not to be seen, nor the fish which should be dangling at the end of it.

Presently something made him look up into the tree branches, and just over his head, coiled tightly around a small branch, he saw an eel. Perhaps I might say the eel was roosting in the tree, for creatures resting in tree branches are usually said to "roost." So this eel was roosting round and round the limb, and a long string—the "night-line" of a disappointed little boy—was roosting round and round the eel, holding him tight in his strange position.

Now how the eel ever wriggled up that tree, and, having wound himself closely around the branch, wound the string around him to keep himself there, the little boy never told me. Probably the little boy did not himself know.

But he assured me that was the way he treed his eel, and caught him—stone dead.

A DOLL SACHET.



ONE small Japanese doll, a piece of thin silk about five inches square, five cents' worth of sachet powder, a small quantity of thin white muslin, and a yard of narrow ribbon complete the list of articles required to make a "doll sachet."

First make the waist of the white muslin, and sew it on: then wrap the cotton (which has been sprinkled with the powder) around it from the waist down to a trifle below the feet; cover this with the silk, and trim it with the ribbon as seen here.

Silk of any color can be used, as the taste suggests, for the sachet.

TWO HARVESTS.

THERE was once a certain Pope who had been raised from a very obscure position to fill the apostolic chair. He had served long in a humble position as curé, and had made numerous friends. Many of his former parishioners loved him, and in return for their affection he had promised that if he ever should be in power he would use his influence to bestow upon them some signal favor. Now the time had come. His former friends sent a deputation to remind him of the promise made during his obscurity, and to beg that, as he had such ample opportunity, he would fulfil it.

The Pope received them graciously, promised to do all in his power to help them, and asked them to mention what they would like him to do.

"Your Eminence," replied the chief man of the band of humble countrymen, "we have talked the matter over, and come to the conclusion that all our wealth and prosperity lay in our harvests. If we have a plenteous harvest, we are happy and comfortable; if the harvest is poor, we suffer. So we think the greatest favor you could do us would be to grant us two harvests in every year. Then we shall, of course, always be twice as well off as before with one."

"But," cried the Pope, astounded, "what you ask is impossible, my good friends. You must decide something else, for that is more than I am able to grant you."

"What can be impossible to the Pope?" answered the man. "The thing we ask is very plain and simple. You are surely powerful enough to grant a small thing like that. And you have promised to grant whatever we asked."

The poor Pope found himself in a very bad quandary. These ignorant peasants were quite incapable of understanding that anything was impossible which he chose to do. So, after thinking the matter over a while, he told them to call the next day and he would see what he could do for them. And the peasants retired, only wishing they had asked for *three* yearly harvests instead of two. What could be impossible to a Pope?

The next morning they were ushered into his presence again.

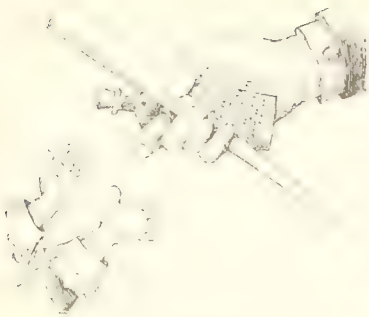
"My good friends," said the Pope, with profound condescension, "I have considered the matter, and I find I can grant your request. It is a great boon for your village, of course, and in return for my kindness you must grant me a small return."

They gladly promised to do what they could in return for such a good thing as two harvests.

"Well," said the Pope, "when you go home have every almanac in your district altered, that every year they mark may contain *twenty-four* calendar months instead of *twelve*! This is the only condition upon which I can grant you two harvests a year; but you can see, no doubt, that it is a trifling one."

And the simple people gladly promised, and went home joyfully to tell the good news of their success and the Pope's generosity.

E. L. C.



I - GRANDPA GAVE CLEMENT A SOME-
WHAT OUTRAGE.

A LUNNY DIRT

"WHAT does your little dog eat?" asked the visitor.
"Oh, anything," answered Bobbie. "Last night he ate a pair of rubbers and a sofa cushion for supper."

A METHODOICAL MAN.

ONCE an old Englishman, James Scott by name, travelled about on business until he was nearly eighty years of age. He became celebrated for his punctual

ity and his methodical habits. Upon one occasion a gentleman stopped at an inn much frequented by Mr. Scott, and saw a fine fowl cooking.

"That is very good," said the hungry guest. "You may serve that for my dinner."

"You cannot have that, sir," replied the landlord. "That is being cooked for Mr. Scott, the traveller."

"I know Mr. Scott very well," said the gentleman. "Is he stopping here?"

"Oh, no, sir," answered the landlord. "But six months ago he ordered a fowl to be ready for him at precisely two o'clock to-day, and we are expecting him every minute."

A DIFFERENCE IN MINDS

"M'RIAH," said Uncle Jake to his good old wife the other day, "ouah Sam say as how he got er great mine—"

"An' so he has, Jacob," interrupted Aunt Maria.

"A great mine," continued Uncle Jake, "to move to Noo Yawk; but he keep on continuooin to remain a-stayin' in Jinkintown, whar he kin scarcely make a livin'. It's werry euyus 'bout mines, M'riah. Some mines is great fur sumphin, some isn't great 'nuff fur nothin'; but once in er while, honey, we come 'cross er mine 'at's so great 'at it oberweights de body, an' de po' man whar owns it ain't able to journey fum hithah to yan widout goin' by crutch or by muleback. An' dat's de kine er mine ouah boy Sam's got."

TOMMY'S CONFESSION.

WHEN Summer in its golden prime
Strews daisies by the crystal rill,
I always yearn for winter-time
And sliding down the hill.

When Winter hangs its snowy sprays
Upon the moaning garden tree,
I sigh for Summer's dreamy days
Beside the dimpled sea.

In Spring when all the world is green
And mating bluebirds blithely pipe,
I long for Autumn's hazy scene,
And orchards blowing ripe.

And while the Autumn in its flight
Dyes wood and meadow softest brown,
I dream of Maytime in her light,
And airy flowered gown.

Indeed, this is my happy boast:
I love all seasons of the year,
But wish that I could love the most
Each one when it is here.

R. K. M.

POOR JAPHET

"JAPHET will have to be given a new suit of clothes," remarked Noah, as he was bundled into the ark.

"Why so?" asked Mrs. Noah.

"'Cause the baby dropped him in the milk-bowl to-day, and washed his beautiful red coat all off."

A FAIRY FRIEND

THERE is a fairy in my book,

And papa's going to see

If she can't, by some hook or crook,

Come out and play with me.

A HARD SUBJECT.

"WELL," remarked the lavender kangaroo in the Noah's Ark, "what do you think of our new master?"

"I don't know," replied the sacred cow. "Ever since he painted a lot of yellow spots on me and called me a leopard, I don't know exactly what to think."

A REAL SURPRISE.

"I'm going to have a party on mamma's birthday," remarked Ethel, "and I've invited twenty-five boys and girls."

"What a nice mamma you must have!" said the visitor.

"Oh, mamma doesn't know anything about it," answered Ethel; "it's going to be a surprise party for her."

TOO BAD.

"Did you have a good time during the last snow storm?" asked Uncle Dick.

"No, sir," replied Tommy. "All I had was the measles."

FUN IN THE NURSERY.

"POOH!" sneered the India-rubber doll to the jumping-jack. "You're no good."

"That's all right," retorted the jumping-jack, pleasantly. "I'm always dancing and laughing, while you cry if anybody squeezes you."

BABY'S FUN.

"I DON'T see why babies cry all the time," remarked Bobby.

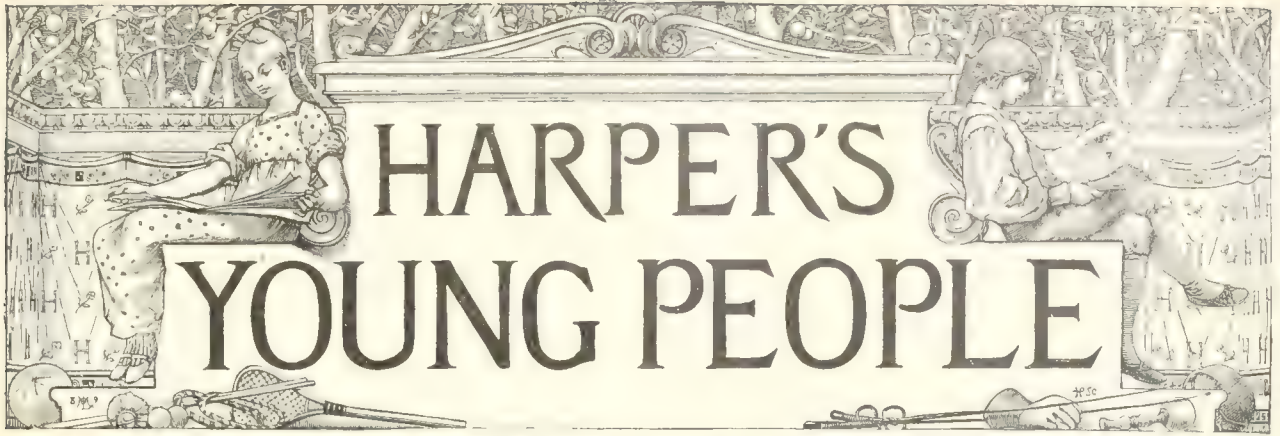
"Poor little things," replied his sister; "that's the only way they can have any fun."

GEORGIE was taking dinner with a neighbor. There were doughnuts on the table made like cookies, without a hole in the centre.

When Georgie went home, of course he must tell everything he had for dinner. "And only think," he exclaimed, "I ate a doughnut that didn't have any mouth!"



III - BUT GRANDPA HAD A BAD DREAM AND SPOILED THE FUN



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE SERVICE.

BY ARNOLD BURGESS JOHNSON.



HERE are few readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE who have not seen a light-house, for there are some 750 lights on the coast of the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico, 130 on the Pacific coast, and some 280 on our Great Lakes. The 1600 inexpensive lights on our Western rivers have revolutionized steamboat navigation, making it as safe to run by night as by day. These river lights consist simply of a lantern fixed to a post, and costing

about \$10 each, while it costs on the average not more than \$160 a year each to maintain them. These river lights, however, are not light-houses. One of them is shown in the illustrated initial.

There are three classes of light-houses—the primary sea-coast lights, which mariners make for in coming from across the waters; the secondary sea-coast and lake-coast lights, by which vessels find their way by night along our coasts; and the sound, bay, and harbor lights. Each of these lights consists of a lamp set in a lens inside of a lantern which crowns a tower. There are six orders of lights, graded according to their intensity. The lamp of the lowest or sixth order, which consumes only half a gill of coal oil an hour, gives about as much light as an ordinary parlor reading lamp (say 12 candle-power), while the largest or first-order lamp, which burns 16 gills an hour, gives 450 candle-power of light. But while the naked flame of the lamp gives this much light, the French Fresnel lens in which the lamp is set condenses and concentrates this light, so that it is multiplied in power many times. Thus the little 12 candle-power flame of the sixth-order lamp has in a lens a power of 75 candles; and the great 450 candle-power light of the first-order lamp, when placed in its enormous lens, gives a power of some 12,000 candles. Such a lens is twelve feet high, and has a diameter of six feet.

The light-houses are built of stone, brick, or iron. Many, and especially the smaller ones in harbors, bays, and sounds, are built on the land. Sometimes the light is placed in a cupola of a house. Generally, however, it has a tower to itself adjoining the house. In either case the light-keeper may have his family with him, and often there is attached to the station a plot of land where he can keep his cow, and even his horse, and have his

garden. But when the light-house is on an island, there is only a tower, in the various stories of which the several keepers must eat, sleep, and work; and as room is quite limited, they must leave their wives and children on shore, as sailors do when they go to sea.

And yet there are exceptions to this rule. There are several small islands or rocks on the coast of Maine so small and so often swept by the sea that no trees can grow on them, and scarcely any bushes, or even grass. On these there are light-stations having quarters for the wives and children of the keepers. One of these is on Matinicus Island, some 20 miles from land. Here one family have been keepers for several generations. The children born and bred there have become keepers of that and other like stations. And yet everything except the light-towers has repeatedly been swept from that rock. Once, while all the men were absent in their fishing-boats, a tremendous



MINOTS LITGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

gale came up, which drove them to seek harbor at the mainland. The women and children kept the great lights burning for three weeks without help. Meantime their fuel, provisions, and live-stock, such as they could not get into the towers, were swept away by the sea. So



MINOT'S ROCK, MAINE

was their dwelling-house, of which not one stone was left upon another.

The families of the keepers of the light at Boon Island, a small rock off the coast of Maine, also have good quarters, and though at times they can find no foothold outside of the buildings, yet in pleasant weather they can get plenty of out-door exercise on their little domain.

The keepers of Minots Ledge Light-house have their families in good quarters at Cohasset. A telescope is kept mounted and levelled at the light-tower, which, as Longfellow says, stands like a cannon, but with a friendly instead of a ferocious fire issuing from its mouth. The iron tower which formerly stood on Minots Ledge was overthrown and carried away in the terrible storm of 1851.

The stone tower now there was modelled upon the tower built upon Eddystone by the English, and thus far it has bid defiance to the elements, although its model has been replaced by another. But when it is entirely hidden from sight by the waves, and the anxious wives of the keepers take turns in watching it through the telescope, and fail to see it for a longer time than one can hold his breath, because of intervening waves, they almost lose faith in its stanchness.

Winter life in the Minots tower is very dreary. Its stone courses are so welded together that it has become like one huge piece of stone, and it sways under the blows of wind and wave as the trunk of a tree. But it is as firm as the oak it simulates in form. The life tells terribly on the keepers. More than one has so far lost his mind as to attempt his own life, and several were removed because they became insane. In the summer, however, the keepers take turns in going ashore, leaving two out of five always there. Visitors often come off to the light. The tower is always well supplied with water, fuel, and food. The library of fifty volumes is often changed, the medicine-chest is replenished, and the Light-house Inspector and the Light-house Engineer visit them at frequent intervals. The only other sea-rock light-house is on Spectacle Reef, in Lake Huron.

Most of the light-houses in Southern waters are practically of the same pattern. Take Fowey Rocks Light-house as an instance, which cost \$175,000 to build. It was commenced in 1875, and was finished in June, 1878. It is all of iron, and rests on nine piles driven about ten feet into the live coral rock. The different parts were made at the North, and were fitted together and set up before the structure was shipped to its site. The lower series of piles were put in place in the summer of 1876. A working platform about eighty feet square was erected on the site, twelve feet above low water, and

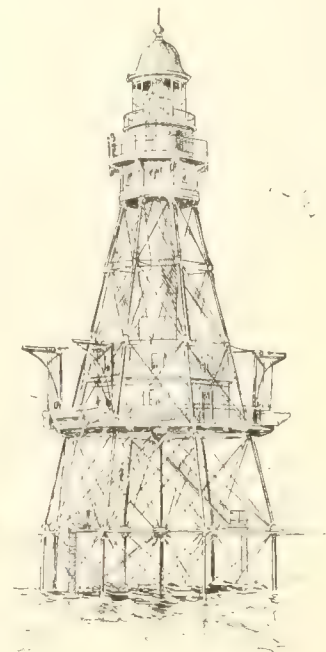
from this the great iron foundation piles were driven; they were levelled by cutting off each to the line of the lowest. The piles were then capped with their respective sockets; the horizontal girders were inserted, the diagonal tension rods were placed and screwed up, and the foundation series was completed.

The main difficulty was the bad weather. Finally that problem was solved by pitching tents on the working platforms, leaving a force of workmen there, high and dry above the running sea, supplied with material, and with a small hoisting-engine to work their derrick. The material was stored at Soldier Key, four miles distant, and it was delivered by lighters towed by a steam-launch, which waited with steam up, day and night, to tow them out when the weather would permit.

There are some half-dozen such light-houses on the reef which runs around the southern half of the peninsula of Florida. Housekeeping in them is much as it is in light-ships. They are supplied with fuel, food, medicines, and lights by the government. The keepers cook for themselves, as there is no room for families. Their lonely life is kept from utter stagnation by routine daily duties. The head keeper is captain, and the first, second, and third assistants are his subordinates. He is chief, and must be respected and obeyed accordingly.

There is little companionship among the keepers. They soon talk each other out, and each in turn becomes irritable. They are apt to quit speaking to each other after they have been long together, except as business requires. When they become morose and ugly, discipline comes in to keep the peace. The keepers rise by seniority in rank, and as promotions run by districts rather than by stations, there are frequent changes in the crew of each light-house. This tends to their comfort and quietude. Then, too, the keepers take regular turns going ashore on leave.

It should not be inferred that this misanthropic life pervades all isolated stations. There is a light-house on a rock in a Massachusetts harbor where the keeper rowed ashore each morning to teach the village High School. On another the keeper's daughter was no mean pupil of Millard, the Boston sculptor. On another the keeper's wife had pupils in music, who came off to the island for their lessons. The daughter of the keeper of Falkner Isl-



FOWEY ROCKS LIGHT.

and Light-house, in Long Island Sound, made collections of sea-weed, and mounted them so beautifully as well as scientifically that her albums of algæ, for which she re-



SPECTACLE REEF LIGHT-HOUSE ATTACKED BY ICE.

ceived \$50 each, were always in greater demand than she could supply.

Much study has been done in light-houses, and especially in those on the Florida reefs. Several prominent Southern lawyers, and one who, as a judge, is well known for his sound admiralty decisions, did much of their law reading in light-houses before they were called to the bar. Several young fellows have gone into a light-house after having dropped out of college for lack of funds, and have, as light-keepers, kept up with their classes, and at the end of the year have gone back with funds enough to go on with for the following year. One boasts that he graduated both from Manana Island Light Station and Harvard College.

But as a rule light-keepers are not from the student classes. The work is laborious and monotonous. While it is not very fatiguing, its incessant routine breaks up a man's time so that, as one of them said, he had only half-hours. The statistics of the service show that the average official life of a light-keeper lasts but about four years. The service is entirely divorced from politics. Yet a good man is apt to make his place a stepping-stone to something better, and a poor keeper gets himself dropped out for cause. Then, too, the keepers are not well paid. Salaries range from \$350 to \$1000 a year—the higher salaries going to the head keepers at the more undesirable and harder places. Rations and fuel are supplied only at those places which are so isolated that their carriage

to the station exceeds their first cost. The keepers are required to provide their uniforms at their own expense. The best keepers are men who have served as sailors or soldiers, and can do without sleep sufficiently to stand watch at night, who have learned discipline and subordination, and can follow a routine life.

There are some 1200 light-keepers in the service—that is, keepers of light-stations. Among them are perhaps 50 women. They, however, have inherited their places from deceased husbands or brothers, from whom they learned their trade. Among them is Ida Lewis, the keeper of Lime Rock Light, in Newport (Rhode Island) Harbor, who is best known as the life-saver, she having saved more than a dozen persons from drowning. Her little dwelling can hardly hold the presents of plate and the like made her on that account. A lake light-house is kept by the sister of ex-Vice-President Colfax. A light-house on the Pacific coast is kept by the widow of a late gallant officer of our navy who lost his life in the light-house service. All these women do their work thoroughly and well, or they could not retain their places.

FIRE AMONG THE GREENBACKS.

BY L. E. STOFIEL.

A CRUMPLED ten-dollar bank-note lies upon the glowing coals of the drawing-room fire!

It suddenly revealed itself from among a heap of scraps which Nora had thrown into the grate.

"There's my money!" shouted Fred, springing out of his chair.

Involuntarily he reached down to snatch the money from the fire, but ere his hand passed over the grate bar the bill was in flames. In the intense heat it unfolded, and in another minute lay perfectly carbonized; the familiar "X's," the "Ten Dollars," the portrait of Henry Clay, the engraved signatures of Treasury officials, all appearing distinctly on the black sheet. Then a draught caught it up, and with a delicate rustling the remains of the ten dollars separated into a hundred bits, and blew up the chimney.

Fred could hardly keep from crying. That morning, upon missing the money, he had turned all his pockets inside out, searched every shelf of every cupboard, and enlisted the aid of the entire family in exploring those "nooks and corners" of a house which are never heard of until something is lost. But the bank-note was not found. His mother consoled him with the assurance that if it had been lost in the house, it would certainly come to light before evening. Tea was scarcely over, when, sure enough, the ten dollars did "come to light" in this unexpected way.

"Well, never mind it, my boy," said Mr. Jennings, stroking his son's hair. "It is a loss, certainly, but not such a great one. Why, Fred, I once saw three millions of dollars, in crisp new greenbacks, burn up," he continued. "Think of that alongside of your misfortune just now! Your ten dollars were worth no more to you than ten dollars of that were to other persons; and yet, before my eyes, three whole millions of such dollars were reduced to ashes."

Fred stood aghast, and Nora stopped perfectly still at the corner of the mantel, awed by the thought of such a catastrophe as her father's words outlined.

"Tell us about it," they said.

"It was the only part I had in the war of the rebellion," replied Mr. Jennings; "and sometimes, when I hear old soldiers recall incidents of the camp and battle-field, I am rather proud of the little experience I had in serving the Stars and Stripes."

"Too bad, though, that it wound up so disastrously," Fred interrupted.

"Nevertheless, I am proud of it. I was helping to guard the \$3,000,000 when it was destroyed; but I thought very little of the vast sum at the time. Human lives were at stake, and the enormous pile of paper money was actually helping to destroy them. It was a terrible business."

For a moment the gentleman gazed thoughtfully into the cheerful open grate. Then, as though the dancing flames there aided his memory, he repeated the reflection, "Ah, yes, it was a terrible business," and settled back comfortably into the easy-chair, preferring to keep his eyes away from the fire after that.

"One of the prettiest steamboats that ever plied the Mississippi River was the *Ruth*," he resumed. "She was built in the spring of 1863, and cost her owners \$65,000. She was over 250 feet long, and could carry a great many passengers. But she enjoyed a very short career. In those days St. Louis was an important distributing centre for the United States government. The outbreak of the war had tested the patriotism of the city, and had not found it wanting; but some of the places near it were not always safe. Down the river there were plenty of rebels, and in the neighborhood of Cairo steamboat men could never be sure of the loyalty of strangers boarding their boats. It was just six miles below Cairo, close to a little place called Norfolk, that a Confederate made way with the *Ruth*."

"The steamer had left St. Louis on the 3d of August, 1863. She had on board \$3,000,000 in greenbacks, eighteen paymasters of the United States army, their clerks, and a guard of fifty soldiers. The money was being taken to Memphis and Helena to pay the troops. It was in wooden boxes, piled up in the forward part of the cabin. I should say there was as much as two cords of it. Such a pile of money was the wonder of the day to the crew of the boat. How some of them did eye it curiously as they passed in and out of the cabin! As other passengers were aboard, and as the boat was passing through a valley either openly or secretly hostile, a heavy guard was always kept around the greenbacks. At night this guard consisted of five soldiers. To prevent any one of them from leaving the apartment, a cabin-boy was assigned to sit up all night with the five soldiers, to bring them drinking water, or perform other errands for them. The fact that he was assisting in watching over millions of real dollars furnished the lad with excitement enough to keep him awake."

"About twelve o'clock on the night of the 4th the cabin-boy had gone down to the kitchen to arrange for some supper for the soldiers. When he was ready to return, he suddenly found his passage to the cabin-door barred by a dense volume of smoke, which before many moments broke into fierce, crackling flames. The boat was on fire!"

"The boy quickly sounded an alarm. Captain Pegram, the commander of the vessel, was on the deck outside at the time. Hearing from the cabin-boy that the flames were evidently issuing from the carpenter shop abaft the wheel-house, he ran back there with a deck hand in hopes of extinguishing the flames. But this was impossible; the fire was too far advanced. The Captain had scarcely got back to the wheel-house, when he ran against the engineers, huddled together in the fore-castle. They had been driven from their post by the roaring mass of flame that had suddenly invaded the engine hold. The engines, however, were still puffing and wheezing, and the pilot swung his wheel around to run the boat ashore and save the lives of the passengers. In three minutes the boat touched the right bank."

"But just then a peculiar and horrible accident occurred. Under the full head of steam at which the *Ruth* had been plunging forward she ran about twenty-five

feet up the bank, which was so steep that she slipped back into the river. Instead of getting out a line, the crew unwound a heavy chain with which to make the vessel fast to shore, and before it could be successfully handled, the boat had swung around, the engines still going and the inside wheel turning, and started boldly off directly into the river.

"A runaway boat! Her engines propelling her forward to certain destruction! No hand at the throttle of those engines; the way effectually closed; and fire enveloping crew and passengers! It was a thrilling situation."

"The *Ruth's* violent collision with the shore had stove in her stem above the middle deck, but that mattered little, and on the flaming steamboat continued. Soon she reached the middle of the river again. There was absolutely no way by which those dreadful engines could be stopped, and the throngs of soldiers and passengers on deck saw nothing but death before them. The swift current in the middle of the stream whirled the prow around until it pointed down the valley. The fire below had parted the works that held the helm within the pilot's control, and now he was powerless to arrest her progress."

"The flames gathered fury. The crackling was soon lost in a mad rushing roar. People tried to make their escape from the doomed vessel. Many, though, never reached the deck from the cabin and hold. Presently there was a dull explosion. A steam-pipe had collapsed, and one of the huge paddle-wheels dropped off into the water. At last the engines below were powerless, but it left the *Ruth* in no better shape, and she drifted now at the mercy of the current."

"Thirty-five persons were burned to death as she thus drifted. It is a fact that the inflammable nature of the greenbacks in the forward part of the cabin made the conflagration much worse in that end of the boat. No attempt was made to save the \$3,000,000. It would have been sinful to have tried to do so. The Captain was the last man to leave the boat, and he only did so after the deck fell in, carrying him down among the *débris*. Five miles below where the *Ruth* had slipped from the shore her hull sank from view."

"The survivors spent the remainder of the night around a bonfire on shore. In the morning the steamer *Schickel* picked them up, and carried them to Cairo. The military authorities there were convinced that the boat had been fired by a rebel spy, and fearing that with accomplices he might have escaped with some of the money, sent Captain Pegram back to the spot where the wreck lay, to make sure that none of the greenbacks were still in a condition to invite theft. The gunboat *Tyler*, which afterward took part in some of the important engagements along the Mississippi, was placed at Captain Pegram's disposal. Soundings at the spot where the wreck of the *Ruth* lay convinced everybody, however, that buzzard wreckers could not work upon the ruin, and members of the crew readily swore to the fact that they had seen the money burn. Yet even a title of \$3,000,000 was worth some effort at recovery, and a special commission which the government sent to St. Louis to investigate the disaster, under Major-General Hunter, employed bell-boats and divers for a long time. They found nothing but charred scraps of the \$3,000,000."

"The statement by the master of the boat that the five soldiers guarding the money had perished was confirmed by the divers, who found their blackened corpses among the ashes of the boxes full of greenbacks. The poor fellows had every one of them been faithful to the last."

"But, father," exclaimed Fred, breathlessly, "I thought you said that you had helped to guard the money?"

"Yes; I was the cabin-boy."

DIEGO PINZON,*

AND

THE FEARFUL VOYAGE HE TOOK INTO THE
UNKNOWN OCEAN A.D. 1492.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IT would be hard by mere imagination to comprehend the terrors the boys experienced as they crept stealthily along the foot of the cliff. Before reaching the corner, around which they fancied they would come upon another open beach, they stopped many times, listening tremblingly for some sound to warn them of possible danger.

But when they finally reached the corner, and had peered around it with the greatest caution, they discovered that it broke into a forest, the straggling trees of which came almost to the water's edge. Upon discovering that, they looked at each other for a moment, and then sat down, pale and weary, to discuss their further movements.

"What shall we do now?" said Diego.

"I think," said Juan, "that if I could get a few bananas to eat, and then have a few hours of sleep, I should feel quite strong again, and could go on. Night will be our best time for travelling."

"Yes," answered Diego, "and if we but dared to enter the wood yonder, we could get all the bananas we could eat."

"And hide in some thicket and sleep," added Juan.

The need they both had for sleep and food decided them, and, after weighing all the chances for and against their project, they fell on their faces and crawled into the wood. Fortune favored them, and enabled them to come upon a banana-tree loaded with the luscious fruit, which they plucked and carried with them into a shaded natural bower.

After they had eaten all they desired, they laid themselves down and fell into a refreshing sleep, which even their fear of cannibals could not disturb. When they awoke, the stars were shining.

They first ate some of the bananas, and then discussed the route they should take. It did not take them long to decide that the safest plan, as well as the most direct road, would be to keep along the beach as much as was possible, climbing or skirting any cliffs that might interpose themselves.

With this plan in view, they made their way back around the cliff, but reached the other side of it, only to discover that it was as crowded now as it had been deserted during the day, the natives being scattered along it for a long distance—some of them gathered around fires, at which something was evidently cooking, and which they at once, with a horrible fear, fancied the worst of.

They hastened back as they had come, and decided, without loss of time, to strike into the woods and go back a mile or more, and then take an easterly course, which would bring them into a nearly parallel line with the beach.

"I remember now," said Diego, "that the villages of these Indians are always near enough to the beach to enable them to get to it."

"Yes," said Juan. "It is either so, or far back in the interior."

But in this they were wrong, and, so far as it concerned the island of Bohio—or Haiti, as it really was called—they discovered their mistake ere very long. They retraced their steps in the wood until they came to where

they had slept, and made a fresh departure from there. They had not gone two miles, however, before they almost stumbled into a small village.

Greatly dismayed, they made a careful detour and passed the village; but they were so fearful of coming upon other villages that they proceeded now much more cautiously. Even that did not help them greatly, however, for after another two miles, perhaps, they came upon a very large village, and in endeavoring to go around this they became hopelessly lost.

If they could have seen the heavens, they could have gained their bearings by the stars, but the woods were too dense for that; and they would have been obliged to



"LOOK!" SAID DIEGO.

stop and wait for daylight if Juan had not pointed out that they were certainly going up hill, which would indicate that they were going south, since the hills, as they had noticed from the canoe, ran east and west.

"Then let us keep on going up," said Diego, "and perhaps we can find a lookout to-morrow on the top of the mountains, and select a safer course."

The advice was certainly good, and it was not difficult to follow, particularly as they fell in with no more villages. So they kept on, always climbing, and occasionally, now, gaining a sight of the stars; though the forest remained dense as far as they went.

How far they went they had no means of knowing; for even the time spent or the fatigue incurred was no criterion; for while they were quite certain that they must have been six hours on foot, they had wandered so much from a direct path that it was quite possible they might have gone but a very short distance; and they had been tired from the start.

As well as they could in the darkness, they selected a sheltered spot to sleep in, and laid themselves down to rest. Fortunately they had no need to think of snakes or other dangerous reptiles or beasts; for the only really unpleasant creatures on the islands were scorpions, centipedes, and tarantulas, which were not feared by the natives, and in consequence the voyagers also had learned to hold them in little fear.

In the shaded woods the morning sun had no opportu-

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 627.

nity to awaken the boys until they were ready to open their eyes, and so the day was well advanced before they roused themselves.

"Ah-h-h!" yawned Diego, comfortably, "I am ready for breakfast, aren't you?"

"Sh sh!" said Juan, and pointed through the trees.

Behind Diego, not more than a hundred yards distant, was an opening, a sort of level plateau on the mountain-side, and straggling along the side nearest the boys was a village of possibly two hundred huts. Under the shade of the trees nearest the huts were hammocks, in which the men were lazily swinging, while the women worked leisurely at their light tasks. Children played about everywhere.

Nowhere had the boys seen comelier or pleasanter-looking women; but nowhere had they seen more forbidding-looking men. Their foreheads sloped back abruptly from their eyebrows, and their faces were hideously streaked with paint. Moreover, they were taller and more muscular in appearance than the other Indians they had seen. At least the few men they saw moving about were; and altogether the boys were satisfied that the men, at least, looked the cannibals they were reputed to be.

They did not stop for any extended examination of the inhabitants, but stole away from the village, going higher up the mountain, as taking them in the direction they wished to go, and as promising to carry them farthest away from the village.

When they had gone a sufficient distance for safety, they sought a banana-tree and plucked a quantity of the fruit and ate it. It was not what they would have eaten had they had the courage to make a fire to cook by, for they could have had potatoes or yucca root; but they did not dare do that, and so they had to be content with bananas.

The mountain by this time had begun to run bare of forest trees, and to become steeper, and it was not long after that the boys found themselves free of the woods altogether, with a patch ahead of them of bare rugged rocks. It seemed quite improbable that any village would be in such a spot, and they felt safe to cross the open space and climb to the highest of the rocks, in order to obtain a view of the ocean.

They had supposed, from the edge of the woods, that these rocks were on the top of the mountain, but when they reached them, they discovered that the mountain-top was many feet above them still, and separated from them by a wooded valley. They obtained from the rocks the view they desired, however, and almost due northeast from where they stood they could see running to the water the mountains which they believed were the ones they were seeking.

"I am sure of it," said Juan, making a mental calculation of how far they had drifted and in what direction.

"Look!" said Diego, in a choking voice.

Juan followed his finger and saw a sail—the *Pinta* was returning to find them.

"We must hurry," said Diego.

"How far do you think it is?" asked Juan. "Six or seven leagues?"

"Seven, I should say," answered Diego. "Everything looks nearer in this country. Let us calculate. The *Pinta* will reach there in, say, three hours. She will surely remain as many more. Oh yes, she will remain several hours. Why not?"

He was thinking that even if they walked openly through the country, and at their best speed, they could not hope to reach the place in less than ten hours, allowing for losing their way. Juan understood him.

"Never mind," he said. "Let us start, and we may be able to go a long distance on the mountain-top with-

out seeing a soul. Come! The sight of the ship makes me stronger. How glad they will be to see us!"

"Will they not?"

"Tell me, Diego," said Juan—"I have been wishing to ask you and did not dare—did Miguel knock you off the yard?"

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Because when I saw you falling I saw him with his arm upraised, as if he either had struck you or intended to."

"I think he tried to help me," said Diego; "but I don't know."

"If the men knew he was on the yard with you—and they will be certain to—I am afraid it will fare ill with him. Come, let us hurry!"

So they hastened down from their height, and struck into what seemed very much like a travelled way, it was so easy to pass along. And yet it had no appearance of being anything but natural, and so they had no suspicion of it. At first the slope was slightly downward, but kept all the time in the open rocky space. Then it entered a wooded tract, and led them to a pretty mountain stream.

They were tired, bananas offered themselves, and the water sounded so inviting either to drink or to bathe in that they could not resist.

"Let us bathe and eat before we go farther," suggested Diego, and they did so.

Diego, who was somewhat more particular in the matter of cleanliness than the other sailors, always carried his comb in his pocket, and so he and Juan made their toilet to the extent of smoothing their hair; and then, very much refreshed, they got up and pushed on again.

The woods were evidently only the result of the brook bringing moisture and soil to the rocky tract; for in a little while the depression ceased, and they emerged once more into the same rocky belt.

"Hark!" said Diego, of a sudden. "Do you hear any noise?"

"The sound of drums, or something of the sort? yes."

They stopped and listened, and the noise grew distinctly in volume.

"It is coming nearer!" cried Diego, in alarm. "And I hear voices singing, or howling. It's behind us. Juan! What shall we do? Hide! yes, that is it; hide!"

They looked all about them for a proper place, and Diego noticed a narrow cleft in the rocks higher up to his right.

"Up here!" he whispered, and ran with all his speed, followed close by Juan.

They were soon there, and the cleft proved to be a narrow, cave-like opening, the depth of which the boys could not determine, nor did they try to discover; for all that interested them was the fact that it offered a good place of concealment for them.

At the same time it afforded them a good view of the country they had been traversing, and promised to enable them to see the new-comers without difficulty. And it fulfilled its promise in a very few minutes, giving the boys a sight of a most extraordinary and startling spectacle.

From out of the wood, not far from where they had just come, there emerged a fantastic procession, which moved with a rapidity that was really remarkable in view of the numbers of which it was composed.

At the head of it came a man beating a sort of drum, and moving at a rapid pace. Behind him were perhaps twenty men, all beating drums and chanting at the same time that they performed all sorts of singular antics, though without interfering with the rapid advance of the procession. Behind them again came hundreds of girls, dancing and singing in time with each other; and behind them came hundreds more of men and women, also singing and dancing with the greatest fervor.



THE CLEFT PROVED TO BE A NARROW CAVE-LIKE OPENING.

It was some time before the boys could see all of this strange procession—strange in itself and stranger still for the place it was in. Their first thought, and the one they clung to, was that it was some horrible festival which would end in a cannibal orgy in the manner that had been described to Diego by the natives from whom he had learned to speak the Indian tongue.

They watched it with a sort of fascinated abhorrence, and in their thoughts were deciding how they would escape it by climbing higher up the mountain. Nearer and nearer it came along the way they had come; nearer and nearer to where they had turned to seek their hiding-place. It was there.

"Juan," gasped Diego, "it is coming up the mountain!"

By "it" he meant the procession; and it certainly had turned up almost in the very footsteps of the boys. They shrank back, but still watched the coming crowds, which, now at the ascent, had ceased to dance, though the singing and drum-beating continued.

And as they came nearer, the boys all the while wondering what their errand could be, it was easy to see that the man who led was a personage of importance; for he was covered with ornaments of gold, and wore a coronet of the same metal, with a head-dress of feathers rising above it. The men who followed him were ornamented in quite another way, being tattooed all over the body with grotesque figures.

The girls, who came next, carried baskets of fruit and flowers, and were decked out with gold and other ornaments. The men and women farther down the line were loaded with as much as they could carry in the way of finery, but carried neither fruit nor flowers.

All of this the boys could see, because they did not dare to stir, and were protected from observation by the shrubs that grew about the opening where they had taken shelter. Their hearts were in their mouths for fear of discovery, and they crouched side by side, very unwilling spectators of the scene that followed, and yet interested.

The leading person, whom the boys took to be either a high priest or a cacique, approached within twenty yards of the boys, and stood there until an attendant hurried up with a stool of a dark polished wood, and placed it conveniently for him to sit, he meanwhile never ceasing to beat his drum.

After he was seated, still beating his drum, the young girls with their baskets gathered near, and the others drew up in a wider circle, until all were up the mountain. Then the priests made obeisance to the sitting man and delivered a sort of address, pointing so often directly at the place where the boys were that Diego, who had strained his ears to hear, caught Juan and dragged him back.

"Juan! Juan!" he whispered, convulsively, "they are coming in here. It must be a sort of cave. Let us run back into it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PAPYRUS, PARCHMENT, PAPER.

IN the earliest times the people of Egypt and India wrote on papyrus, made of the reed of that name, and all the old books were formed of it. Imagine what bulky volumes they made, and what trouble it was to write and make them one at a time. Alexandria was possessed of a large library, and Ptolemy, the great King of Egypt, was so jealous of it that he forbade the exportation of papyrus, for he feared that Eumenes of Pergamus might make a library equal to his. This was in 263 B.C., but about seventy years later, 190 B.C., this same Eumenes is credited with having invented parchment for

writing and making books, so the useful invention was probably due to Ptolemy's jealousy. The oldest and most valuable books now known are written on parchment made of the skin of goats. The Persian records prior to this time are said to have been made on parchment, but they did the world no good.

The exact date of the invention of paper, other than papyrus, is not stated, but it is known that cotton was used in its manufacture about A.D. 600, and rags were utilized 700 years later. Coarse white paper was made in England in 1580, and it has steadily improved since then, until we have all sorts and varieties. Paper to-day is made of grass and hop stalks and wood and rags and other curious things. A sheet of paper six feet three inches in width and 24,000 feet long was made in Colyton, in Devon, England, in 1860.

A WHITE CHIEF OF THE MAORIS.

"HENI TE REI, the daughter of the late Chief Matene Te Whiwhi, took the child from the nurse's arms, and presented him to Tamihana Te Hoia, who solemnly 'rubbed noses' with him in the presence of the tribe, all the women present joining in a soft and plaintive *whakaoriori* composed expressly for the occasion."

This is not a bit of ancient history. Only a few weeks ago the nose-rubbing took place, when Huia, the infant son of the English Earl of Onslow (Governor of New Zealand), and the godson of Queen Victoria, was formally admitted to brotherhood and chieftainship by the descendants of the once powerful tribe of Ngatihuia. The ceremony was interesting from the fact that it is the only occasion on record when a European child has been so admitted, and from the further fact that among the actors were the sons of men who had shed the blood of Englishmen like water at the Wairau massacre of 1843. Shall I tell you the story, and something of what it recalls?

It begins with an every-day occurrence, the birth of a boy, which occurred about a twelvemonth ago. But the surroundings were noticeable. He was the son of the Governor of New Zealand, and Lord Onslow is the only Governor of that colony who has had a child born during his term of office. The idea was mooted in Wellington, and rapidly spread through the country, that a Maori name should be bestowed upon the boy, and that Queen Victoria should be asked to be his godmother. The Earl readily agreed to the one suggestion, and the Queen

graciously assented to the other. Accordingly, the infant was christened Victor Huia, and has a Queen and Empress for a sponsor.

Huia, besides being the name of a tribe and of a legendary young lady who played a part in romantic love stories which always ended fatally, is also the name of a beautiful native New Zealand bird. Whether Lord Onslow in his choice of the name was thinking of the tribe, the legendary maiden, or the bird is not certain. The tribe accepted the compliment, and hence the ceremony.

It was as follows—the date, the 12th of September, having been fixed after a tremendous amount of consultation among the Ngatihuias and their allied hapus: On the day previous, his Excellency, with Lady Onslow and party, went by rail from Wellington to Otaki, where they were met by the leading chiefs, and escorted to the hotel, the road-side being lined with Maoris, who chanted the native song of welcome, "Haere mai." On the following morning the tribe and their allies assembled in full force, the women in front, all wearing holiday attire, with their heads decked with huia feathers. With the usual karangas and songs of welcome they escorted the viceregal party to the tribal meeting-house, "Raukawa," which had been carefully prepared and decorated for the occasion. The "marae," or open square in front of the meeting-house, had been converted into a fairy grove, a whole forest of nikau-palms and tree-ferns having been brought bodily from the bush, and fixed in position as if growing, while garlands of native clematis hung in festoons between the stems. There was a pathway in the midst covered with matting, and sentinels guarded the entrance, with their muskets at "attention." A grand salute of musketry announced the Governor's arrival.

His Excellency's party having been seated in the carved vestibule of the meeting-house, with the Maoris sitting on the ground in picturesque groups in front, the formal proceedings commenced. The Chief, Kereopa Tukumarū, was the first to welcome the Governor, and he was followed by several other chiefs who spoke in Maori, Sir Walter Buller interpreting. Their speeches were all much in the same style, and may be given as follows:

"Welcome, O Governor! Welcome also, Lady Onslow! Welcome to Otaki, the home of the Ngatihuia, bringing with you this new bearer of our great ancestor's name. Welcome, O thou young Huia, the representative of all the great chiefs who have departed. The old men of the tribe, where are they? Gone; all gone into the never-ending night. We thank you, O Governor, for coming especially to Otaki to present your infant son to his people. But here you find us as a mere remnant of a great tribe. Our fathers are gone, but here are we, the scattered grandchildren, assembled to welcome your noble son. You have proved yourself the most active of all our Governors. You have seen nearly every village in the land, and nothing seems

to tire you; and now we are able to welcome you, even here at Otaki, in the place where, fifty years ago, the gospel of Christianity was accepted by the Maori people. We have been steadfast to the faith all through, following the precepts of our pastor, your present Bishop of Wellington, and never allowing the wars of the land to disturb us. All this time our tribe has been loyal to the Queen, and now we welcome you as the Queen's representative. We salute you, according to Maori custom, as the White Crane of rare appearance, the bird seen once in a lifetime. You will find this people as loyal in the future as they have been in the past. Your son bears the name of our noblest ancestor. It was Huia's descendant, Rauparaha, who counselled the people to follow peace, and not to avenge his capture. There yonder is the snow-clad Ruahine range, the home of our favorite bird. We ask you, O Governor, to restrain the Pakehas from shooting it, that when your boy grows up he may see the beautiful bird which bears his name. We thank you and Lady Onslow again for this proof of your regard for the people, and of

your desire to promote their welfare. You have heard the words of the tribe. There is nothing more to say."

After Lord Onslow had replied, Tamihana Te Hoia, the young hereditary Chief of the Ngatihuias, came forward into the centre of the marae, and said, "And now, O Governor and Lady Onslow, bring forward the infant Huia, that the tribe may do honor to him." Thereupon, as is stated at the beginning of this article, Heni Te Rei gave him to Tamihana, who solemnly rubbed noses with the boy, who went through his part of the performance like a young hero. Then followed a touching part of the ceremony, all the chiefs of the tribe, gray-haired men, men in their prime, and youths, coming forward and doing honor to the infant chieftain of the ancient tribe of the Ngatihuias, and casting their offerings before him—mats or robes made of fine flax cleaned and manipulated till it had the softness and gloss of fine silk, some



THE HON. VICTOR HUIA ONSLOW, IN THE COSTUME AND HEAD-DRESS OF A MAORI CHIEF.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MANNING, CHRISTCHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

ornamented with feathers, and others with flax dyed various colors and interwoven; fancy baskets, carved boxes, and greenstones, the latter including an heirloom in the Te Rangihāeta's family.

This part of the proceedings being over, the Maoris seated themselves, and silence reigned. This was broken unexpectedly by Lady Onslow, who, leading her two little girls by the hand, one on each side of her, walked into the centre of the square, and to the intense delight of the Maoris, said she could not resist the natural impulse to tell the assembled tribe how much she felt the cordial reception given, and the honor and presents accorded to her son. He was, of course, too young to retain any recollection of the day, but his little sisters would tell him all that had occurred. The beautiful mats and presents should be carefully preserved; and as her son grew up, she was sure he would have a strong feeling of respect for his Maori kindred, and a deep affection for the land of his birth.



Picture

A LITTLE CHARMER.—DRAWN FOR HANSEN'S YOUNG PEOPLE BY JEAN GEOFFROY.

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THE TROUBLE WITH CHILI.

BY W. NEPHEW KING JUN.

THE attack upon the sailors of the cruiser *Baltimore*, which is still a subject of diplomatic correspondence between the United States and Chili, is in a fair way of being adjusted without bloodshed. Many accounts of this trouble have been written from time to time, but one and all declare that the assault was directed against the uniform and not against the individual.

Trustworthy testimony also confirms the belief that the police authorities of Valparaiso signally failed to do their duty, and instead of endeavoring to suppress the mob, actually joined them. Boatswain's Mate Riggins, who was stabbed in the back, knocked down, and finally shot in the arms of one of his shipmates, died from the effects of a bullet wound inflicted by a Chilean officer.

The fact that the attack was not confined to any particular locality, but occurred simultaneously in different parts of the city, also tends to show concerted action. In addition to this, many sailors escaped by putting on citizens' attire, while those in the uniform of the United States were objects of the mob's wrath.

All the weight of this evidence made a very strong case for the United States, as stated by President Harrison in his recent message to Congress. In view of the great public interest now centred in the famous *Baltimore* and her crew, I will give a brief outline of the events which have almost involved us in war.

The *Baltimore* was assigned to duty in Chilean waters at the outbreak of the revolution against Balmaceda. Owing to the unsettled state of affairs in Valparaiso, Captain Schley prudently confined his men to the ship while anarchy and confusion reigned ashore. After the fall of the Dictator, however, and the establishment of a provisional government by the Junta, he decided to give the crew liberty for the first time on Saturday, October 17th.

As soon as the Americans reached the wharf, however, they were met by a party of Chilean sailors, and the storm that had long been brewing reached its climax. Some of the more prudent Americans succeeded in allaying this first trouble. It was only the calm that preceded the tempest, however, for the quarrelling sailors met ashore again in a disreputable part of the city known as the Mizzen Top. Here the fight was renewed, and quickly spread from street to street. Each rifle-shot seemed to fire the blood of the Chilean populace, who joined the mob in their attempt to annihilate the detestable "Yankee sailors."

Our men were few in number, and totally unarmed, even their jack-knives having been taken away from them before they left the *Baltimore*. They used their fists against knives and bullets, however, and fought like tigers as they endeavored to reach their boats. It now became evident that the whole affair was the result of concerted action against the Americans, for whom the Chileans entertained the bitterest feelings.

To the mob the blue uniform was like the red rag to the bull, for wherever a sailor was seen, he was attacked by overwhelming numbers. Our men acted entirely on the defensive, fighting back to back with their antagonists. They held together as long as possible, and were dispersed only by superior numbers. Every time that the poor fellows rallied to each other's assistance they were completely overwhelmed by a crowd which has been estimated as numbering between two and three thousand.

The battle-cry of the Chileans was "Abajo Americano!" and the most significant fact of the engagement was the cowardice of the Chileans. Every wound that an American received was delivered from the rear. Boatswain's Mate Riggins, the first victim of the Chileans' fury, received a number of knife thrusts in the back. He fell covered with blood. The mob then jumped upon the prostrate man and literally stamped him to death. As Riggins was falling, a shipmate endeavored to catch him in his arms, but he was soon driven away by the crowd.

An examination of Riggins' wounds by the surgeon of the *Baltimore* revealed the fact that many of them were made by bayonets, with which the Chilean police were armed, and there was also the mark of one rifle-shot in his neck. Nothing shows the fury of the mob so clearly as the fact that several Americans endeavored to escape by entering different houses or jumping upon the first available street car. In each case the frenzied Chileans attacked these with cries of "Kill the Yankees!" They hammered upon the doors and threatened to upset the cars unless the victims were given up to them. After Riggins had been killed, and six others seriously wounded, the police attempted to quell the disturbance. Their alleged efforts in this direction was in itself another attack upon the Americans, for our sailors

were dragged through the streets by ropes, and cruelly treated even in the prisons.

As soon as the news of the brawl spread throughout the city there was intense excitement in Valparaiso, and for a time it was feared that all American residents were in great danger. Several officers of the *Baltimore* who were ashore at the time have been commended for their great bravery during the critical moment. They formed an escort for those of their sailors that had not been imprisoned, and marched with them down to the wharf, where they embarked for their vessel. One Chilean is said to have been killed during the fight, but it is thought that his death was due to a shot from one of his own countrymen.

Though this lamentable affair is as deeply deplored by the better classes of Chileans as it is by Americans, there is not the shadow of a doubt regarding the ill feeling that did and does still exist for everything American. One of the best evidences of this is the fact that when Turnbull, another American sailor, who was wounded during the fight, died a few days after Riggins, it was impossible to purchase a grave in which the poor fellow could be buried. Captain Schley was forced to open the grave of Riggins, and place Turnbull's body upon that of his shipmate. During the past month the sailors of the *Baltimore*, by a popular subscription, have erected a handsome monument to these two victims of Chilean fury.

THE LOCOMOTIVE.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

I HEAR the locomotive madly puff
While rounding yonder bluff.

Filling the air with great clouds black and white,
In swift and billowy flight.

The locomotive unto me doth sing:
"I am the great Storm King,

"I send the black clouds rolling from the plain
To fill the sky with rain,

"I send the white clouds to the violet sky
To make the snow-flakes fly."

"Please, Mr. Locomotive, send to-day
White clouds—I've a new sleigh."

AN ARMY KITTEN.

ONE evening, toward the close of the war, while Union soldiers lay in camp on a hill-side near the Stanton River, Virginia, the cry of "Halt! who goes there?" from a sentry startled every lounging to his feet; and several of the more curious ran to the guard-line to find out what the trouble was. A minute later all knew that the night visitor who had been challenged was no enemy. A little girl, about ten years of age, holding a white kitten in her arms, came forward into the light of the fires, conducted by two soldiers, who had told the sentry to pass her in, and who looked as proud as if they were escorting a queen.

The whole regiment gathered—including the Colonel himself—to look at the child and hear her tell her story. A very short story it was—scarcely a paragraph; but there was matter enough in it for a full chapter. She lived near by with her father, who was sick and poor; and they were Northerners, she said, and "Union folks." Her mother was dead, and her brother had been killed while fighting in the Federal army. She "wanted to give something," and when the Union soldiers came she thought she would bring her pet kitten and present it to the Colonel.

The Colonel took the little girl in his arms and kissed her, and the kitten, too, and said he was not a bit ashamed of his weakness. He accepted the kitten with thanks, and its innocent donor was gallantly waited on to her humble home, loaded with generous contributions.

The white kitten was adopted by the regiment, but considered the property and special pet of the Colonel, and when the war was over he took it home with him. Like the white lamb that staid and fed with the victors after the battle of Antietam, that little creature, during its short but stirring army life, was a daily inspiration to better feelings and thoughts in the presence of all that is worst—a living flag of truce gleaming among the thunder-clouds of human passion and strife.

A GREAT RISE IN RUBBER.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

THERE had been no arrivals for a whole day, perhaps for two whole days, at the little inn in a quiet town far out West, and the landlord had said to himself a dozen times that business was exceedingly dull. He was about to make this remark to himself for the thirteenth time that day when he heard the tread of feet around the corner, and a remarkable procession filed into the inn yard.

In advance was a man of ordinary size and shape, nearly hidden by a great Astrakhan coat that dangled about his heels and covered the very tips of his ears. Behind him was the biggest man that had ever been seen in those parts—a giant fully eight feet high, with a chest as broad as two ordinary men, and with hands and feet that looked as though they might easily crush whatever they were laid upon. A few feet behind the giant was a Circassian girl, with frizzly hair that stood out around her head, at least a foot in every direction, and grew so thick that she wore neither bonnet nor hat. This girl's eyes were a delicate pink, and her complexion was as fair as a lily. Following the Circassian girl was a large strong man, whose hands and face were covered with the ugly marks of tattooing, and who let his shirt hang open at the throat, perhaps purposely, to show that his chest also was covered with these ugly marks. This tattooed man led with a short strap a horse that was covered with wool instead of hair.

When the innkeeper saw this strange company, he rubbed his eyes to make sure that he was not dreaming; and he was still rubbing them when the man in advance stepped up and asked whether he could have supper and lodging for himself and his friends.

"It's a queer lot you are," said the innkeeper; "but business is dull, and I'll take you in whoever you are."

The stable-boy led the woolly horse to the barn, and the man, the giant, the Circassian girl, and the tattooed man seated themselves in chairs on the piazza, for they had travelled far that day, and were tired.

They had hardly time, however, to wipe the dust from their faces, and to begin a conversation with the innkeeper on the state of business and the crops, before the tread of more feet was heard, and another party of strangers entered the yard.

This party was everywhit as odd as the first. In advance was another man in a great Astrakhan coat, which hung open, revealing a ponderous gold watch chain. Immediately behind him were two dwarfs walking side by side, hardly more than three feet high, and so much alike that they must have been brothers. They were as full of tricks and antics as a pair of monkeys, and they kept their companions in continual laughter. Behind the dwarfs was the fattest woman imaginable, with such rolls and pillows of fat on her arms and cheeks that they shook as she walked. This woman weighed at least six hundred pounds, and she looked too tired to walk much farther. Following the fat woman was a man so thin that there was no covering for his bones but shrivelled skin. Although his sleeves and trousers were narrow, they flapped with every step, showing that the arms and legs inside them were mere sticks. This living skeleton led with a rope a donkey that walked on five legs.

"The queer families are all out to-day," said the inn-

keeper, as the new-comers climbed up the steps, leaving the donkey with five legs hitched to a post in the yard. "You want supper and lodging, I suppose. Well, as I have a giant already, I need not hesitate at the dwarfs. This stout lady and that bony gentleman will be good company, and we've hay enough for the donkey if he had fifty legs. So make yourself at home, friends."

The second man in the Astrakhan coat was about to take one of the empty chairs, when his eye fell upon his counterpart who had brought the first party.

"Why, it's Jack Hammersley!" he exclaimed, stepping forward and putting out his hand.

"Charley Davenport, as sure as the world!" said the



"WHY, IT'S JACK HAMMERSLEY!" HE EXCLAIMED

other, quickly rising and grasping the proffered hand. "And what brings you into this part of the world?"

"You need hardly ask, I think," Davenport replied, looking about at their companions, "as it's the same thing that brings you here. I'm collecting freaks for the Star Museum, as usual; just as you're collecting them for the Globe."

"And what luck?" the other asked.

"Oh, the worst of the bad! Nothing but the old story—a pair of dwarfs, a skeleton, the inevitable fat woman, and a five-legged jack. There doesn't seem to be a new thing under the sun. And you?"

"I am as badly off," Hammersley answered. "The same old stock—a giant, a Circassian girl, a tattooed man, and a woolly horse. I've hunted high and low for something new, but I've not found it."

This conversation on the piazza was continued at the supper table, though some caution was exercised when the two collectors of museum jewels talked in the presence of the giant, the dwarfs, the Circassian girl, the living skeleton, the tattooed man, and the fat woman. In the evening, when they left their treasures in the inn and walked through the main streets of the town, the talk grew more emphatic.

"It won't do at all," said Hammersley, "this going back to the city with such a collection of back numbers. We are overrun with giants already, Circassian girls are as common as policemen, and tattooed men belong to a past age. I want something new; something new I must have."

"Ditto," echoed Davenport. "Dwarfs? Bah! Living

skeletons? Humbug! Fat women? They fatigue me! What is worse, they fatigue the public. We must have some novelties. Do you know, Hammersley, I've a mind to make a journey down to Wonderland."

"Wonderland!" Hammersley replied. "It's not a bad idea. I had been thinking of it myself. But there are no railroads to Wonderland; the journey has to be made on foot."

"So much the better," Davenport retorted. "It will put our people in good trim, a few days of healthy exercise—all but my fat woman. I was afraid she might lose flesh; but now she can ride your woolly horse. We never can go back to the city without something new, that's plain; so, if you say the word, we start for Wonderland to-morrow morning."

The word was said, and on the next morning the two caravans—now joined into one—set out for Wonderland. All the small boys of the town escorted them to the very end of the last street, and sent them on their way with cheers and shouts; and in their journey, which took many days, they were rarely without some admirers on the road. Fortunately the way to Wonderland lies through a well-tilled country, and they had no trouble in finding food and lodging in the farm-houses.

At length they found themselves in the wonderful country, and the first curious thing they noticed was that nobody paid the slightest attention to them. Wonders were too common there to attract any notice. Before they had gone far in the new country they encountered a sight that filled even the museum agents with astonishment; they had been seeing queer things all their lives, but they had never seen anything like this.



AN INDIA-RUBBER-TREE IN FULL BLOOM AND BEARING.

This great curiosity was the India-rubber-tree in full bloom and bearing. Its dark and shiny green foliage was so thick that its shade was like twilight, and its branches hung heavy with fruit. And such fruit! India-rubber balls, India-rubber dolls' heads, rubber shoes, rubber bands, pencil erasers, black penholders, elastic cord, rubber boots, and a thousand other things, all ready for the picking.

"That tree is the greatest curiosity in the world, and I must have it at any price," Hammersley said to himself.

"If it takes the last cent I have, I shall buy that tree," Davenport quietly said to himself.

But neither let the other know what he thought of the wonderful tree.

"It would cost too much to move it," said Hammersley.

"And it would probably die and wither on the way home," said Davenport.

Nevertheless they hunted up the farmer who owned the tree. They found him in the farm-house close by, where he had a pet yoke of oxen and a pony lying before the kitchen fire, it being Wonderland, and two blue sheep stabled in the barn to do his ploughing.

"Good-morning," said Hammersley, when he and Davenport were shown into the kitchen, leaving their company in the yard. "That's rather an odd tree you have at the head of the lane, with the rubber balls and things growing on it. I've a friend who takes an interest in such things, and he wouldn't mind giving you a hundred dollars for that tree."

"I, too," said Davenport, "am acquainted with a man who is collecting queer trees, and he would not mind my paying two hundred for it, I am sure, though it is rather old, and one of the main limbs seems to be dying."

"Well, gentlemen," said the farmer.

But Hammersley was not to be outbid, and he interrupted with an offer of three hundred.

"Four hundred!" shouted Davenport. And the competition thus incautiously begun waxed hotter and hotter, till the bids reached eight hundred dollars, by a hundred at a time, when Hammersley, to end the matter, went up two hundred at once.

"A thousand!" he cried. "A thousand dollars cash in your hand for that tree! What do you say?"

The poor farmer was so dazed with these offers that he did not know what to say. He was accustomed to wonders, but this was the greatest wonder he had ever heard of. Here was an old tree that he had often thought of cutting down for firewood, and that, if it contained two cords of wood, might possibly be worth ten dollars, and these strangers were trying to buy it for a thousand. It was bewildering.

But the farmer was as shrewd as he was deliberate. If the tree was worth so much money, he thought, he must be cautious; and it might be worth more. So he replied: "I must take time to think. It is a pet tree that my father (peace to his soul!) planted with his own hands. [Here he stretched the truth a little, imagining, perhaps, that it was a bit of the elastic cord.] My children's children have gambolled in its shade. It bears well every year, and it is worth a great deal of money to me. I must have time to consider. Come back in three days, and I will give you an answer."

They tried to urge him into closing the bargain, but the farmer was immovable, and they were compelled to wait. So they resumed their journey, first extracting a promise from the farmer that he would not sell the tree meanwhile to any one else. They had gone only a little way when the giant, who was now in advance, called to his agent.

"What is that in the third field to the left?" he asked. "There, by the stone wall, just beyond the little hillock?"

But Hammersley, being shorter than the giant, could not see so far, and the giant lifted him up and pointed out the place.

"Another rubber-tree!" Hammersley shouted; and wriggling himself out of the giant's arms, he started on a run for the house that stood near the tree, hoping, by reaching it in advance, to secure a bargain before Davenport arrived.

But Davenport heard the magic words, and being a

good runner, he followed after at a great pace, leaving the caravan standing in the road. When the farmer in this house saw two strangers running toward it like mad, he went out into the yard to see what was the matter.

"Two hundred dollars for that rubber-tree!" Hammersley shouted, breathless, as soon as he was within hearing distance.

"Hold on! Hold on!" Davenport cried, fifty feet behind, violently waving a handful of greenbacks above his head. "Five hundred!"

Before either man reached the farmer, the bids went up to eight hundred dollars as before; and an instant later Hammersley held the bewildered man by the right arm, urging him to accept that sum for the tree; and Davenport tugged at his left arm, shaking a thousand dollars before his face.

It was a trying situation for the Wonderland farmer. There was the money before his face, a thousand dollars for a tree that nobody else in the world, as he thought, would give him five for; but he was convinced that the two strangers had recently escaped from the Wonderland asylum; and as he was an honest man, he was not willing to rob them of their money, and he gave them the same answer they had had from the first farmer, that they should come back in a few days. To add to the confusion of the scene, two cats ran out of the house and began to bark violently at the strangers—for in Wonderland, as every one knows, the cats bark and the dogs mew.

There was no help for it; the two collectors had to be satisfied to wait; and after inducing the farmer to promise not to sell the tree to any one else, they went back and rejoined the caravan.

"You were too hasty," said Davenport, when they were out of the farmer's hearing. "You see there are two of these wonderful trees in existence—one for you and one for me. Since there are two, they are not worth nearly as much. We will give the old fellows four hundred apiece for them, and that is enough. They take time to think about it, so will we."

"Four hundred will be plenty," Hammersley replied. "If those farmers had been smart, they would have snapped up our offers on the spot."

The caravan travelled on for some hours, and about the middle of the afternoon they reached a farm-house which looked so neat and inviting that they determined to try to secure quarters there for the night. The two agents went in in advance to see the farmer.

"I will accommodate you and your party for the night," said the farmer, "and do it gladly; but not for pay—no, not for pay. I have had a great stroke of good fortune this day, gentlemen, and I could not think of taking pay for such a trifling service. This morning I thought I was in debt; but to-night I find myself a rich man, and you are very welcome to all I can give you."

Of course the agents inquired what was the nature of this good fortune.

"I have just learned," said the farmer, "that there is a great demand for India-rubber-trees. They are worth a thousand dollars apiece. Think of it! A thousand dollars apiece, and all our lives we have been using them for firewood! Now, I have two hundred of these trees, and—"

"What?" shouted Hammersley.

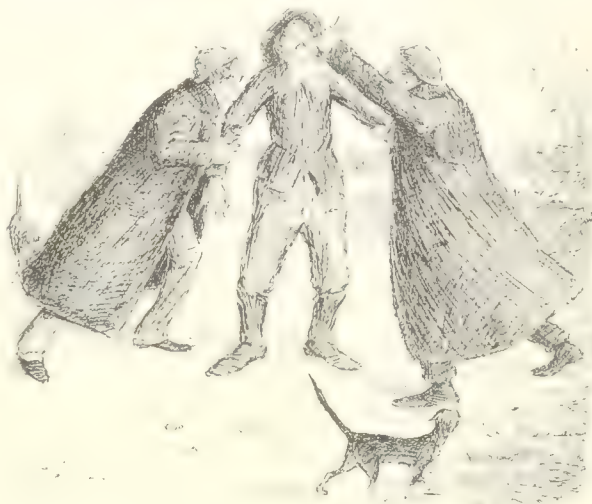
"What?" echoed Davenport.

"Two hundred of them," the farmer went on; "all in bearing; and I intend to sell them just as fast as I can. They are no use in the world to me. Yesterday I should have been glad to take a thousand dollars for the lot; but now I know that every one of them is worth that much."

"Do you mean to say," said Davenport, almost breath-

less with astonishment, "that you have two hundred India-rubber-trees in bearing—real India-rubber-trees, loaded with balls and dolls' heads and pencil erasers and boots and shoes?"

"Certainly," the farmer replied; "and if this good luck had not come, I should have cut them all for firewood before spring. There's nothing surprising about two hundred India-rubber-trees, is there? Here's my



SHAKING A THOUSAND DOLLARS BEFORE HIS FACE.

next-door neighbor has a forest of them, thousands and thousands, and he's a made man. There are millions of them in Wonderland, and we are all made men. But I am satisfied with my little two hundred. They may be worth more than a thousand apiece, for nobody has sold at that price yet, though there have been plenty of offers."

The two agents looked at each other with a queer look in their eyes. The first India-rubber-tree they saw they thought was the only one in the world. The second was a surprise; but they would buy them both. Now they learned that the country was full of them; that they were as plentiful as pine-trees in Georgia. They called in the caravan, and in the evening they congratulated each other on the escape they had made from paying a thousand dollars for a tree that was not worth more than five.

When the caravan set out again in the morning, one of the first things the agents saw was a forest of India-rubber-trees—thousands of them, just as the farmer had said. But try where and how they would, they could not buy a single one, except for a fabulous price. They went on through Wonderland for miles till they reached the other side, but the further they went the worse they found everything. Having great fortunes in their India-rubber-trees, as they thought, the people imagined themselves to be so rich that they would not sell any of their curiosities. In a few days the agents became discouraged, and turned their faces homeward. Not only had they gained nothing by their visit to Wonderland, but they were worse off than when they started, for the living skeleton had gained so much flesh in that salubrious climate that he had lost most of his value as a freak, and the long journey had worn the fat woman away to a mere shadow.

But months afterward, when another stranger visited Wonderland on an entirely different mission, he found the country in a terrible state of confusion. The roads were full of people, as though some great fair were in

progress near by. Many of these people, whole families together, were in big wagons, and the wagons were loaded down with choice provisions and costly goods; for everybody, as the stranger learned, counted himself rich since the great rise in rubber-trees, and money was spent lavishly. An acre of land could not be bought for any price, and the cost of living was enormous. And it was all on account of the unfortunate offers made by the two agents for India-rubber-trees. The farmers had hastened to tell their neighbors, and the neighbors had told *their* neighbors, and the great news had spread rapidly over the whole country. Nobody, to be sure, had yet sold an India-rubber-tree — not a single one — but that was only because everybody was holding back for a still further rise. At last accounts, the people of Wonderland were suffering severely from cold, for nobody would think of cutting down a rubber-tree, and no fuel was to be had.

THE ADVENTURES OF A VERY LITTLE LETTER.

BY LOUISE B. MAYER.

IT was a very little letter, written by a very little girl to her aunty. Ethel was aunty's particular pet. She had barely a year's experience as a school-girl, and one of her first attempts at original composition was this little letter. It was written on a very small sheet of paper (if so small a piece may be dignified by the name of sheet), and enclosed in a little envelope.

But if it was a small letter, there was a great deal of love in it. The whole soul of the writer and all her heart were in her task. The words were by no means as long as spoken ones would be, for Ethel could speak bigger words than she could spell; indeed, she talked very wisely. But when it came to writing, words of one syllable had to answer her purpose; and what wee bits of words they were on paper!

Now Ethel was so happy while writing that the Little Letter caught her spirit, and was delighted to be her messenger. In fact, for such a mite, she began to feel quite important; and when she was enclosed in an envelope, and handed to papa to address and mail, she almost burst with pride.

Papa carried Little Letter down to the post-office in the morning, put a stamp on the envelope, and dropped the wee message into the receiver. Many more letters were there, but none so small as this.

There was a deal of tittering among the letters when they saw this tiny thing. Her arrival caused a great amount of gossip, which was beginning to be annoying to Little Letter, when it was suddenly stopped by a heavy package dropping among them. This almost crushed some and disabled others; and poor Little Letter received a sad shock, but was merely flattened, not crushed. When she revived sufficiently, she heard confused talking. All the letters were demanding by what right the big Package came among them, and whether he did not know that there was a second compartment for his class. They also wished him to know that, although perhaps they might not be quite so large as a Package, letters were proud to say that they were an exclusive set, and allowed none in their company who were not fully entitled to the privilege.

What the result of all this hubbub might have been is not known, for at this moment a clerk came, took the basket, upset its contents upon a table, and began to sort the letters according to their destination. There was a feeling of satisfaction among them when he said that some people never would know that letters and packages have separate receptacles. The big ugly Package scowled, but said nothing, and all the letters tittered at his discomfiture.

There were only five pieces in this basket that were

going to New York city with Little Letter, and two of these were postal cards. Little Letter noticed that postal cards were shunned by letters; that they seemed to belong to a lower class; and one plump, chatty letter took Little Letter under his care, and told her that as she was so small, perhaps she did not know that postal cards were not to be associated with. "For," said he, "they are so barefaced, and can keep nothing to themselves! Now *we* do not tell the world all we know."

One of the postal cards overhearing this, said, "We are neither ashamed nor afraid to have the world know us as we are."

But before an answer could be given, they were all gathered together, and tumbled into a leather pouch with a vast number of other letters, packages, and postal cards. The bag was locked and thrown into a wagon, which immediately rolled away.

They were all pretty well shaken up in the throw, and the ride did not help to settle matters, so that very little conversation was carried on, and what there was, was mostly grumbling.

Poor Little Letter was dreadfully nervous and confused. She had so hoped and wished to enter the great world of action, but now that she was in it, it was so different from what she had pictured it! Here she was, packed in among so many letters of all descriptions — square and oblong; some five inches long, others ten — some small packages and some very large; numerous postal cards and newspapers were here; and nothing in all this vast company so small as herself.

Though still happy to be the bearer of the little girl's message, she was beginning to have fears for her safety, for once or twice a package had almost clasped her in his cordy embrace. She was so small; she saw now how easily she could be lost in this great world; and her ideas of greatness were as yet confined to a leather mail-bag.

At last they arrived at the station just as the train came thundering in. There was a great hurry and bustle, and the mail-bag was flung into the mail-car. It was not long after this that the train started. Little Letter would never have known how fast they were moving if a Newspaper near by had not informed them that this particular express train was trying to "beat the record." It was a comfort to know that they were travelling so fast and yet not feel any jolting; this was so different from their experience in the country wagon.

The Newspaper was very friendly to Little Letter. He not only contained a great deal of information, but he had seen much of the world. He became confidential, and told her that he carried with him a very important article, as well as an editorial on a subject that many people were interested in, and that to him was given the honor to be sent from one to the other of a certain number of friends. He was a great traveller, this Newspaper; he had seen much of the world, and might still see more; so he was able to tell her many things about the journey in store for her. He had gleaned his information from all sources, and knew all about the present trip, for he happened to be lying on a table during a conversation on the mail service before he was mailed himself.

The conversation was interrupted here, and they hastily bade each other good-by before parting forever. The pouch was opened, and they were all upset upon a table before a clerk who sorted and dropped them into separate bags. Little Letter, with many others, was put into the New York bag. As before, her appearance caused comment, but she was so retiring and modest that this soon ceased; and, besides, there was so much to be talked about, and time was short.

It was not long before the train entered the Grand Central Station, and the mail-bag was thrown, with many others, on a hand-car. After a short ride, Little Letter felt herself and her companions flung into a wagon. She

knew she had the honor now of riding in the United States mail-wagon. She looked forward to the rest of her journey with pleasure; she was no longer afraid; she knew the different stages to be gone through, and could calmly await them, for the Newspaper had told her all about it.

Most letters are sent directly to the local post-office; but as she was the only one going to that station, she had an opportunity of seeing the main Post-office. Here she changed company, was stamped, and forwarded to the local office. Then the sorting process occurred again, and once more she was stamped.

The carrier who received her among his letters to be delivered was sorting them according to street and number, when he laughingly called attention to the sizes of two letters going to one person—Little Letter three inches long, and the other twelve inches. The larger letter began at once to domineer, and poor Little Letter was very much annoyed. She was compelled to give an account of herself from the beginning up to the moment of their meeting; after which she was bored with quite an amount of useless information, as often happens to human beings when they meet persons who would like to change the order of the universe.

"You must be modest, and not push yourself forward," said this big blusterer to the modest mite.

She could not avoid wishing for some more friendly companion; all the courage inspired by the Newspaper was ebbing away; and when the letter-carrier made a jesting remark as he handed her and her companion to the servant, who also laughed and joked, Little Letter was given to understand that it was all meant for her. When, however, she was put in the place of honor on the letter-tray, Domineering Letter was wellnigh wild with anger.

"You see," he said, "how you push yourself into notice even after all I have told you! Well, it's a consolation to me to know that it will not be long before you are torn to pieces and thrown into the scrap-basket; or, better still," he added, with fiendish glee, "thrown into the fire and burned!"

Poor Little Letter trembled violently, fearful of such a fate. The basket would be bad enough, but the fire! She shuddered, for she was too good and honest herself to see the envy in Domineering Letter's remarks.

Presently the aunt to whom she was sent came into the room and a hush fell on them both; she, too, noticed the difference in their size, and Domineering Letter could not refrain from giving Little Letter a vicious shove.

"It's from my little Tot," said the aunt, greatly pleased. "And what is this? Oh, only an advertisement!" and without so much as opening the big letter, she tore it up and tossed it into the grate fire. Then she opened and read Little Letter, and was delighted with the message.

What must have been the dying thoughts of Domineering Letter, as the last flames sputtered up, to hear aunt say to her husband, "I am going to keep this letter, just as it is, until Ethel is a young lady, and then I will return it to her—her first attempt at original composition"?

So, after all, our Little Letter has a long lease of life.

TOMMY'S PARTNER.

THEY were the oddest pair—Tommy and his partner; for Tommy was a small lad still in frocks, the partner a big cast-iron lion that ornamented his aunty's front yard. Tommy rode upon his back, hung flowers around his neck, shared his bread and butter with him, daubing his lionship all over in the sharing. Daily, as he went and came, it was, "Mornin', Lion; Evenin', Lion; don't you be scared till Tommy comes back again."

Everybody laughed over the boy's odd fancy—papa most of all. It was he who taught Tommy to talk of "my partner," and told that young person fairy tales of how his partner came to life of nights, and went about to see if Tommy had been good. "Robert, you ought to be ashamed of yourself; that child believes every word you tell him," grandma would say after one of these recitals. Mamma and aunt only laughed over them. Tommy, they thought, would soon outgrow such faith; besides, it was useful sometimes, for Tommy had a very stout will of his own, though his heart was so tender that if mamma said, "I don't think Lion likes boys who do that," he was very apt to stop without more ado.

By-and-by the circus came to town, and Tommy was told that he was to go and see it. Papa told him as well such tales of it all—the horses, the music, the chariots, the beautiful ladies, and clowns, and elephants, and so on—that he quite forgot to pay Lion his customary morning visit. When presently he found himself carried safely in papa's arms through a crowd whose like his small eyes had never seen, he put on the airs of a connoisseur, looked the camels and elephant and giraffe critically over to say, "Me don't like them—ain't like the ones in my Noah's ark." Then they came to the bear cage, and Tommy wanted to "turn the big dog loose." The tiger made him hide his eyes in papa's shoulder—the creature had such yellow fangs and fierce black and yellow stripes. At the next cage he sprang almost out of papa's arms, and began bawling: "They've got my partner an' put a skin an' a tail on 'im, and are goin' to take him away from me. Don't let them, papa; don't! don't! If you do, I'll be just as bad as I can be."

The keeper grinned; Tommy's papa laughed a little uneasily. "Shure, sorr," said the showman, chucking the lad under the chin, "ye must be early in the business—a reg'lar infant phenomenon."

"I ain't! I'm Tommy; an' papa's man, an' mamma's boy," cried Tommy, howling worse than ever; "an' if you don't let my Lion loose to go home with me, I'll tell him to run away with your little boy."

"Hush! hush, Tommy!" said his father. Tommy howled on, and refused to be silent till he was taken home. There he found his partner as usual, and ran to cling about his neck, and finally to fall asleep fondling one cold uplifted paw.

A VALENTINE DISAPPOINTMENT.

AT Christmas dear old Santa was so kind to little May that she saved up all her pennies and put them safe away:

She wanted to present him with a lovely valentine,
And thought she'd have sufficient to get Santa something fine.

She put by every single cent she felt she could afford,
And when the day was nearing, counted up her precious hoard.
She found she had just fifteen cents in pennies bright as gold,
And with this fortune sought the store where valentines were sold.

She bought a lovely valentine, all framed in paper lace,
Surrounded by four Cupids with a smile upon each face,
While in the very centre, in a robe of gold and paint,
Was a grave and stately figure that looked like the good old saint.

The price was only fourteen cents—the envelope one more—
And with her purchase safely wrapped, she left the little store;
Then in her father's study, with his private pen and ink,
She spelled out

MISTER SANTA CLAUS AT HOME, SOMEWHERE'S

Just think!

She was so very happy, until suddenly a thought
Dispelled her dream of pleasure and the tears of sorrow
brought;
They dropped upon the valentine and made the pictures damp—
She had used up all her money, and couldn't buy a stamp.



SPECIAL HUNGER.

JIMMIE, *catching sight of a piece of cake*. "Mamma, I'm awful hungry."

MAMMA. "Very well, deary. Dinner will be ready shortly."

JIMMIE. "I'm not hungry for dinner. I'm hungry for cake."

TWO OF THEM.

"HULLO!" said the Chestnut to the Robin. "What are you?"

"I'm a little bird," said the Robin. "What are you?"

"I'm a little buried too," said the Chestnut.

CUT OUT.

"I THOUGHT you were very much attached to the book," said the plush dog to the picture that had once been in the book.

"I was, and the book was attached to me, but Jimmie cut me out."

"WILL you have a piece of bread?" asked mamma.

"Yes'm, and I want a piece with ribs to it," answered John, who was fond of the crust of bread.

AN OBJECT-LESSON.

"ISN'T it queer," said the mulchage to the cane. "You're a great deal more of a stick than I am, and yet I am stickier than you are."

"I can beat you in another way, though," said the cane.

"How?" asked the mulchage.

"This way," said the stick, as he gave him a beating.

A LIKENESS.

THE letter **H** he knows always—

Though he's but three years young—

"Because it looks so like," he says,

"A ladder with one rung."

IN THE MENAGERIE.

FOX. "Say, Hare, why don't you have a beautiful bushy tail like mine?"

HARE. "Don't want it. Haven't any more use for a hare-brush than a rooster has for his comb."

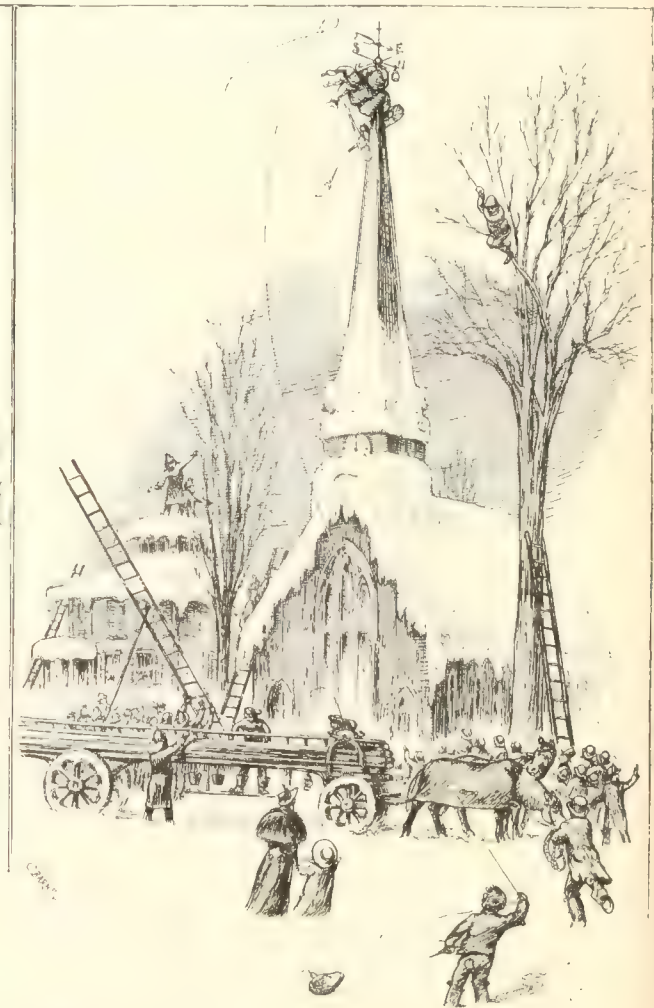
THIS WORD'S NOT IN IT.

HARRY. "Uncle Tom, there's a certain word to be found on nearly every page of your Stormonth's Dictionary, yet it is not defined anywhere in the book."

UNCLE TOM (*somewhat puzzled*). "What word is it?"

HARRY. "Cowboy."

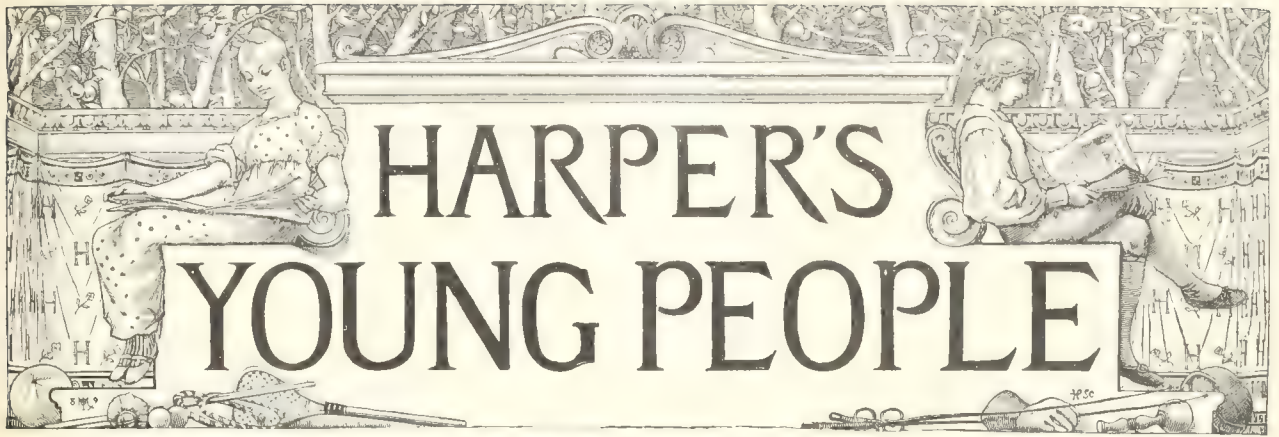
Uncle Tom consults his Stormonth, and finds "cow, boy," at the bottom of every other page. The words are used to illustrate two different sounds of *o*.



IN VIEW OF OUR ECCENTRIC CLIMATE.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH STEEPLE NEEDED PAINTING FOR YEARS, BUT THE CONGREGATION WAS TOO POOR TO EMPLOY "STEEPLE JACK" TO DO THE JOB. BUT AN UNUSUALLY HEAVY FALL OF SNOW MADE IT A SAFE AND EASY MATTER FOR THE LOCAL ARTIST.

HAD NOT A SUDDEN THAW SET IN, WHICH COMPLICATED MATTERS SOMEWHAT.



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S EARLY YEARS.*

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

IV.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S school days were over. His father thought that it was time for him to be done with books and to begin to earn wages, for he could swing an axe as well as any man in Pigeon Creek, or strike as heavy a blow with a beetle. James Taylor wanted him to tend his ferry on the Ohio River. He never had pulled an oar, but it would not take him long to learn how to manage a boat. And so, at the age of seventeen, he is ferrying people across the Ohio River at Gentry's land-

ing. Night and day he must be ready to accommodate travellers. It was not difficult to take a foot-passenger across in a canoe, but it made his arms ache to head a broad flat-bottomed boat up stream with a wagon and team of horses and oxen on board. It was only a pittance that he earned. It was a great event in his life when one day, as he took two men out to a passing steamboat, each gave him a shining silver half-dollar. Never before had he received so much money. He knew not what to think of it. A dollar for a few minutes' labor! The possibilities of life to him were larger than ever before as he pulled back to the landing.

* The first three articles of this series in Nos. 627, 630, and 636.

Katy Roby, whom he had so deftly prompted in spelling, was living at Gentry's landing. No doubt she found it very pleasant to sit with him in his boat on a moonlight evening when Venus was looking down upon them in ethereal beauty, and the new moon sinking towards the horizon.

"The moon does not go down; we do the going down," he said.

"You are a fool, Abraham," Katy replied.

"The earth turns from west to east every twenty-four hours; that makes the moon and stars seem to go down. It is only an illusion," he explained; and Katy wondered where he learned it all.

The boys living at Gentry's landing thought it great fun to catch turtles, and make them draw their heads into their shells by poking them with a stick. Abraham Lincoln did not see any fun in it, and told them that it was cruel, and he thought so much about it that he wrote a composition upon cruelty to animals.

He had seen so much misery and woe come from drinking whiskey, and could discover no reason why men should drink it, that he wrote an article advocating temperance. He showed it to Judge Pitcher, who kindly allowed him to take books from his library to read; and the Judge in turn showed it to Mr. Farmer, a minister, who had it published in a newspaper. So this ferry-boy, several years before the beginning of the great temperance movement throughout the country, did what he could to persuade people not to drink intoxicating liquors.

Abraham Lincoln had not seen much of the world, never had been more than twenty miles from home, but was so self-reliant that James Gentry, who kept a store, and who had a large quantity of corn and pork which he desired to sell, told him that he would give him eight dollars a month, besides his board, if he would go with his son down the Mississippi River on a flat-boat to Memphis, Vicksburg, and New Orleans, to dispose of the cargo.

Eight dollars a month! Bow-hand on a flat-boat! A chance to see things! Of course he would go.

The flat-boats, or "broad horns," as the people called them, were fifty or sixty feet in length, twenty wide; tall straight sycamore-trees hewn with axes into timbers one foot in thickness formed the sides; the bottom was of plank, made tight by caulking. There were broad oars, or "sweeps," as they were called, at the bow and stern. The broad horns floated with the current during the day, but when night came they were tied to trees, and the boatmen went to sleep on their beds of straw in a little cabin. They had a frying-pan and a few dishes. Their food was bacon, salt pork, potatoes, and corn-bread, cooked over a fire built on mud laid on the bottom of the boat. If, during the day, there was a strong wind, it required a good deal of skill to keep the boat in the current as they swept the many windings of the river. Down the Ohio into the Mississippi floated the Indiana broad horn; Abraham Lincoln was bow oarsman. Other boats from the Ohio, from the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, from the Illinois, from St. Louis, were floating on the mighty stream, loaded with corn, pork, beef, whiskey, pigs, or horses and cattle. Steamboats were going with the stream or against it, the fires of the furnaces glowing, the engines puffing, their shrill whistles waking the echoes of the forest. The great waterway of the nation was quick with life.

We may be sure that Abraham Lincoln saw all that was going on. It may be taken for granted that one who had already written about the Constitution and the Union saw what his fellow-boatmen did not see in the swift-moving steamboats and the great procession of flat-boats—the future greatness of the commerce of the nation.

In New Orleans he beheld a long line of steamers moored to the levee, and a forest of masts where the sea-going ships were anchored—ships from New York, Bos-

ton, Liverpool, London, and all the world's great seaports—loading with cotton, corn, wheat, whiskey, and other products of the South and West. Planters, merchants, sailors from foreign lands, boatmen, creoles, negroes, mulattoes were upon the levees. There was a jargon of voices—English, French, Spanish—a babel never before heard by the boatman from Pigeon Creek. He was, as it were, in a strange land, where a large proportion of the population spoke a foreign language.

The cargo sold, he returned to Pigeon Creek. It had been an educational trip. During the few weeks he had learned many things which he never could have learned from books.

This flat-boatman of Pigeon Creek had reached a period in life which has come to many other boys—the period of restlessness and discontent. His father wanted him to be a carpenter and joiner—to handle the saw, to frame buildings, plane boards, drive nails, use the chisel and auger. We need not wonder that Abraham Lincoln wanted to do something else, or that his spirit rebelled against choosing such an occupation to be followed through life. He had seen a little of the world—life on the Mississippi and in a bustling city. It is not probable that he had any definite idea as to what he would like to do, but he was sure that he did not want to plane boards, bore holes, and make mortises. He had earned eight dollars a month, or sixteen dollars during the two months' labor as boatman, which he gave to his father. Pigeon Creek was dull and unattractive. Why not leave home and strike out for himself? Why not cut loose forever from his father and mother and be a man? Why stay two years longer till he would be of age, handing over to his father his earnings? Such questions came to him, as they have to many others. Yes, he would go. But would it not be wise to ask William Wood about it? He had great respect for William Wood, who would tell him just what he ought to do.

"No, Abraham," said William, "you must not go away from your father till you can go rightfully. You are in duty bound to do what your father wants you to till you are twenty-one. You need not be a carpenter through life, but you are to be an obedient son till you are legally free to act for yourself. It is your duty and obligation."

That settled it. Duty and obligation were words to be revered. And so Abraham Lincoln went back to his father's house, as went the Child of Nazareth, to be obedient to his parents. There was no frown upon his face, no rebellion of spirit. He was doing his duty, and was happy.

THADDEUS-OF-WARSAW TOOTS.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

IN the office of a steamship company in this city, a few days ago, I saw a large pasteboard box addressed to "Thaddeus-of-Warsaw Toots, Nassau, care Purser of S.S. *Cienfuegos*." The shape of the box, and the label of a well-advertised clothing firm on one corner, left no doubt that it contained a suit of clothes to protect Thaddeus from the chilly blasts of winter in his tropical home, where in extreme cases the thermometer sometimes falls as low as 60°.

Thaddeus-of-Warsaw being an old friend of mine, I was much interested in the box; the more so, perhaps, because I knew that not only these clothes, but many other good things that go in the same direction, are the results of faithful service performed while the little mahogany-colored West Indian was a resident for a short time of this country.

But how, you will ask, does any boy in the world happen to have such a remarkable name as Thaddeus-of-Warsaw Toots? Like most things, it is plain enough

when you understand it. Toots being his family name, for which he is in no way responsible, the heroic "Thaddeus-of-Warsaw" was suggested as a front name by some joking white man, and was promptly adopted by his parents. Colored parents in the West Indies are fond of grandiloquent names for their children, and dusky Julius Cæsars, Dukes of Wellington, and Richard Whittingtons are common on all the British islands. It does not seem natural, however, to write of him by his full name, for in Nassau his only title is "Tootsey."

Like all Nassau boys, Tootsey had a burning desire to come to America. Coaxing American visitors to bring them to New York for servants is a standard industry with the colored boys of the "Isle of June." They all have the same watchword, and it is, "Boss, does you want a boy to go to New York?" They begin this at a stranger the moment he sets foot on shore, and keep it up until he leaves. I had brought several Nassau boys home with me at various times, and perhaps had established something of a reputation in that line, so on my last visit, about two years ago, I was prepared to be besieged by boys, and I was not disappointed. Tootsey was my first applicant.

I wish you could have seen him as I first saw him. I had just landed from the tender that took us ashore, with my hands full of satchels, and was walking toward the hotel, when Tootsey stepped up and relieved me of my burden. He must have been then about fourteen years old, and was as handsome a little son of the tropics as you can imagine. Too dark for a mulatto, with skin nearly the color of an old coppercent, a red spot in each cheek, rich brown eyes, and teeth like rows of pearls. He was barefoot, and his shirt was open almost to the waist, displaying his chest and his velvety skin. He was full of life and spirits. We had not gone a block before he asked the inevitable question, "Boss, does you want a boy to go to New York?"

I only laughed in reply, but before we had gone much farther a colored fellow, as black as night and over six feet high, made his way up to us, and asked in a low tone "Boss, does you want a boy to go to New York?"

I soon shook this new applicant off, and then asked Tootsey, whose name I had learned, "Do all the boys in Nassau still wish to go to New York?"

"Ebery one of us, boss," he answered. "We's all done want to git away, boss. But you take me, boss, an' I be a good boy to you, suah!"

The six-footer with the ebony face I thought reached the climax of humor for "a boy" to take to New York,

but there was something better to come before we reached the hotel. Two girls, both young women full grown, both barefooted, and both coal black, came up to me. This time the formula was altered by one word, "Boss, does you want a *girl* to go to New York?"

Visions of a procession of these dusky West Indians trailing up Broadway behind me led me to answer this time, "I don't know but that I may take a few boys and girls up with me this time, but I am not going for a month or so yet."

This thoughtless answer caused me endless bother and amusement while I remained in Nassau. The word went from mouth to mouth, and I was besieged at all hours, and in the most impossible places. One day, when I was out fishing in a sail-boat, a dory drew alongside, and its young occupant shouted out the inevitable question, "Boss, does you want a boy to go to New York?" Every bell-boy in the hotel asked me the same thing a score of times at least, and I believe that boys came in from the adjacent islands to see me. I was stranded one time in the middle of the island, some miles from Nassau, with a broken-down conveyance, and stopped at a negro's house to buy some fruit to eat.

"Ain't done got nothin' full," was the reply from the woman of the house; "not even a Chaney orange. Boss, does you want a boy to go to New York?"

But Tootsey had marked me for his own, and had no mind to let me escape. On the first afternoon he brought me a jelly cocoa-nut and a stalk of sugar-cane—two of the greatest luxuries in life, as he regarded them. He brought me flowers and oranges, and, unlike most of the others, he never begged. He watched for me at the hotel door, he ran after my carriage when I went to drive, he never let me out of his sight when he could help it; and with his good looks and good humor, his willingness and occasional usefulness, I took a fancy to him.

"But what can you do if I take you to New York, Tootsey?" I asked him one day. "What use will you be to me there?"

"Oh, boss," he answered, with a shade of reproach in his tone, "you hain't done seen me dive!"

This was a qualification, to be sure! At his earnest solicitation I went down to the wharf with him, through the little park, where the water, clear as air, is about twenty feet deep, and full of sharks. His light trousers made a capital swimming suit, and throwing off shirt and hat, he plunged boldly in after the coppers I tossed overboard. He was a beautiful swimmer and diver. Throw them where I would, not a copper of them all reached the bottom. One by one Tootsey returned with them in his mouth, and in a few minutes all my coppers had been transferred from my pockets to his, and he was capering in the sun to dry his trousers.

"But I cannot keep you diving all the time in New York," I told him. "What else can you do?"

Tootsey, having resumed his clothing, took off his hat to let the air strike his shiny wool while he tried to think of some other accomplishment. He was lost in thought for a moment, and then he exclaimed, "You hain't been seen me dance de Congo yet, boss!"

The Congo is an African dance that was brought over from Africa by some of the older negroes, and one that they consider extremely difficult. He danced it on the spot, showing great dexterity and lightness of foot, and we returned to the hotel.

As my time for starting for New York approached, Tootsey began to show signs of anxiety, for I had said nothing about bringing him with me. But I had decided to do it. It became necessary then to see Tootsey's parents, and one afternoon he led the way to their house, over the hill in Grantstown. He was wild with delight that day, and turned hand-springs and danced Congoes



"TOOTSEY."

all along the white road. If Tootsey was a picture, the place in which he lived was a proper setting for him. The house was a shanty, with rough stone walls and a thatched roof, standing under an immense silk-cotton tree. The little yard, also walled with stone, was full of orange and lime trees, and bananas and yams growing under them. I did not see the interior of the house, for the whole family were in the front yard, gathered around a little stone oven, where their supper was cooking. There were brothers and sisters in plenty, of all sizes and shades, and the result of a brief conference was that Tootsey was duly put into my hands.

But before the time of our departure arrived another mail came in, and I found that it was necessary for me to start at once in the opposite direction, taking a steamer for the south side of Cuba, and returning to New York by another route. This put Tootsey out of the question for me, for I could not take him on this long journey, and the poor boy was inconsolable. I was not the only American in the hotel, however, who had thoughts of bringing a Nassau boy to New York; and before I started, I found "an opening" for Tootsey with a wealthy gentleman who has a beautiful home on the west bank of the Hudson. This gentleman's little six-year-old son, as I learned on my return to New York, soon made fast friends with the owner of the wonderful name, and they remained inseparable companions, until one day death entered the happy home, and carried the little boy away.

It was while this beautiful boy lay fatally ill with scarlet fever that Tootsey showed what a faithful heart can beat inside a mahogany-colored skin. Although the danger was fully explained to him, he could not be coaxed or driven from the child's bedside, and there he watched by day and lay on a rug on the floor by night, till watching, alas! was no longer necessary. Then he went to bed himself, not to leave it till, weeks afterward, he came out little more than a shadow.

That accounts for the box of clothes that is going down to Nassau by the next steamer, and for sundry other parcels that go down frequently, and for various post-office orders drawn to the order of Thaddeus-of-Warsaw Toots. Tootsey was faithful to his trust, and he is a made man. I wish we could all see him trying to climb a cocoa-nut-tree in his new "store clothes"!

SOME BIRTHDAYS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

IN the State of Virginia, near Pope's Creek, a small tributary of the Potomac, a stone marks the site of a house burned down, unfortunately, nearly a century and a half ago. Old records describe it as having been a primitive farm-house, with a gambrel-roof, low projecting eaves, and windows with tiny latticed panes of glass. Two rooms each side of the wide hall made up the lower floor, and above were the same, with some queer recessed cupboards, while at either end huge chimneys told of the generous hearths and fireplaces which gave the quaint little homestead its air of good cheer.

In this house, February 22, 1732, occurred the *first* of George Washington's birthdays, celebrated only by the loving welcome his father and his beautiful young mother gave to him, little dreaming that sixty-five years later a whole nation would be doing honor to the day on which the "Father of his Country" first saw the light.

The old house, as I have said, was burned down in Washington's boyhood. When, sixteen years after his death, young George W. Parke Custis sought the place, only a tangle of shrubbery, old apple-trees, weeds, and lichen-covered stones marked its site; but, with proper veneration for a hallowed spot, he erected a tablet to tell the present and future generations that there had stood

the dwelling of the Washingtons when their famous son was born.

The years rolled on, events crowding rapidly, birthdays too often marked by anxieties, heavy care for the struggling colonists, and only now and again do we hear of anything like a "keeping" of the day during the perilous years of the Revolution. Once, more to inspire her husband and his officers with good heart, and to cheer them over a very dark hour, Mrs. Washington attempted at headquarters to make a little homelike celebration of the 22d. I wonder, when she and her faithful attendant ransacked the larder to set forth on the supper table the best it could afford to do honor to her husband's birthday, how she would have felt could her loving eyes have looked down the vista of years, and seen young and old, school-boy and statesman, celebrating the day as a national festival—a date memorable and important for the whole civilized world? On the occasion I refer to, Washington is said to have been somewhat distressed at his good wife's abundant table, for it was a time when famine was nearer than plenty; but his younger officers entered heartily into the spirit of the impromptu festival, and an old negro being found who could play the fiddle, a decorous dance was indulged in.

It was in 1793, during Washington's administration, that the idea of observing his birthday with public demonstrations originated. The ladies connected with what has been wrongly called the "Republican Court" were first to encourage the idea, and dinners and balls were proposed, while some special testimonial to the chief was advised. But a storm of opposition arose from a political party who tried on all occasions to belittle the first President's claim to anything personal in the way of homage or attention. They declared that to celebrate the day would be but the beginning of a monarchy. They stormed and raved, and said many bitter and unjust things of the man whose fidelity, skill, patience, and endurance had led them out of bondage. But the other side won the day, and February 22, 1793, the sixty-first birthday of George Washington, was celebrated with some display, but not so generally as in the years which followed.

A few years later, when on the eve of retirement from his exciting public life, a birthday celebration occurred which well deserves recording. The opposition to honoring February 22d had quite died away, and all hands and hearts and heads joined in making this festival of 1797 as brilliant as possible. In an old letter I have seen there is an account of the day's festivities, written by a young matron to her absent husband, which her great-grandchildren carefully preserve to-day, together with the fan she carried on that memorable occasion. The afternoon was devoted to what was then called a "drawing-room" like the "levee" of to-day—when General and Mrs. Washington received their friends. It was, says another eye-witness, "affecting beyond all expression by its being in some degree a parting scene. Mrs. Washington was moved to tears. I never saw the President look better or in finer spirits. But his emotions were too powerful to be concealed. He could sometimes scarcely speak." The lady I have quoted went "grandly dressed" to the ball given in the evening at the Philadelphia Amphitheatre. The crowd was tremendous. When the President and his wife appeared, cheers rent the air. It was the greatest ovation he had ever received. Nor did the homage end with the ball. After the President was in bed and asleep, a band serenaded him, repeating "Yankee Doodle" five times, hoping to arouse him; but he must have had a very easy conscience, as he slept through it all, and was amazed and mortified on being told of it next day!

The story of one birthday was told me by a very venerable old gentleman, whose noble and interesting life—extending over more than ninety years—passed away in 1882. A "spell" of wet weather kept us in-doors at Col-

onel B——'s country-house, but swiftly the hours flew, my aged host being glad to tell us stories of his childhood, the incidents of which, as is frequently the case with very old people, being clearer to his mind even than events of a year or two previous. He was a lad of about seven years, he said, when his mother took him to spend the day with General and Mrs. Washington, who were making a brief visit in the neighborhood. He had heard, of course, much of the great General, and somehow had conceived a fear of him, which made him hope something would interfere with the visit. But no such ill luck befell him, and his spirits were cheered by the fact that a new suit of clothes with astonishing brass buttons came home from the tailor's for the occasion. They drove in a coach or chariot to the house where the Washingtons were staying, and just before they reached their destination, Colonel B—— remembered his mother's saying, "W——, this is General Washington's birthday, and I want you to say something pretty to him." The little chap probably looked alarmed, for his mother hastened to add, "You might say you hope the good Lord will spare him to our people many, many years to come."

Well, he repeated the little speech over and over. Then they were at the house, and Colonel B—— said he perfectly remembered what his impression of the famous Washington was as he saw him first, in the library, standing near the fireplace, his hands clasped behind his back, his shoulders squared, and his head well lifted. No picture, he said, that he had ever seen gave the peculiar penetrating look of the eyes, and there was certainly less severity in his face than the portraits show. He said—child as he was—he felt as if the great man had some *sadness* on his mind, doubtless the shadow of all those years of anxiety for his country and his people. Mrs. Washington was knitting in a window. She looked, as he expressed it, "like such a *kind* woman." When the General patted him on his head and smiled upon him, he tried to make his little speech, but in the confusion of the moment said, "I hope the good Lord will spare *me* to the people!" In the laugh which followed, and the explanation, he contrived to get out of the room, and did not see the great man again until tea-time, when he recalled his quiet but decided way of speaking, and his very moderate eating and drinking. Before Colonel B—— and his mother came away, Mrs. Washington presented him with a little inlaid box to remember the day by, and that box rests now on a shelf in a cabinet which holds many another souvenir—among them a ring Washington gave himself to Colonel B——'s father, and a jewelled miniature of the Marquis de Lafayette, presented by the sitter to the Colonel a few years after the death of Washington.

Very soon all recollections of Revolutionary days will gather the vagueness which comes when the last "eye-witnesses" have been long in their graves; so these reminiscences, however brief or fragmentary, have a value of their own, and may perhaps give our celebration of the 22d day of February, 1892, a more personal interest.

HELEN'S SECRET.

BY LOUISE GODFREY.

THE long summer day was drawing to a close; the sun, sinking to rest behind the Pike Hills, cast long shadows across the white dusty road that ran parallel with the shore of the lake. The tall trees and shrubs which clothed the hills in shaded greens stood motionless. No stir was in the hot air; no gentle breeze was alive to cool their parched leaves or breathe among their drooping branches.

The farming town of Pikesville, situated midway between the lake and the Peak, the highest mountain of the Pike range, seemed deserted. Work was indeed at a

stand-still. Pikesville could not recall, even "in the memory of the oldest inhabitant," so hot a season. If the post-office and shops had not been open, one might



"PAPA, PAPA," SHE CRIED, "I SENT HER OUT ON THE LAKE."

have believed the day to have been Sunday, the generally busy streets were so quiet.

A half-mile beyond the town, on the shore of the lake, was a boat-house, to whose dock were moored a number of skiffs and sail-boats. These were let by Moses Blake by the day or hour, for a small consideration, to the many for work, and the few for pleasure. The lake, besides holding inducements to the idler in the way of afternoon rows or picturesque moonlight sails, promised to the industrious a plentiful supply of trout and perch. Being the only boatman on the eastern lake-side, Moses Blake, who was also a farmer, earned many an honest penny by his boats.

Behind the boat-house, and half-way up the slope of a verdant meadow, was his old-fashioned comfortable dwelling. In the shadiest corner of its broad piazza were seated Margaret Blake, Moses Blake's only daughter, and her friend Helen Armstrong, both engaged in conversation.

"I don't care," said Margaret, crossly, as she energetically fanned her pink and white sun-bonnet to and fro. "I think you might tell me. We've been friends all our lives, without one secret from each other, and now you go and have one from me. It's too bad."

"Well, I have been thinking some time about telling you, but you must wait a little longer. Don't get so angry about it."

"You might trust *me*, Helen, just as well as Ned, and you've told him."

"But, my dear," answered Helen, "Ned is in the secret with me, and so will you be soon, perhaps to-morrow. Can't you wait till then?"

Margaret did not answer. Her blue eyes, which had now a gleam of anger in them, were bent upon the boat-

house, where, under the shade of some large willows which overhung the shore, were her father and brother. Standing knee-deep in the water, they were sponging the boats to keep them from blistering and cracking.

They were then sponging a comparatively new boat. Margaret could make out its name as she sat painfully upright in her chair. It was the *Eva*, joint owners of which were Helen and Louis Armstrong, her brother Ned, and herself. The purchase-money had been carefully saved and added to bit by bit all the previous winter, and in the spring, when the boat was finished and launched, no four young people were happier, nor more envied by their companions, than these proud owners of the *Eva*.

"Margie dear," said Helen, her sweet face flushing, "are you really going to be silly and get angry? It's not much of a secret, but I have promised not to tell till to-morrow. Can't you wait till then?"

"Oh, so lofty!" grumbled Margaret. "Of course, if you *won't* tell, one excuse is as good as another. No, I'm not angry, Helen, and I do not believe your old secret's worth getting angry about, either. Keep it to yourself, if you want to. I'm sure *I* do not want to know it."

Helen rose to her feet, saying, in the coldest manner possible, "Well, Margaret, if you do not want to know, you *seem* to, and if you are not angry, I certainly am. You have not been over-polite to me to-day, and now I am going home."

"Go, if you want to; I don't care," retorted Margaret; "and don't come again till you are better-natured."

"Maybe I shall never come again," Helen answered. She left the piazza, and passed through the gateway; but instead of going to her home, which was in the direction of the hills, she turned down the road towards the lake.

"Oh dear! what have I done now?" cried impulsive Margaret, as she hastened after her friend. "She came to stay all night, and now she has gone away real mad. We never had such a quarrel before. Shall I go after her?" By this time she had reached the gate, where she stopped to think. The more she thought, the more doubtful she became as to the course to pursue. At last she allowed her pride to overcome her, and she walked back to the house, trying to content herself by saying, "It's just as much her fault as mine, and she can make up first." Reasoning thus, it was very easy to consider herself the abused one, and she thought it too bad that she should have an afternoon's pleasure so spoiled.

Certainly the warm bright sunlight had been taken from them during their war of words, and the air was heavy and more lifeless than ever. The summer twilight crept up the valley, casting long shadows over hill and dale. Was it that also which cast a shadow upon Margaret's heart as she turned her face from the last glimpse of the sunset, and went in-doors?

Half an hour later, with the coming on of night, arrived the long-looked-for change in the weather. On the Peak was the change first visible. The trees' sturdy boughs, slender twigs, and green leaves, so motionless an hour before, were now continually bending and swaying. The wind, which seemed suddenly to have sprung into life, was blowing and moaning among them, and becoming every moment more violent. At last, gathering all its forces together, it burst into a small tornado. Bearing down the slope of the mountain, it uprooted flower and vegetable gardens, tore gates from their hinges, sent milk-cans spinning from one end of the yard to the other, and laughed with fiendish delight as it tore along in its mad career.

Margaret and her father, who had been sitting by an open window, hastened outside to bring in the piazza chairs, which by this time were frantically rocking backwards and forwards.

Suddenly their eyes were blinded by a vivid flash of

lightning. Another and another flash followed the first, and then with a crash the thunder ushered in the rain. The very sky seemed to have fallen. The rain blew in sheets, now in one direction, now in another, till every blade of grass, every leaf, and even the little road-side pebbles were dripping wet. On the mountain the lightning played incessantly, the blue zigzag flashes outlining for an instant the whole Peak. Then, plunged in darkness again, the outside world seemed darker than ever. The high wind moderated when the rain came, but still it wept mournfully around the corners of the farm-house.

"Why did not Ned come up from the boat-house with you, papa?" asked Margaret. "He didn't have anything else to do there."

"No, not there," her father answered; "but I sent him to the village on an errand. Probably he stopped to see Louis Armstrong. Hark, here he is now, and Louis with him."

And listening, they heard the gate close, and steps sound along the walk. The house door, which led directly into the sitting-room, opened, and in walked, or, rather, in blew, two tall drenched lads, worn out with battling against the storm.

"Where *have* you been?" exclaimed Margaret.

"Been swimming, seems like, doesn't it?" laughed Louis, as he brushed the raindrops from his hat. "Where is Nell?"

"I don't know," Margaret answered, surprised at the question. "She went home early. Why?"

"No, Nell isn't at home, for we have just come from there. Started out before the storm came up, or rather before the rain began. Mother said that she was here to spend the night. So as Ned asked me, I came along for the evening. We had hard enough work getting here too."

"I should think so," interrupted Ned. "The wind 'most blew us down into the lake. It must be blowing like Jack Robinson there now."

"It's funny where Helen is, though," persisted Louis. "We couldn't have passed her on the way, for we came straight from home."

"She got angry about something," said Margaret, looking rather foolish as the memory of their quarrel returned to her, "and went home by way of the boat-house. She must have forgotten about staying all night."

"By the boat-house!" exclaimed Louis. "You don't suppose -"

"We will not suppose anything," interrupted Mr. Blake, "but go at once to find her. Ned, get the barn lantern. It's as dark as Egypt outside. She won't be able to find her way. I only hope she hasn't caught her death of cold. However, do not worry, daughter. We will bring her right back, so have tea ready. But what is the matter? Are you afraid to be left alone?"

For Margaret, with white face and trembling lips, stood motionless in the centre of the room, her hands nervously clasped together, and her eyes full of tears. "Oh, papa," she sobbed, "bring her back if anything has happened!"

"There, there, daughter, don't worry. Probably she ran into some neighbor's to escape the rain, or she may be waiting at the boat-house till we go for her, so we must hurry." And the men went out and closed the door.

Margaret rushed to the window. With her face pressed against the pane, she followed them by the lantern's glimmer till a curve in the road hid them from her view. Then she was left alone with the storm. But it was not so bad now. The thunder and lightning were passing by, and the rain fell more quietly. The wind too was less boisterous. It had changed into that low moaning sound that one does not mind when in the midst of a happy throng, but which has a very homesick sound to

one left all alone, with only the ticking of a tall clock for company. It was too much for Margaret, who covered her face with her hands, and, throwing herself into a chair, cried as if her heart would break.

The possibility of Helen being out on the lake in such a storm—the picture of her dear face going down in the black troubled waters—the thought was too dreadful. No, she must not think of it. Her father said that he would bring her right back, and supper must be ready for them. So, drying her eyes, and donning a pretty white apron, she went about her household tasks.

The supper cloth was laid, the quaint silver and glass shone in the candle-light, the biscuits were done to a turn, and still they did not come. At last, tired of running from window to oven, Margaret decided to let the biscuits go, and creeping into the big window-seat, began an anxious watch for her father. What if he shouldn't bring her! This thought came to her again and again, till the waiting became unbearable, and slipping down from her seat, she prepared to go after the searchers.

"Papa won't mind," she thought, as she snuffed the candles. "There isn't any danger, and the storm is almost over. I'm sure I'm doing right, for I can't stay behind and worry so."

With her hand on the latch, she paused, gazing into the room to see that everything was secure. Then, wrapping her water-proof closer, she shut the door, and ran out into the night. The walk to the boat-house had never seemed so long to her before, nor the rocks and trees so queer and unearthly.

"The storm has made me nervous," she murmured, as she sped onward. "I always did hate thunder and lightning."

When in the dark and the rain the boat-house loomed in sight, her strength utterly failed her. She seemed to hear some one whisper in her ear, "You said you wished she never would come back, and she never will—never will."

Gathering what strength she could, she pushed the door open and passed into the one big room where the oars, sails, and rigging of the boats were kept. No one was there, but on the end of the pier that ran out into the lake was a little twinkle of light. Margaret followed it, and found it to be a lantern which her father held. Standing on the steps that led down into the water, he was giving some commands to other men, who, seated in a row-boat, awaited the order to "pull away."

"Oh, papa!" the girl cried, as she grasped her father's arm, "I could not stay behind and worry so. I had to come. What are they going out on the lake for? Papa, what is it? Where is Helen?"

Her father, with a last word to the men, put his arm around her, and half carrying her, led her back to the boat-house. The men pushed off, their lights bobbing up and down on the turbulent waves, looking like fallen stars.

"My dear child," Mr. Blake said, as Margaret raised her questioning, tearful eyes to his, "do not worry so. We will surely find her. Louis has gone for his father, and when they come back we are going to examine the shores. All the boats I have are out, and—"

"But, papa," Margaret interrupted, "why do you think she is out on the lake?"

"Because, daughter"—and Mr. Blake's strong voice trembled as he answered—"on the wall, in the place of the *Eva's* oars, we found this scrap of paper addressed to you."

Margaret eagerly grasped the little note. It was not long, and each word was burned into her heart as she read:

"DEAR MARGIE,—This is to tell you if you come down for the *Eva*, that I have taken her. Our conversation

on your stoop was rather a hot one, don't you think so? So I'm going out on the lake to try to cool off. Come down to-morrow, and we will go blackberrying.

"HELEN."

Not one word accusing her of her thoughtless words. Oh! if there only had been, it would have been less hard to bear. Then turning to her father and gazing up into his face in such an agonizing way that the tears came to his eyes:

"Papa, papa," she cried, "I sent her out on that lake, and if she never comes back, if— Oh, oh, papa! I feel like a murderer!"

With a bitter heart-broken sob she stepped towards him, tottered, and fell into his arms unconscious, too soon to hear the glad ringing shout from many throats that came pealing across the water—the cry of "Found! found! Hurrah!"

The night, with its anxiety and awful storm, was passed. It was day. A gentle breeze was blowing, and a warm summer's sun was smiling down over all, giving out just enough heat to make the shadowy places by tree and brook-side more inviting. Farmer Blake, after the search of the night before, felt unequal to a day's work in the fields, so he had taken a holiday. In an old arm-chair, surrounded by hollyhock, four-o'clock, and wild-rose beds, he sat fast asleep.

In the farm-house everything, as usual, was quiet and orderly. The doors and windows stood open to the welcome breeze that came stealing in to stir the pretty muslin curtains, or rustle among the draperies at bed and dressing-table. It fanned the face of a young girl who lay on a couch by an open window. Her large wistful blue eyes were gazing out on the waters of the lake that rippled and danced in the glorious sunlight. Her face wore a very mournful expression, and her thoughts could not have been very happy ones, for ever and anon big tears would well up in her eyes. Then, brushing them hastily away, she would endeavor to fix her attention upon a book which she held. At last she threw it aside.

"I can't help thinking of Helen, and wondering if she will come," she said, half aloud, as if talking to herself. "Papa said she was all right this morning, and that she asked for me. If I had not been so silly and fainted last night, we might have made up then; but I did, and this morning I am not well enough to walk down there, and I suppose she won't come here first. After the way I treated her yesterday, I'm sure I don't blame her. What is the use of having friends anyway, if we are going to be so mean to them all the time?" Here something caused her to turn her head, and standing in the doorway was her friend, waiting for just one word before she came to her. "Helen! oh, Helen!"

Margaret reached out her hands; and Helen, crossing the room and kneeling down beside the couch, gathered her friend in her arms. At first neither spoke. Indeed, words would but poorly have expressed all that they felt in their hearts.

"I wondered if you'd come, dear," Margaret said at last. "I thought you would when you heard I couldn't go to you. I hardly deserve, though, that you should be here, after the way I treated you yesterday. And—no, don't interrupt," as Helen endeavored to speak, "for I must say it—I'm awfully sorry. I want you to forgive me for all the mean things I said to you yesterday. I was just horrid, I know."

"Margie dear, listen to me," and Helen took both her friend's hands in hers. "Do you think you can take all the blame on yourself? Don't you know that I began it? You wouldn't have been one bit impolite if I had not



HELEN GATHERED HER FRIEND IN HER ARMS.

acted in such a tantalizing way. It was more my fault than yours, and do you think I am going to let you ask forgiveness of me?"

"We had better ask it of each other then," answered Margaret. "But, Helen, don't let's ever quarrel again. Ever since yesterday I have had such a heartache. I never knew before how much we were to each other; and then when I thought I should never see you again, I—" Here she threw her arms around her friend's neck and sobbed aloud.

"But, Margie"—and Helen's eyes danced with fun as she asked—"how about the secret?"

"Hush, dear!" Margaret said. "Please never say 'secret' to me again. It has been a lesson to me I think I shall never forget. If I haven't learned to trust you during all these years we have known each other, it is too late now; but I have, I have, and you may have as many secrets from me as you want. I won't care. I shall love and trust you just the same. But *this* secret we will never talk about, will we?"

"No, Margie," answered Helen. "But do you know, I am almost glad, after all, that this has happened, for it only shows how dear to each other friends are in spite of silly secrets and quick tempers. And I am sure I shall never try to tease you again."

The two girls gazed into each other's eyes a moment, and then, bending forward, kissed each other. And for many years this memory of an untold secret proved to be a silent talisman that each felt near her heart, helping to keep the bond of friendship ever fresh and true.

THE BÉNITOU'S SLAVE.

BY KATE CHOPIN.

OLD Uncle Oswald believed he belonged to the Bénitous, and there was no getting the notion out of his head. Monsieur tried every way, for there was no sense in it. Why, it must have been fifty years since the Bénitou owned him. He had belonged to others since, and had later been freed. Besides, there was not a Bénitou left in the parish now, except one rather delicate woman, who lived with her little daughter in a corner of Natchitoches town, and constructed "fashionable millinery." The family had dispersed, and almost vanished, and the plantation as well had lost its identity.

But that made no difference to Uncle Oswald. He was always running away from Monsieur—who kept him out of pure kindness—and trying to get back to those Bénitous.

More than that, he was constantly getting injured in such attempts. Once he fell into the bayou and was nearly drowned. Again he barely escaped being run down by an engine. But another time, when he had been lost two days, and finally discovered in an unconscious and half-dead condition in the woods, Monsieur and Doctor Bonfils reluctantly decided that it was time to "do something" with the old man.

So, one sunny spring morning, Monsieur took Uncle Oswald in the buggy, and drove out to Natchitoches with him, intending to take the evening train for the institution in which the poor creature was to be cared for.

It was quite early in the afternoon when they reached town, and Monsieur found himself with several hours to dispose of before train-time. He tied his horses in front of the hotel—the quaintest old stuccoed house, too absurdly unlike a "hotel" for anything—and entered. But he left Uncle Oswald seated upon a shaded bench just within the yard.

There were people occasionally coming in and going out; but no one took the smallest notice of the old negro drowsing over the cane that he held between his knees. The sight was common in Natchitoches.

One who passed in was a little girl about twelve, with dark, kind eyes, and daintily carrying a parcel. She was dressed in blue calico, and wore a stiff white sun-bonnet, extinguisher fashion, over her brown curls.

Just as she passed Uncle Oswald again, on her way out, the old man, half asleep, let fall his cane. She picked it up and handed it back to him, as any nice child would have done.

"Oh, thankee, thankee, missy," stammered Uncle Oswald, all confused at being waited upon by such a little lady. "You is a putty li'le gal. Wat's yo' name, honey?"

"My name's Susanne; Susanne Bénitou," replied the girl.

Instantly the old negro stumbled to his feet. Without an instant's hesitancy he followed the little one out through the gate, down the street, and around the corner.

It was an hour later that Monsieur, after a distracted search, found him standing upon the gallery of the tiny house in which Madame Bénitou kept "fashionable millinery."

Mother and daughter were sorely perplexed to comprehend the intentions of the venerable servitor, who stood, hat in hand, persistently awaiting their orders.

Monsieur understood and appreciated the situation at once, and he has prevailed upon Madame Bénitou to accept the gratuitous services of Uncle Oswald for the sake of the old dorky's own safety and happiness.

Uncle Oswald never tries to run away now. He chops wood and hauls water. He cheerfully and faithfully bears the parcels that Susanne used to carry. So Susanne does not have to miss school nearly so often as she did.

I met the old man the other day in Natchitoches, contentedly stumbling down St. Dennis street with a basket of figs that some one was sending to his mistress. I asked him his name.

"My name's Oswal', Madam; Oswal'—dat's my name. I b'longs tu de Bénitous," and some one told me his story then.



ESCAPE OF THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "CONSTITUTION" FROM BROKEN'S SQUADRON IN THE WAR OF 1812.
AFTER THE PAINTING BY J. O. DAVIDSON—OWNED BY MR. LLOYD PHOENIX.—[SEE PAGE 282.]

THE FATE OF OLD WAR SHIPS.

AN interesting history is attached to nearly all ships. What thrilling tales of travels, adventures, and hardships an old vessel could tell if it could only speak! A sailor learns to look upon his sea dwelling with even stronger feelings of affection than a man entertains for his home on land; for a ship seems to be almost possessed of the life and sensations of a human being. While life lasts, it is continually roaming about, running into fresh dangers, and struggling for existence. It rides the waves as gracefully as a sea-gull, and answers to its helm as a horse to its bridle. It is no wonder, then, that a sailor should love his ship, when he feels that he has almost perfect control over its course, and that, except through his own carelessness in managing her, or when overtaken by storms, it will never refuse to obey his will.

But if the history of an ordinary merchant vessel would be interesting, how much more so is that of an old battle-scarred man-of-war! An air of majesty always hangs about a war vessel. Its rigging is so strong and ample, its decks always so clean and well-kept, and its cannon, staring grimly out of the port-holes, seem to utter defiance to all who cross its path, or who would attempt to check its course. And then its adventures are so much more thrilling than those which ordinary vessels encounter. The glory which is connected with the scenes of great battles, such as Marathon, Hastings, and Waterloo, is in a like manner connected with famous ships; but the feeling is stronger, for the ships themselves come in for a share in the glory of victory.

The good old vessels that fought so gallantly in the battles of the Revolution have all disappeared. Many of them perished in action, some went down in storms, and not a few of them, becoming unseaworthy, have been broken up for the sake of the iron and copper in them. A few of these old vessels were kept afloat many years longer than is usual for ships to be seaworthy; for, on account of their fame, they were repaired again and again, and preserved as relics of the most notable events in American history. But one by one they have vanished, and the timbers of most of them have long since crumbled to dust.

When war ships have been badly damaged, or are no longer serviceable for the navy, they are condemned. They are then usually put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder. If at all seaworthy, they are often purchased by private ship-owners and used for some inferior purposes, such as barges or coal hulks, as is the case with the *Antietam*.

Within the last few years a number of old ships, not actually unseaworthy, have been converted by the navy into training-ships. On these vessels boys are trained to become sailors or men-of-war's men. The boys go aboard at thirteen, and remain on the ships till they are eighteen, when they are allowed the option of being transferred to the regular service, or, if they have become tired of the navy, they may return to land. They are thoroughly instructed in naval drills, and are, according to their own reports, very well treated indeed. In 1880 four old ships—the *Minnesota*, *Constitution*, *Saratoga*, and *Portsmouth*—were turned into training and receiving ships, and the fleet now comprises, in addition to these four ships, the *Jamestown* and *Monongahela*.

Some of the larger condemned vessels are used by the navy as receiving-ships, not for the reception of stores, as is generally supposed, but for the accommodation of men who have not yet been assigned to other vessels. One sturdy-looking hull, that of the old *Vermont*, is kept in the New York Navy-yard at Brooklyn for this purpose. In order to increase her accommodation, a house has been built on her upper deck, and she now looks like a toy Noah's Ark on an enormous scale. The *Min-*

nesota, already mentioned as a training-ship, is also used as a receiving-ship. The *Minnesota* was one of the largest frigates of the Union fleet during the civil war.

But most of the old vessels, after they have become unseaworthy, are, as I have said, broken up, for the sake of their iron and copper. This is done by firms that make a business of breaking up old ships. The hulls of most of the old vessels are sheathed with copper to protect the timbers from the action of the waters, and the timbers are fastened together with copper bolts. The metal contained in these bolts is very valuable, and after being removed, it is melted down and sold; but the sheathing is worth very little.

There are several places in America where this work of destruction is carried on, but the most important is the one situated on the sloping shores of Cow Bay, Long Island, near New York city. To this place the old hulls are towed in calm weather, and once there they are run aground at high water and broken up piecemeal. Sometimes, when there is a great quantity of copper, iron, etc., in the ship, and the timbers are rotten, the hull is set on fire and burned to the water's edge. The metal is then raked out of the ashes. But usually the timbers are broken off and floated ashore, where they are examined, and the good and sound are sorted out and preserved to be used again; the rotten timbers are then burned in huge bonfires.

This place is a sort of graveyard for old ships, and particularly for old men-of-war. Here they meet their final doom. The whole bay is strewn with the broken timber of ships that have sailed around the globe, and have made the pages of history glow with accounts of their valorous exploits in famous battles.

One of the five magnificent frigates built in 1798, during the war with France, namely, the *Constitution*, already mentioned as a training-ship, is still in existence and in good condition. Its timbers have been renewed at different times, and its equipment greatly modernized; but its outward appearance is almost the same as ever. When built, it was considered one of the finest ships in the American navy; but it would offer but slight resistance to the attacks of a powerful modern ironclad like the *Mississinewa*.

The *Constitution* originally carried forty-four guns. A particularly interesting history is connected with this ship. During the war with the Barbary powers, in 1803, she was Commodore Preble's flag-ship in the Mediterranean, and played a conspicuous part during the whole war. Lieutenant Wadsworth, who was blown up before Tripoli in the ill-fated *Intrepid*, was one of the officers of the *Constitution*. In the course of the war with England in 1812, the English papers laughed at the *Constitution*, and spoke of her as "a bundle of pine boards sailing under a bit of striped bunting." But when, under Captain Hull, she captured the English frigate, the *Guerrière*, a vessel of nearly equal force, the people who had before ridiculed her called her "one of the stanchest vessels afloat." A few months after this victory the *Constitution*, then commanded by Captain Bainbridge, compelled one of the finest frigates in the British navy, the *Java*, to strike its colors. One of the most famous of her exploits was during the same war, when she escaped from Broke's squadron, among which she had accidentally fallen. The sea was almost a dead calm, so Captain Hull had to resort to towing. All her boats were lowered, with long lines attached, and in addition Hull had ropes spliced together to make a line half a mile long, to which he attached a kedge anchor. This was carried in a boat half a mile ahead and dropped, when the crew hauled the ship rapidly forward. The commodore of the English squadron soon adopted the same tactics, and if it had not been for a breeze springing up the *Constitution* would have been captured.

In 1830 it was proposed by the Navy Department to take her to pieces, for she was said to be unseaworthy. But on account of her glorious achievements, people thought she should be preserved. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a young man of twenty-one, just graduated from Harvard University, wrote the famous patriotic poem, "Old Ironsides." This poem had such a powerful influence on the public mind, that the vessel was saved, and, as I have already said, is still in existence, though nearly a hundred years old.

The last man-of-war that has gone to destruction is the old wooden vessel the *Brooklyn*. Having passed out of the navy, she was burned in Boston Harbor this summer by people who had purchased her for old junk. During the civil war the *Brooklyn* served her country well. In Admiral Farragut's fleet at the passage of forts Jackson and St. Philip, on the Mississippi, just before the capture of New Orleans by the Federal forces, the *Brooklyn* was alongside the *Hartford*, the Admiral's flag-ship. It is said that the news of her destruction brought tears to the eyes of many of the old naval heroes who were with Admiral Farragut on the expedition up the Mississippi, and remember the vessel's brilliant record.

DIEGO PINZON,*

AND

THE FEARFUL VOYAGE HE TOOK INTO THE UNKNOWN OCEAN A.D. 1492.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AS swiftly as they dared, the two boys ran back in the cave, which proved to be about fifty yards deep; and when they reached the other end they discovered, to their dismay, that it was not as gloomy as they had at first supposed on looking into it after gazing out into the bright sunlight.

Besides the light which came in at the entrance, more was admitted through an opening in the roof, so that, when they stood at the back and looked fearfully around them, they could see everything quite distinctly. The cave was far more like a hall cut in the rock than like a natural cave. It was fully fifty yards in height, but was comparatively narrow, and the walls were covered with figures carved in the stone, and images, like idols, were set in niches.

Part of this the boys saw at the time, and part afterwards. At that moment they only noted such things as seemed to have some bearing on their situation, and were too anxious to look about them with any idle curiosity.

"It must be a temple," said Diego, "and the savages have come to worship. If we could only hide somewhere."

But look as they would, they could see no place where they could conceal themselves, and there was nothing for them to do but to stand quite still, flattened against the wall, as much in the shadow as possible. It was so hopeless, however, that both drew their sheath knives, and waited with such terror as neither had ever known before.

There was more delay than they had anticipated in the entrance of the men, but it was explained when, in a few minutes, they entered the cavern, holding lighted torches. The tattooed men came first, and immediately upon entering set up such a howling as made the echoes

of the place beat against each other until the din was little less than deafening.

After the tattooed men came the young girls with the baskets, delivering the latter to the howling men, and then going in procession towards the end where the terrified boys stood. It was inevitable that discovery of them should ensue, and it did.

The girls came on, whispering to each other, and unconscious of the boys until they were almost upon them, when they stared full into the white faces that were so



CAUGHT UP SOME OF THE TORCHES AND ADVANCED IN A BODY.

unlike anything they had ever seen before. The frightened girls stopped, pressed back, and then turned and fled with loud screams.

"The men will come now," said Juan, huskily. "They shall never take me alive," said Diego.

It was not for some time that the tattooed men could be made to comprehend that something had frightened the girls that was worthy of their attention; but after hearing such explanations as the girls could make, they caught up some of the torches and advanced in a body, holding the torches over their heads and peering before them.

Their astonishment, their fright, perhaps, was hardly less than that of the girls, for they could see not merely the strange white faces, but the singular clothing and the glittering knife blades. They spoke to each other in quick, jerky sentences, and advanced with the utmost caution until they were within ten yards of the boys.

They stared in silence as they stood there, and the boys stared back. Then one of the men, seeming to pluck up courage to speak, addressed a question to the boys.

"What does he say?" whispered Juan. "I don't understand all the words," answered Diego, "but I think he wants to know who we are. From the way he asks he seems to think we are gods."

"Perhaps," said Juan, "if we can make them think so, they won't won't " he was going to say "eat us," but changed it to "hurt us."

Diego had thought of the same thing. The other Indians had readily believed, without any suggestion from the voyagers, that they were from the skies. Why should not these? He spoke to them in the tongue he knew.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No 627.

"We are from the skies. We will not do you any harm if you do not molest us."

The men listened attentively, and the boys could see the cave beyond them crowded full to the very entrance. When Diego had ceased to speak, the men consulted among themselves in a puzzled way, as if trying to make out the full sense of what they had heard.

Then they drew nearer, and approached until they were within arm's-length of the boys, who watched them uneasily, but without knowing how to act; for the actions of the men were not merely pacific, but even conciliatory.

Diego drew a long breath, and whispered to Juan, "I think we'd better act as if we were not afraid."

It was more easily suggested than accomplished, but it was so plainly the only thing to do, and the men were so mild in their manner, that Diego gained courage to act upon a sudden inspiration. He took a hawk's bell from his pocket, and, jingling it, gave it to the man nearest him.

The effect upon him and upon all those who heard the tinkling sound was magical. They stared with wonder and delight, not unmixed with awe, and crowded about the man who had taken it, and listened enraptured while he shook it to produce the noise.

From that it was but a short step to getting closer to the boys and touching their faces with gentle hands, feeling of their clothing, and exclaiming with wonder. And Diego could make out that the tattooed men were explaining to the girls that the bell was from the skies, and that the boys had come down to do them good.

Meanwhile the news of what had happened, no doubt with extraordinary exaggerations, had travelled back through the hall, and had found its way to the cacique outside. He became impatient, and voices were heard shouting something from the entrance, which had the effect of clearing the hall.

The tattooed men thereupon made unmistakable signs, accompanied by words which Diego could understand, inviting them to go into the open air with them. As there was nothing to do but to accept the invitation, the boys did it with what grace they could, and were presently in the centre of a wondering crowd of men and women, who were staring at them with even greater surprise than had been accorded them in the hall, where the fairness of their skins had not been so apparent.

The cacique, as in fact he turned out to be, questioned the boys, and Diego answered as well as he could; though neither more than half understood the other. The chief thing to the boys, however, was that, in spite of the hideous faces of the men, there was not evinced the slightest disposition to do them any harm; but, on the contrary, these supposed cannibals were as mild and friendly as any of the natives they had yet seen.

Indeed, the cacique was the very reverse of fierce; and when the bell was handed him for his examination, he immediately began shaking it, and presently was dancing with great activity to its music, to the evident admiration of his subjects. This seemed to Diego a good opportunity to present another bell, so he took one from his pocket and thrust it into the empty hand of the cacique as he jumped about, and the savage was so stimulated by the gift that he whirled faster and faster, singing all the time, until he sank exhausted on the ground.

This was very edifying to the cacique's subjects, and equally pleasant to the boys, for they had had enough experience with the Indians to know that they intended no harm to them.

CHAPTER XXV.

BEING relieved of immediate fear, though still uneasy for the future, the boys endeavored to make the Indians understand that they wished to go to the mountain range to the northeast, visible from where they stood. And, at

Juan's suggestion, Diego persuaded the tattooed men, afterwards discovered to be priests, or Butios, to climb higher up to where a better view of the ocean was visible.

There he searched the horizon, and, to his joy, saw the *Pinta* still making her way to the rocky headland, her full spread of sail giving her the appearance of a monstrous bird. Diego pointed her out to the Butios, and told them it was on her that he and Juan had come out of the sky.

This was evidently a satisfactory and gratifying proof of the origin of their visitors, and presently the cacique was assisted up the mountain-side, that he too might look on the marvel, and after that the whole assemblage came up, and felt themselves blessed with the extraordinary sight.

Then Diego explained that he and Juan must go down to the beach and wait for the coming of the ship, and promised the Butios great quantities of bells and beads if they would take them thither. And, to give emphasis to his words, he and Juan showed in their hands the beads and bells they had with them.

Well, the Butios marvelled, and showed in many ways that they fully comprehended the meaning of Diego's words and gestures, and that it would fill them with great joy to have more of the bells, together with some of the beads; but they also made it plain that they were not at all disposed to part with their heavenly visitors. And they gave Diego to understand that, much as it grieved them to cross their cherished visitors, they yet could not help but take them with them to the interior of the island, pointing to the southeast as they spoke.

"We'll have to go," said Diego. "I don't believe they will hurt us at all, and we will be safe enough. From what I can make out, this cacique is only an inferior one, and he would not dare to let us go without showing us to his superior, whom they call Caonabo. And they talk of Cibao, which, I think, must be the Zipangu of which the Admiral has said so much, for you can see what quantities of gold these people have."

"But if we go," said Juan, "we shall lose the ship."

"Well," said Diego, "we have no choice but to go. What I meant, however, was this: Let us pretend to go willingly, and so put them off their guard until we can find an opportunity to slip away."

"That is it," said Juan; "and while we are with them we can exchange our bells and beads for gold, and so return to the ship loaded with it."

It was the best plan they could devise, and worked better than well so far as the exchange of their bells for gold was concerned; for when Diego took up some of the gold ornaments of the men and showed his interest in them, they were offered to him with a generous willingness that asked for no return.

Neither he nor Juan would take advantage of the generosity, however, but gave in return the glass beads which they had. They would have given them all away had not the cacique interposed, making them understand that he wished some saved for the cacique Caonabo, and telling them that if gold was desired by them they had only to wait to obtain all they could wish.

The boys would have preferred to get their booty at once, but yielded, thinking that what they had was enough to make them rich. How they wished they could communicate with Martin Alonzo, and let him know that they had at last discovered that Zipangu, the land of gold, for which they had sought so long and at last so hopelessly!

That was not to be just yet, however, for the cacique gave orders for a return, not merely down the mountain, as it turned out, but to the place they had come from, putting the boys in the especial care of the Butios, who proved a faithful guard over them, and watched them

jealously. Not, as it seemed, that they feared an escape, but that they held them so precious.

As soon as the boys settled to the conviction that escape at present was quite out of the question, they remembered that they were hungry, and conveyed that information to the Butios, who no sooner understood it than they called a halt, and procured them not only cakes of maize flour and roasted yucca, but brought them for drink small calabashes of a sort of liquid which they called cocoa, and which the boys found very refreshing.

After that they went on again, and in the woods where the boys had bathed they stopped long enough to procure litters for the boys and for the cacique, and in these the journey was continued.

At first they returned along the way the boys had just come; but in a little while they turned to the south and crossed the mountains by an easy pass, and presently could look down on a beautiful and fertile valley. For half a day's journey the whole party went together; but coming then to a village of considerable size, a stop was made and the party separated, scattering to their homes.

After that the progress they made was swifter, the party consisting only of the cacique, ten of the Butios, and a body-guard of twenty warriors, armed with war clubs and long heavy swords of some hard polished wood, showing that however gentle the men might be with their visitors, they had it in their natures to fight if there were occasion, differing in this from the other Indians the boys had seen.

For several days they travelled, their fame preceding them, and causing their progress through the valley to be a sort of triumphal march. At each village they were respectfully shown to the wondering inhabitants, and the cacique occasionally favored the other caciques with a dance to the music of the bells. And at each village it seemed to be known that the visitors desired gold, for there was always awaiting them either rings, bracelets, or, what they learned to prefer, nuggets of virgin gold. The nuggets were of various sizes, the largest being two of the size of a hen's egg each.

Diego and Juan gave a bell to each cacique as they went along, and it was manifest that the cacique considered himself very much favored and overpaid in receiving such a treasure for his paltry gold. And it was also plain that the Butios grudged each bell given away; not apparently from any lack of generosity, but because they disliked to see the favors of heaven made so common.

As the days passed and Diego became more familiar with the language, he was enabled to relieve his mind on the one subject of their greatest uneasiness. He discovered, without being obliged to ask the unpleasant question, that the natives were not cannibals, and that they detested their Carib neighbors as much as any one could.

The relief it was to the boys to learn this can hardly be imagined; for it had not failed to cross their minds that they were being most remarkably well fed and cared for, and that naturally suggested the notion of being fattened for a purpose.

There still remained the uneasiness about the ship; but although they had done all they could to make an opportunity to escape, they had not yet succeeded. They would have lost trace of the passage of time, had not Diego thought of making a notch on a stick with his knife to mark each day.

The knives, by-the-way, were objects of great curiosity to the Indians, who had never seen iron in any of its forms before, and who marvelled greatly at the keenness of the blades. One of the warriors of their guard wished to test the properties of the blade by running it across his fingers; but Diego prevented him, and displayed the sharpness of the edge by slicing a banana in thin sections. Instead of curing the man of his desire, however,

it seemed to make him only more eager for his own test, and Diego, shrugging his shoulders, let him suit himself. Of course the knife cut his fingers, but, so far from being distressed by it, the simple fellow seemed to feel that he was to be envied; and so it appeared did the others, for they would all have cut themselves had the boys been willing to permit them to do so.

It was not until the tenth day after starting on the journey that they reached the village of the grand cacique, Caonabo. The boys were curious to see a chief of whom they had heard so much during their progress through his dominions, and they certainly were impressed by the fact that instead of going out to meet them with his warriors, as the other caciques had done, he merely



OF COURSE THE KNIFE CUT HIS FINGERS.

sent a deputation to meet them and conduct them to him. The village was a large one and very populous, though not a whit more civilized in appearance than any of the other villages, so the boys could not help wondering if the stories about Zipangu had not been exaggerated by the travellers who had been there. Certainly there was gold enough; but the palace was not roofed with it, and if it had been—the palace being a mere hut—it would not have come to much.

The population was all out to gaze on the wonderful beings from the skies, and they wore a great quantity of gold on their otherwise naked bodies; but such was their respect for their cacique that none of them dared make any advances to the strangers until they had had an audience with him.

"I begin to be a little afraid of this Caonabo, of whom his own people stand in such awe," said Diego.

"And I also," said Juan; "but here we are, and we shall soon know what he thinks of us. I hope he will think well enough of us to do us no harm, but not well enough of us to keep us."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BUNCH OF ROSES.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

THE rosy mouth and rosy toe
Of little baby brother,
Until about a month ago
Had never met each other;
But nowadays the neighbors sweet,
In every sort of weather,
Half way with rosy fingers meet,
To kiss and play together.

HOW A BOY CAN MAKE A FIDDLE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

EVERY boy whose soul has been moved by music may not be able to acquire, if he wants it, such a violin as the old masters made two hundred years ago, nor even one far inferior, if it is a matter of spending money to procure it. But the boy who is really in earnest can make a violin for himself that will give him pleasure, and give him practice till he can better himself.

The accompanying diagram gives a rude idea of the shape to which he needs to cut his wood. It will astonish him at first, perhaps, to learn that there are fifty pieces of wood in a violin, sometimes more; but he will not find it necessary to use all that can be crowded in, as the inlay around the edges marking the outlines, called the purfling, requires a good many of these pieces. He will find some rather nice cabinet-work needed; but if he has had the advantage of manual training in his school, all that will be easy, if not plain.

There is, to begin with, the back, which should be of hard wood, that is, maple or sycamore. Then he will get out the table or top of the violin, which should be of

soft wood, say pine. Of course other woods are used—ash and pear and willow—but none are better, and none to be had more easily. The hard wood answers with quick vibrations, the soft wood returns slow ones. If all the wood were hard, there would be bright, sharp, metallic tones only; and if all were soft, then there would be only muffled and wooden responses; but married together, with the little inch or so of pine sound-post between the hard back and the soft table, we get a blending and union of sounds known as the timbre—the quality of voice of the whole violin.

The wood for these two largest pieces, the back and the table, is about as thick at the edge as a silver half-dollar is. It is scooped out, whittled, and shaved, left thicker towards the middle, with an arch or vault in all directions; nowhere are directions

arterial system of the violin, every wave and beat of sound passing through it, meeting, mingling, uniting, pouring forth then in unity.

Through the face of the table, now, are cut two long curving lines, sometimes called *ouïes*, being like goose-necks in shape; sometimes called sound-holes, sometimes called s's from their resemblance to the old-fashioned S. They lie along the side, gently sloping off and down. One may adjust the sound-post, or, as the French call it, *l'âme du violon* (the soul of the violin), by means of a string looped round it and manipulated through their opening—a task for patience.

Now comes the long neck with the finger-board and the scroll or head with its four scrolls. This is in one piece of wood, and is glued to the violin; the curve at the head throws the scroll and screws under. The finger-board is best made of ebony, in order that, by reason of smoothness, it may not interfere with the intervals, but let each tone have its right value.

At the other end of the instrument, now, is the little tail-piece, corresponding to the finger-board, with its button fastened firmly into the strength of the wood, as it has to carry a third of the strain of the strings and strokes. All around the edges of the instrument is a delicate inlay of three tiny strips of ebony or whalebone and white-wood, known as the purfling—ornamental, but not necessary, although old violin-makers used to take great pains with it.

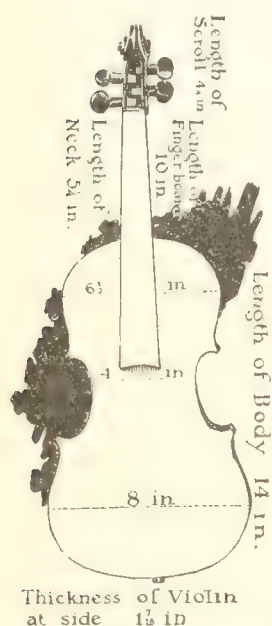
When the violin has reached this point it is ready for its varnish. The varnish plays an important part in the construction; it seems to weld the whole structure into one, to be an essential element in conducting the sound, a necessity for preservation, and a chief feature of beauty. The secret of the old varnishes has been lost, and no one finds anything approaching the golden tint of that of Guarnerius, in which it is supposed amber was melted, or the pale and precious red flame-color of Stradivarius; and therefore all that remains is to use the best varnish that can be had.

The four strings having been attached, the bridge of the violin may now be placed. It is a bit of boxwood, about two inches long and one and a half inches high, a little thicker at the base than a silver half-dollar, somewhat thinner at the top, perforated, and with indentations like feet, with which it clings to the table, the top curving to match the curve of the finger-board. It is not glued on, but is perfectly movable; finding its right place is nearly as difficult as finding the right place of the sound-post is. It is kept in place by the strain of the strings that pass over it, held by the button at the tail-piece at one end and by the pegs or screws at the other.

The Italian strings are the best; but the English are good enough. They should be thick or thin according to the tone the instrument develops, and they should give correct fifths. E strings are very apt to sing false. Spohr used to say that if he took one between his thumb and fingers and twirled it opposite his eyes, and saw two strings it was all right; if he saw three, it was false.

Only the bow now remains. This was a long while reaching perfection; but Tourte, of Paris, who invented the clasp to hold the band of hair flat, finally fixed its proportions. It is twenty-nine inches long from end to end, without the screw, leaving twenty-six inches free for the long, strong, well-resined, tightly drawn horse-hair under its wooden rod, which should coax or strike but never saw or grind the strings. Great players, who have their favorite bows, often have the jewels given them by kings and queens set in the head.

When all is done, our young artisan will be inclined to think, as he draws out his first long chord, and takes the little instrument of his making down from his shoulder to look it over again, that there is nothing in art or nature of greater beauty of color and curve than a violin.



given for that, and only the cunning of the carver tells just where the gradations should begin and how they should be carried on.

The thin wood is made to bear an enormous pressure of string and bow by-and-by, through the delicate adjustment of the parts, and thus, through the distribution of the strain, each part helping the other.

Between the back and the front are six squared ribs about an inch and a quarter high, three on each side, supported by twelve small blocks, and these connected by linings. And the table itself is strengthened by a bar of pine wood that stretches in an oblique direction under the left foot of the bridge. There is some difficulty in finding for one's self just how long and how thick this bar should be and just where to place it, since if it is not exactly right it turns the sweetest tone to a growl. But effort and experiment will find the way; and one must hearten one's self by remembering that even this is not so vexatious a task as is the placing of the sound-post. This is a little round bit of pine the size of a stout pen-holder, which stands inside the violin, usually about an eighth of an inch behind the right foot of the bridge, touching both the back and table, and which is the very heart of the

REFLECTIONS.

BY BESSIE LEWIS FISHER.

I **CROSSED** the river late one night;
 Reflected lay each warning light
 Upon the water's breast;
 And to my thought they seemed to be
 Knights and their ladies fair to see,
 In glowing colors drest.

The knights in golden armor bright
 Are only seen when fades the light,
 And ne'er appear by day.
 They dance and turn, and come and go,
 With airy motions, to and fro,
 The fairy knights are they.

And fairy ladies there are seen,
 Some dressed in rose and some in green,
 For whom the knights will fight.
 You could not hear those maidens dance
 Though you should enter there by chance,
 Their footsteps fall so light.

Where do they dwell? No one can say.
 When morning comes they fade away,
 Like mists before the sun.
 A flash of gems is seen, and then,
 Passing away from sight of men,
 They vanish every one.

JOHNNY'S COMPOSITIONS.

IV.—DICTIONARIES

D ICTIONARIES are very useful things, and my father says they are like saucy boys, because they always have the last word. I don't know what pa means when he says that, but I guess he knows what he is talking about; he generally does. If there is anything you don't know about, you can 'most always find it in the dictionary, if you look long enough. It is full of words, some long, some short, and some middle-sized words; and if there's a word anywhere that can't be found in the dictionary, you can make up your mind it isn't a word.

Our dictionary weighs about forty pounds, without the autumn leaves. It has great pictures in it of yaks and gnus and other things that would make a boss circus, if I could only catch 'em alive and incarcerate them behind the bars, like tigers, hippopotamuses, zebras, giraffes, and other blood-thirsty animals. It also tells you how to spell.

There is also another kind of dictionary, called a pocket dictionary, which consists, my uncle George says, of words in one syllable for young beginners who don't know much and would like to. It only weighs four ounces, and takes up a great deal of room in your pocket (which is why it is called a pocket dictionary), and is used by type-writers largely when they want to type-write a word which they can't think how to spell.

I knew a boy who didn't know much, and his mother knew it, and when he went to visit a friend she said, "Don't say much, and they won't know you don't know much, but read all the time." So he went away and visited his friend, and when he came home his mother asked him what he did with himself, and he said, "I read all the time," and she said, "What did you read?" and he said the dictionary, which some members of my family think was very funny; but as for me, I don't see why. It also prints pictures of flags in colors, only ours hasn't got them any more since my little brother cut them out, and wasn't punished for it, while I got a licking for giving him the scissors to do it with. What a queer world!

I don't see what's the use of a boy having to go to school with a dictionary in the house, where he can find out whatever he wants to know whenever he wants to know it. Of course I don't believe in learning the dictionary by heart from beginning to end, because if a boy got sick and couldn't ever study any more, and only was educated up to G, it would be hard on him when people began to talk about Politics or Velocipedes, or anything else that begins with letters coming after G; but I mean take it like you do your meals, and learn things when you feel like it right out of the book. It would save lots of time, and the pictures would help fellows to remember things they're not apt to remember.

I put this in this composition so as to get a chance to let my school-teacher know how I feel about it without him saying, "Johnny, stand in the corner," which makes me tired.

Yours truly,

JOHNNY.

A TURKEY HUNT.

T HREE of Madame's finest bronze turkeys were missing from the brood. It was nearing Christmas, and that was the reason, perhaps, that even Monsieur grew agitated when the discovery was made. The news was brought to the house by Severin's boy, who had seen the troop at noon a half mile up the bayou three short. Others reported the deficiency as even greater. So, at about two in the afternoon, though a cold drizzle had begun to fall, popular feeling in the matter was so strong that all the household forces turned out to search for the missing gobblers.

Alice, the house-maid, went down the river, and Polisson, the yard-boy, went up the bayou. Others crossed the fields, and Artemise was rather vaguely instructed to "go look too."

Artemise is in some respects an extraordinary person. In age she is anywhere between ten and fifteen, with a head not unlike in shape and appearance to a dark chocolate-colored Easter-egg. She talks almost wholly in monosyllables, and has big round glassy eyes, which she fixes upon one with the placid gaze of an Egyptian sphinx.

The morning after my arrival at the plantation, I was awakened by the rattling of cups at my bedside. It was Artemise with the early coffee.

"Is it cold out?" I asked, by way of conversation, as I sipped the tiny cup of ink-black coffee.

"Ya, 'm."

"Where do you sleep, Artemise?" I further inquired, with the same intention as before.

"In uh hole," was precisely what she said, with a pump-like motion of the arm that she habitually uses to indicate a locality. What she meant was that she slept in the hall.

Again, another time, she came with an armful of wood, and having deposited it upon the hearth, turned to stare fixedly at me, with folded hands.

"Did Madame send you to build a fire, Artemise?" I hastened to ask, feeling uncomfortable under the look.

"Ya, 'm."

"Very well; make it."

"Matches!" was all she said.

There happened to be no matches in my room, and she evidently considered that all personal responsibility ceased in face of this first and not very serious obstacle. Pages might be told of her unfathomable ways; but to the turkey hunt.

All afternoon the searching party kept returning, singly and in couples, and in a more or less bedraggled condition. All brought unfavorable reports. Nothing could be seen of the missing fowls. Artemise had been absent probably an hour when she glided into the hall where the family was assembled, and stood with crossed hands and contemplative air beside the fire. We could see by the benign expression of her countenance that she possibly had information to give, if any inducement were offered her in the shape of a question.

"Have you found the turkeys, Artemise?" Madame hastened to ask.

"Ya, 'm!"

"You, Artemise!" shouted Aunt Florindy, the cook, who was passing through the hall with a batch of newly baked light bread. "She's a lyn', mistress, if dey ever was! You found dem turkeys?" turning upon the child. "Whea was you at de whole blesser time? Wasn't you stan'in' plank up agin de back of de hen-'ous'? Never budged a inch? Don't jaw me down, gal; don't jaw me!" Artemise was only gazing at Aunt Florindy with unruffled calm. "I warn't gwine tell on 'er, but arter dat untroof, I boum' er."

"Let her alone, Aunt Florindy," Madame interfered. "Where are the turkeys, Artemise?"

"Yon'a," she simply articulated, bringing the pump-handle motion of her arm into play.

"Where 'Yonder'?" Madame demanded, a little impatiently.

"In uh hen-'ous'!"

Sure enough! The three missing turkeys had been accidentally locked up in the morning when the chickens were fed.

Artemise, for some unknown reason, had hidden herself during the search behind the hen-house, and had heard their muffled gobble.

K. C.



A HARD SUM.

BY JESSIE L. SHERMAN.

POLLY has a sum to do;
Polly isn't clever;
Polly can't add three and two
With her best endeavor.

Past the door a robin flew,
Bathely, gaily singing,
What could he for three and two,
Through the cloud-lands winging.

Three eggs in the robin's nest
In the elm-tree swinging;
Two buds on the big red rose
On the window hanging.

These are numbers Polly knows,
Numbers not perplexing,
But these sums in stupid rose
Really are too vexing.

NATURAL.

"I THINK my little dog's smarter than my brother," said Willie. "They're both a year old, and the dog can walk twice as well as Tommy."

"He'd ought to," said Jummie. "He has twice as many legs to do it with."

PLANET CHATTER.

EARTH. "Good-morning, Sun. How do you feel this morning?"

SUN. "Way up."

DISCORD IN THE NURSERY.

"THAT Chinese mandarin made of Dresden china always provokes me with his continual nodding," said the French doll. "I asked him yesterday if he wasn't crazy, and all he did was to nod his head 'yes.'"

TOY-LAND GOSSIP.

"THAT kite seems awfully proud and stuck-up," remarked the base-ball bat.

"Yes," answered the top, "he says that he moves in the upper circles."

A QUARREL.

"It's hard luck to be tied all day to a post," growled the watch-dog.

"Humph!" answered the Tomcat, from a safe distance; "it's pretty rough on the post, I think."

TOO BAD.

"FREDDY," asked his teacher, "what does leap-year mean?"

"One extra day of school," answered Freddy, sadly.

AN ADVANTAGE OF AGE.

"I'D like to be grown-up," sighed Bobby, "for then I'd be helped first to pie, and get through in time to have a second piece."



A STUDY IN DEPORTMENT.

"THIS IS THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALK AND IT IS NOT MY FAVORITE SIDE. THE GULL IS NOT CLEANED HERE; I HAVE BEEN TURNING OUT OF MY WAY, AND I AM GOING TO KEEP RIGHT STRAIGHT AHEAD FROM NOW ON."

"OH, YOU ARE, ARE YOU?"

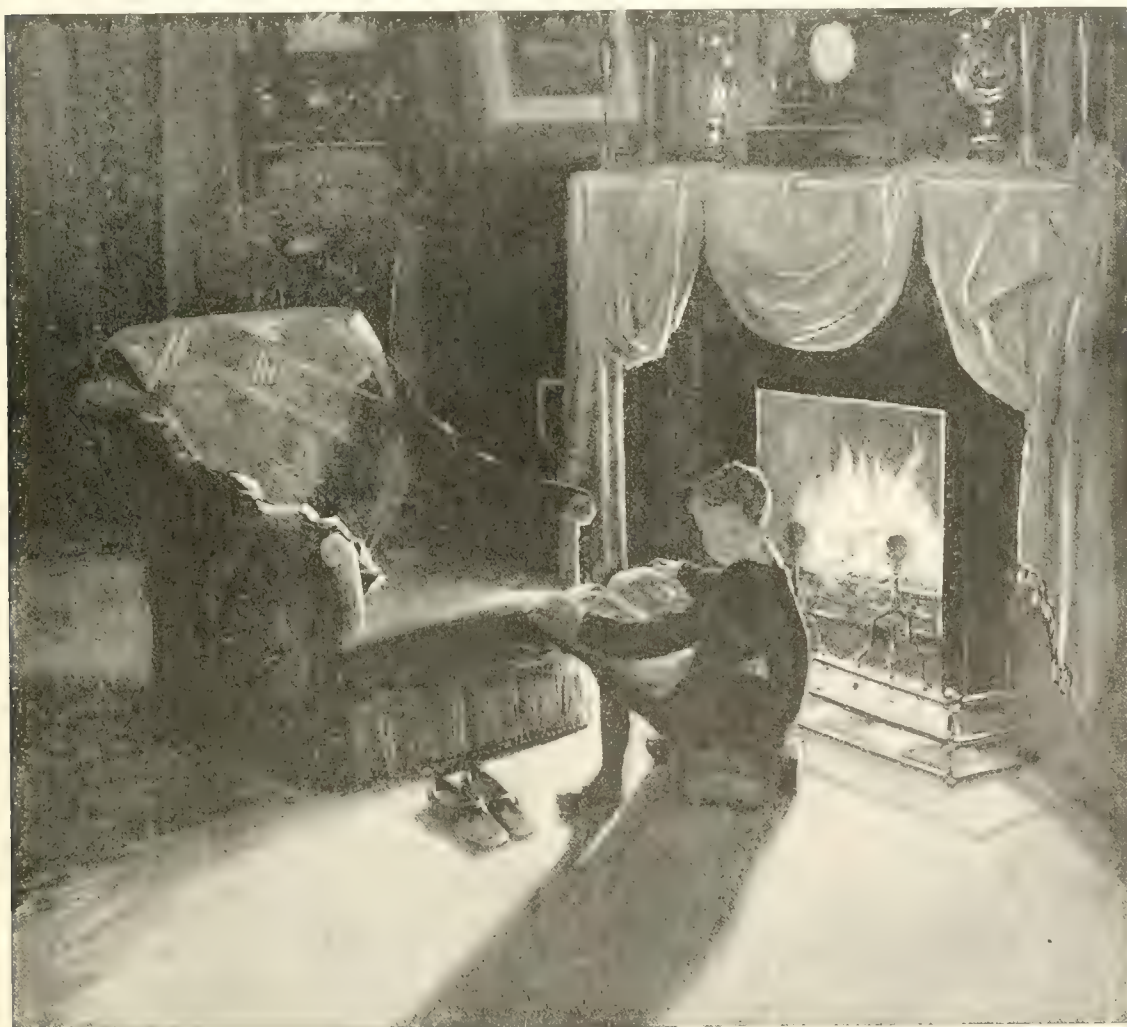
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



WAITING FOR PAPA.

FRANK turns each page with great conceit;
He thinks he's quite a man.
Frank knows he cannot read quite yet,
But he makes believe he can.

Papa is always home at six.
To-night Frank thinks he's late;
For Frank can't tell the time quite yet,
That's why he'll have to wait.

THE PEOPLE OF THE WATER-HOUSE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

IT was the greatest pleasure that Janet took all summer with her water-house as she called it, that disgusting aquarium, as her elder sister Maria was wont to speak of it, for Maria did not look closely enough to see the beauty that is bound up in unaccustomed shapes. Part of the pleasure lay in the fact that she had made the water-house herself with glass and deal and slate and cement, and had then furnished it with the bits of rock and the green water-plants from the very ponds and brooks where she had procured the *dramatis personæ* of her summer's play—the people of the water-house; and another pleasure as great had been found in jotting down in her note-book the habits and vagaries of her little water people.

Very early in the spring days she had brought home the spawn of the frog from a way-side pool, looking like a mass of seed-pearls, and had watched these pearls become living things, and the living things take on the shape of tadpoles; and it had given her much amusement to see the tadpoles that she selected from the rest shed their tails with all the joy that little boys feel when they put off skirts and put on knickerbockers. But she had carried them all back at last to their native brooks and haunts before they became full-grown frogs, considerably concerned that they should be born in such numbers only to be eaten up by something larger presently, but satisfied that they were not the proper companions for her little black eel, her graceful minnows, her gorgeous goldfish that swam about like a living flame under water, or her newts that looked at her with faces so preternaturally old that they almost awed her, and made her fancy they might be antediluvian creatures, as old as those toads of which she had read, that people claim to have found in the heart of a tree full of immemorial rings, or shut up in rocks in a sleep of centuries.

Janet felt that she had great luck one day when the ugliest thing in her whole raft, the greedy water-grub who had devoured everything smaller than himself that he could nip, had crawled up one of the weeds that grew in a crevice of the rocks, and after waiting awhile there above the water, had burst his skin from end to end, had thrown off a hideous helmet or mask, had stretched long silky membranes, had spread and fluttered them—beautiful blue-green gauzy wings—and had darted off a full-fledged dragon-fly.

Maria screamed: "Oh! oh! here is a devil's darn-ing-needle! Take care; do not let him get in my hair!"

"I saw him made," said Janet. "He's wonderful. He came from a grub. He can't hurt you. He will eat up the mosquitoes. He only wants to get out-doors. There!"

But when a multitude of such marvels had made Janet, and even Maria, feel as if all nature were shut up in that glass house, the end of summer had come, and with it word that she was to go away to school, and there would be no one to care for her watery treasures in her absence. One of her newts, the very one that stood on his head and winked at her, and that she had dubbed Father William, had capped that exploit, and signalized himself apparently by eating the little black eel, in whose sinuous slippery motions she had taken vast delight; and of her two other newts, captured with such difficulty, one had escaped into the wide out-doors and the gutters, it is to be hoped, for the other was found by her, with half a laugh and half a cry, dried up in a corner. In view of all these circumstances, Janet felt that she must divest herself of further responsibility as to the little creatures which she had brought from their homes, and give them back to nature to take care of without any of her help. Having secured

the wary, slippery, elusive creatures one by one at the cost of an hour's effort, she carried them out to winter-quarters in Bushy Brook on the Longfields Road, with a sensation that she was really going to their execution. Maria wanted to go with her then, but Janet said she could not bear a spectator who was not really a sympathizer.

"No, Mia," she said, in answer to her request, "I feel that I must go alone."

I don't know what Janet expected her little watery colony to do; hardly to make any demonstrations. But she was amazed and charmed when, having parted the bushes, and stooped and ladled him out of her bucket, and placed him gently in the brook, the leech paused an instant, and streamed about in a wild delight, as if he were waving a farewell before he whipped out of sight like a ribbon caught in the current and carried on.

"He has really said good-by!" she exclaimed. "I do believe he knew me."

One by one, then, she ladled out her pretty frightened fishes, who slipped and scurried round each other in a panic; but the moment they felt the cool fresh water of the running brook upon their sides, they brightened and flashed in a hundred colors, like a whirlpool of rainbows, as they disappeared.

"Oh, it is their way of bidding an adieu," she said. "I am sure that they are smiling. All those colors growing so bright and deep is their way of smiling. They are so glad to get back to their brook, and yet they remember what care I took of them all summer, and give me a parting smile."

She did not expect much from the water-snail, and he did not disappoint her, as he walked off, with his house on his back, quite unconcernedly. But when at last she had the squirming newt in her ladle, and had carefully deposited him on the shallow water edge, saying, "Dear little newt, good-by, good-by," to her surprise the strange fellow, looking like a little old man of some weird Northern fairy story, forsook the water, and wiggled his way back to her.

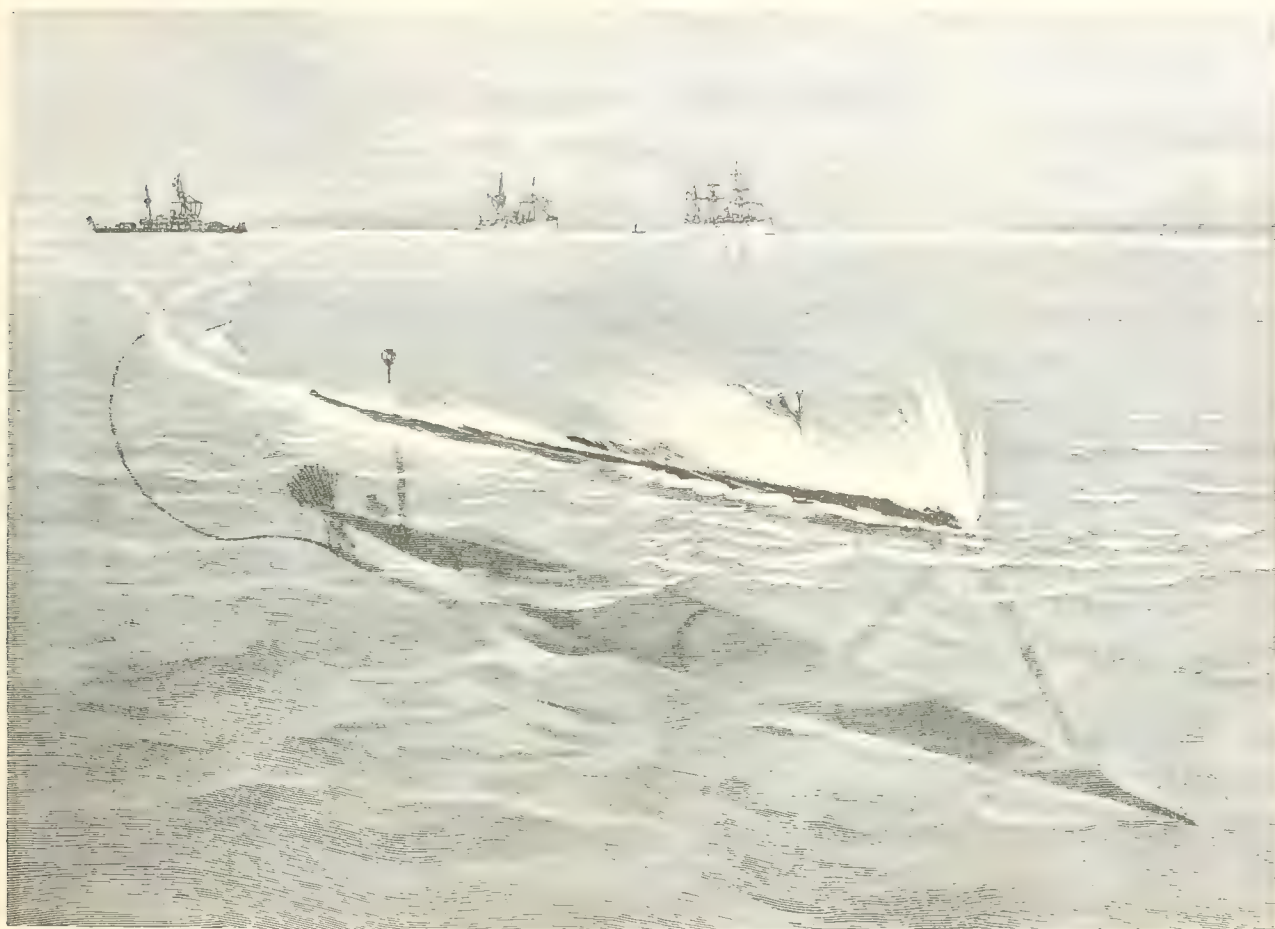
"Oh, it is affection!" cried Janet. "I do believe he loves me. Why shouldn't he? Why shouldn't he know as much as a canary? He does."

And as she would have turned his course back to the brook, he evaded the movement, and evidently was insisting upon quitting the water for her society.

"You dear! you little dear!" cried Janet. "But you know you'll die out of water. And, oh, I would like to carry you to school with me and keep you on my desk, but something might happen to you, and you're best in the brook." And she put him back, but with the same result.

Moved greatly then, the little naturalist, who was a little poet and a little lover also, treasuring love in all things, put the newt back in her bucket, and turned about for home, resolved to keep the tiny creature that showed her such affection, and coax some of the home people to see to him, when it flashed upon her mind that this was running water, and he had been taken from a pond. Perhaps it didn't signify; and then perhaps it did. At any rate, it was right to give him the chance. There was the pond across a stretch of field, where she had found him and the monster that one day unfurled the dragon-fly's wings. She climbed the fence, nearly spilling her companion as she did so, and running down the field, came to the still pool so softly fed by hidden springs that not a ripple broke its face. Stooping over the margin of the dark still water, she turned her bucket on its side, and then, without a wink of those uncanny eyes of his, the ungrateful newt deserted her, head first like a diver, and was out of sight in a second.

"And to think I thought he loved me!" exclaimed poor Janet as she turned away.



THE SIMS-EDISON TORPEDO IN ACTION.—(REDUCED FROM A HALF-PAGE ENGRAVING IN HARPER'S WEEKLY.)

MODERN TORPEDOES.

BY W. NEPHEW KING, JUN

THOUGH the vast power of the torpedo is conceded by all nations, no successful result has ever established its actual position in future naval and military operations. Advocates of this weapon claim that the sinking of the great Chilean battle ship *Blanco Encalada* by a torpedo in the harbor of Valparaiso was a practical demonstration of its effectiveness against an enemy's vessel.

Though the destruction of this powerful war ship was accomplished, the fact alone by no means justifies the claims of enthusiasts. The *Encalada* when attacked was at anchor, with fires banked. A number of her officers were ashore at a dance, and the ordinary precautions always observed in time of war were entirely disregarded by the senior officer on board. No lookouts seemed to have been on deck, the search-lights were masked, and the enemy's torpedo-cruisers *Almirante Lynch* and *Almirante Condell* were enabled to approach unperceived within a few hundred yards. Though no resistance whatever was offered, and six deliberately aimed shots failed to reach their mark, the seventh was successful, and completely destroyed the monster battle ship.

Had the *Encalada* poured forth a hail-storm of shot and shell from her machine and rapid-fire guns, it is questionable if the two cruisers would have lived to tell the tale. And even without these weapons, it is fair to presume that the regulation boom and steel nettings would have averted the disaster. Such a lesson teaches us that the torpedo is still in the experimental stage—an untried weapon, as it were—and that it is dreaded by na-

val commanders simply because it is an unseen enemy, to be feared for its demoralizing effect rather than for its actual performance.

Whatever success the future may have in store for the torpedo, it certainly seems to be the policy of all nations to provide themselves with the most approved types, both for attack and defence. Sceptical as many leading experts may be, each is endeavoring to keep his country abreast of the times, and therefore experiments continue and torpedo-boats are built.

Until the recent Chilean excitement, the United States was almost entirely out of the race—in fact, we did not even own a single torpedo. This deplorable state of affairs was due not so much to the apathy of our law-makers as to the claims of rival torpedoes.

As for boats, we have only two, while England and France both show more than 200 upon their naval registers, and even little Chili boasts of 11 of 90 tons displacement and having a speed of 22 knots. Swift as our little *Cushing* and *Stiletto* may be, they are diminutive in size and light in displacement; can only take the sea under certain conditions, and then are not able to keep it for any length of time. They are essentially for local operations, and may become useful only as factors in the problem of harbor defence.

Another, and the most useful adjunct to any navy, is the torpedo-cruiser. This type of vessel differs materially from the torpedo-boat. It has great displacement, carries a battery of rapid-fire and machine guns, and possesses an endurance of many thousands of miles. The United States owns no vessel of this kind, while England has 33 and Chili 2 of the Sharpshooter class, said to be the most efficient in the world.

Even to the non professional reader, it is interesting to trace the evolution of the torpedo from its inception to the present day. Though it was brought before the world during the last century, its development dates from a period subsequent to our civil war. David Bushnell, a native of Connecticut, is credited with having invented the first torpedo. This device consisted of a submarine boat manipulated by one man. The charge was a detachable magazine of powder, which was to be exploded in contact with the hull of the enemy's vessel. So crude was this first attempt, that no ship was even injured by it during the Revolutionary war.

After Bushnell followed Robert Fulton, of steamboat fame. His conception was also a submarine boat, but its defects were quite as glaring as those of Bushnell.

This brings us to the period of our civil war, in which the torpedo became a recognized factor in all military and naval operations. Not only did this time mark the advent of the torpedo, but it likewise produced the iron-clad and rifled cannon, both of which have been carried to a degree of perfection by all European powers. With the South it was indeed a question of necessity being the mother of invention, for the Confederates had a long stretch of sea-coast to protect against the hostile fleet, and a very inferior navy to do it with. Torpedoes were their only hope, and had they not been able to plant submarine mines in all their harbors, the struggle would possibly not have been such a long and bitter one.

Whatever brilliant events of this war may be forgotten by generations to come, the heroism of young Cushing in destroying the ram *Albatross* will ever live in tradition. No single act so thoroughly demonstrated the effectiveness of the spar torpedo. The sinking of the monitor *Tecumseh* in Mobile Bay, with nearly all on board, was also another illustration of this deadly torpedo when successfully used. These performances, though they attracted the attention of the whole world, were accomplished under conditions that are entirely impracticable at the present day. How long would Cushing and his faithful crew have lived in their light steam-launch before the murderous fire of a battery of machine and rapid-fire guns?

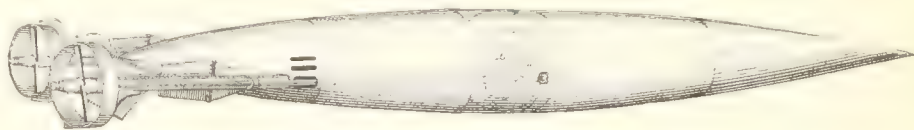
Strange as it may seem, the torpedoes that did such execution during the war have not been developed at all. In fact, the submarine mine and spar torpedo have been eliminated from all experiments. The great objection to these is that they have no range—one that can probably never be removed. For this reason those types are just about where they were at the close of the war, with the exception of a few minor improvements in explosive effect and electrical connections.

The automobile torpedo, or one in which the power is self-contained, has been, at an enormous outlay, carried to a great degree of perfection. All the civilized nations of the world have conducted a series of experiments with a view of establishing the actual value of this particular weapon. Up to the present day, however, no definite conclusion has been reached, though each nation has recognized the value of the torpedo by purchasing large supplies of them.

The United States alone has not yet adopted any particular type, possibly owing to the diversity of opinion regarding the claims of the Howell and its prototype, the Whitehead. The recent Chilean excitement, however, brought the subject before the government, and caused it to issue an order for a number of both types.

Though it is fair to presume that either the Howell or Whitehead will be finally adopted for all naval purposes, the Sims-Edison bids fair to become the choice of the

army. The former type is known as an uncontrollable torpedo, that is, one in which the sender loses all power of directing the weapon after it has left the vessel. These torpedoes are launched from long tubes, fitted now in the sides and bows of all modern war ships, and receive their initial impulse by the explosion of a reduced charge of gunpowder. Once in the water, the machinery contained



THE HOWELL TORPEDO.

in the body of the weapon is set in motion by a mechanical device, the little propellers in the stern begin to revolve, and the torpedo heads for its target at the rate of 30 miles an hour—a miniature vessel, as it were, with a charge of gun-cotton in the bow.

The serious objection to this type, however, is its limited range, for it cannot be depended upon at a distance greater than 300 yards. The advantage claimed for the Sims-Edison type, however, is that it can be controlled from the time it leaves the home station until it either strikes or misses its mark. This is accomplished by a cylinder of fine wire, which uncoils as the torpedo advances, while the power is communicated from an electric battery on shore.

FREE THOROUGHFARE.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

IN hollow trees

Live white owls, chipmunks, bats, and bees.
If I were a chipmunk, bat, or bee,
I'd pack my stores in an empty tree!

Under the ground

Ants and beetles and snakes are found;
And troth! the snake with a leathern skin
Needs a cellar to hide him in!

By the brook's brink,

Splash! go the beaver, muskrat, mink.
Clasped in a doublet close as he,
A beaver's hut were the place for me!

High o'er the rocks,

Lord of his watch-tower, dwells the fox:
Were I more fleet than the west wind is,
I'd have a staircase steep as his!

Of nose and beak,

Tooth and tail, it were long to speak;
Every creature I much admire
Who lives in winter and needs no fire.

Whome'er one meets

Has roofed his chamber or paved his streets;
Yet of all their wits, not one, you see,
Has learned the secret of lock and key.

TRIX.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

MY first introduction to her was too characteristic and amusing ever to be forgotten. I had occasion one wintry day to call at her father's studio, and in answer to my rap on the door, I heard the patter of tiny feet, and in a moment the door was jerked open, and from some distance below came the remark,

"We don't need a model."

I laughed outright, and, looking down, saw the quaintest, most captivating little figure. She was five years old

at the time, not pretty perhaps, but with that delicious roundness of curve, softness of skin, and cherubic air which belong to babyhood. As she stood there gazing up at me, I felt as much impressed by her personality as though she were a woman in years, and during all our friendship this feeling was never lost.

"My dear," said I, "I am not a model. I called to inquire an address."

She looked a trifle puzzled, but led the way into the large beautiful workshop of the painter, and in her long Greenaway gown of dark blue serge, with a touch of velvet here and there, and her soft dark hair curling naturally about her shoulders and brow, she made a delightful figure, for which the great room was a fine setting.

After that day it so chanced that we became great friends, Beatrix and I, although I knew that for some time I was only on probation. Not for many weeks was I admitted into the inner recesses of her confidence, but her mother having a long and wearying illness, I had the child much with me, and I recognized from the first that I must be loyal and true—not treat her to the usual small deceptions and humors grown people are so apt to believe acceptable to the little ones of earth. She united the keenest sense of truth with the most vivid imagination, and where her ideas came from no one could possibly say. In return for my frequent story-telling, she seemed to think there should be some entertainment for me, and many were the small histories related before we reached one like a serial, for every few days it was added to.

It began one afternoon when some people she especially disliked—and she shrank instinctively from many—had been making a long call, and Trix was rather cross. She sat huddled up on her little bench—her favorite seat—and answered their very foolish questions in a way which threatened something, I well knew, still more unpleasant; but at last they were gone. Her mother went to take a little rest, and Trix and I had the great rug before the fireside in the studio all to ourselves. Very dismal were her attitude and expression for a time, then suddenly turning her eyes, under frowning brows, at me, she snapped out:

"Did you ever hear of *Sconish Land*?"

After recalling various queerly named places, I said, "No, I had not."

"Well," she continued, "I've meant to tell you about it ever since yesterday. Bad people can be sent to *Sconish Land*, and once they get there, they *never* grow up; they are always just *meany* little babies." (I should have said her great ambition was to "grow up" and learn to dance.) "Yes, and they have to walk around and around all day long, and never sit still."

"That must be dreadful!" I exclaimed. "Can they talk?"

She reflected for a moment. "Yes; but they don't feel sure they know how to talk; they forget."

"Is that to punish them?"

She nodded. "Yes; because they were so grigable. No; I mean *disgrigable*." (Very seldom was her pronunciation at fault.) "They'd try to talk, and it would make them choke; the way I did when I had the croup, you know."

Evidently she was beginning to revel in this suggestion of a place all the people she disliked could be banished to.

"But, Trix," I urged, "isn't that very unkind? Suppose they are sorry, and promise to be good?"

She moved around uneasily in the fire-light, for, in spite of her occasional cynicism, it was the tenderest little heart in the world which beat in that baby breast. But "*Sconish Land*," with its power of keeping disagreeable people out of other people's way, was such a relief!

"Well," she allowed at last, "if they are *very* sorry, yes, perhaps they can come home. Then they grow up;

but"—her eyes sparkled as a compromise occurred to her—"people *always* call them little girls, and make them go to bed early."

Accustomed almost exclusively to the society of her elders, Trix resented many things which are natural in most nurseries, and the "early to bed" was a regular grievance.

"They walk around and around," she pursued, "because they're afraid of going to the edge—they'd fall off—and they cry all the time, like Mrs. F——'s baby, you know."

This was really such a pitiable picture that I hastened to change the subject, and sang for her what was her special delight, the old ballad of "Lord Lovel and Lady Nancy Bell." She never wearied of this, but invariably had a little dash of tears at the doleful close. But what completely captivated her fancy were the strange facts as we know, told in the last verses, wherein, after

"Lord Lovel was laid in St. Pancras Church,
Lady Nancy was laid in the choir,
Out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of Lord Lovel's a brier."

And that

"They grew and they grew to the church steeple top,
And there they could grow no higher.
Lo! there they entwined in a true-lover's-knot,
For all true lovers to admire."

When the tale was told, she turned her head from its place on my knee and said, very softly,

"Yes, they *could* have." The dark eyes looked up at the lofty ceiling of the studio as she added, "They could have growed right on up to heaven, and Lord Lovel and Lady Nancy could have gone up all the way too!"

"They had gone, dear," I observed.

"They were in the *church*, the song says," remarked this descendant of sternest Puritans.

Something, however, had taken hold of her mind in regard to a power above. She had doubtless heard the idea; but a day or two later, on my arriving at the house, she looked at me steadily in silence. I was rather absent-minded, and for a moment did not understand her meaning. Then she said,

"Did you bring the candy you promised?" And she lifted a warning finger—"Remember God sees you!"

How thankful was I that the promise had been fulfilled, and I could produce the box in a second from my pocket! Naturally much of what she said was the echo of the people about her, yet her originality was often startling. But some things came very funnily from her little lips.

We were all discussing one day the unaccountably sudden death of a little dog, a pet of its owners and his friends.

"I can't think what killed him," some one said.

Trix from her corner, where she was sewing pink gauze on to a piece of old black merino, said, without raising her eyes: "Gin and bitters. It always does."

If there had been a trace of vanity in the child, the way she was idolized and petted and talked to in her father's circle would have spoiled her completely, and destroyed that wonderful charm which, if she carried it through life, would be far better than beauty. But she seemed to have none at all. A new gown or hat or boots pleased her as such will any child, but I think she was quite as content to see them hanging in the wardrobe as to wear them—part of her very keen sense of form and color. I used, for fun, to make awful combinations of color, to see her screw her eyes up and hear her, "Oh, *don't—don't!*" You could never deceive her in this. The way some people dressed annoyed her excessively. One day, during a call from a lady rather conspicuous for her dress, Trix arose and walked out of

the room in dignified silence. When questioned, she simply said, "I didn't like to see her hat." That settled it.

Not long after, she watched with glowing delight her lovely young mother dressing for a ball. "Oh, mamma!" she would exclaim, jumping around in an ecstasy, "that is right! I love that gown! Oh!" and, after that funny little fashion she had, she shut her eyes up tight, as though the radiant costume was too dazzling.

We were alone one rainy afternoon, Trix and I. She was engaged in sewing little dabs of yellow gauze—"rings" from the studio—on bits of pale blue satin, when she suddenly inquired:

"Do you know the devil?"

I was startled, but said, quietly, "No, I don't think I do."

"I do," she pursued; "at least I've seen him. He is a *very* kind man—oh, *very*."

"Why, Trix," I exclaimed, "what are you talking about, child?"

"He brings our coal," she went on. "Nora told me he was the devil. There was a little boy fell down and nearly broke his nose off, and the devil picked him up and wiped his face and told him not to cry."

I was profoundly amused, but concluded it best to change the subject, and so we talked of dolls for a while.

One more recollection of Trix makes me remember her as so absolutely free from affectation, yet with a dainty little spice of coquetry—hint of the future woman. Some guests were assembled in the studio on a certain Sunday afternoon, and after a time the parlor door opened, and Trix walked in, with an air of complete indifference. Looking at no one, indeed with the head most markedly turned away, she sauntered slowly across the room towards the further door.

"Trix!" said some one, suddenly. It was her special crony, Mr. F—. She turned swiftly, dimples in full view and her eyes dancing, and flying across the room, rushed into his arms, exclaiming:

"I *thought* you'd call me! I was just making believe!"

Happy sheltered little life! Would there were more such! Never a word but of love and tenderness; best of all, such sympathy from those around her. Her little rebellious moods quelled by love, her moods treated with justice and good sense. I like to think of her, the little comrade I loved best in the world. She went away from us all too soon, but not, oh, not to "Sconish Land."

JIMMIEBOY'S DREAM POETRY.

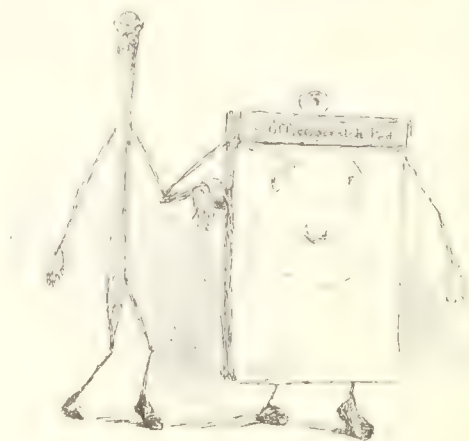
BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

IF there is anything in the world that Jimmieboy likes better than custard and choo-choo cars, it is to snuggle down in his papa's lap about bedtime and pretend to keep awake. It doesn't matter at all how tired he is, or how late bedtime may on special occasions be delayed, he is never ready to be undressed and "fired away for the night," as his Uncle Periwinkle puts it.

It was just this way the other night. He was as sleepy as he possibly could be. The sandman had left enough sand in his eyes, or so it seemed to Jimmieboy, to start a respectable sea-beach, and he really felt as if all he needed to make a summer resort of himself was a big hotel, a band of music, and an ocean. But in spite of all this he didn't want to go to bed, and he had apparently made up his mind that he wasn't going to want to go to bed for some time to come; and as his papa was in an unusually indulgent mood, the little fellow was permitted to nestle up close under his left arm, and sit there on his lap in the library after dinner, while mamma read

aloud an article in one of the magazines on the subject of dream poetry.

It was a very interesting article, Jimmieboy thought. The idea of anybody's writing poetry while asleep struck



ARM IN ARM THEY TIPTOED SOFTLY ACROSS THE ROOM.

him as being very comical, and he laughed several times in a sleepy sort of way, and then all of a sudden he thought, "Why, if other people can do it, why can't I?"

"Why?" he answered—he was quite fond of asking himself questions and then answering them—"why? Because you can't write at all. You don't know an H from a D, unless there's a Horse in the picture with the H, and a Donkey with the D. That's why."

"True; but that's only when I'm awake."

"Try it and see," whispered the Pencil in his papa's vest pocket. "I'll help, and maybe our old friend the Scratch Pad will help too."

"That's a good idea," said Jimmieboy, taking the Pencil out of his papa's pocket, and assisting it to climb down to the floor, so that it could run over to the desk and tell the Scratch Pad it was wanted.

"Don't you lose my pencil," said papa.

"No, I won't," replied Jimmieboy, his eyes following the Pencil in its rather winding course about the room to where the desk stood.

"I have to keep out of sight, you know, Jimmieboy," the Pencil said. "Because if I didn't, and your papa saw me walking off, he'd grab hold of me and put me back in his pocket again."

Suddenly the Pencil disappeared over by the waste-basket, and then Jimmieboy heard him calling, in a loud whisper: "Hi! Pad! Paddy! Pad dee!"

"What's wanted?" answered the Pad, crawling over to the edge of the desk and peering down at the Pencil, who was hallooing himself hoarse.

"Jimmieboy and I are going to write some dream poetry, and we want you to help," said the Pencil.

"Oh, I'm not sleepy," returned the Pad.

"Neither am I," said the Pencil. "But that needn't make any difference. Jimmieboy does the sleeping and dreaming, and you and I do the rest."

"Oh, that's it, eh? Well, I don't mind; but—er—how am I ever going to get down there?" asked the Pad. "It's a pretty big jump."

"That's so," answered the Pencil. "I wouldn't try jumping. Can't the Twine help you?"

"No. He's all used up."

"Then I have it," said the Pencil. "Put a little mucilage on your back and slide down. The mucilage will keep you from going too fast."

"Good scheme," said the Pad, putting the Pencil's suggestion into practice, and finding that it worked beautifully, even if it did make him feel uncomfortably sticky.

And then arm in arm they tiptoed softly across the room and climbed up into Jimmieboy's lap. So quietly did they go that neither Jimmieboy's mamma nor his papa noticed them at all, as they might have had the conspirators been noisy, although mamma was reading and papa's head was thrown back, so that his eyes rested on the picture moulding.

"Here we are, Jimmieboy," said the Pad. "Pencil here tells me you're going to try a little dream poetry."

"Yes," said Jimmieboy. "I am, if you two will help."

"Count on us," said the Pencil. "What do you do first?"

"I don't exactly know," said Jimmieboy. "But I rather think I take Pencil in my hand, Pad in my lap, and fall asleep."

"All right," said the Pad, lying flat on his back. "I'm ready."

"So am I," put in the Pencil, settling down between two of Jimmieboy's fingers.

"All aboard for sleep," said Jimmieboy, with a smile, and then he fell into a doze. In about two minutes he opened his eyes again, and found both Pad and Pencil in a great state of excitement.

"Did I write anything?" asked Jimmieboy, in an excited whisper.

"Yes," said the Pad. "You just covered me up with a senseless mass of words. This isn't any fun."

"No," said the Pencil. "It's all nonsense. Just see here what you've got."

Jimmieboy looked anxiously at the Pad, and this is what he saw:

I seen since."
 memory's wrong,
They both dressed
 couple walked

And straightway change
 up stairs with me,
 "I think it's
"If that's the case,"

 catch the early in.
 to leave the shop,
 for it's pla
 Polypop.

 two weeks yesterday
 haven't uttered
Oh, Polypop, I
 ersnee, "See here,

He didn't pay
 moon was shining bright,
To see the
 Polypop came down

"Dear me!" he said. "Why, that doesn't mean anything, does it?"

"No. There isn't much in dream poetry, anyhow," said the Pad. "I'm going back home. Good-by."

"Oh, don't go," said the Pencil. "Let's try it again—just once more. Eh?"

"Very well," returned the Pad, good-naturedly, tearing off one of his leaves. "Go ahead, Jimmieboy."

And Jimmieboy dozed off again.

"Wake up, wake up!" cried the Pencil in about three minutes. "We've got something this time."

But they were all disappointed, for this time when they looked all that they could see was this:

 have not them
And if my not
 were in chint;
With that the about;
 near rest,"

For you to go
Replied best,
 the Snickersnee,

And tra
I hadn't time
"My reason in
"I know it," said the

Since
You one small cheer,

Then quoth the say.
 Snick
 his feet.
And as the
 Snickersnee
The one night,

"Rubbish!" said the Pad, indignantly. "There's two leaves of myself wasted now on your old dream poetry. I think that's enough. I'm off. Good-by."

"Don't be hasty, Pad," retorted the Pencil. "That's a great deal better than the other. Why, there's one part there with all the lines beginning with capitals, and when that happens it's generally a sign that there's poetry around."

"There isn't much there, though," said Jimmieboy, a little disappointed by the result. "I guess Pad's right. We'd better give it up."

"Not yet," pleaded the Pencil. "There's luck in odd numbers, you know. Let's try it just once more."

"Shall we, Jimmieboy?" asked the Pad.

"Yes. Let's," assented Jimmieboy, as he dropped off to sleep for the third time.

This time he must have slept five minutes. When he opened his eyes he saw the Pencil staring blankly at the Pad, on which was written nothing more than this curious formula:

2
2
4

"How aggeravating!" said Jimmieboy.

"Abominable!" ejaculated the Pad.

"I believe it's a key to what has gone before," said the Pencil, shaking his rubber wisely. "Two and two make four—two and two make four. Ah! I know. You've got to put two and two together to make four. If we put those two leaves of nonsensical words together, maybe we'll have a poem. Let's try."

"It'll use me up, I'm afraid," sighed the Pad.



JIMMIEBOY FINDS NOTHING BUT DREAM WRITING ON THE PAD.



"ALL ABOARD FOR SLEEP," SAID JIMMIEBOY.

"Oh no. It won't take more than a half of you," said the Pencil, putting the two leaves on which Jimmieboy had first written together.

"It looks like a poem," he said, when he had fitted the two together. "Let's see how it reads.

I have not seen them since."
And if my memory's not wrong,
They both were dressed in chintz;
"With that the couple walked along;

"That doesn't mean a blessed thing," said the Pad.

"It's nonsense," said Jimmieboy.

"Just wait!" said the Pencil, beginning to read again:

And straightway change your vest."
For you to go up stairs with me,
Replied, "I think it's best
"If that's the case," the Snickersnee
And catch the early train."
I hadn't time to leave the shop
"My reason for it's plain;
"I know it," said the Polypop;

Since two weeks yesterday,
You haven't uttered one small cheer
Oh, Polypop, I say,
"Then quoth the Snickersnee, 'See here,
He didn't pay his fee.
And as the moon was shining bright,
To see the Snickersnee,
"The Polypop came down one night

"Ho!" jeered the Pad. "That's elegant poetry, that is. You might get paid five cents a mile for stuff like that, if you wanted to sell it and had luck."

"I don't care," said the Pencil. "It rhymes well."

"Oh, I know what's the matter," said Jimmieboy, gleefully. "Why, of course it's poetry. Read it upside down, and it's all right. It's dream poetry, and dreams always go the other way. It's fine. Just listen:

"The Polypop came down one night
To see the Snickersnee,
And as the moon was shining bright,
He didn't pay his fee."

"That is good," said the Pad. "Let me say the next:

"Then quoth the Snickersnee,
'See here,
Oh, Polypop, I say,
You haven't uttered one small cheer
Since two weeks yesterday."

"I thought it would come out right," said the Pencil. "The next two verses are particularly good, too:

"I know it," said the Polypop;
'My reason for it's plain;
I hadn't time to leave the shop
And catch the early train."

"If that's the case," the Snickersnee
Replied, 'I think it's best
For you to go up stairs with me,
And straightway change your vest."

"Now altogether," cried the Pad, enthusiastically. "One, two, three!" And then they all recited—

"With that the couple walked along;
They both were dressed in chintz;
And if my memory's not wrong,
I have not seen them since."

"Hooray!" cried Jimmieboy, as they finished—so loudly that it nearly deafened the Pad, which jumped from his lap and scurried back to the table as fast as it could go.

"What's that cheer for?" asked papa, looking down into Jimmieboy's face, and grabbing the Pencil, which was on the point of falling to the floor.

"It's for Dream Poetry," murmured Jimmieboy, getting drowsy again. "I've just dreamed a lot. It's on the Pad."

"Indeed!" said papa, with a sly wink at mamma. "Let's get the Pad and read it."

The little fellow straightened up and ran across to the desk, and grasped the Pad firmly in his hands, and handed it to his father to read.

"H'm!" said papa, staring at the leaf before him. "Blank verse."

"Read it," said Jimmieboy.

"I can't to-night, my boy," he answered. "My eyes are too weak for me to see dream writing."

For between you and me that was all the kind of writing there was on that Pad.



MASTER LEON MORRIS AND HIS EDUCATED PONIES.



BANNER, THE WRESTLING PONY.



PROFESSOR CONRAD'S TRICK ANIMALS.



A REAL LITTLE CIRCUS.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

AFTER this, I shall say "Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce myself to you as a strong man, for, just as you see me, I have carried around a live horse." I think that would cause some surprise, because I am no longer young nor athletic. Fearful that my readers might think I was not truthful, I should have to explain matters. Then I would add, "It was ever so small a horse—a pony, a tiny one, and not heavier than would be three Christmas turkeys."

The first time I saw this pony was on the stage, in the make-believe parade of a play called *The Country Circus*, now being performed at the Academy of Music in New York. It was the nicest kind of a parade, with a procession of equestrians, brass bands, animal vans, and comical figures; and the line of march was down one street, past a country hotel, and up another, and the whole concern kept coming on and going off for at least twenty minutes. There were numbers of fine horses, and teams of pretty ponies hauled across the stage a lion, a tiger, and a huge grizzly in their respective dens. The wild animals looked most ferocious, and I thought I never had seen before such a monster of a bear; but I found out afterwards that they were bogus beasts, and that men inside of real skins pretended to be members of the menagerie. There were people on the stage, just like the crowd on the sidewalks, wanting to see the show; and there was a funny policeman, who tried to keep order and failed, and he was always arresting the good boys and letting the bad ones go free. Every now and then a boy would make a rush and slip in under the canvas, and so steal a sight of the show. It was pleasant for me to be seated comfortably in the orchestra, and not to be jostled, pushed, or scrouged on the streets, and I thought that if I could always see circus parades in that way I never would miss one of them.

All of a sudden the parade came to a halt. I said to myself, "There is a hay-wagon upset right in the line of march, and that is the reason for the stoppage." I quite forgot it was a sham street painted on canvas. Then a girl pushed along a baby-carriage, and she stopped too, and put a nursing-bottle on the stage. Now she took her precious charge out of the little carriage, and put it tenderly on the floor. It did not stand on two legs, but on four. It was not a baby, but the smallest pony I ever saw, and he did not toddle, but trotted off as gayly as could be, for he was part of the parade.

I fell in love with that pony at once, and wanting to know more about him, I went to his stable and had a good look at him. Wee-Wee stood a little higher than my knee. I held his forefoot in the palm of my hand, and when I closed my fingers, I covered up his hoof and his entire fetlock. His hair was long and shaggy. Wee-Wee is a calico pony—white and brown of a very small pattern. If he had been clipped, he would have been much smaller in bulk than an intimate friend of mine who is a St. Bernard dog. Wee-Wee was sweet-tempered, and did not object in the least to being picked up, and so I put my arms around him and carried him a short distance. Wee-Wee is a colt, over a year old, and might weigh fifty pounds. He was bred in Illinois. His family is Shetland. He may have a little Javanese in him, for in very hot and very cold climates lilliputian horses are found.

Wi-Wi, who is coal black, is first cousin to Wee-Wee, and he is three inches taller. The stall the two ponies live in was not bigger than a comfortable dog-house. In the stable Wee-Wee and Wi-Wi were as quiet as mice, and when they were led out for Mr. Church to sketch, they stood perfectly still. Mr. Morris, the trainer, had the little fellows put in the sawdust ring for us, and at once they began playing and frisking like two dogs. One would get on his hind legs, and execute the tiniest kind

of a rear, and give ridiculous kicks, and then the other would shove him away, and pretend to bite, and sham viciousness. It was the most amusing of scuffling. The funniest thing was when Wee-Wee made a labored attempt to whinny like a big horse. A penny whistle would have made more noise. What I felt inclined to do all the time, was to get a shingle, put it on four wheels, glue Wee-Wee's feet to it, then, having a bit of twine, to draw him after me, for all the world like a toy horse.

There were eight trick ponies, and they did whatever Mr. Morris told them to do. When they stood in a line, at the word "Right Oblique!" every pony put his head over the back of his mate. Occasionally one of the ponies would tire of being affectionate and would move, but a word from the trainer, without the use of the whip, would make the pony put his head back again in the proper place. Every pony knew his name.

Romeo and Juliette were the seesaw ponies. Juliette is quite gone on seesawing, only a little selfish, as she likes to work the trick all by herself. Mr. Morris said that if she were left alone she would seesaw by the hour, for her own pleasure. Juliette it is who works her way backwards until she just balances Romeo, and then the two seesaw as if they enjoyed it.

Banner is the wrestling pony. He wrestles with a colored boy, and though he can throw the boy every time, he never hurts him. The boy has on thick padded clothes, and Banner is careful to get the clothes between his teeth, so as not to nip his two-legged opponent. When in the ring, Banner is intent on wrestling, but in his stall is as quiet as a lamb, and on the best of terms with the colored boy. This pony might not be a convenient one to ride, because he could turn his head, and get your skirt, or the bottom of your trouser leg in his teeth, and so haul you out of the saddle.

There is a baboon who rides just like a circus man, only he has a donkey for a horse. That baboon throws a summersault on donkeyback. In the final act it is amusing to see him show affection for his donkey. Every now and then he tumbles off, but he keeps running after the galloping donkey until he can climb up again. His master told me it was not troublesome to teach this baboon, but that he made it a point to play with the pupil every day. So you see that monkeys are like boys and girls, and that all work and no play is sure to make Jocko and Jack dull boys.

My feelings were once much touched when I saw a crippled monkey at Bridgeport, which is Barnum's winter headquarters. This monkey had been badly thrown, and a pony galloping past had cut him with his hoof. But the monkey, though bruised and bleeding, would not give up. He climbed on his pony again, and won the race. At Bridgeport all the care possible was taken of the monkey, for he was a hero. In time his scars healed, and I am informed that of all the monkey jockeys in the circus ring, he is the most reckless.

The nicest thing of all was when Master Leon Morris, a lad of twelve, brought in his ponies and made them go through their tricks. There was a dog, too, who was clever. He stood on a ball and worked it with his paws. It was a regular nursery circus; just such a show as young people have (in their imaginations) in a back parlor, or in the dining-room, only this one had real animals.

I noticed particularly that Leon did not bully his company, and he never bawled at them. He used his voice in a natural way, and the entire party seemed to be on the most pleasant terms.

When I see a dog performance, I always watch the dog's tail. That tail indicates the nature of his feelings. If he wags it, and curls it up naturally, I know that he is an actor pleased with his part; but if he droops his tail, or puts it between his legs, I am sure he is disgusted.

DIEGO PINZON,*

AND

THE FEARFUL VOYAGE HE TOOK INTO THE
UNKNOWN OCEAN A.D. 1492.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CAONABO, cacique of Maguana, differed so strikingly in his appearance and manner from his subjects that the boys were struck by it at their first glance at him. He was not only larger and more muscular, but he bore himself with a hauteur and dignity that any Old World monarch might have envied.

He eyed the boys with wonder, it is true, but there was something in his manner that made Diego mutter to Juan, "I'm afraid he won't accept the story of our descent from the skies."

"And he looks fierce enough for a cannibal," said Juan.

They afterwards learned that Caonabo was, in fact, a Carib and a cannibal, who had come to the island from his own home when he was a young man, and who had won his place as the most powerful and most feared of the island caciques by his courage and his sagacity.

He was kind enough to them, though, as Diego had said, he did not act with any such awe of them as the other caciques had done. He asked questions, which Diego answered as well as he could, and he examined curiously their clothing, knives, and bells.

"I think from his looks," said Diego to Juan, "that he would give more for the knives than for all the bells in the world."

And that was undoubtedly true; but he did not say so, and was as scrupulously honest as the meanest of his subjects had been. Honesty, indeed, next to hospitality, was the virtue held in highest esteem among these islanders. Theft was so heinous an offence that it was punished by death.

It seemed to strike Caonabo as a singular thing that his guests should care so much for gold; though, indeed, the boys had found it so easy to possess that it no longer had any charms for them, and if they had not hoped to rejoin the ship, they would not have taken two steps to procure a ton of the yellow metal. It seems so true that a thing is valued only in proportion as it is desired by others.

However, Caonabo had no objection to having the boys procure all the gold they desired, and he would not permit them to give their bells for it; though he afterwards accepted the bells which were offered him, when Diego made him understand that they were a gift.

What Caonabo coveted was one of the knives. He took one in his hand, and tested the blade on a piece of wood; and when Diego showed him how it could be used to pierce with, he buried it in a calabash which lay near him with such an air of its being alive that Diego procured the knife back, and would not again part with it.

"If we are going to run away," said Diego, "I would prefer that he should not have that to try on me."

Running away, however, seemed every day less feasible. The boys had been provided with a hut, and Butios had been assigned to them to see that they lacked no comforts, and every measure had been taken as if it were the fixed design of Caonabo to keep them with him.

He had sent the cacique who had first discovered the boys back to his own country, and the Butios had gone with him, very much to their disgust at being obliged to part with their treasure; though the boys had consoled them by giving each Butio a bell.

Finding their lives to be in no danger whatever, the boys made all the preparations for flight that they very well could. Diego, on the plea of seeing where the gold was procured, was taken, in different directions, from the village to the rivers where the gold lay in grains and tiny nuggets at the bottom. He was glad to see the gold, but what he cared most for was the acquaintance he and Juan gained of the surrounding country. Moreover, he asked questions of different persons, until he had learned that the sea lay about equidistant from them on either side of the island. And from one old man, who had



FOR THREE NIGHTS THEY FLOATED DOWN THE STREAM.

journeyed much, he learned that in a lovely valley to the north of them, on either side of the Cibao Mountains, a beautiful river ran down to the sea, and entered it at the foot of the mountain chain that lay parallel to the Cibao Mountains.

Then there was the matter of the gold. It was valueless to them now that they had it heaped in an ignominious pile in a corner of the hut; but they knew it would regain its value when it was on the ship, and so they questioned themselves what to do about it.

After going over the matter a great many times, they determined to make belts of the skin of a little animal called the coati, in which to put as many nuggets as they could. No one suspected their object in fastening the gold to the belts, the generally received opinion being that it was a sort of religious ceremony.

They had no idea of the value in Spanish coin of the pile of gold they had collected; but when their belts were finished, they found them to weigh, each, not less than twenty pounds. They tried them on, and felt so dubious of the comfort of such heavy belts that they were tempted to throw off some of the weight; but Juan suggested that they could throw the gold away at any time, and that it would be very pleasant to go aboard the *Pinta* so laden.

That was true enough, and so they left the belts as they had made them, and hung them in their hut, where afterwards they discovered the natives looking at them in great awe. And the Butios asked permission to carry them in procession to show to their Zemes, as they called their idols.

Many times they thought of trying to escape, but whenever they attempted it they discovered themselves to be very closely watched, so that they were obliged to give up, unless they were willing to use violence; and that they were afraid to do, even if it had been feasible, and they were not sure that it was. By this time they had been absent nearly three weeks from the ship, and they were so uneasy that they were nearly beside themselves, though compelled not to betray it to their host.

Then, one night, their opportunity came. It came in a

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 627.

singular way, too. The people were passionately fond of dancing, and knew no moderation in it. They would often dance as the boys had seen the cacique do who had discovered them at the cave, keeping on their feet until their strength was exhausted, and then dropping, almost fainting, to the earth.

Sometimes, too, the men would drink a sort of wine made from the maize, when they had danced until they had dropped, and then they would be stupid, and would sleep where they had fallen until morning came. But in these cases there were always some of the Butios who would keep their senses and watch over the boys.

But on the occasion spoken of it was not wine to which the fallen dancers resorted, but to the dried leaf of a plant which had been placed in a hollow dug in earth and there set a-smouldering.

The boys had seen this same leaf used in Cuba, but in a different way. There the Indians had rolled it into a sort of stick, which they called a tobacco, one end of which was taken into the mouth and the other end lighted, so that by sucking at the stick a quantity of the smoke from the ignited plant would be drawn into the mouth, thereby causing the person a pleasurable sensation. At least the natives had declared this to be the case; though when the boys had tried it, they had had lively emotions of sickness in their stomachs.

On this island the leaves were placed in the hollow spoken of, and then ignited and smothered, so that the smoke would rise from it in volumes. When it had come to this pass, the Indians would lie down by it with a hollow tube of wood shaped like a Y, the two prongs of which were so arranged as to fit in the nostrils of the smoker. Then the disengaged end would be thrust into the smoke, which would be inhaled until the smoker would fall over in a stupor.

On a certain festival which came while the boys were there, and fortunately at a time when the Butios had lost all fear of the boys escaping, though they had not relaxed their watchfulness, the dancing was ended by an indulgence in a smoke.

The women took part in the dancing, but not in the smoking, so that they would have been able to watch the boys if they had thought it necessary; but they did not, and the Butios were so anxious for the indulgence that they could not restrain themselves.

At first, when the dancing began, the boys did not realize what it was to result in, and they had no thoughts of getting away that night, but stood apart from the dancers, thinking how strange a sight it was to see all those men and women whirling about by the light of the flames, that seemed themselves to be dancing as they leaped up from the bonfires.

But after a while they saw how the men would fall down and become stupid, and Juan pointed out how the Butios were dancing and smoking with the others. That gave them their first hope of escape, and after that they watched eagerly to see if the Butios had really forgotten them.

It was quite late before they could be sure that they might escape without fear of being noticed; but they knew that it would be late in the morning before the men would recover their senses, and that they would be able to go many miles if they made good use of their time.

So they stole back to their hut, put on their gold belts, and started off in the direction of the Cibao Mountains, as they had so often talked of doing. They went with many misgivings; for not only was there the fear of the wrath of Caonabo should they be captured and taken back, but there was the risk of not finding the ship, and of being obliged to remain on the island, at the mercy of other Indians not so friendly, perhaps, as Caonabo.

They had no hesitation because of their fears, however, but sped away under cover of the darkness, and,

thanks to the care with which they had studied the country all about the village, they were enabled to take the right way without stopping to consider.

They were in excellent condition too, and had it not been for the load each carried at his waist, they would have been able to go twenty-five miles before dawn. As it was, they did not go more than fifteen miles, and were terribly fatigued then, and glad to lie down and rest.

When they awoke, later in the morning, they found themselves in the foot-hills of the mountains, with many good places for hiding all about them. They stole out to procure some fruit, and then returned to their hiding-place, and watched and slept, each in his turn. Twice they saw some of Caonabo's warriors, though not men they recognized, and they did not seem to be searching for them.

At night they went on again, climbing the mountains, and groaning with the weight of their belts. They were sturdy boys, and the weight was very well distributed around their waists, but the load of it grew wofully heavy as they proceeded, and more than once they stopped and discussed the propriety of throwing some of the gold away. But as the hope of being once more with those who loved gold came upon them, the liking in their own hearts increased, and they could not bring themselves to be rid of any of it.

So they toiled on, and by morning were at the mountain-top, as they could know because they were able to look down into that valley which the natives had spoken of as being so beautiful and so fertile. And beautiful it was, indeed, and afterwards was named the Royal Plain, because of its surpassing beauty. Many fruits grew there, and fields of the maize, of which the natives thought so much, not only because it was good for food, but as well because it was the source of that intoxicating liquor with which they stupefied themselves.

There was no fruit on the mountain-top, and the boys ventured down lower with great caution, until they came to some bananas. Those they ate, and then, with rising spirits, lay down to sleep. They had come so far, and the remainder seemed the easiest part. They had seen that river called in those times, and in these too, the Yagui, of which the old Indian had spoken, and they knew that if they could but find a canoe along its banks they would be able to make the remainder of the journey with comparative ease.

Well, not to dwell too long on a journey which was made safely, they were three days in reaching a part of the river that was suited to their purpose; for, though navigable where they first came upon it, it was so narrow that they would have been in danger of detection.

Another night's journey had to be made after that before they could find a canoe; but they did at last come upon one, and took it without qualms of conscience, knowing that the hawk's bell they hung in a conspicuous place in payment for it would be deemed a sufficient recompense.

For three nights they floated down the stream, and mightily frightened they were by discovering that there were in it those horrible reptiles known to the natives as caimans—great lizard-like monsters, with huge jaws armed with shining rows of sharp teeth, and powerful enough to stun a man with a blow of the tail. The Admiral had said that the like creatures were found in Egypt and in other places in Africa, but the boys liked them none the better for that.

However, they arrived at the mouth of the river at last, just about day-dawn, and then their anxiety came in a new form. Had the ship gone? Had it left the island altogether? They crept into the woods and worked their way to the edge of them, where they could see the beach, and looked out upon the water. Then their hearts sank, for there was no sign of any ship.

How could they have hoped for it if they had been able to reason dispassionately upon the subject? It was because they wished to hope that they had done so, and not because of any reasonableness in it. At first, in their wretchedness they would neither eat nor talk to each other, and they could not sleep, though tired and in need of rest.

After a while, however, they talked a little, consoled each other, and even declared that they could exist on the island, if that were necessary. Then they ate, and afterwards fell asleep.

Diego was wakened by Juan before the sun had gone down, and looked up in wonder to see the excitement on the face of his companion.

"Come and see!" said Juan, dragging him by the arm, and he scrambled to his feet and followed to the edge of the wood.

Two ships were anchored in the bay beyond the mouth of the river, and coming up the river were four boats with casks in them, as if the crews were going up to obtain fresh water while the tide was out.

"The *Pinta* and the *Niña*!" murmured Diego, and he turned to Juan, and they wept in each other's arms, so great was their joy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AN ENCOUNTER WITH CHINESE PIRATES.

BY LIEUT. F. DE T. CLOTH, LATE OF THE FRENCH NAVY.

OF all pirates in the world, the Chinese pirate is the worst. It makes no difference to him whether his victims are natives or foreigners, he treats them with equal cruelty. Murder and plunder are his profession, and he takes his greatest pleasure in mutilating bodies in the most horrible manner. He is a perfect scourge to the Flowery Kingdom, which he infests from north to south and from east to west. The Black Flags are the most formidable among these marauders, their bands in all numbering from 25,000 to 30,000 men, all of whom are well armed and desperate fighters.

On December 16, 1885, during the Tonquin campaign, while stationed at Hai-Phong, on the Red River, I was detailed from my gunboat to do duty on shore, and join the staff of the Commander-in-chief of our land forces at Phi-Long-Thion, about ninety miles distant from Hai-Phong. A naval officer in such campaigns is often obliged to do shore duty, much as he may dislike it. There were no steam-launches available to take me to my destination, and I had to be satisfied with a junk and a crew of fourteen native oarsmen. At that time the Tonquin was infested with pirates, and especially so the Red River. We started the following Saturday, well prepared for our trip. I was the only European on board the junk, and my company consisted of my native servant (a boy fourteen years old), a "Gras" rifle, two ordnance revolvers, and a Winchester.

The beginning of the voyage was very tedious, the deep silence which had settled over the abandoned country being only broken now and then by the unmelodious and monotonous songs of my coolie oarsmen. With the exception of the shooting of some wild-duck and snipe, I had little or no distraction during the first two days. All I had seen were the traces that war invariably leaves behind it.

During the third night we passed the Elephant Mountains, which are the only chain of rocky hills in the Delta of the Red River between Hai-Phong and Phi-Long-Thion. There are many natural caves in these mountains, and as they offer a welcome shelter from the rigors of a wretched climate and the pursuit of an enemy, they are infested with pirates.

The morning had just dawned; the sun was still strug-

gling with the dense fog that had settled during the night on the broad valley and the lazy rolling waters of the river. I was sleeping very lightly, when my servant-boy began to scream. "Ca pirates, moonsie moonsie, pirates!" I bolted from my cramped-up bedchamber, and jumped to my feet, gripping my Winchester; I also had my revolver in my belt, for it was my habit to sleep in arms. Standing on the covering mats of the junk, I could see nothing for a moment; but in another second I detected a very mysterious-looking junk, with the characteristic palm-leaf matting spread for a sail. Sure enough, it was a pirate junk, and it was nearing mine with rapid strokes. For a moment I hardly knew what to do. My coolies, terror-stricken, left their oars, and tried to find hiding-places in the interior of the boat, where they huddled together, and began jabbering and screaming, while every limb of the dirty fellows trembled with fear. My threats to shoot them down if they did not return to their oars were in vain.

In the mean time my enemies had approached within fifty yards. The fog had now almost vanished, and I could plainly see the wild-looking brutes I had to face. Presently a shower of large stones struck my junk. There was now only one course open to me: I had to defend myself single-handed against those murderers of the cave. I levelled my Winchester, but before I had time to pull the trigger, my assailants fired a volley. Some of their bullets struck the junk; others I heard whistling through the air. I returned fire instantly, and then a wild yell reached me. I had evidently hit one of the villains. But with the quick, mad energy of a man who is fighting for his life against fearful odds, I heeded nothing but my Winchester, and loaded and fired, loaded and fired again and again, until I had not a cartridge left. I had heard a yell following each shot, but I did not know what had been the effect of my fire.

There was a moment's silence as I stood there with my smoking Winchester in my hands; then I took my brace of revolvers from my belt, and prepared myself



A SURGICAL CASE.

for the encounter at close quarters. My eyes, of course, were on the pirate junk which I expected every moment to forge up alongside; but she did not do so. Indeed, I could see no sign of a man aboard her. Then my coolies came up from their hiding places below, and taking up their oars one by one, they gave way to my orders, bent to their oars, and ran up to the enemy's vessel. Before we reached the pirates, however, six or seven men jumped overboard. I did not fire at them. They dived and swam like ducks, and gave me no chance of capturing any of them.

Then we boarded the murderers, and I found seven bodies lying partly on top and partly in the interior of the boat. From a distant corner in the stern of the vessel came groans. I tried to crawl up to the place, but when within a few feet of it a knife flashed past my head, burying itself in the bamboo matting above. Then I approached more cautiously. There, on a pile of dirt, was lying, in his last agony, the hideous creature that threw the weapon at me as a last show of defiance. Never in my life shall I forget the expression of savage hate that filled those glittering eyes. Yet I could not help feeling pity for the creature. After all, he was a man, and, as such, my equal before the laws of nature. I had him lifted on top of the junk, and tried to dress his wounds, but he almost died under my hands. When searching the junk, we found plenty of food and six hundred piasters in money. There was also a number of old muskets. All of them, however, were in bad condition, and it was evidently due to this fact that my life had been spared, for I had been an open target during the entire fray.

After this encounter we made haste for the next French settlement on the river-banks, where I reported the occurrence, and delivered my prize and the money to our own civil authorities. Our Resident of the district received me with extreme coolness, and asked me what other proofs I had that the men I had killed were pirates. He almost intimated that in his opinion I ought to be court-martialled, in which case, of course, I should have been shot for murder.

However, the military authorities took a different view of the case from that of Monsieur le Résident, and consequently I am still alive, much to the annoyance of that most humane official.

LITTLE BLACK LILLIE.

BY M. H. W.

WHEN I first knew Lillie she was a little atom of a black dog scarcely out of her babyhood, and more than an atom she never became. She was sitting on a table at the time of our introduction, and from the moment when, after examining me critically and deciding that I was to be considered a friend, she looked up in my face with her soft brown eyes, and held out one small black paw to shake hands, we were the very best of friends.

Lillie's accomplishments were many and varied, and she seemed to understand everything that was said to her. She was a sturdy little patriot, and "died for her country" on all occasions, though it must be admitted that she preferred serving it in some other way, and invariably kept one eye open, in order not to lose a moment in coming to life again, after the signal had been given.

Lillie was a dog of great system, and her daily duties were all performed with the utmost regularity and precision. Every morning she went to walk with grandpa before breakfast, and on her way back stopped for the paper, which had to be folded in the smallest possible compass to be carried in her little mouth. This was her "constitutional," which was never omitted, no matter

how unpleasant the weather, and grandpa always found her ready and waiting for him.

Molly, her little mistress, took very good care of her, but occasionally would forget to give her her breakfast, and then to see the injured look assumed by her small ladyship, until Molly, remembering the omission, repaired the breach by writing a note to the cook, and giving it to her to carry, when off she would trot down stairs, her little tail wagging, fully understanding that a nice dish of bread and milk awaited her at the end of her journey.

She was a great favorite with all the family, and had the most unbounded affection for each member of it. Every night when papa came home, off she would go to the closet, and, after a great struggling and scratching, reappear with a slipper as large again as herself; this laid at his feet in triumph, away she would run for the other, and then jump on his knee to be petted and praised. This feat she considered the great event of the day, and its importance was never diminished by constant repetition. Once papa went abroad for a year and a half, and when he came back, Lillie, after wriggling her little body nearly in half and barking herself quite hoarse with joy, flew off to the closet where the slippers used to be kept, and not finding them, brought out one of Molly's little shoes instead, by way of proving her affection, and the desire of her loving little heart to do something for him.

But when she was taken out to walk in the afternoon—not for mere exercise, as before breakfast, but for a gala "promenade"—that was the proudest moment of all. Dressed in her little red broadcloth blanket and bells, with a very small bundle confided to her charge, and held tightly between her little white teeth, a more self-satisfied doggie never was seen.

Lillie was a dog of many virtues, but, like the rest of us, she had her failings. In spite of her admirable bringing up, she could not bear to be washed; and, in fact, the very name of "bath," although mentioned without the slightest reference to her, sufficed to send her flying to the most obscure corner. It was with the greatest difficulty that we could entice her into the tub, where she would stand in shivering misery until the hated scrubbing was over.

Occasionally she was even naughty in the way of committing small thefts and the like; and this we always knew by her looks, without any more circumstantial evidence of her guilt. She would be found lying on the floor, a small ball of disconsolation, waiting for the scolding she knew she deserved; and not a muscle would she move till it was ended, and she thought she could detect signs of relenting in mamma, who usually "maintained discipline" in the family. Then she would venture to wag the tip of her tail faintly, and if no "naughty Lillie" followed, her little paw would be hesitatingly extended; finally mamma would say, "Lillie, do you want to be forgiven?" when into her arms the little creature would spring like a flash, and after covering her face with kisses, away she would go, jumping and frisking about the room, with short, joyous barks, so glad to be a respectable and proper dog once more.

She was generally very polite, and her manners were faultless. She always shut the door after her, standing on her hind legs, and pushing and tugging with all her might and main until she succeeded in starting it. When she wanted water, she brought her cup, and laid it down by some one, and then sat up and "begged" quietly till her appeal was noticed.

It was a sad, sad day for Molly and for us all when the pretty little pet died. We had been popping corn, and Lillie had picked up some of the sharp-pointed kernels, which came flying out of the popper in all directions about the floor. These proved too hard for her

delicate digestion, and she soon began to show signs of feeling badly. We gave her brandy—the usual never-failing remedy for all her ills—but without effect. All that day she lay “snuggled” up tight in mamma’s arms, growing weaker every minute. Toward night mamma said, “Lillie, do you love me?” when she put out her little red tongue, as she always used to do at the question, to kiss her hand, but was too weak to get it back. After this she never moved. Late in the evening we made her a warm, soft bed by the fire, thinking she would be more comfortable there, and when, a few moments after, we went to look at her, she was dead. We all mourned indeed, and it was a long time before we ceased to miss the pretty, intelligent little creature.

With her we buried her cup, blanket, bells, ribbons, and everything that had belonged to her, and under the rose-bushes in the garden you may still see the grave where we laid little black Lillie.

IN OR OUT?

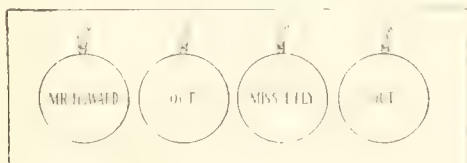
HAPPY the family in which the boy is the fortunate possessor of a tool-chest. Is there a nail to be driven? There is the boy with his hammer, ready to pound his (and every one else’s) fingers to the bone, if need be. Does a drawer stick? There is the boy with his plane, eager to shave off the offending morsel of wood. Has the carpet become detached from the floor? The boy is ready to secure it in place with a pound of tacks if necessary. To be sure, the female portion of the community is kept busy in holding stools for him to climb on, in clearing away his shavings, in binding up his wounds, and, above all, in finding something for him to do. For a boy with a tool-chest, like a powerful stream, must be given an outlet for superabundant energy, or the suppressed activity may cause danger.

Here is a little household convenience which any boy can make. It can be rendered both useful and ornamental. Illustration No. 1 shows its form and its purpose.

The foundation is a piece of wood. If the boy has a jig-saw, and wishes to ornament the article highly, a light wood is chosen; or it may be carved if his fingers are skilful in that exquisite work; or it may be simply an oblong piece of wood chosen for the beauty of its grain, such as bird’s-eye maple or satinwood. The wood may be bought all ready cut to size and polished, or it may be procured in its rough state, sawn, ornamented, and polished with sand-paper and oil by the boy himself. The size will depend on the size of the family. The piece should be thick enough not to warp readily—about two and a half inches broad, and in length should be about an inch and a half for each member of the family, plus two inches. That is to say, for a family of four the length should be about $4 \times 1\frac{1}{2} + 2$ inches = 8 inches. A sense of proportion will suggest that, should the family be very large, it would be better to make the piece of wood twice as wide and half as long, so that the length will not be disproportionate to the breadth.

Next some little brass eye-screws should be ready, one for each member of the family, and the same number of disks of celluloid or bone.

For these last, the little circular pieces of celluloid used as counters in various games may be used. A hole is bored very



near to the circumference with a red-hot hair-pin, and a tiny split ring, easily procurable at any hardware shop, is passed through the hole.

If these counters are not handy, there is to be found in any shop where key rings are sold a kind of key ring with a bone or ivory tag attached for the name of the owner. They may be bought for a few cents per dozen. The large ring must be discarded, and only the small one which attaches the tag to the key ring is to be used.

On one side of these disks is printed the word “Out,” in gilt

letters, with any ornamentation desired; on the other is placed the name of some member of the family, very plainly, so that all who run may read.”

The eye-screws are then screwed into the wood as shown in illustration No. 1, at regular intervals. The distance from the top must depend on the diameter of the name disks. The whole is then hung up in the hall by means of screws or by means of a little brass chain. It should be placed near the door. As each member of the family goes out, he turns the little disk bearing his name, so that the name side is toward the wall. This will bring the word “Out” to view. When he comes home, he reverses the circle and brings his name to the front again. Thus, when Bridget opens the door to any caller, she can tell immediately who is in and who is out, without the trouble of mounting the stairs to find out.

Children coming home from school will know whether their mother is at home or not, without waking all the echoes of the



house by calling up-stairs. When father makes his rounds before shutting up the house for the night, he will know whether every one is at home or not, and it will not often happen that some one is kept shivering on the doorstep in vain efforts to get into the house, because the chain has been put up.

Suppose the boy’s father or mother is a literary person, or one accustomed, for any reason, to spend many hours in solitary work. A little square of wood with one disk on it might be fastened on the outside of such a person’s study door. On one side should be the word “Busy,” and on the other, “Disengaged.” The busy worker within will bless the little circle which may secure to him hours for work, untroubled by trifling interruptions.

Suppose there is any one member of the family who has many callers on business. A little indicator might be prepared for him in the following way: A square or circular piece of wood has “Out,” “In,” “Engaged,” printed on it, as shown in the illustration. The long band of a clock is riveted in the centre, so as to turn freely, but not so freely as to fall out of place. Besides the words “Out” and “Engaged,” the dial of a clock is imitated, with the slight alteration that between XII. and I. there should be inserted an interrogation point. A small hand from a clock is placed in the centre of each of these dials. These hands may be procured at any jeweller’s, or from any old toy watch or peep-o-day clock which has outlived its usefulness.

The person whose name the indicator bears has no need to hunt up the servant who opens the door to tell her what time he will be at home; the servant may forget the hour, or some one else may happen to answer the caller’s bell. On going out, he simply turns the central clock-hand to the word “Out”; on the little dial beside it he points the hand to the hour when he expects to come home, if he knows it; and if he does not, he points it to the interrogation mark. In a similar manner he may indicate that he is engaged, and at what time he expects to be at leisure. Thus with the indicator shown in the illustration, who-soever opens the door may tell the caller that Dr. Smithson is not in at the present time, but that he is expected to be back about 3.30.

Similar indicators might be made useful in all business offices.

If the boy has talent for designing, many pretty decorations will suggest themselves to him; but even if they are without any ornament save the grain of the wood, they are very pretty little articles for the hall.



MAKING A FINE POINT.

OFFICER MULCAHEY. "TIS FOINE FOR COASTING, YE SAY?
"TIS WEL. I KNOW THAT, AND THE FOINE FOR COASTING ON THE SIDEWALK
IS FIVE DOLLARS, AND I HAVE HAIR A MIND TO RUN, YEZ IS FOR IT;
THAT WOULD BE FOINE TOO—SEE?"

A GOOD REASON.

"I HOPE you never fight with your little brother," remarked the visitor.

"No'm," replied Bobby; "'cause he's a great deal stronger than I am."

LIKE REAL PEOPLE.

"I ALWAYS feel down-hearted during winter out-of-doors," remarked the thermometer; "but as soon as I get into a warm room my spirits begin to rise."

PROVERBS OF YOUTH.

TOOTHACHE is worst just before school-time. It disappears about 9.30 A.M.

It is injurious to a boy's health to carry a scuttleful of coal up two flights of stairs; but a football game may be indulged in for several hours without harmful fatigue.

Sweeping is bad for a girl's back and arms; but dancing all the evening is good exercise.

Whittling is a recreation; but picking up the chips makes the back ache.

Never study at night; it is bad for the eyes. But one may read fairy tales until midnight with profit and pleasure.

A weary child should never run errands after school-time; but he may go a-skating until six o'clock, for skating is healthful.

Practising scales on the piano should be avoided. It makes mamma's headache worse. But a real jolly pillow fight upstairs may be indulged in if the thumps are not too frequent.

Blackening one's boots is dirty work; but playing mumble-the-peg is only fun.

SINGULAR.

I MADE a little snow-ball once—
It seemed to me a tiny speck—
And yet a man called me a dunce
Because it hit him in the neck.

A POSER.

JIMMIEBOY (*viewing a bald-headed baby*): "Papa, aren't we going to plant any hair on him?"

A PUZZLE.

"A LITTLE bird told me that you were naughty to-day," said Tommy's father.

"Must have been that parrot next door," answered Tommy; "but I don't know how he found it out."

AN EXPLANATION.

"PAPA, what is a dude?"

"It is a sort of a man, Willie. It is named after a bird called the dodo, which has no sense, and a fearful unreceipted bill."



OUR BABY.

"HE HAS HIS GRANDMOTHER'S EYES, AND HIS GRANDPAPA'S NOSE"

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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CANOEMATES:

A STORY OF THE EVERGLADES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," "CRYSTAL, JACK, & CO.," ETC

CHAPTER I.

IN THE FAR SOUTH.

"REALLY, mother, it doesn't seem as though I could stand it any longer! Life in this place isn't worth living, especially when it's a life of poverty, and what people call 'genteel poverty,' such as ours is. Our struggle is for bare existence, and there doesn't seem to be any future to it. If you'd only let me go to New York, I'm sure I could do something there that was worth the doing,

but I can't do anything here, and I'd almost rather die than live here any longer." With this Sumner Rankin flung himself into a chair, and his flushed face was as heavily clouded as though life held nothing of hope or happiness for him.

"Why, my dear boy," exclaimed his mother, standing beside him and smoothing his tumbled brown curls with her cool hands, "what is the matter? I never knew you to speak so bitterly before."

Mrs. Rankin still looked so young and pretty that she

might almost be taken for an elder sister of the handsome seventeen-year-old boy over whom she now bent so tenderly.

To the casual observer the Rankins' home was a very pleasant one. It was a pretty broad verandaed cottage, nestling in the shadows of a clump of towering cocoa nut-palms, on the far southern island of Key West. It stood on the outskirts of the town, and so close to the beach that the warm waters of the Mexican Gulf rippling on the coral rocks behind it made a ceaseless melody for its inmates. Jasmine vines clambered over it, glossy-leaved myrtles, a hedge of night-blooming cereus, and other sweet-scented tropical shrubs perfumed the air about it. Through these, looking out from the shaded coolness of the verandas, the eye caught fascinating glimpses of blue waters, with white sails constantly passing, and stately men-of-war swinging idly at their moorings. It looked an ideal home; but even in this tropical Eden there was one very large serpent, besides several that were smaller though almost equally annoying. The big one was poverty, and it held the Rankins in its dread embrace as though with no intention of relaxing it.

Mrs. Rankin was the widow of a naval officer who had been stationed at Key West a few years before. He had sent his wife and only child North to escape a dreadful summer of yellow fever, while he had staid and died at his post. Shortly before his death Commander Rankin, believing that Key West property was about to increase rapidly in value, had invested all that he had in the little jasmine-clad cottage, expecting to be able to sell it at a handsome profit when his term of service at that station should expire. Thus it was all that remained to his family, and to this haven Mrs. Rankin, sad-eyed and wellnigh broken-hearted, had returned with her boy. The fever had caused real estate to become of so little value that there was no chance of selling the cottage; so they were forced to live in it, and the widow eked out her scanty pension by letting such rooms as she could spare to lodgers. During the pleasant winter season she rarely had difficulty in filling them, but through the long hot summer months desirable lodgers were few and far between, and the poverty serpent enfolded them closely.

One of the lesser serpents against which the Rankins had to contend was the lack of congenial society; for, with the exception of a few government employés and others whose business compels them to live there, the population of Key West is composed of spongers and wreckers, Cuban and negro cigar-makers. Another was the lack of good schools, and the worst of all was the lack of suitable business openings for Sumner, or "Sumner," as his Chinese nurse had called him when he was a baby, and as he had been called ever since on account of his bright face and sunny disposition. He would have loved dearly to go through the Naval Academy and follow the profession that had been his father's, but the Rankins had no political influence, and without that there was no chance. He could not go into a cigar factory, and though his boyish love of adventure had led him to take several trips on sponging vessels, it was not the business for a gentleman.

Born in China, the boy had, with his mother, followed his naval father to many of the principal ports of the world. Both his father and mother had devoted all their spare time to his education, and thus he was well informed in many branches of which the average boy knows little or nothing. He loved the sea and everything connected with it. From his babyhood he had played with and sailed boats. Now there was no better sailor in Key West than he, nor one more at home among the reefs of those Southern waters. He knew the secrets of boat-building from keel to truck, and from stem to stern, while his favorite employment was the whittling out of models, the drawing of sail plans, and the designing of yachts.

But nobody wanted yachts in Key West, nor did its sailors care to have improved models for their fishing-boats or sponge vessels. So Sumner was considered a dreamer, and people said he ought to be doing something besides whittling and idling about home. The boy thought so himself, but what to do and how to set about it were problems the attempted solution of which caused him many an unhappy hour.

On the perfect winter day that he had come home in such a despairing frame of mind, his own life had just been presented in vivid contrast to that of another boy who seemed to have the very things that Sumner most longed for. He had been down to the wharf to see the *Olivette*, the West Indian fast mail-steamer from Tampa, come in. There he had been particularly attracted by a boy somewhat younger than himself, standing with a gentleman, whom Sumner supposed to be his father, on the after-deck. As the steamer neared the wharf, this boy amused himself by flinging silver coins into the river for the fun of seeing little negroes dive after them.

"Only think, mother!" exclaimed Sumner, in relating this incident; "he threw money away as I would so many pebbles, and didn't seem to value it any more. Just imagine a boy having money to waste like that! And some of those little rascals who dived for it made more in a few minutes than I have to spend in months."

"But, Sumner," said Mrs. Rankin, gravely, "I hope your unhappiness does not arise from jealousy of another's prosperity?"

"Yes, it does, mother," replied the boy, honestly; "though it isn't only because he could throw money away; it is because he has the very thing that I would rather have than anything else in the world—the prettiest, daintiest, cedar sailing canoe that ever was built. I never saw one before, but I've read of them, and studied their plans until I know all about them. She is as different from my old canvas thing as a yacht is from a scow."

"But you thought your canvas canoe very nearly perfect when you built her."

"I know I did, but I have learned better since then, and now it seems as though I should never care to look at it again."

Yet this same despised canvas canoe, which Sumner had built himself the year before without ever having seen one, had been considered by himself and his friends a masterpiece of naval construction, and he had cruised in her ever since with great satisfaction.

"You have yet to learn, dear, that it is ever so much harder to be satisfied with the things we have than to obtain those for which we long, no matter how far beyond our reach they may seem," said Mrs. Rankin, gently.

"I suppose it is, mother, and I know it is horrid to come to you with my miserable complainings; but I wish I had never seen those canoes—for there were two of them just alike—and I wish wealthy people wouldn't come to Key West with such things. They don't do us any good, and only make us feel our poverty the more keenly. Why, there they are now! Turning in here, too! What can they want with us, I wonder? I won't see them, at any rate. I've no more use for wealthy snobs than they have for me."

So saying, Sumner left the room by a rear door, and the steps of the approaching visitors sounded on the front veranda.

CHAPTER II.

THREE CANOES, AND THE FATE OF ONE.

AS Sumner's mother opened the door, she saw that the gentleman who, politely lifting his hat, asked if she were Mrs. Rankin, was too young to be the father of the boy by his side.

"May I introduce myself as Mr. Tracy Manton, of New

York?" he said, when she had answered his question in the affirmative; "and my nephew, Master Worth Manton? We have called to see if we can engage rooms here for a week or so. We will take our meals at the hotel, but we have two canoes that we propose fitting out here for a cruise up the reef, and we want to find a place close to the water where we can keep them in safety, and at the same time be near them. Mr. Merrill advised us to come here, and it looks as though this were exactly the place of which we are in search. So if you can accommodate us, we shall esteem it a great favor."

With the remembrance of Sumner's last words, Mrs. Rankin hesitated a moment before replying, whereupon Mr. Manton added, "I trust you are not going to refuse us, for I have set my heart on coming here, and will gladly pay full hotel rates for the accommodation."

"If my vacant rooms suit you, I shall be pleased to let you have them at my regular rate, which is all they are worth," answered the widow, quietly, as she reflected on the poverty which would not allow even a mother's feelings to interfere with honorable bread-winning. "Will you step in and look at them?"

"We are in luck, my boy, and our little expedition has begun most prosperously," said Mr. Tracy Manton an hour later, as he and his nephew sat in one of the two pretty back rooms that they had engaged, surrounded by their belongings, and looking out on the sparkling waters of the Gulf. On the grass of the palm-shaded back yard, and in plain sight from the windows, lay the two canoes that had excited Sumner's admiration and envy. They were indeed beauties as they lay there divested of their burlap wrappings, and that they were fresh from the builder's hands was shown by their unscratched varnish and gleaming metal fittings. They were fifteen feet long by thirty inches wide amidships, were provided with folding metal centre boards, metal drop rudders, foot-and-hand steering-gear, water-tight compartments fore and aft, and were decked, with the exception of their roomy cockpits. These were surrounded by stout oak coamings three inches high, sharp-pointed, and flaring outward at the forward ends, but cut down so as to be flush with the deck aft. Beside them lay the confused mass of paddles, sails, spars, canoe tents, rubber aprons, cushions, and cordage that completed their equipment. They were simply perfect in every detail, and the most beautiful things Sumner Rankin had ever set his eyes upon. At least he thought so, as, returning from a long tramp on which he had tried to walk off his unhappiness, he found them lying in the yard. In spite of his surprise at seeing them there, and a return of his unwelcome feeling of envy, he could not help stopping to admire them, and study their details.

"Hollo!" exclaimed Mr. Manton, again looking from his window. "There's a chap down there staring his eyes out at our boats. I shouldn't wonder if he were our landlady's son; the one, you know, we were advised to engage as a guide. You wait here while I run down and find out."

So Worth waited and watched from the window to note the result of his uncle's negotiations.

At a first glance one would have said that Worth Manton was an effeminate boy, with a pale face, blue eyes, and fair hair. If, however, the observer looked long enough to note the square chin, the occasional compression of the thin lips, and flash of the eyes, he might form a different opinion. He was the son of Guy Manton, the great Wall Street operator who had made a fortune out of Western railroads, and he had all his life been accustomed to lavish luxury. He was rather delicate, and it was largely on his account that his parents had decided to spend a winter at St. Augustine. The boy had taken but slight interest in the gayeties of the Ponce de Leon, nor had he gained any benefit

from the chill rain-storms driven in from the ocean by the east winds of midwinter. The doctor had advised his going further south; and when his uncle Tracy proposed that they make a canoe trip up the great Florida reef which lies off the most southerly coast of the United States, Worth had eagerly seconded the proposi-



SUMNER AT HOME.

tion, and had finally won the reluctant consent of his parents.

He knew nothing of canoeing, nor did his uncle know much more; but the latter was a good yachtsman, and Worth had had some experience of the same kind, so they felt confident they could manage. They intended to devote some time to studying their craft, and learning their possibilities in the waters about Key West. So two canoes, completely equipped, were ordered from the builder by telegraph. Worth's father promised to charter a yacht, sail down the coast in it, and meet them at Cape Florida about the 1st of April, and the two would-be canoeists started for Key West full of pleasant anticipations.

Sumner Rankin started at being asked if that were his name, for he had not heard Mr. Manton's step on the grass behind him, and answered rather curtly that it was.

"Well," said the young man, plunging into business at once, as was his habit, "I have been told that you are a first-class sailor as well as a good reef pilot. My nephew and I are going to cruise up the reef, and I should like to engage your services as boatman and guide. I am willing to pay—"

"It makes no difference what you are willing to pay," interrupted Sumner, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes. "My services as boatman are not for hire at any price." With this assertion of his pride, or as he imagined of his independence, the boy turned and walked into the house.

"Whew!" whistled Mr. Manton, gazing after the retreating form in amazement. "There's a bit of dynamite for you! Pride and poverty mixed in equal parts do make a most powerful explosive. However, I haven't forgotten my own days of poverty, and can fully appreciate the boy's feelings. I'll try him on a different tack as soon as this little squall has blown over. He and his mother must be different from the majority of the people down here, for they are the first we have met who don't seem to want to make money out of us."

Mr. Tracy Manton had no idea of giving up his purpose of engaging Sumner to accompany them on their trip, for he was the kind of a man who wins his way by sticking to whatever plan he has decided upon, in which respect his nephew Worth strongly resembled him. So the next time he met the lad, which was in the afternoon of the following day, he held out his hand and said: "I beg your pardon for my unintentional rudeness of yesterday, and my forgetfulness of the fact that a gentleman is such no matter where he is found. Now I want you to forgive me, forget my offence, and do me a favor. I can't make head or tail of our sails, and they don't seem to me right somehow. If you will come and look at them, I shall be greatly obliged."

By this time Sumner was so heartily ashamed of his conduct of the day before that he was only too glad to accept this overture of friendship, and a few minutes later the two were busily discussing the sails of the *Cupid* and *Psyche*, as the Mantons' canoes were named. The spars were much heavier than they need be, while the sails were of the ill-shaped, unserviceable pattern generally furnished by canoe-builders, and these defects were quickly detected by Sumner's experienced eye. When he pointed them out to Mr. Manton, the latter readily comprehended them, but was at a loss how to make the improvements that were evidently demanded.

In order to explain more thoroughly the idea that he wished to convey, Sumner dragged out his own canvas canoe, stepped her masts, and hoisted her sails. They were of a most ingenious and effective lateen pattern, such as Mr. Manton had never before seen.

"Where did you get hold of that idea?" he asked, after studying them carefully a few moments. "It is a capital one."

"I got it partly from an Arab dhow that I once saw off Madagascar, and partly from the feluccas at Civita Vecchia."

"Madagascar and the Mediterranean!" exclaimed Mr. Manton, in astonishment. "If you have visited both of those places, you must have travelled extensively."

"Yes," answered Sumner, quietly, but with a twinkle of amusement in his eye. "The son of a naval officer who attempts to follow his father about the world is apt to see a good bit of it before he gets through."

Mr. Manton, who had known nothing of Sumner's history, no longer wondered that he had been offended at being taken for a boatman whose services could be hired. He was, however, too wise to make further mention of the subject, and merely said,

"Then you have had a splendid chance to study sails." And again turning to the subject under consideration, he asked, "Would you be willing to help us cut out some for our canoes after your models?"

Sumner answered that he would be not only willing but glad to lend every aid in his power toward properly equipping the two canoes for their trip.

In the mean time the sun had set, and the sky was black with an approaching squall that caused them to watch with some uneasiness for Worth's return. He had gone out in one of the canoes an hour before for a paddle, and had not since been seen. Just as the storm broke, he appeared around a point, and headed towards the little landing-place near which they were standing. As his

course lay directly in the teeth of the wind, his struggle was long and hard. They watched him anxiously, and more than once Sumner offered to go to the boy's assistance; but his uncle said he wished Worth to learn self-reliance more than anything else, and this was too good a lesson to be spoiled. Finally the young paddler conquered, and reaching the landing-place in safety, sprang ashore. He was either too much exhausted or too careless to properly secure his canoe, and as he stepped from it, a spiteful gust of wind struck it full on the side. In another moment it was beyond reach, and drifting rapidly out to sea.

Both the Mantons were confused by the suddenness of the mishap. Before they could form any plan for the recovery of the runaway, Sumner had shoved his own canvas canoe into the water, jumped aboard, and was dashing away in pursuit of the truant. He was almost within reach of his prize, and his tiny sail was almost indistinguishable amid the blackness of the squall, when the watchers on shore were horrified to see another and much larger sail come rushing down dead before the wind directly towards it. Then the tiny canoe sail disappeared, and as the larger one seemed to sweep over the spot where it had been, the Mantons gazed at each other with faces that betokened the dread they dared not put into words.

For a few minutes Sumner Rankin's peril was most imminent. He was almost within reach of the drifting canoe, which he had been watching too closely to take note of any other object, when he became conscious of the clumsy wood-laden schooner rushing down on him before the squall. She was manned by a crew of two negroes, and by the manner in which she yawed, heading one moment this way, and the next another, he saw that they had but little control of her movements. In vain did he shout to them to look out. His voice was lost in the shriek of the wind, and they did not hear him. He tried to cross their bows, and might have succeeded in so doing, but at that moment their mainsail gybed over with a crash, and the heavy craft, looking as large as a man-of-war in comparison with his cockle-shell, headed directly for him. With the next send of the sea the canvas canoe was crushed beneath the ponderous bows, and blotted from existence as though it had been a drifting leaf. As Sumner saw the black mass towering above him, and before it could descend, he rose to his feet, and taking a straight header, dived deep into the angry waters.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

HOW FREDONIA WENT TO THE FIRE.

BY MARY SELDEN MCCOBB.

"ISN'T *she* a beauty? Isn't *he* a darlin'?"

It was Fredonia Butts who spoke. "She" was a small steam fire-engine made mostly of nickel, but ornamented slightly with brass. "Fourth Class." That was what the catalogue said. "He" was a powerful bay horse, ready to drag this same engine in case of fire. His name was Barkis, because he was so "willin'."

"Miss Van Dusen she give him the name," explained Fredonia, "and she read me lots out of a book to let me know who Barkis was, and how he was 'willin'' to marry Mr. Peggotty's sister. My! wasn't Miss Van Dusen scared at the big fire? She just *screeked*," said Fredonia, inventing a word to combine the meanings of scream and shriek which should fitly express Miss Van Dusen's emotions.

"It was a good thing that the fire should nearly burn up the summer boarders," added Fredonia, solemnly.

She spoke the truth. It was the summer boarders who had declared that South Liberty must and should have a fire-engine. Rich Mr. Throckmorton had actually headed

a subscription paper with the enormous sum of a thousand dollars. That was because Mr. Throckmorton had been forced to skip about on his gouty leg at a fearfully rapid pace when Farmer Allen's barn blazed up, setting the post-office afire, which, in turn, kindled the new wing of the hotel.

All the village had "turned out" to pass buckets to and from the river. But really it was a miracle that the hotel was saved. "One whiff of wind, and we were gone," said the boarders.

So Mr. Throckmorton, who had spent every summer for twenty years at South Liberty, and who counted on doing the same for the rest of his natural existence, gladly gave his thousand dollars to be spared a second dance on his swollen toes.

Other well-to-do persons who "resorted" year after year to South Liberty, and whose "delicate nervous organizations" had received a terrible shock from what Deacon Tibbetts called "our conflagoration," opened their purses. Miss Van Dusen gave amateur theatricals for "the cause." Even the villagers started a series of "sociables," at which everybody paid fifteen cents to sit round the edge of the "Vestry," and converse in subdued whispers.

At the end of the year more than two thousand dollars had been raised. This never would have been possible but for the generosity of the summer boarders.

It was considered quite proper that when the new engine was at last hauled into town, Mr. Throckmorton should head the procession in a high-top buggy, his left leg swathed in a blanket, and his hat in his hand as he bowed to the right and left as if he had been the Grand Mogul himself.

Two wagons followed in the buggy's wake, in which the "Selectmen" were borne along, three on a seat. Then came the engine, dragged by enthusiastic South Libertians. Pistols were fired. The town bell clashed and rang. The Aurora brass band, hired for the occasion, blew itself hoarse. The summer boarders waved flags, and being for the most part ladies, cheered weakly and shrilly.

As for Fredonia Butts, she was wild with excitement.

"And *she's* going to live in our barn," said Fredonia, rapturously. "And *I've* sold *my* horse to the town, to drag the engine. He's willin'."

(It was on hearing this that Miss Van Dusen gave the animal his name.)

Barkis had indeed been Fredonia's property.

"Take him for a birthday present, sissy," Caleb Butts had said, laughing. "I drove a trade on him, I did. Man was mighty anxious to sell him. Going West, he said. '*Tricks?*' No, sir! Guess I know a tricky hoss when I see him. Ha, ha! Take him, with my blessin', Fredonia."

And now, though Caleb Butts pocketed the money when the town bargained for the big bay, yet, "*I* sold him," declared Fredonia.

She never would have done so had not Barkis been allowed to remain in the Butts's barn. For though she had owned him ten days, Fredonia loved the horse tenderly.

"And when the snow comes, you shall have Brown Betty to help you drag the engine, dear," Fredonia explained to Barkis. "And if the fire's *very* far off, she shall be hitched with you, even in summer."

Caleb Butts agreed to take care of the new engine. So he did — by proxy.

"Never stand when you can set. Never set when you can lay. Never do anythink yourself if you can git some one else to do it for you. That's my *maxim*," said Caleb Butts.

But fourteen-year-old Fredonia was like her brisk little mother, who "makes work just for the fun o' doing of it," so her husband declared.

Fredonia's heart clung to that engine. She rose early to rub it with whiting. She spent all her money to buy boxes of "Universal-Metall-Putz-Pomade," wherewith to polish up the few brass ornaments. She sat up at night to relay the sticks in the engine's tiny furnace, and to



SHE WHISPERS IN BARKIS'S EAR.

dip rags anew in kerosene that they might light at a second's notice. Every day she examined the line of hose to make sure that it did not leak.

She even arranged a wire to run from the town-hall to the Butts's harness-room, where it was attached to a big dinner-bell.

"IN CASE OF FIRE
PULL THIS WIRE."

That is what Fredonia wrote on a card, which she tacked up in the town-hall. Even in the night some of the Butts family would hear the bell if it rang, unless every one was *very* sound asleep.

How Fredonia did long for a fire! Sometimes she would climb to the barn roof, and wistfully view the landscape o'er, with a hope that she might spy a spark.

"I should be sorry — of course I'd *oughter* be sorry — if — if —" Fredonia never quite finished that sentence.

One day her father used a very queer word to Fredonia. His eyes twinkled as he spoke it. Fredonia, with much trouble, tracked this strange word to its hiding-place in a small dictionary.

"*In-cen-di-a-ry*," read Fredonia. "'One who maliciously burns a house.'" Her eyes flashed. "I'm not *that*!" said Fredonia. "All the same, if there *was* a fire —"

So the days sped by. The engine, shining like the morning, bided its time.

"O my beautiful!" whispered Fredonia, rubbing away with Universal-Metall-Putz-Pomade.

That was what she was doing one late August afternoon when suddenly she pricked up her ears. The wire in the harness-room was vibrating. There was a faint sound from the dinner-bell. Then, oh, then! a peal came loud and clear.

Fredonia's heart gave a great leap. She rushed into the garden, where her father was deliberately hoeing.

"Fire! fire!" she shouted.

"I want to know!" said Caleb; and he went slowly to hang his hoe in the tool house.

"Ding-dong! ding-dong!" rang the bell.

Fredonia scampered back to the barn. She led Barkis from the stall. By that time several neighbors were on hand, and Caleb mounted the engine.

"Touch a match to the kindlin's somebody, and give a turn to the wheels to start us," ordered Mr. Butts.

Several men threw themselves on the spokes. Barkis tugged nobly. But the engine was heavy for any but the strongest horse in fresh condition, and Barkis had been dragging the mowing-machine all the morning, while the day before he had hauled logs for seven or eight hours.

Fredonia, who had flown "across lots," had reached the scene of the fire, and stood wringing her hands. "Why doesn't the engine come?" she groaned, and ran down the street to hasten her parent.

"We're on the way," shouted Caleb, from afar. "Keep the blaze a-goin', and we'll be there."

But, alas, for all glory to that brand-new engine! The fire was quenched before Barkis reached the spot.

The crowd were very angry. "We won't stand this!" they shouted. "You'd no business to fag out that horse, Caleb Butts."

"He must be ixercise," said Mr. Butts, doggedly.

So now Fredonia took upon herself another task. It was she who should "ixercise" Barkis. He should do no more farm-work, but be driven briskly an hour and a half each morning and an hour each afternoon.

"It's just as if you were my own again, darlin' Barkis," said Fredonia, gleefully, and she loved the great creature more than ever.

She invited some of the village children to accompany her on her drives in the great market wagon. "You can go as ballast," she said; and off they would all rattle as merry as grigs.

But one day Fredonia shook her head.

"Not one of you shall go with me," she said, and there was a black frown between her eyes.

She drove Barkis that morning down Lumley's Lane—a lonely road far from the village. She was gone three whole hours.

"There might 'a' ben a fire, and Barkis not here," said her father, reprovingly.

Fredonia flushed crimson, but gave no explanation of her long absence.

Farmer Bixby told a strange story. "I happened on Fredony down in Lumley's Lane, and what was she doing of? She was standing in the ro'd rubbing Barkis's left foreleg. Then she gets a-tiptoe, and whispers in Barkis's ear. Then she climbs into the waggin, and off they go like the wind."

Corinne Abby Bixby concluded in her mind that Fredonia must be a witch, to be "whispering to a dumb beast." There were such things as witches, for Corinne Abby had read about them in a book.

The next day, when Fredonia drove past Farmer Bixby's house, Corinne Abby hailed her.

"Hi, Freddy! What was that you was saying in Barkis's ear down in Lumley's Lane?" called Corinne Abby.

Fredonia started, and turned pale. Then she gave Barkis a cut with the whip, and off he went. Not in the direction of Lumley's Lane, however.

That night a breeze came whistling over the hills. It was a mischievous wind, and went rioting across the farms, breaking the ripened cornstalks, ripping a dozen shingles off Squire Rackett's hen-house, banging the village sign-boards, and waking the summer boarders by shrieking through their key-holes.

Then with a whoop off it careered down the street, and slammed the blinds of Fredonia Butts's bedroom. Fredonia, half asleep, sat bolt-upright.

"Whe-e-e-w!" laughed the wind, and swooped down Fredonia's chimney, and set the swallows fluttering.

Fredonia was wide awake now. The sun was up, though it was quite early. She got out of bed to fasten the blind, when— What was the smoke over yonder, and what was that crackling noise? Could that be the wind? Yes? No?

Then Fredonia heard a faint "Ding-dong! ding-dong!"

"The bell! The bell! Fire!" she gasped.

Across the adjoining fields she could see that Farmer Bixby's shed was burning, and a slender finger of flame was reaching out toward the granary.

By this time Caleb Butts was roused. It was he who had first heard the warning bell; it was he who harnessed Barkis. He threw open the barn doors, mounted the engine, and grasped the reins.

"Git ap!" shouted Caleb Butts.

How shall I tell the rest? How confess the shame, the disgrace which followed?

Five minutes later twenty men were crowding round the barn doors. What a sight met their eyes! With scarlet face sat Caleb Butts upon the engine seat. In the engine furnace the small sticks were already crackling. And Barkis? There stood Barkis, his forefeet planted firmly, his vicious eyes wide open, his wicked tail giving sharp lashes to right and left.

"Balky!" cried one of the Select-men.

"That's why that man sold him cheap," shouted Caleb, beside himself with rage. "That's why the fellow went West the next day."

They seized Barkis by the bridle, and tugged with might and main. Not an inch would he move. They whipped him. He gave a snort and stood his ground.

"Try coaxin'," suggested some one.

They might as well have tried to coax Bunker Hill Monument.

The flames, thanks to that officious little breeze, were spreading. Again the men tugged, whipped, coaxed. Again they coaxed, whipped, tugged. All in vain. Suddenly there was a shrill cry. Dashing down the yard, her hair streaming behind her, came Fredonia.

"Let me get at him," she panted.

The crowd fell apart. Fredonia pressed forward. There was a breathless pause. Barkis eyed his mistress. With eager hands she stroked his left leg. On tiptoe she held her mouth upward and whispered in his ear.

"Now! Your hand, father."

With a spring, the girl's foot was on the wheel; one bound, and she stood upright between her father's knees. She seized the reins.

"Go on, Barkis!" she cried.

The crowd scattered none too soon. With a plunge, Barkis lurched forward. Out of the barn, through the gate, along the road, rattled the engine.

"Willing?" You would have said "Barkis is willing" had you seen him gallop.

"Hurrah!" shouted the crowd, in hot pursuit.

But all at once—stop!

Barkis's forefeet planted themselves as if determined to take root.

"No use to whip him. I found that out long ago," groaned Fredonia.

She climbed down from her perch. She stroked that naughty leg. What she whispered in that vicious ear she never divulged.

A jump. A catch at her father's hand. On they go, helter-skelter, pell-mell, over the rough country road.

"And what's the use of hurrying I'd like to know?" demanded Barkis, in a resounding neigh, as, at the end of three-quarters of an hour, he halted, for the last time, after three more balks at Farmer Bixby's gate.

Sure enough, where was the fire? In spite of the wind, buckets deftly handled had subdued the flames. The engine had arrived too late for action.

But Barkis's fate was sealed. The last time I saw him,



HELTHER-SKELTER, PELL-MELL, OVER THE ROUGH COUNTRY ROAD.

with drooping head, he was ignominiously ploughing a potato patch. He felt the disgrace in his inmost soul.

"And it's my fault," confessed Fredonia, sadly. "Father says he might have been broken of his bad tricks. But I loved him so that I couldn't bear to tell that he balked with me in Lumley's Lane."

"What's that? Thunder?" I asked, starting.

"Oh no! That's Barkis *growling*," said Fredonia, much depressed. "He just hates Brown Betty and Gentle Susan. They draw the ingine now; and when Barkis catches sight of them, he shows his teeth and *growls*! Will you come and see the ingine?"

There it stood, and Fredonia's eyes sparkled again as she gazed on its shining nickel and its spotless brass.

Over the head-boards of stalls protruded two long solemn heads.

"Those are Brown Betty and Gentle Susan," said she.

"We do not balk," said Brown Betty and Gentle Susan, virtuously.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

A Tableau.

BY LYDIA FIELD EMMET.

THE ancient Greeks had the most convenient way of making their deities scapegoats for all their own shortcomings. No matter what occurred, human beings never seemed obliged to take the blame. In consequence of this very unhandsome conduct on the part of their worshippers, the gods and goddesses have been forced to cut a most sorry figure in the eyes of posterity, presenting a lamentable collection of all the sins and petty weaknesses that beset frail humanity. In the matter of that little oversight which ended in bringing about no less a scrimmage than the siege of Troy, the divinities were either very short-sighted, or else, as was unfortunately more likely to have been the case, they were all simply "spoiling for a row." Whichever one of them sent out those wedding invitations for the nuptials of Thetis and Peleus, and omitted to send one to Eris, the Goddess of Discord, might have known that it would not go unnoticed. It proved, indeed, a fatal mistake; but it is consoling to reflect that had the influential but highly objectionable old ladies always been invited, the world would have lacked many diverting fairy tales. Minerva, the Goddess of Wisdom, was usually conceded in her day to be a

person of the highest intellectual attainment, but she did not know enough not to enter into competition with Venus and Juno for the prize of beauty—the golden apple marked "For the Fairest." It was thrown by Eris, in deadly spite, among these poor frail divinities while they were enjoying the wedding festivities.

Paris, a handsome though rather flighty youth and a son of King Priam of Troy, happened to be disporting himself as a shepherd on Mount Ida at the time when he was called upon to decide this delicate point as to which one of the august trio should have the golden apple. Paris's costume is certainly not elaborate or difficult to reproduce. He simply wears a short tunic, made

in two wide breadths of old-rose or terra-cotta-colored crêpe cheese-cloth. The breadths are sewed together at the sides, and the top edges clasped together over the shoulders. It is girdled in with a leather strap at the waist, and almost hidden by the leopard-skin which is wrapped tight around the hips and fastened over one shoulder. In many cases a real leopard-skin might be rather difficult to come by, but a piece of the imitation cloth or plush is very easily procured at almost any dry-goods or theatrical shop. Paris wears on his head a little chaplet of willow twigs or any delicate green leaves. He holds in one hand a crook, improvised out of a broom-handle and some silver paper, while the other hand offers the golden apple to Venus. By his side lie his pandean-pipes. These can be imitated very effectively by a row of little round sticks cut in graduated lengths and glued together, after which they can be bound with two bands.

Lady Venus wears a light drapery of the softest rosy material, mull muslin or one of the clinging stripy crêpes which are used in ball-dresses. Her gown is made like all Greek dresses, perfectly straight, and is only fastened over one shoulder. It is girdled at the hips by a garland of pink crush roses and some green leaves. A few folds of the dress are drawn up through the girdle in front. The beauty of her dress would be entirely marred by using too stiff a material. Her head is circled by another little rosy wreath, and her curls are held in place by a glittering arrow. With one hand she takes the gilded apple held out to her by Paris, and in the other holds the silver ribbons which bind the necks of her doves. These silver ribbons are attached to wires stiff enough to support the weight of the stuffed doves. These will be easily procured of any florist.

Juno wears a royal robe of pale golden green, bordered with gold. The ends of a long piece of bright gold braid are passed forward under her arms, and then back over the shoulders, when they are crossed and fastened in front. She wears a wider girdle of gold at her hips. A mantle of a slightly darker and cooler shade of green is caught at her right shoulder, and is held in her left hand. Her hair is supported at the back by a little net made on a secure wire frame covered with tinsel braid, to which the meshes of gold cord are attached. Meeting this, at the side of her head, is a regal diadem, which may be made of anything gaudy at hand, from gilded pasteboard

to real jewels. The peacock by her side, her emblematic bird, is only put in conditionally, as a stuffed one might be very hard to get; and then again it might not.



Little sandals of pasteboard, bound to her feet by gilt bands, finish her costume.

The portion of Minerva's dress that is most essential,

and the only part that requires any trouble, is her helmet, so we may as well attack it at once. The lower part is cut out in the shape shown above from stiff

top. It may terminate behind in a long switch of white floss or cotton strands. This, however, is not seen from our point of view, but it would enhance the effect if the costume were worn at a fancy ball.

The next thing is the breastplate. It is founded on a piece of lining muslin cut in the shape shown by the picture, with a rounded neck, and narrow on the shoulders. To make the scales, fold silver paper into a number of strips an inch and a half wide, and then cut them in scallops on one side, after which they are pasted to the muslin breastplate in rows one above another, like shingles on a



TABLEAU OF "THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS."

pasteboard, and large enough to allow the edges to meet at the back of the head. It is then glued securely with Le Page's glue, and covered with silver paper. The rounded crown is made by stuffing an old piece of thin stockinet so full of cotton that it looks like a puff-ball or a pudding tied in a bag. When all the wrinkles are stuffed out hard, it can be securely tied with fine strong twine, so that it won't slip. It can then be easily painted with liquid silver paint, or, more laboriously, with strips of silver paper overlapping at the top. By this time the pasteboard part is dry and stiff, and this puff-ball top can be stuffed through it from the inside till it looks about the right height. Then the glue, which has been previously put on the edges, can be left to harden and hold the top in place. The crest on top is a ruche of fringed-out white paper inserted between two curved strips of silver paper, by which it is glued to the round

roof. To suggest the shaky border at both edges, cut out some little curly silver paper snakes, and intertwine their heads and tails as they are glued on. Minerva's dress is made of crinkled white cheese-cloth bordered with silver. It will be seen that it is cut long enough to turn over at the top, leaving a flap hanging loose to the waist. The dress is girdled at the armpits, under this flap. In her hand she holds a silver spear with cardboard head, and on her shoulders perches her bird, stuffed with cotton instead of wisdom.

This tableau would of course be suitable to give out-of-doors; but a shimmery green drapery hung far behind a real little bare tree, brought in from the cold, made to blossom with pink tissue-paper, and held in place by a pile of imported rocks and moss, would be a simple and pretty way of playing at spring-time, and laughing at winter blasts howling outside.



THE AURORA BOREALIS.—DRAWN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 314.]

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN K. REES, OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

ON Saturday evening, February 13th, between the hours of seven and eight o'clock (Eastern time), there was observed from points in the United States more than one thousand miles apart a most beautiful sight. In the northwestern sky at about seven o'clock there appeared a broad mass of rosy red light. This light at first looked like the reflection of the red rays from a large fire. In New York city and elsewhere many persons thought that there was a large conflagration somewhere to the northwest of the observers. But those who watched carefully were soon able to see bands of silver-gray light, arranged in columnar form, stretching nearly to the zenith. These bands appeared to be behind the beautiful rosy red and pink mass of light, and they changed quite rapidly their extension up and down, as well as their breadth. The columnar bands and rosy light appeared, to an observer in New York city, to extend around to the right hand as far as the north star, and to the left nearly to the due northwest point of the horizon.

The phenomenon described seemed to rest on a bank of clouds which shone with a dark green light. In an hour pretty nearly all traces of the beautiful curtain were gone. This phenomenon has been called by scientific men the Aurora Borealis or Aurora Polaris, otherwise the Northern Lights or Polar Light. It gets the name aurora because of the likeness of its phenomena to the rosy-fingered aurora that precedes the rising sun. The adjective is applied to the term because this aurora is most frequently seen in high northern latitudes.

Persons living south of the earth's equator are favored with southern lights in high southern latitudes. These are called the Aurora Australis. The term Aurora Polaris applies equally well in either hemisphere.

The color of the aurora is most commonly a pale greenish-yellow, but quite often silver gray or steel color. More rarely yet in these latitudes we see the violet and rosy pink colorations. Crimson auroræ were by the superstitious supposed to portend war, pestilence, famine, or some great calamity.

Franklin was a careful observer of auroræ, and early discovered that when there was a fine auroral display the delicate magnetic (or compass) needles were much disturbed. This disturbance has been established by many observations.

During the display of February 13th electric currents were produced in the telegraph lines which interfered with the transmission of messages. Cases are on record where very strong electric currents have been produced in the earth which were used in sending telegrams when the regular battery supplies were switched off. The evidence seems to show that the aurora is an electric discharge passing from one magnetic pole of the earth to the other. These discharges are able to render incandescent the thin air many miles above us, and are accompanied by earth currents of electricity.

Many of my readers have seen pictures of a solar eclipse, which occurs when the little but near moon completely covers for a short time the far-off and gigantic sun. During the few minutes that the sun is completely hidden from view our eyes are no longer dazzled by the brilliant sunlight, and we are able to see a beautiful faint light surrounding the eclipsed sun. This light is like a crown of glory, and is called the corona. The corona extends outward from the sun millions of miles, and is marked by beautiful rays or streamers that suggest to our minds an auroral display. Recent investigations indicate that the coronal appearances are electrical.

Observers of the sun's face have for centuries noticed at times dark spots on it. Now we know from the accumulated observations that the extent and number of these spots vary. Sometimes we can see very few, or even none at all, and sometimes we can see a great many, some of which are visible to the naked eye when protected by colored or smoked glass. Such a spotted region is now (February 18th) passing out of sight on the southwestern limb of the sun; but a second group of spots is finely visible on the northern hemisphere, stretching in a long line from the eastern edge to the centre of the sun. But what has the sun to do with the aurora? Simply this: It has been shown that when we have the greatest number of sun spots, then we have the most frequent and most gorgeous displays of the aurora. When there is a great storm on the sun-producing spots, then we feel at once on our little earth a disturbance of electrical conditions. The display of the aurora on February 13th is regarded as an accompaniment of the solar disturbances which have produced the tremendous spotted regions mentioned.

The average time from when the spotted area on the sun is greatest to the next maximum is a little over eleven years. The last spot maximum occurred in 1883-4, a year or two behind the average time, and we seem now to be approaching a maximum in 1892-3. We may therefore fairly conclude that during this year we shall be favored with numerous and brilliant auroræ.

Professor Loomis, of Yale College, found that observations showed that as an observer travelled to the north pole, the number of auroræ did not steadily increase. The belt in which the maximum number was to be seen, Professor Loomis thought, includes a large portion of the British possessions in America above Newfoundland and the Great Lakes, and stretching in width to the northern limit of Hudson Bay and the southern part of Greenland.

"If we travel from the equator northward along the meridian of Washington, we find on an average near the parallel of forty degrees (Philadelphia, nearly) only ten auroræ annually. Near the parallel of forty-two degrees (the northern line of Pennsylvania) the average number is twenty annually; near forty-five degrees the number is forty, and near the parallel of fifty degrees it amounts to eighty annually. Between this point and the parallel of sixty-two degrees auroræ are seen almost every night. They appear high in the heavens, and as often to the south as to the north. Further north they are seldom seen except in the south, and from this point they diminish in frequency and brilliancy as we advance towards the pole."

The special students of the aurora consider that there is much yet to be studied and learned before a completely satisfactory explanation can be given of all the phenomena attending one of these brilliant and interesting displays.

"THERE WERE GIANTS IN THOSE DAYS."

THIS ancient saying may well be quoted respecting former times in Ireland, and the future historian of tall Celts will no doubt be able to give some very entertaining chapters on the subject.

During the reign of William the Third, Mary Murphy, born near the sea-side village of Portrush, near the Giant's Causeway, was exhibited as a giantess in Fleet Street, London. She was over seven feet high, and exceedingly handsome, and when dressed for the "show," looked much taller, as she was admirably proportioned. Miss Murphy sang Irish songs very sweetly, and in the old dances of her native place displayed a grace rarely equalled. On one occasion she was honored with a request to visit the royal family at Kensington Palace, and received the special compliments of Queen Mary.

The phenomenal product, however, in these days in the home of the shamrock was Pat Cotter, a native of County Monaghan, where he first saw the light in March, 1761. Twenty-two years afterwards, and when standing without shoes, he measured eight feet eleven inches in height. He visited London, and was exhibited in the Strand for several months, astounding the Londoners by his unheard-of proportions. Trying and prolonged as the passage was from the European continent in those days, thousands crossed the Channel to see "the Irish giant."

It was stated in the "bills" issued by the exhibitors, that Pat Cotter was "nine feet six inches" in height, and under the peculiar fitting out of the property-man he did seem to be quite as tall as that, but in reality he was only a few inches lower than the Goliath of Gath, who, according to the story told in the seventeenth chapter of the First Book of Samuel, stood nine feet nine inches (six cubits and a span—a cubit being eighteen inches, and a span nine inches), and who dared the hosts of Israel to mortal combat. Cotter's shoe measured eighteen inches, and his hand was twelve inches from the centre of the palm to the top of the middle finger.

In 1850, James Murphy, of the city of Waterford, sailed with his parents and brothers and sisters for Baltimore, where they landed safely, and settled there. He was then eight years of age. As he reached manhood, the great height to which he had grown caused him to be so remarkable that crowds followed him as he passed along the streets. On arriving at twenty-one, he had grown to be fully eight feet high, and the world-renowned Barnum, who was ever on the lookout for such attractions, having heard of Murphy, visited Baltimore for the purpose, and engaged him to travel through the United States as one of the "sights" in his long range of caravans.

Murphy, when dressed in full costume and high-heeled boots,

stood eight feet six inches. His arms were very long, enabling him to touch with his fingers the top of a pole over ten feet high. He was very well proportioned, and although three hundred and fifty pounds in weight, possessed an exceedingly graceful figure. Unlike Pat Cotter, the "Irish Giant of Barnum's Show" had remarkably small feet and hands considering his great size, and, in contradiction to all the tales we have heard in childhood, was one of the kindest-hearted of human beings, and never exhibited a disposition to "grind men's bones to make his bread."

There are still a few of the older people of the counties of Down and Antrim, in the north of Ireland, who recollect the wonderful mill carpenter known as "Big Charley Hamilton." That remarkable man was a native of Sprucefield, near the famous Blaris Moor, a district that lies between Lisburn and Hillsborough. As a lad he worked at the bleaching concern of the Brothers Coulson, the well-known damask manufacturers, and before he had reached the age of fifteen he was famed for his feats of strength and great power as an athlete. He was then nearly seven feet high, possessed of great bone and muscle, but as non-combative as a Quaker. On his way home from work one evening he met two powerful fellows well known as "bruisers," and whose feats in fisticuffs at the local fairs and markets rendered them the terror of all quiet, well-disposed people. These fellows pretended drunkenness, and several times jostled Hamilton as they passed along the footpath. After considerable provocation the young giant caught the bullies one in each hand, and knocking their heads together till they cried aloud for mercy, he flung them both over the fence with all the ease with which a lad would toss aside his sister's doll.

Messrs. Bradshaw & Moreland, the Hillsborough distillers, employed Charley to build a large water-wheel, the diameter of which far exceeded the largest that had ever before been made in Ulster. Many people came to see that monster of mechanism, and among others Arthur, third Marquis of Downshire, expressed his pleasure on looking on the great achievement. His lordship was anxious to see the wheel turn on its axis, and said he would send up to the park for half a dozen of his stalwart men in order to have the immense machine in motion.

"Beg pardon, my lord!" said Charley, taking off the leather cap he usually wore, and stretching himself up from his normally stooped position. Lord Downshire, himself six feet six inches in height, seemed startled as he looked up at the figure that rose before him like a human telescope. Charley Hamilton, then twenty-two years of age, was over eight feet in height, very broad across the chest, and exceedingly long in the arms. "Beg pardon, my lord!" he repeated; "you need not send for any of your people. I can turn the wheel myself." And stretching out his brawny arms he caught hold of the great spokes of the machine, and to the astonishment of peer and people, turned the great piece of mill machinery as if the feat had been one of most ordinary character. At that time he could have stretched out his right arm on a table, and if a man of two hundred pounds weight had stood on his right hand, he could raise him to the ceiling of the room and carry him around, still keeping the arm straight out from the shoulder.

About the time to which I refer the speculative proprietor of a couple of show caravans induced Hamilton to join his troupe, and for some years he was exhibited as the Ulster Giant in the leading cities of England and Scotland. It was usual for the managers of these itinerant exhibitions to permit their people, whether giants, dwarfs, or other celebrities, to enjoy the fresh air at very early hours of the morning, before the inhabitants would likely to be astir. Hamilton was being exhibited in Edinburgh in the summer of 1820, and while there had the honor of having a chat with Sir Walter Scott; Francis Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review*; Christopher North, of *Blackwood*; Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd; Constable and Ballantine, the bibliophile and printer of the Waverley novels, and other literary lions. One Sunday morning the giant was strolling down Princes Street, Edinburgh's leading thoroughfare, and wishing to light his pipe, he stood beside one of the old oil lamps, and stretching up his arms, he raised the top and set fire to a piece of paper he held between his fingers. It was then about two o'clock in the gray mist of a June dawn, and a number of printers, who were wending their way home after Saturday night's festivities, looked on the sight as something out of the usual course of things, rushed to the spot, and as they recognized the towering figure of Hamilton, raised an exultant cheer, while the object of their curiosity rapidly retreated to his caravan.

DIEGO PINZON,*

AND

THE FEARFUL VOYAGE HE TOOK INTO THE UNKNOWN OCEAN A.D. 1492.

BY JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE boys stood waiting for the boats to come nearer to where they were; but as it took the boats some time to reach that point, owing to the tide and current running together, the boys had time to recover from their ecstasy and to consider some things.

There was the *Pinta* with the *Niña*, but the *Santa Maria* was not to be seen. This gave them a curious feeling as of something being wrong. They could not have told what, but it made them wonder if it would not be wise to make themselves known privately to the men of the *Pinta*.

So they hastened up the river farther, and waited there until they should see if the men would land, or take the water out of the river at the middle, which they might



DIEGO WENT WITH JUAN TO SEE THE MAN UNCHAINED.

do if they were afraid of the natives. But it seemed that the men were not afraid of the Indians, and rowed up the river to where a small stream emptied into it, and there they went ashore.

It was a little higher up, but on the same side where the boys were, and they hurried as silently as possible to the spot. They had recognized many of the *Pinta's* men, and had mentioned them with great joy to each other; though Juan had looked eagerly for Miguel, and had been disappointed not to see him. They hoped, and it so happened, that the *Niña's* boats would push off first. Then Diego and Juan, with shining eyes, stole closer to where the *Pinta's* men were, and Diego called softly:

"Rodrigo! Rodrigo de Triana!"

"Holy St. Martin! who calls?" cried Rodrigo, the

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 627.

sound of something familiar in the tone turning his blood chill.

"Juan Cabelco and Diego Pinzon," said Diego, and therewith stepped out of the thicket and stood revealed.

There was at first a disposition to flight on the part of the men; but there was something so very human in the joy of the boys that presently they were surrounded by all the sailors, who fairly embraced them in their joy.

The boys were hustled into the boats, one in each, and all the while the explanations were carried on. Diego gave the briefest sketch of what had happened to him and Juan, and the sailors all together told how they had returned and had not found them, and how they had given them up. How they had sailed along the coast and traded for a plenty of gold, telling that in a whisper that made Diego demand the meaning of the *Pinta* and the *Niña* being in company without the *Santa Maria*.

Then the men told how the Admiral had been shipwrecked near the western end of the island, and had built a fort with the timber of the *Santa Maria*, calling it La Navidad, and had garrisoned it with such men as wished to remain while he returned to Spain for more colonists; how, after that, he had started to circumnavigate the island, and had come upon the *Pinta* before Martin Alonzo could get out of his way.

That had happened only three days since, and already the Admiral and Martin Alonzo had had an altercation about some natives whom the latter had captured with the intention of carrying them to Spain to be sold as slaves. The Admiral had forced him to release the prisoners and send them ashore with gifts.

"It will soothe Martin Alonzo to see you," said Rodrigo, "for he has grieved sometimes like a madman because of your loss. As for Miguel, he will be very glad to get out of his chains, where Martin Alonzo has kept him, vowing he would hang him to the yard if the *Pinta* left the island without you."

"Then my cousin believed I fell because of Miguel?" said Diego, very glad to know that Miguel had not been sacrificed.

"I saw him with his arm up as if he had struck you," said Rodrigo.

"But he had tried to help me," said Diego.

"So he swore, but no one believed him. We should have triced him up with a good will, Fray Diego, if you had not come back. But Martin Alonzo will be pleased to see you!"

Diego presently had proof of that; for when they arrived at the ship and he went up over the side, Martin Alonzo at first nearly fainted, and then, being hastily assured that Diego was no ghost, but a hearty flesh-and-blood boy, he caught him in his arms and nearly smothered him with embraces. And when he had hugged him as much as Diego would let him, he turned to Juan and said such things to him as made him very happy.

After that they went into the cabin, and Diego and Juan ate at the mess with Martin Alonzo and the gentlemen adventurers, and told their stories as well as they could, without betraying what they knew of the gold; for they had agreed to keep that for Martin Alonzo's private ear.

So after the meal was over, Diego asked his cousin to give him and Juan a few minutes in private, which Martin Alonzo did by taking them into his private cabin—a little hole that would scarcely hold the three of them.

"Now, Diego, what have you to say to me?"

Diego smiled at Juan and pulled up his shirt, which covered the belt for which he had suffered so much. And Juan did the same. They took their belts off and placed all the nuggets of gold before the astonished eyes of Martin Alonzo.

"We did not speak of these in the cabin," said Diego, "thinking you might wish to know it first."

Martin Alonzo stared at him and weighed the gold in silence for a time; then he almost gasped:

"More than a thousand ducats of gold! Why, boys, you are rich! And you tell me the island is full of it?"

"We saw it lying thick in the beds of the rivers, and a native told us that a piece as big as a baby's head had been found in one place."

Martin Alonzo's eyes shone with eagerness for a moment, then turned dull, and a sigh broke from him.

"It is bootless. I could not go into the interior with the men. Already they are crying to get back where they may enjoy their gold, little as it is. Nor may I come back; for the Admiral is Viceroy of this new country, and he will never pardon me, nor will I ask for pardon, nor accept it at his hands. Keep your gold. You have earned it."

"A half of it is yours by right," said Diego.

"I shall not touch it, boy. But if you wish, I will keep it safe."

So they gave him their gold to keep. Then Juan spoke to him.

"I crave your pardon, Martin Alonzo, but I wish to speak in behalf of Miguel."

"The knave!" said Martin Alonzo, frowning.

"He tried to save me, cousin. He did indeed," said Diego.

"Why, so he has always sworn, but I believed him not. Why, then, he must be freed; but he is a scurvy fellow at best. If he had been half in earnest he might have saved you, it seems to me," said Martin Alonzo, who, as Diego and Juan afterwards discovered, had not grown less obstinate during their absence.

Being in some measure the cause of his imprisonment, Diego went with Juan to see the man unchained. Miguel was in a strange mood. At first he refused to speak to Juan at all; but afterwards thawed, and was as friendly as ever, not only to him, but to Diego, acting as if he had forgotten that he had ever seemed to dislike the latter. And, indeed, it never was certain that he did remember; for, to make an end of his part in this story, he was never himself again, and, in fact, died before ever the *Pinta* reached Spain, nobody rightly knowing what his ailment was.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHETHER or not the Admiral ever learned of the loss and subsequent return of Diego and Juan cannot be known. Certain it is that he made no mention of their adventure in his account of the voyage, rendered to the Queen upon his return to Spain.

At the time he was not told by any one in authority or with the knowledge to relate the facts as they were; for he did not go aboard the *Pinta*, but gave his orders from his deck, when the vessels were near enough for that, or had Martin Alonzo visit him when they had need to communicate.

The next day after the return of the boys the order was given to set sail, and the two vessels started to coast around the island. They did not go farther than the eastern end of the island, however, and then the Admiral got the notion of wishing to visit one of the Carib islands, in order to see some of those fierce savages; and perhaps he would have gone on that voyage, as he did on a subsequent one, if a fair wind for home had not sprung up, which made the sailors so homesick that they begged him most piteously to turn towards the east.

At first the wind was favorable, but not for long, and now they began to experience as much difficulty in returning across the ocean as they had had ease in coming. And by-and-by, when they began to have hopes of reaching Spain before many days, violent storms arose, and nearly made an end of the crazy little craft.

The *Pinta* was even worse off than the *Niña*, for her

foremast was weak, and could not stand any strain. The worst storm came on about the middle of February, and it was with great difficulty that the Admiral could keep the two vessels together. For a time Martin Alonzo did as well as he could to keep company with the *Niña*; but the storm was so violent that it seemed to him that it was no more than the barest chance that either vessel would live, and so he determined to disregard the signals of the Admiral and once more part company. Indeed, it was a measure of real safety; and he had no thought then of doing what presently suggested itself to him, which was to take it for granted that the *Niña* had been unable to survive the storm, and to make good his way home and announce himself as the discoverer.

He believed that the *Niña* could not have weathered a storm that had nearly wrecked the *Pinta*, and so he sailed before the still raging storm, and after many days was able to make the port of Bayonne, in the Bay of Biscay. From there he despatched a letter to his sovereigns, announcing his discovery of the eastern coast of Asia, and assuming that the Admiral was drowned.

Then, the storm having abated, he sailed for Palos, pleasing himself with the thought of how he would be received by his friends. The *Pinta* reached the bar of Saltes at the mouth of the little river, and the men all crowded on deck to see the land they had left so sorrowfully a few months before, and were returning to so triumphant.

Diego pointed out to Juan the convent of La Rabida, standing on its eminence, where it could plainly be seen, and from which he had so many times looked down on the little river he was now sailing up, after such strange adventures. He wondered how he would be received there. There was certainly to be one nugget of gold to make a cross for the breviary of Fray Bartolomeo, and Alfonso, his old friend, should have another.

And Juan was to go with him wherever he went, and it was always to be share and share alike with them. Juan had agreed to that with a full heart; for the approach to Spain recalled to him the things he had been able so long to put away from him, and it was pleasant to hear Diego's hearty voice telling him that he had been his brother, and always should be.

"And," said Diego, with a joyous laugh, "we will fight it out as soon as I have taken as great a risk for you as you did for me off Haiti."

The sail up the river is not a long one, with the tide favorable, and it was a short time after entering it that they came in sight of the town. Martin Alonzo paced the poop, filled with the thought of the triumph that was to be his.

"Brother," said Francisco Martin, his face quite pale, "what vessel is that riding in the river?"

Martin Alonzo looked and looked again, and a change came over his face such as one looks for on the face of the dying.

"The *Niña*," was all he said.

Yes, it was true. After passing through many adventures, the *Niña* had reached Palos just one day in advance of the *Pinta*; and as the *Pinta* drew nearer the town, the noise of the rejoicing over the Admiral could be distinctly heard.

It is a sad thing to say, but it is true, alas! that Martin Alonzo Pinzon was hurt to his death by the ending to his voyage. Most of all that wounded him was the feeling that he had dishonored himself. He would not sail up



DIEGO RELATES HIS ADVENTURES TO THE CONVENT BOYS.

to the town, but took a small boat ashore, and went stealthily to his house, bitterly contrasting such a homecoming with the one he had anticipated, and yet finding in his heart that his punishment was just.

He had already been ill, but not seriously. Now he went to his house to take to his bed; and when a letter arrived not many days after from his sovereigns, reproaching him for his conduct, he groaned aloud, and turned his face to the wall. A few days later he died.

The part which Diego and Juan took was very much brighter than this. They had nothing wherewith to reproach themselves, and they enjoyed to the full the rôle of hero which was forced upon them.

At the convent, in particular, where Diego went with Juan the very first thing, they were made so much of that it is a wonder they were not ruined. The other boys followed them about like dumb cattle after a leader; and when either, but especially Diego, opened his lips, you would have thought some of the gold of Haiti was about to fall from them, so eagerly did his old schoolmates watch them.

As for the nuggets, Diego and Juan were not niggards with them, and they would have melted away in the warmth of their generosity in a very short time, had not Vicente Yanez Pinzon, the brother next to Martin Alonzo, and the Captain of the *Niña*, taken him aside and talked with him.

Well, he had already been generous enough, so he permitted his cousin to take his money and put it in a safe place. And, indeed, some of the property bought with that money can be seen to this day, still owned by a Pinzon, too, in the little town of Moguer, about a league from Palos.

After that? Well, after that Diego and Juan made many a voyage to the newly discovered countries, and lived to learn, what Christoval Colon never did learn, that they had actually discovered a new continent, and not Asia at all.

And they were with Vicente Yanez Pinzon when he and that Italian Amerigo Vespucci, made the voyage together—an account of which voyage, being widely read over Europe, was the means of gaining for Vespucci the unmerited honor of having been the first to reach the continent, whereby his name is to this day attached to the country discovered.

JOHN GOODMAN'S BAG OF GOLD.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

ONCE there was a very rich man named John Goodman. He lived alone with his servants in a grand house that was filled with the most beautiful things that his money could buy, but he was not a happy man. He cared for nobody, and nobody cared for him. He was an honest man; he had never cheated a person out of a penny. But he was very stingy, for he had never given away one cent of his great wealth. "I have earned my money, and other folks can earn theirs," he was fond of saying to himself.

One day he did something that he had never done before—he bought a lottery ticket. He paid one dollar for it, and after the money had left his hands, he told himself, over and over, that he was a fool to throw away a dollar in such a fashion. "I am only putting my money into the pocket of somebody who draws a prize, and that lucky somebody will not be I," he said, bitterly.

But to John Goodman's unbounded astonishment, his ticket drew the highest prize—a bag of gold to the value of one thousand dollars. He had gone to a neighboring city, to be present at the drawing, and as he walked away with his treasure he could not help seeing the looks of envy and sorrow that were cast upon him by the crowds of disappointed people that had paid their money and received nothing in return. He noticed, too, that the men and women were, for the most part, poorly dressed, evidently those who could ill afford to lose a dollar in this foolish way.

"Simpletons!" he said, under his breath, "they might have known they would get nothing"; not realizing, in his moment of exultation, that it was only by the merest chance he was bearing away the prize, instead of seeing it carried off by one of these hungry-eyed creatures.

During John Goodman's journey home, the faces of these people haunted him. The knowledge that the prize was his, even the gold itself as it pressed against his side, could not crowd from his thoughts the scanty raiment, the sunken cheeks, and despairing eyes of that motley throng. He felt as if he had been stealing.

"It is their money that is in my pocket," he said, "and they need it for bread." The words were half whispered, with a groan. "I wish they had it back again, every penny of it! It is a miserable thing, this lottery business, and I don't know what possessed me to mix myself up with it!"

He spoke fiercely, and a gloomy frown settled on his face. He walked home from the railway station, and reached his own gate very tired; but he did not go directly to the house. His grounds bordered the public highway for a quarter of a mile, and he strolled off across the park and sat down by a clump of shrubbery. He had never felt so depressed in his life. The gold weighed heavily in his pocket. He wished he were rid of it.

"I'd like to throw it to the four winds!" he said to himself.

Just then the sound of half-suppressed sobs arrested his attention. He was not far from the street, and peering through the bushes he saw a small boy looking carefully along the sidewalk, crying as he went.

"What have you lost?" he asked.

"Oh," said the child, "I've lost the last five cents we've got, and I was going to buy a loaf of bread with it, and mother's sick, and we're so hungry!"

John Goodman's hand was in his pocket, and he drew a coin from his bag of gold and gave it to the boy. "Take that and buy your bread," he said, "and carry the rest home to your mother."

Before he had time to reflect upon what he had done, a man drew near, coughing so hard that he finally had

to grasp the fence for support. He was evidently a laborer, for he carried a pickaxe and a shovel.

"You ought to be at home and abed instead of going to work," said John Goodman.

"I know it," said the man, wearily. "But I've been sick, and I haven't any money left, and I've got to support my family."

A handful of gold was drawn forth from the bag.

"Take that to live upon until you are quite well," and the donor disappeared behind the shrubbery before the man recovered from his bewilderment.

What an afternoon that was to John Goodman! Never before had he come so close to want and suffering. Never before had he taken the trouble to know how often poverty and sorrow passed his door. Crippled old men and aged working-women, half-starved bootblacks and sad-eyed sewing-girls, these, and more than these, received a share of the bag of gold.

John Goodman paused not from his giving till the sun had set and the bag was empty. Then he went into his house like one in a dream. His brain was in a whirl. Conflicting thoughts pressed one another on every side. He had not been aware of hunger or fatigue, but now he felt weak, and he called for something to eat. After a hasty meal he threw himself into a luxurious chair, and tried to read; but his eyes seemed to seek out and devour only such articles as dwelt upon the horrors of poverty, the sufferings of the oppressed, and the evils of lotteries. He tossed the paper aside, with an exclamation of disgust.

"Why cannot I have done with this business altogether?" he muttered. "The thousand dollars is gone, and I am none the richer for my miserable prize. I only wish it was where it came from—in the pockets of those poor fools who could not afford to lose it."

Then a sudden thought struck him, and he jumped to his feet, saying, "Why did I not think of it at first?" A deep frown settled upon his face as he paced the room. "A thousand dollars is a great sum to give away, out and out," he said to himself; "I can't do it! They must take the consequences of their folly. Ten chances to one I should not find them if I should try." Thus he argued, while those haunting faces of the morning seemed to peer out from the dusky corners of the library, and plead their cause. It was a long struggle that this penurious man had with the better part of his nature; but at last he yielded to the voice that bade him pay back every penny of his ill-gotten gains. "I'll do it!" he said, emphatically; "I'll do it, if it takes two thousand dollars!" while his brow lightened, and he felt as if a heavy weight had been lifted from him.

Then he sat down and wrote several telegrams, which he despatched by a servant. These were advertisements for the various morning papers of the neighboring city whence he had brought his bag of gold. In this way he called upon all persons who held tickets in the recent drawing of the Follitown Lottery to take their tickets to a certain place, where their money would be refunded in full.

The next morning found John Goodman on an early train bound for Follitown. But he was none too soon for the throng of poor people that besieged the office of the friend who had so willingly put his place of business at his disposal.

All that day John Goodman sat and exchanged his dollars for those worthless bits of paper. One thousand left his hand, and still the people streamed in. Ah, yes; there had been much money retained by the lottery-keepers! But John Goodman did not turn aside from the task he had undertaken for conscience' sake, and often the dollars did not go singly. By twos, fives, and tens they were given, where cases were especially needy and urgent, and John Goodman felt a strange joy that was entirely unknown to him. As he saw burdens lifted,

and flashes of hope gleam in despairing eyes, his heart grew warm and his eyes moist, while he wondered at his unwonted liberality, and chided himself for following the impulses of his heart rather than the dictates of his head. But he kept on giving, and grew happier as the silver and gold left his grasp.

For days and weeks the tickets came straggling in, and every one was rebought at the original price. During this time John Goodman became more closely acquainted with the children of poverty than he would have believed to be possible a few months before. Winter was coming on, and want and suffering overshadowed the great cities. John Goodman ceased to wonder at himself; he no longer rebuked his generous impulses; he entered upon a work of benevolence with the ardor of love, though with the prudence of wisdom. The needy and afflicted were sure to find in him a friend and helper. Thousands blessed his name, and went on their humble ways rejoicing.

"At last," he said, "I have learned the happiness of life; it is in giving—giving!"

THE RING AND THE FISH.

BY L. J. VANCE.

THE *otoshi-banashi** are Japanese story-tellers who have the art, or rather the trick, of raising the sympathies or expectations of their audience to a high pitch, and then of suddenly ending with startling abruptness or with a bad pun or jest.

The story-teller is amply rewarded for his trouble when some of the listeners, unable to restrain their pent-up feelings, give vent to their wrath and disgust in having been "taken in." Then the ill-mannered persons in the crowd howl with delight.

Some of these artful stories are coarse and vulgar; others are long and tedious; others, again, are pointed and witty. As a rule, the narrator makes the first part of his tale uninteresting and puzzling, in order to delude the listener into thinking that no sharp turn or wind-up is coming.

It is not easy to give a first-rate example of a "debased story," partly because Japanese puns and jests are largely untranslatable, and partly because such a narrative is often long and involved.

The following story ridicules a class of "yarns" which most of us have heard of wonderful "finds":

There was once a rich old tea merchant, who lived in a fine house in Kiyôto. He had only one daughter, O Kiku (Miss Chrysanthemum), and she was the flower of his eye. He was very careful of his child, and seldom allowed any young man to speak to her.

When O Kiku grew up into budding womanhood, suitors came to win her hand.

Kikuchi was the lucky one on whom O Kiku smiled. But he was the only son of a poor man. The old tea merchant frowned upon this suitor of his only daughter, and he commanded her never again to speak to Kikuchi.

One day Kikuchi gave a precious ring to O Kiku. He made her promise never, never to part with it.

That evening at tea the stern parent noticed the bright ring on O Kiku's finger. He immediately asked, "Who gave that to you?"

Then the girl broke out into tears, and confessed that it was Kikuchi.

The angry father snatched off the ring, walked into the tea-garden, and threw it contemptuously into the fish-pond.

O Kiku was in despair. How to get the precious ring back was the question. "Perhaps," she reasoned to herself—"perhaps the ring did not fall to the bottom of the pond. Perhaps some hungry fish gobbled it up, thinking it was food."

The next morning she confided her secret to the cook.

"Yes," said that worthy personage, "we will

have fish every day from the pond. Who knows but what we may find the ring inside of one of them?"

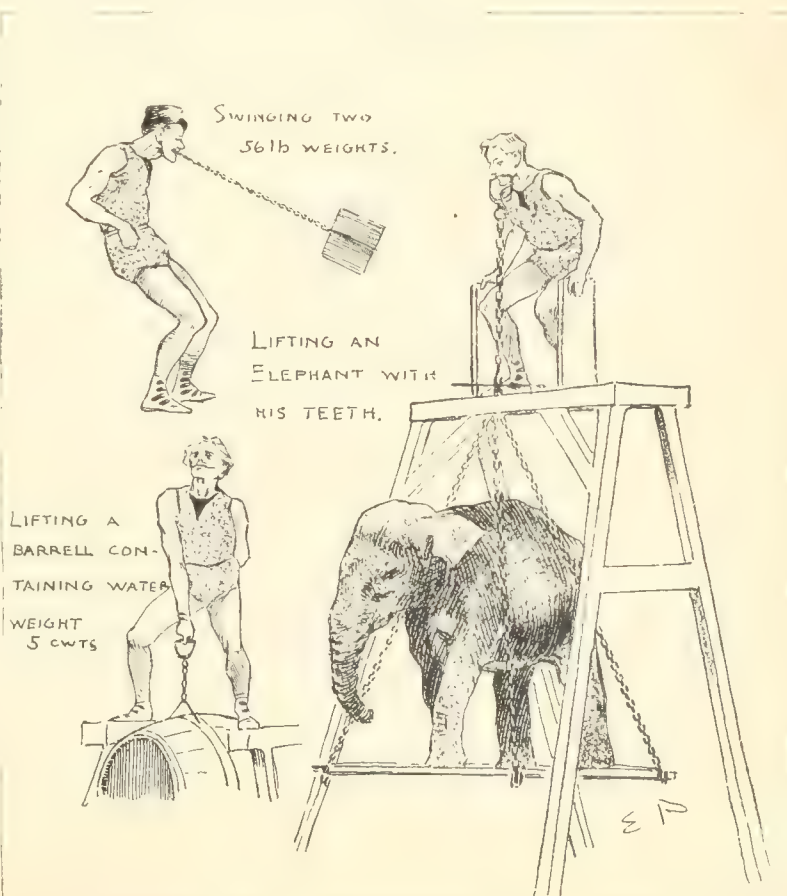
What do you think? That very evening at supper, as O Kiku was eating a piece of fish, she felt something sticking in her little throat, and her heart leaped to her mouth.

It was the ring, of course?

No; it was a fish-bone.

LIFTING AN ELEPHANT.

LONDON has been entertained lately by feats of strength that are certainly remarkable and probably unsurpassed in modern times. First there was a man named Saudow, who was an enormously powerful man; he was succeeded by Sampson, and he in turn by an Irish-American named Sullivan. Curiously, the three names begin with the letter S, which is also the initial of "strength," and of the Greek word for strength (*sthenos*). Sullivan, the latest comer, is thirty years of age, stands 5 feet 8½ inches in height, and weighs 168 pounds. His appearance presents little that is unusual in the way of muscular development, and his biceps are neither very large nor wonderfully rigid. It is in his neck and jaw that his strength chiefly lies, and the majority of his feats are such as bring this peculiarity into special prominence. At an exhibition given in London, he fastened a chain to a 56-pound weight, and the other end being gripped between his teeth, swung himself round and round until the twirling chain assumed a nearly horizontal line. The feat was repeated with the weight doubled, and as the performer, with both hands to his hips, and using every sinew in his frame, swirled round and round, the audience wondered with anxiety what would happen if one of the links should fly asunder. The most remarkable feat, however, that Sullivan performed was the lifting of an elephant by his teeth. It was a "baby," 'tis true, but it weighed about 1800 pounds, and was lifted a clear three inches from the ground, its whole weight pendent from the jaw of the man above. Sullivan was not successful in an attempt to break a chain with his arm, having injured this limb on the previous night. He succeeded, however, in proving that his prowess was not entirely confined to feats with his teeth, by lifting a barrel of water, weighing 560 pounds, with the middle finger of his right hand.



* Literally, to drop, to debase a story.



A CONTINUOUS HOLE.

"DEAR, I DONE LOS' DAT PENNY! DEAD'S A HOLE IN MY POCKET!"
 "LOOK IN YO' SHOE."
 "NO USE—HOLE IN DAT TOO!"

HE ASSISTED.

"DID you break this window, Charlie?" asked the school-master.
 "Well—I helped," said Charlie.
 "Helped? How helped?"
 "It was a snow-ball broke it—but I threw the snow-ball."

HE KNEW.

"JOHNNY, do you know your alphabet?"
 "Yessum."
 "What comes after T?"
 "Laying players, n'f'm."

KEPT QUIET

"I HOPE you were not impudent in return," said mamma, after Willie had told her of some mean things a playmate had said.
 "No, I just kept still," said Willie. "I couldn't think of anything to say that would make him mad."

WELL NAMED.

THE telephone, it seems to me,
 Is named exceeding well;
 For what folks say to it, you see,
 The 'Phone doth straightway Tel.

WHICH WAS RIGHT?

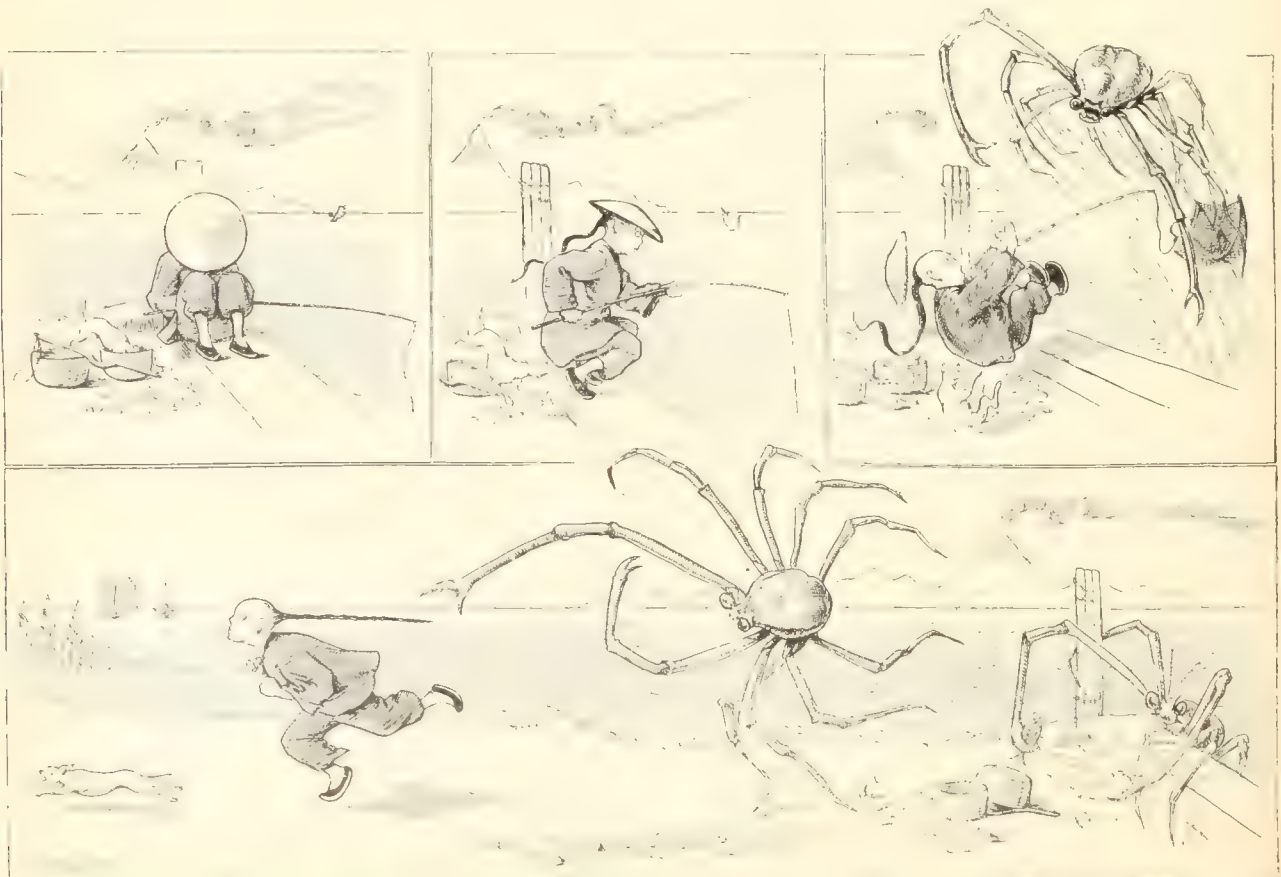
"WHAT'S all this noise about?" inquired the paper-cutter.
 "The ink says that it does all the writing, while I claim that I do," answered the pen.

A GOOD REASON.

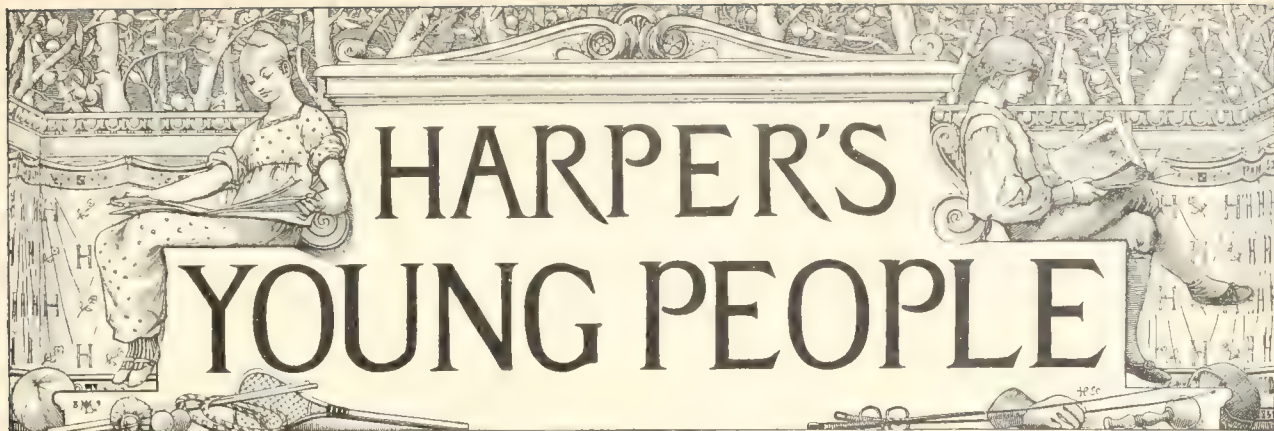
"WHY is it you eat so much bread and butter when you're visiting and none at home, Jimmie?"
 "'Cause home I know there's something else coming. Visiting, I don't."

HIS VIEW OF IT

"INDIANS must have a good time when they are boys," said Tommy.
 "Why?" asked his father.
 "'Cause their nurses can't tell whether their hands are dirty or not."



LEE LUM AND THE GIANT CRABS A CHINESE FISH STORY.



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



THE GREAT SNOWBALL FIGHT.

BY JULIANA CONOVER.

THE day scholars of the Barton Academy, comprising those boys living in the town of Newhall, about a mile from the school, held an indignation meeting one afternoon in February at which they expressed their views with great warmth.

"It has gone entirely too far," said Tom Porter.

"The way Dixon treated Mac was bad enough; but now the rest have taken it up, and they guy and bother him until it is no joke."

"What makes Dixon so down on Mac?" asked John Field, a boy who had only recently come to Newhall.

"It began when Mac won the 220 at the athletic games last spring," answered Tom. "Dixon had talked so much about being a 'sprinter,' that a good many fellows expected him to beat the school record, but instead of that, Mac went in and won by fully two yards. Dixon was awfully bored about it."

"Then the fellows got into some scrape at school," put in Phil Lawrence. "Mac was one of them, but he told the truth like a man, while the rest sneaked out of it. Mr. Barton found out, though, who were in it, and suspended the crowd; and Dixon wouldn't believe that

Mac hadn't given him away; so when he came back in the fall as captain of the football team, he wouldn't put Mac on, though he is by far the best quarter back in school. We made a jolly row about it, didn't we, Tom? But Dixon is so popular with the boarders that they back him up in everything."

"He came here from a little school with a big reputation," said Clinton Morgan. "And he *is* a fairly good athlete, but I don't think he has a particle of what the fellows call 'sand.'"

"It's the same thing in baseball," chimed in Tom. "He can play against poor nines, but always loses his nerve in a hard game. And then he's the kind of fellow that wants to run everything. He has the boarders well under his thumb, but somehow doesn't succeed when he tries it on us."

"What does he do to Mac?" asked Field, evidently wishing to get to the bottom of the trouble.

"Bullies him in all sorts of mean ways," answered Tom; "takes his things, and gets him kept in after school. Then he jeers at him for being so 'good,' calls him 'the saintly kid,' and gets up all sorts of gags on him, which the others take up and rub in. And the last snow we had, they managed some way to keep him down at school after we left, and then all laid for him with iced snowballs. Guy, I wish we'd been there! Mac came home with his face cut, looking terribly bunged up, and wouldn't tell the family anything about it. But Dr. Wallace said he was going to see Mr. Barton and find out. Mac would never give the fellows away, even if they half killed him."

"I'd like just once to show them what I thought of them," said Charlie Smith.

"They're so frightfully fresh!" exclaimed Clinton. "I always feel like kicking them."

"Let's have a free fight and knock them out," suggested another boy. "We can do up Dixon in great shape."

"If there was only some way of pitting Mac against Dixon where size didn't count for much," said Tom. "I know he has more grit."

"What's the matter with snowballs?" cried Charlie, looking out of the window at the big flakes. "Mac can throw twice as straight and almost as hard as Dixon."

"Let's have a regular pitched battle," said Clinton. "We'll do lots of snowballing, at any rate, while the snow lasts, and one good fight might teach them a lesson they would not soon forget."

"Why not let Mac and Dixon fight it out alone, the way the old Romans used to?" suggested Phil. "And we'd back them up."

This classical method of settling the difficulties was finally put to vote and carried unanimously. Then the boys talked it over in great excitement, each one wishing that he could be the champion sent out to uphold the honor of his side. Mac was soon let into the scheme, and expressed himself as more than ready to stand up against Dixon in spite of the odds.

"Let's have it soon," he said, "before this snow melts."

"The day after to-morrow, Saturday, will be the best time," replied Clinton.

"We can go out to the school right after lunch, and have the whole afternoon to settle it in."

Tom Porter was then chosen as their representative, and many were the directions given him about the arrangements to be made, and as to how he had better approach Dixon on the subject. They entered the school-room the next day with such an air of mysterious importance that the boarders knew something must be in the wind, and glanced uneasily at Mr. Barton, hoping that it had nothing to do with him.

Tom thought it best to first propose the scheme to one

of the more friendly boarders, as he could talk it over more satisfactorily with him than with Dixon.

"You fellows have treated Mac pretty meanly," he said to Green, after making his proposition, "especially Dixon. He never loses an opportunity of being disagreeable, and he said the other day that Mac did not have pluck enough to play good football, so all Mac wants is a chance to show whether he has or not. We will back him against any man you can put up."

"Of course we will agree to it," answered Green. "It will be great fun for us, but Dixon will half kill young Wallace."

"All right," said Tom; "we'll risk it."

They then discussed the details of the fight, and drew up a set of rules which were to be submitted to the others, and if approved, to be strictly observed. The two champions were to stand behind lines twenty yards apart, and if either overstepped the line it would count as a defeat. They might dodge all the balls they could, but if they ran back as much as five yards it would be equivalent to a surrender.

Stones were strictly prohibited as well as iced snowballs made beforehand. They must make their own balls, but the others could supply the snow and encourage and applaud their respective champions.

If after three-quarters of an hour neither showed signs of giving in, it would be declared a draw, and the fight might become a general one, subject to the same regulations.

These rules were carefully drawn up, and Green promised to see that Dixon and the others thoroughly understood them.

"For a snowball fight that isn't all fair and square," said Tom, "is a sort of thing no decent fellows want to go into. This one is only for a test of courage, at any rate, and we don't want to have any bad feeling or foul play."

When Dixon received Mac's challenge, he laughed scornfully. "Wants to do the David act, does he? All right. I'll show him that this Goliath is no 'fake.'"

All Saturday morning Mrs. Wallace wondered what made Mac seem so nervous and restless; even Harry, his younger brother, she could see, was in a state of suppressed excitement. No questions, however, elicited any information until Mac jumped up from the table without half finishing his lunch, and rushed off. Then Harry could contain himself no longer, and confided the whole story to his mother and sister.

Mrs. Wallace was horrified. "Why didn't you tell me before?" she said. "I should not have listened to the idea for a moment."

"That's what Mac thought," replied Harry, in glee; "so we kept it dark."

"Which would be worse," she asked, turning to her eldest daughter, "for Mac to put out Dixon's eye, or Dixon to put out Mac's?"

"Perhaps both will happen," replied Sally, in a cheerful tone. "Snowballs are very dangerous things."

"I feel sure he will never come home alive," Mrs. Wallace said, hopelessly. "Why *need* my boys get into fights, when I have always had such a horror of them?"

"Poor Mac will be all dead," whispered little Alice to her doll, "and the peoples will cry. Poor Mac!"

Mac did not look as if he feared the danger as he stood in his old cap and sweater among the group of day scholars on the athletic grounds receiving their last instructions.

He was short and slight for his fifteen years, and much smaller than Dixon, but he had the advantage of him in quickness, and constant practice in throwing to first from third base had made him a pretty sure shot.

"Don't lose your head, and pitch wild balls like Adams," said Charlie.

"Don't think about dodging his, but throw yours in as fast as you can," said Clinton.

"Go in and win, old fellow. We'll back you up;" and Phil slapped him encouragingly on the shoulder.

At this moment there was a shout from the other side.

"What's the matter with your man?" cried Adams. "We're all waiting to begin."

"Bring on your David," called Dixon. "Or is the little saint afraid to come out?"

"Not much!" answered Mac, starting forward, and facing the big bully.

"Remember that good little boys mustn't throw stones," Dixon jeered; "it's hard lines on David, but it can't be helped."

Tom Porter and Green were time-keepers and umpires. They held their watches with an air of great importance, and paced the twenty-yard line once more to see that it was all right. They had the feeling of assisting at an affair of honor that was both legal and justifiable, but possessed the merit of being conducted with the utmost secrecy.

"Are you ready?" they asked, turning to the impatient warriors. "One, two, three—go!" and the great contest commenced.

Dixon thought he had an easy thing of it, and had talked in a lofty manner of "settling the kid once for all"; but as Mac's balls came faster and faster, and harder and harder, all directed at his head, he began to change his mind. He tried to dodge them as he made his own, but grew nervous and flurried as Mac's sure aim did its work.

Shouting and jeering quieted down. The Newhall boys cheered their plucky little champion loudly as ball after ball hit him—hard too—and he never seemed to wince.

"That's it! Keep it up! Good for you!" they cried, as Dixon slammed them in, furious that the boy he had made such sport of should dare to hold his own against him so well.

"If you don't want to get whipped, you'd better go home, see?" Adams and Taylor had chanted at the start, and the chorus had taken it up—"If you don't want to get whipped, you'd better go home"—but they stopped suddenly when it no longer seemed to apply.

Twenty minutes passed, and the combatants were still working hard and snorting defiance. Mac was pressing the big bully hard—even the boarders could see that. Little he cared for a black eye and swollen lip; his blood was hot, and he had a long score to wipe out. Dixon was puffing and panting; his eyes were blurred, and his hand unsteady. It was harder work than he had bargained for, and, my! how the balls did sting! The "kid" had some strength, it seemed. They whizzed past his ear, they struck him on the chest, and then a good solid one hit him square on the nose. Dixon stamped his foot with rage and pain, backing away fully three yards.

"Yea! yea! yea!" yelled the boys. "Dixon's played out! Wallace wins!"

"Brace up! Give it to him!" urged the boarders, each one tingling with eagerness to go into the fight.

Dixon stooped to gather up the snow, and as he did so, saw something far more effective lying underneath. What did he care for rules? All he wanted was to knock young David out. He picked one up, and threw with all his might. It went over Mac's head! Again and again he tried, disguising them less each time; but they only hit him on the body, or flew past, while one of Mac's struck Dixon again on the face.

He shivered all over and fell back a few paces, then, taking deliberate aim, let fly what he held in his hand. This time his aim was true, and Mac received the brutal blow on his forehead.

"A stone!" shouted Phil, as he saw the blood gush out.

"A stone, fellows! That gives it to Mac. Pile in and finish him up!"

In a second the fight had become general, and the snowballs flew thick and fast. Dixon stood his ground for a few minutes, returning the balls as well as he could; but the pressure was too great, since every boy seemed bent on his destruction regardless of the boarders' well-directed blows.

Bruised and battered and furious, his nerve and courage gave out completely, and he dropped from the long line of desperate fighters and crouched in the snow behind them, where he made up deadly balls for their use.

Not so Mac. With his forehead bleeding and one eye entirely closed, he led his men on to victory, cheering every inch they gained, and encouraging them under the rain of balls; for like shot and shell the hard-packed snow fell around them.

A half-hour passed, and the battle still raged with unabated fury.

"Keep it up! Keep it up, boys; we'll fight to a finish!" shouted Mac. "Hurrah! they're breaking ranks!"

Green and Adams worked hard to keep the line together. Twice it wavered and broke, then rallied again, fighting furiously.

"Newhall! Newhall!" yelled Clinton.

"Bartons! Bartons!" returned the boarders.

"Now, fellows," cried Mac, "all together."

The lumps of snow whizzed through the air as though hurled from the mouth of cannon; for the boys' energy increased as they saw their opponents gradually giving way.

Foot by foot they pressed the boarders back, until at last they saw them cross the fatal line. Then, with a wild cry of triumph, they rushed upon them, led by the invincible Mac.

Across the field they pursued the flying foe, whose disorderly retreat was headed by the fallen champion. Up to the very house the Newhall boys chased them, and then, with a parting shower of snowballs, watched them bolt helter-skelter into the welcome door of the dormitory.

"What's the matter with Newhall? She's all right!" was the exultant refrain all the way into town.

True, they were objects to behold, with their black eyes and bumps and bruises; but they gloried in them, for did they not mean that Dixon's star had set, that Mac's character was vindicated, and the courage of the day scholars proved beyond a doubt? It was indeed a famous victory.

"Mac's a-livin'! Mac's a-livin'!" screamed small Alice, scrambling up stairs to her mother's room, where Mrs. Wallace, half in pride and half in dismay, was dressing her son's wounds. "Mac's a-livin', and I'm goin' to have a snowball fight with Sally; but Sally's *promised* to get the black eye!"

KEEZEG-BESET, THE FIRE GOBLIN.

BY L. J. VANCE.

KEEZEG-BESET, the fire goblin of the Passamaquoddies, is an evil sprite that is believed to be sneaking around at all times, especially in the night, when he appears in the form of a rabbit or a fish. His most common practice is to entice children away from home, and then to carry them off with him. Just as some of our mothers used to warn us that if we disobeyed her and went to some forbidden place, "the buggoon will get you," so the Indian squaw frightened her child by saying, "Look out for Keezeg-beset!"

Oddly enough, this awful hobgoblin comes as an avenging fury or conscience. Has an Indian done any wrong, then he sees in his troubled dreams a pair of red eyes glowing at him. It is Keezeg-beset! Has a brave taken too much "fire-water," then, too, he is apt to have queer shapes flitting across his vision, and he howls, "See Keezeg-beset!"

The folk-stories are often told by Passamaquoddy mothers to their children as a reward for collecting wood, or other duties.

This is a story of the old times: There was once a young girl who did not mind her mother, for she wanted to have her own way. She had been told to "look out for Keezeg-beset," but she laughed, and said, "I am not afraid."

She was warned not to go to the big swamp, where moving lights were seen in the night-time. The fire goblin was prowling around there to lead children astray.

One afternoon the young girl went to the big swamp just to see what it was like. Pretty soon it grew dark, and then she lost her way. Through bog and brush she wandered for a long time. The night was as black as a cloud of smoke, and the girl began to grow very tired and frightened. She was ready to sit down and cry.

Just then a bright light appeared on the other side, and she thought it might be her people out looking for her, and she cried out, "Allo! allo!" The light moved up and down. So she followed the light all night long, until she dropped down.

When she awoke, it was in another world up in the sky. It was a bitter cold place—so cold that the young girl was nearly frozen to death. So she gathered some dry wood, and built a fire to keep herself warm. Every day the girl had to go out and gather a big pile of good dry wood. It was hard work, and every day she cried to get back home.

At last Gee-bellowk (the spirit of the night air) took pity, and offered to carry the young girl back to the earth. But he could not touch the ground on account of his large wings, and so he left her in the top of a great hemlock-tree in the forest.

Now the young girl could not get down out of the tree. There she remained all night long, and when the wind blew, the girl expected every minute to fall to the ground.

The next day she saw a queer-looking little man walking below, so she cried out to him to come and take her down. The queer-looking man was Keezeg-beset. He said he could not take her down in the daytime, as he could not see very well; and he passed on.

The next day Keezeg-beset passed by again, and the girl begged him to take her down from the tree. This time Keezeg-beset replied that he would take her down that night if she would become his wife. And the girl agreed.

Now the girl was cunning. She took off the eel-skin strings which bound up her hair behind, and tied them in hard knots on the top branches of the tree. So that when Keezeg-beset climbed the tree and brought the girl down and claimed her, she said,

"You must go and bring down my hair-strings. I cannot do without them."

Then Keezeg-beset climbed the tree to bring down the eel-skin hair-strings, which were tied so strongly that he could not undo them. It was daylight when Keezeg-beset was at work untying the knots of the last string. As the morn became brighter, his eyesight grew worse and worse, and when the sun came up, Keezeg-beset could not see at all.

Now Keezeg-beset tried to get down himself. But as he was nearly blind, he missed his hold and fell with a crash.

Here the young girl awoke, and found herself beneath the warm skins in the wigwam. From that time on she minded her mother, and was rewarded with a story for collecting wood. This is the end.*

REMARKS OF GREAT MEN UNDER STRANGE CIRCUMSTANCES.

THE battle of the Nile was fought August 1, 1798, between the French and English fleets. Sir Horatio Nelson was in command of the latter, and as the engagement was about to begin, he exclaimed, "Victory or Westminster Abbey!" And victory it was.

When Charles IX. of Sweden, at the age of nineteen years, fought and defeated a large body of Russians at Narva in 1700, Peter the Great, who led his army, had several horses shot under him, and while exchanging a dead steed for a more useful one after a repetition of the occurrence, he remarked, "These people seem disposed to give me exercise." And events proved the truth of the prophecy.

The mace is an emblem of authority and use in our Congress

* The Passamaquoddies usually begin a story with the formula, "A story of the old times," and conclude with the words given above.

as well as in the English Parliament, and though it is merely a symbol, it commands respect; but it was never so insulted as when Oliver Cromwell stalked into the English House to disperse the members and dissolve the Parliament. The mace lay in its regular place, and when Cromwell saw it, he must have sneered at the petty symbol, for he called one of his soldiers, and ordered, "Take away that bauble." So, as the mace was carried out, the doors were locked and Parliament effectually dissolved.

The message of Commodore Perry is better known. The battle of Lake Erie had taken place, and the British fleet were defeated. Then the Commodore sent to General Harrison, grandfather of the present President, his famous despatch, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." It was but a little longer than Caesar's, "I came, I saw, I conquered."

An English General, however, made the record for brevity when, after he had conquered the province of Scinde in India, he sent a punning despatch in the one word, *Peccavi*, which, as our young Latin students know, means, "I have sinned."

THE NAP OF A DORMOUSE.

THE dormouse is one of the small animals which hibernate or sleep through the coldest winter months, and early in the spring, when the first leaves appear on the trees, rouse themselves from their long nap. It seems a very comfortable way of "cheating the winter." There are some cold-blooded people who, feeling unhappy and ill at ease while the thermometer is in the vicinity of freezing-point, rather envy the dormouse and others of his class their ability to get rid of the winter altogether.

Some of the small hibernating animals sleep constantly from fall until the warm days of spring. But the plan of the dormouse is somewhat different. He wakes occasionally through the winter, and takes a light luncheon of the seeds and nuts, pieces of root, and other edibles which he has laid up for private consumption. Then he falls asleep again, and this he repeats at intervals throughout the winter; for in the fall he has made abundant provision for all his winter wants, and he does not have to hunt for food.

An Italian naturalist, in the early part of the century, made some curious experiments upon the dormouse and other animals which sleep through the cold weather. He kept a dormouse in a cupboard in his study, closely watching its actions when the time of its periodical sleep was at hand. On the 24th of December, when the thermometer was about 40°—that is, 8° above the freezing-point—the dormouse curled himself up amongst a heap of papers and went to sleep. On the 27th of December, when the thermometer was several degrees lower, Mr. Mangili ascertained that the animal breathed and suspended his respiration at regular intervals; that is, that after four minutes of perfect repose, during which he appeared as if dead, he breathed about twenty-four times in the space of a minute and a half, and then his breathing was again completely suspended, and again renewed. When the thermometer fell nearly to freezing-point, the intervals of what appeared suspended animation were six minutes. As the thermometer became higher—that is, as the weather was less cold—the intervals of repose were reduced to three minutes. As the winter grew intensely cold, the times of perfect repose, during which no breathing could be perceived, became much longer, sometimes more than twenty minutes. Mr. Mangili concluded that the effects of confinement upon this particular dormouse caused him to sleep longer than in a state of nature.

Within ten days of the time of its falling asleep the dormouse awoke and ate a little, food being provided on the shelf near him. He then went to sleep again, and continued to sleep and wake at about these intervals throughout the winter. As spring approached, his sleep became lighter, until the warm days caused him to shake off altogether his drowsiness.

When a dormouse is discovered in his natural retreat his body is cold to the touch, his eyes are shut, and his respiration is slow and interrupted, as described. Torpid animals, when thus found, can generally be shaken, rolled about, or even struck without arousing them. But as fine weather advances the heat of their bodies increases, until they finally return to their normal condition, and in the pleasant spring days, when the trees are budding and the gardens getting green, they become once more the busy and happy inhabitants of the fields and woods, actively searching for food to gratify their keen appetites, sharpened after their long winter nap.

E. L. C.

A READING OF SHAKESPEARE.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

NOT very long ago a party of my young friends made up their minds to do some "solid" reading in a systematic way. They varied in ages from eight to fifteen, and they formed among themselves a class, which a friend of experience superintended. Twice a week they met at each other's houses, giving two hours each time to the reading, and the first work they took up was Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*.

Now I do not doubt that to a number of my young readers this will seem a very audacious beginning, but, let me tell you from experience, it is well to *grow up* with your Shakespeare, selecting certain plays, and studying them in the right way. Good style is formed thereby. The noble lines committed to memory, even when not fully appreciated, become later a revelation, and the fascination of the poet grows day by day.

The class of girls of which I speak was managed in this way: Each one had her volume of Shakespeare and that delicious book of *Tales* by Charles and Mary Lamb. In the latter the key to the story was obtained. No book, I think, can ever take its place for setting clearly before the youngest mind the plot of the plays and the familiar quotations. The girls chose their characters for the readings, and then began a careful historical study, each one preparing some sort of composition on a given subject. The play was first read through-out, after which on slips of paper questions were made out. For instance: "Venice in the period of the play?" "From what source did Shakespeare obtain his plot?" "Why was the character of Shylock made so despicable?" "When was the play first produced?" "By what name did the actors in Shakespeare's theatre go?"

Simple questions were given to the younger members of the class—a date, or the names of characters—but at each meeting, you see, all had the benefit of what was hunted up and studied. They learned in a very easy fashion that Shakespeare wrote *The Merchant of Venice* in 1596, and that he used for plot three old stories—one, that of the bond made between the Jew Shylock and Antonio the "merchant," whereby if the money Antonio borrowed was not returned at a given date a pound of flesh was to be cut from his body and delivered to the Jew. This is an old Oriental legend, told in a crude way, and, it is supposed, it gave Shakespeare his first hint for the famous play. The second story, equally old, was that of the caskets, where at Portia's house Bassanio chooses from the gold, silver, and leaden caskets, according to her father's will, and by selecting the leaden one wins her for his wife.

Where or how Shakespeare picked up these won-

derful old tales no one can say. He was, it seems, indifferent to fame, and wrote as he did by the inspiration of genius. In his lifetime the Jews were badly treated, and regarded as outcasts. They could lend money at interest, however, and as they were forbidden to take part in nearly every other trade or profession, they became known as money-lenders only. So bitter was the feeling against them in England at the time, that when *The Merchant* was produced, Burbage, who played the part of Shylock, was represented as positively grotesque. He wore a red wig and a huge false nose. For a century after, the character was thus portrayed; but good sense

and better judgment finally prevailed, and Shylock was allowed some dignity in dress and bearing.

The third story Shakespeare used was taken from an ancient source, and described the elopement of a Jewish maiden (Jessica) from a miserly and cruel father. I must say that Jessica's carrying away her father's "ducats" never seemed to me creditable to Shakespeare's pen or mind. These were all points of discussion in the class I speak of. The "lines," as they are called, were carefully studied; and so the reading of the play was thoroughly educational.



THE NEW SERIAL.—DRAWN BY JANE E. EMMET.

The study of Venetian life—its history, traditions, and splendors—was thoroughly gone into. Then came the question of the early English stage, and here the fascinating period of the miracle-plays was investigated, for they were the forerunners of Shakespeare's theatre. These plays were chiefly on religious subjects, yet much of the grotesque was mingled with them, and the old account-books, carefully preserved in the British Museum, are very amusing. All sorts of queer characters appeared in these plays, and the Lord-Chamberlain received a large sum to pay the performers.

From first to last the "lines" spoken by Portia are charming, and, when studied, become part of our literary possession. I need scarcely give quotations here, because my young readers who may follow out the idea and start such a class will doubtless enjoy finding the cream of the text for themselves; but so many of the speeches have become a familiar part of our language that one is apt to forget just whence their origin. The greatest actor our generation has ever known, and the best *student* of Shakespeare, told me once that he never went upon the stage either as Shylock or Bassanio—though he has played both hundreds of times—without a new thrill of admiration for the exquisite beauty of the lines spoken. Were I to suggest a special line of study in the play, it would be the casket scene, that of Jessica's flight with Lorenzo, and the court-room scene. These show the poet at his very best, and are of the greatest interest, I think, to young readers. You will know all the story part of it perfectly if you first read it in the Lambs' *Tales*.

The main facts in Shakespeare's life are briefly these:

He was the son of fairly well-to-do parents living at Stratford upon Avon, in England—a town now a shrine, so to speak, from his association with it.

There his boyhood passed—rather wildly, say some—but he must have read and studied more than the average lad of his day. He married, at nineteen, a young woman of seven and twenty, named Anne Hathaway, and in a few years, leaving four children with his wife, went up to London to try his fortune on the stage and in writing for it. The actors of that day, known as the "Lord Chamberlain's servants," were rather a wild set; but Shakespeare drifted in and out, offending no one, and, so far as any records of his life go, having no vices. He seems to have had no vanity. He left so little trace of his personal life, that biographers and historians are always eagerly searching for even trifling events in the career of so great a man. That he visited among the nobility of London—a thing not common at that day—is certain; that Queen Elizabeth never succeeded in "snubbing" him is equally a fact; and the keenness of her intellect made her realize his genius and respect it. The students in the Temple performed several of his plays by royal command, and the Queen made a point of attending. He bought property both in London and Stratford, as records show, and willed it to his children, leaving his "second-best bed" to his wife Anne; but of late there have been investigations which go to prove this was done from no ill feeling, rather because of some previous gift and understanding between them. He died in 1616, and lies buried in Stratford, with that curious inscription put by his own request above him begging no one to disturb his bones.

Were I to make a further suggestion to young readers of Shakespeare, I would say, after *The Merchant*, take up that Arcadian comedy, *As You Like It*; next, *The Tempest*; and then *Macbeth*. All afford opportunities for study as well as keen enjoyment, and will help to give a high standard for "style" and literary enjoyment. I knew a little girl once who fairly dragged her young companions into "playing" Shakespeare in the nursery, and taught them their parts, understanding very little of the deeper meanings in the lines they learned, but catching the infection of the melody, the rhythm of it all, and almost unconsciously being lifted into a fine atmosphere of thought and inclination; and it has served her well ever since, for now the old familiar passages come back rich with meaning and with an added power, since it is hard for her to recall when she did not know, and repeat to herself Portia's lines, Lorenzo's, Miranda's, or Rosalind's.

CANOEMATES:

A STORY OF THE EVERGLADES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "CANOEMATES," "DORYMATES," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER,"
"CRYSTAL, JACK, & CO.," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

SUMNER RECEIVES A SECOND OFFER.

WHEN Sumner again came to the surface, he was swimming in the foaming wake of the schooner, and drifting down toward him from the windward was the beautiful cedar canoe which was the cause of all the trouble, and which he had passed in his effort to save his own from destruction. A few strokes took him to her, and with a feeling of devout thankfulness he clutched her gunwale.

Worth Manton, or any other inexperienced canoeman, would have attempted to climb up over the bow or stern, and sitting astride the slippery deck, to work his way into the cockpit. Such an attempt would have been almost certain to roll the light craft over and fill her with water, in which case she would become wholly unmanageable. But Sumner knew better than to do such a thing. He had practised capsizing so often in his crank canvas canoe, that to get into this comparatively broad-beamed and stable craft was the easiest kind of a performance. Seizing hold of the coaming directly amidship, he placed his left hand on the side of the cockpit nearest him, and reaching far over grasped the other side with his right. Then kicking in the water behind him until his body lay nearly flat on its surface, and bearing as much weight as possible on his right hand, he drew himself squarely across the cockpit, and in another moment was seated in it, without having shipped a drop of water over the coaming.

There was no paddle in the canoe, and though she rode the waves like a cork, she was entirely at the mercy of the wind and tide. Although the squall was passing, the darkness of night was rapidly shutting out all familiar objects, and Sumner was on the point of resigning himself to a night of aimless drifting, with an interesting uncertainty as to when he should be picked up, when a distant shout, that sounded exceedingly like his own name, was borne to his ears. He sent back an answering cry, the shout was repeated, and a few minutes later the shadowy form of the *Psyche*, with Mr. Manton wielding a double-bladed paddle, shot out of the surrounding darkness.

"I never was so glad to find any one in my life," exclaimed the new-comer. "We were afraid that clumsy schooner had run you down. I tell you what, boy, the last ten minutes have been the most anxious I ever passed, and I wouldn't go through with them again for all the canoes in the world. But what has become of your own boat?"

"She has gone to the bottom like many a good ship before her," replied Sumner; "and it wasn't the fault of those lubbers on the schooner that I didn't go with her. Have you an extra paddle with you?"

"No; I neglected to bring one, and I shall have to take you in tow."

They had already drifted down past the fort that commands the harbor from the southwest point of the island, and as they could not hope to make their way back against wind and tide, they were compelled to work in behind it, and make a landing on the south beach a mile or more from where they started. Here Mr. Manton remained in charge of the canoes, while Sumner ran home to announce his own safety, obtain a change of clothing and another paddle.

He found his mother and Worth in a terrible state of anxiety concerning him; but he made so light of his recent adventure, that it was not until after the canoes were brought safely back an hour later that they learned the full extent of his recent peril.

This incident served to cement a firm friendship between Sumner and the Mantons, and while the former stubbornly refused to accept the recompense for his lost canoe that Mr. Manton tried to force upon him, declaring that it was only his own carelessness in not keeping a sharper lookout, the latter made up his mind that in spite of his pride the boy must and should be rewarded in some way for what he had done.

The following week was busily and happily spent in making new sails for the two canoes, re-rigging them, and in teaching Worth how to manage his. It struck Sumner as a little curious that, even after the new sails were made, Mr. Manton was always too busy to go out on these practice trips with his nephew, and invariably

asked him to take the *Psyche* and act as instructor in his place. Of course he could not refuse to do this, nor did he have the slightest inclination to do so; for what boy who loved boats would not have jumped at the chance of sailing that dainty craft? How Sumner did appreciate her speed and seaworthy qualities! He raced with every sponger and fisherman in the harbor, and caused their eyes to open with amazement at the ease with which he beat them. How fond he became of the canoe that bore him to so many victories! How, with all his heart, he did wish he were going in her on the cruise up the reef, for which such extensive preparations were being made! Much as he wished this, however, he was very careful not to express the wish to any person except his mother, to whom he always confided all his hopes, fears, and plans. After his refusal of Mr. Manton's offer to accompany them as guide, he would not for anything have let that gentleman know how eagerly he longed to have the offer repeated in such form that his pride would allow him to accept it. Still, as he had no canoe now, it would be impossible for him to go, and there was no use in thinking of it.

So he tried to make the most of his present opportunities, and gain all the pleasure that they held. Nor did he neglect Worth, but instructed him so thoroughly in the art of canoe-handling, that at the end of a week the boy was as much at home in his canoe as he had ever been on a yacht.

One day, as the two beautiful craft, with their perfect-setting lateen-sails, were glancing in and out among the anchored sponge fleet on the north side of the island, like white-winged sea-birds, a young sponger, named Rust Norris, called out from one of the boats, "Say, Sumner, come here a minute, will yer?"

As the latter sailed alongside, and asked what he wanted, the sponger answered, "I want to try that fancy trick of yourn. Let me take her a few minutes, will yer?"

"No," replied Sumner; "I can't, because she isn't mine to lend. Besides, as you are not accustomed to this style of craft, you couldn't sail her, anyhow. You'd upset before you had gone a length."

"Oh, I would, would I? Well, I'll bet I can sail anything you can, or any land-lubber that thinks he knows it all because his daddy belonged to the navy." Then, as Sumner, with a flushed face, but disdaining any reply, sheered off and sailed away, he added, "I'd jest naturally hate myself if I was as mean as you be, and I won't forget your disobligingness in a hurry, neither."

In the mean time Mr. Manton had studied Sumner's character carefully, and the more he did so, the more he was pleased with the boy. He found him to be proud and high-tempered, but also manly, straightforward, and honest to a fault, as well as prompt to act in emergencies, self-reliant, and a thorough sailor. In the course of several conversations with the boy's mother, he learned much of Sumner's past history and of his dreams for the future. To her he finally confided a plan, formed on the day that Sumner saved Worth's canoe at the expense of his own, and after some discussion won her assent to it.

It was nothing more nor less than that Sumner should take his place on the proposed cruise up the reef, and act the part of guide, companion, and friend to the younger canoe-man.

"I shall not for a second time be guilty of the mistake of trying to hire you to take this cruise," said Mr. Manton, smiling, as he unfolded this plan to Sumner; "but I ask you to do it as a favor to both me and Worth. Indeed it will be a great favor to me," he added, hastily, as he saw an expression of doubt on the lad's face; "for I really ought to be in New York at this very minute, attending to some important business, which I was only willing to neglect in case Worth could not take this trip without

me. Now, however, I am confident that he will be safer with you than he would be with me alone, and if you will take my canoe and accompany him to Cape Florida, where I shall try to meet you about the 1st of April, you will place me under an obligation. Will you do it?"

CHAPTER IV.

TEACHING A THIEF A LESSON.

WAS there ever such a chance to do the very thing he most longed to do offered a boy before? Sumner did not believe there ever had been, and with a quick glance at his mother's smiling face, in which he read her assent to the plan, he answered:

"I don't know how to thank you, sir, for making me such a splendid offer, and not only will I gladly accept it, but I promise to do everything in my power to make Worth have a good time, and see that no harm befalls him. But I wish you were going too. I hate to think of taking your place and depriving you of all the pleasure of the trip."

"My dear boy," replied Mr. Manton, "you must not look at it in that way, for, as I said before, you will be doing me a real favor in taking my place. I am more of a yachtsman than a canoe-man anyway, and I look forward with fully as much pleasure to cruising down the Indian River from St. Augustine in the yacht that my brother proposes to charter, and meeting you at Cape Florida, as I should to running up the reef in a canoe. There is one more thing, however. I must insist upon your sailing your own canoe, for I make it a rule never to lend my boats to any one, and you will have enough responsibility in looking after Worth, without having the added one of caring for another person's canoe. So, from this moment, the *Psyche* and all that she contains is yours."

"Oh, Mr. Manton!"

"That will do. Not another word," laughed the young man. "I am as obstinate as a mule when I have once made up my mind to a thing, and so there is nothing for you to do but take the canoe, and make the best use you can of her."

Sumner's protests against this generosity were but feeble ones, and were quickly disposed of by Mr. Manton, who simply refused to listen to them. He cut them short by saying, "Now that this matter is settled, and everything is in readiness for a start, I propose that you get off in the morning, for I want to take to-morrow night's steamer for Tampa."

That night, after everybody had gone to bed and the house was still, Sumner lay wide awake, thinking over the good fortune that had befallen him. At length he could not resist the temptation of getting up, partly dressing himself, and slipping out for a look at his canoe, his very own! the most beautiful craft he had ever seen, and such a one as in his wildest dreams he had never hoped to possess.

The two canoes had been drawn up on the grass not far from the water's edge, and covered with some bits of old canvas. Although it was a moonlit night, the moon was occasionally obscured by drifting clouds, and when Sumner left the house everything was in shadow from this cause. He moved very quietly, for he did not wish any one to know of the weakness that led him to look at something with which he was already familiar, merely because it had acquired the new interest of possession.

To his amazement, when he reached the place where the canoes had been left, he could find but one of them. In vain did he lift the canvas that had covered them both, and look hurriedly about the little yard. One of them was certainly gone, and no trace of it remained. As the boy stood irresolute, wondering what he ought to do, he was startled by a slight splash in the water. At the same

moment the cloud passed from the face of the moon, and by the light thus afforded Sumner saw the figure of a man seated in the missing canoe, cautiously paddling from the shore.

Without an instant's hesitation he slid the remaining canoe over the grass and into the water, sprang into it, seized a paddle, and started in pursuit. Of course the paddler in the first canoe might be one of the Mantons, but Sumner did not believe it was either of them. He thought it more than likely that the stranger was some

Satisfied that he could not drown so long as he clung to the buoy, Sumner first picked up the drifting canoe. With it in tow, he returned to the buoy on which the recent fugitive was now sitting, clinging tightly to the iron ring, and presenting a comical picture of misery.

"Don't leave me here, Sumner," he cried, in an imploring tone, in which the boy at once recognized the voice of Rust Norris. "I didn't mean no harm. I only just wanted to try the trick, and I meant to put her back again where I found her. Honest I did!"

"Well, I don't know," replied Sumner, who could not help laughing at the other's plight, in spite of his anger at him for taking the canoe without leave, and his suspicion that it would not have been returned so promptly as Rust claimed it would. "You look quite as comfortable as you deserve to be. Besides, you will have a nice quiet chance out here to learn the lesson that it is better to leave other people's property alone than to take it without permission. So, on the whole, I think I will leave you where you are for a while. I did think of having you arrested for stealing, but I guess this will do as well."

Thus saying, the boy began to paddle towards shore, and at the same time Rust changed his pleading tone to one of bitter invective, uttering loud threats of what he would make Sumner suffer in the future.

Without paying any attention to these, the young canoe-man continued on his way to the shore. From there he watched until he saw the dim form of a fishing-boat come silently drifting down the harbor with the tide. As she

neared the spot where he knew the buoy with its unwilling occupant to be, he heard shouts, saw the boat alter her course, and stop for a minute. As she again proceeded, and he was satisfied that his prisoner had been rescued, Sumner again went to bed, this time to sleep soundly until morning.

When he related this adventure at breakfast-time, Mr. Manton said he had served the rascal right, but Mrs. Rankin was fearful lest some future mischief should come of it. At this Sumner laughed, and said he thought the lesson would teach Rust Norris to let his things alone in the future, also that he was not afraid of anything the young sponger could do anyhow.

The morning was spent in loading the canoes and in making final preparations for the start. By noon all was in readiness, and after a hasty lunch the two young canoe-mates stepped aboard their dainty craft. Then, amid a waving of handkerchiefs and a chorus of hearty good-bys from the group of spectators assembled to see them off, they hoisted sail, and bore away on the first reach of what was to prove one of the most eventful and exciting cruises ever undertaken up the Florida Reef.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



HE RETURNED TO THE BUOY, ON WHICH THE RECENT FUGITIVE WAS NOW SITTING.

one who only desired to try the canoe, but it might be a thief. At any rate, the boy determined to discover who he was, and what he meant by his stealthy performance before they were many minutes older.

The stranger did not realize that he was pursued until Sumner had shoved off from shore, and was urging his own craft forward with vigorous strokes of his double-bladed paddle. When, by a glance over his shoulder, he discovered this, he redoubled his efforts to escape, and by his clumsy splashings proved himself a novice in the art of paddling. Still he made fair headway, and it was not until they were several hundred yards from shore that Sumner overtook him.

Here was anchored an immense mooring-buoy, with a round, slightly conical top, having in its centre a great iron ring. It did not rise more than a foot from the surface of the water, and in trying to watch Sumner, the occupant of the leading canoe did not notice it until his light craft struck it a glancing blow, and very nearly upset. The next instant an effort to recover his balance had upset the fellow into the water, and as Sumner shot past him, he was wildly clutching at the buoy, with desperate efforts to gain its upper surface.



SKATING IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK CITY: "THE BALL IS UP"—DRAWN BY ALBERT FREDERICKS.

LEARNING TO SKATE.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

AMBITION is a most commendable virtue in the young. As applied to the novice on skates, however, its quality is greatly enhanced by being tempered with some discretion and the experience of others.

There are those who will tell the inquiring boy to put on skates and "tumble about until he learns," as he does finally by main strength and a series of awkward spasmodic jerks. Of course, between this scrambling about on the ice and the bump of self-preservation (pretty well developed in nearly every boy), he does learn to skate. Probably fifty per cent. of the boys who skate—yes, maybe seventy-five per cent. of them—have had no other promptings than those of their own bruises and the guy-



ACUTE.



RIGHT ANGLE.



OBTUSE.

THE THREE EDGES.

ing of school chums. This is one way to learn, but it is by no means the quickest, simplest, or best, as those who will study the ungraceful and struggling figures on any skating pond may see for themselves. If you learn this way, later, when you realize your imperfections and wish to skate gracefully and properly, it will be necessary for you to unlearn nearly all of your self-made principles. It is so much easier to begin properly,

that every boy who receives the barest hint of the better way will not only act on it to his own pleasure and profit, but also aid his entangled schoolmate.

I am not one of those to send the boy off with his skates to thread the mazes of the contortionist ere he reaches the lowest plane of the skater. My own experience makes me, for the nonce, one of the boys (*i. e.*, one of the snowballing, top-spinning variety, as distinguished from the later-day interpretation), and I am with him in his first sprawling efforts on the slippery surface, as well as in his very earliest attempts on rollers, where the skates seem propelled by some hidden, irresistible force, and the floor

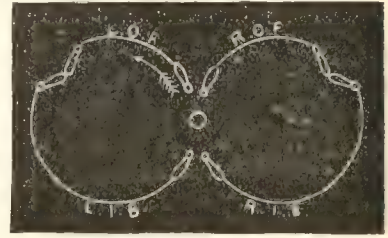


THE RIGHT AND WRONG WAY OF DOING OUTSIDE EDGE, AS ILLUSTRATED BY MISS OUTHMAN.

has unheralded and unaccountable freaks of running out from under you and stopping your progress suddenly and not at all gently. I remember, as a boy, how I learned to skate on ice, after knocks without number, and days of vexatious heart-breaking effort; I can see myself picking my way along in the utmost trepidation, with every stroke a faltering uncertainty, and every turn an agony of doubt. Suddenly I am dropping through space, and then—bang!—I am resting on a surface that seems especially cooling, while Jupiter, Venus, Mars, the entire solar system, unite in a magic-lantern dance before my bewildered gaze. Most of the boys who read this have probably experienced the sensation; as for me, the bare recollection of it sets me to rubbing my imaginary bruises. Maybe they have learned, as I did after all my bumps, that they have reached a point merely where they can shuffle about on the ice, and that grace and the smallest degree of skill are as remote as at the beginning. I found it necessary to begin over again, on the ice, while on rollers, taken up later, I remembered early experiences, and began properly. I am often tempted when I see boys skating along bent double like a jack-knife, with hampered stiff strokes, and no body control, to take them aside for a small lecture; but I'll put it down here instead.

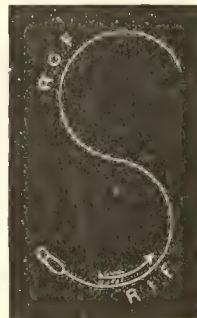
Beginning at the very beginning, the choice of skates is a

matter of some importance. It is hardly likely you are going to use strap skates, for the clamp variety nowadays has so many advantages that the other has become somewhat of a relic. However, if you do use the strap variety, I should advise you to secure the English pattern, which, instead of having a double buckled strap over the ball of the foot, has a single strap, that begins just beneath the instep on both sides, and crosses forward to about the base of the toes. It has besides, of course, the regular heel strap. There are so many patterns of the clamp skate that a choice must, to a great extent, be governed by fancy; but none are simpler of construction, more durable, or more generally satisfactory than the Barney & Berry. The blades of these skates, as indeed those of most skates in the market, are ground to a seven-foot radius. Although not a matter that the beginner will or need concern himself much about, there are three kinds of edges put on skate blades—the acute-angled, the right-angled, and the obtuse-angled. Skates as you buy them have very generally the acute angle, and while they are all right for beginners—probably they are better, because they take hold of the ice sharply—they are not at all suitable for figure-skating. The obtuse-angled blade is not suitable for the beginner or pleasant to any skater; its blunt edges form the minimum of friction, but it will slide all over the ice with you, and requires an expert to do the simplest movements. The right-angled edge is the one to use when you have learned to skate, and wish to try some figure-work.



RUDIMENTARY SKS.

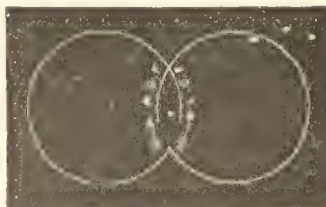
You must be careful in buying your shoes. To begin with, you should have a pair for skating only, and their soles should be so thick that they cannot be bent by the clamps of your skate. They should be laced shoes, *invariably*, with uppers not of the thin leather ordinarily used, but the thick heavy leather used in the very best kind of hunting-boot. The kind of shoe I favor is that made on what is known as the Blucher pattern; only caution your bootmaker to cut the opening over the tongue wider than usual, so that in lacing it will not meet, because as the shoe wears and the leather becomes pliable, you will want room to draw it tighter. When you are equipped, if you are wise you will put on your skates at home, and walk about the room, so as to accustom your ankles to stand-



THE SERPENTINE.

ing on the narrow blades; when you come to get on the ice you will find this previous practice will stand you in hand.

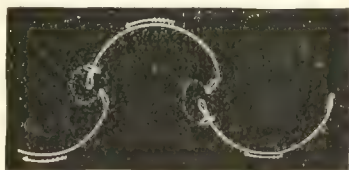
Before trusting you on the ice, I want to tell you something about the different kinds. There are three so-called varieties—the black, which is very strong, and the most satisfactory to skate on; the whitish kind, more or less filled with air-bubbles, which is not so good or so strong; and the snow ice, on which you must be very watchful all the time. It is very treacherous, and apt on occasion of great strain or thaw to break suddenly, whereas the black ice is more tenacious, and warns you by cracking. Should you at any time find yourself on ice that is breaking, or have run on to a thin spot in your swift heedless skating, under no consideration must you stop abruptly and dig in your heels or toes or do anything of the sort. Get back as quickly as possible after the warning, but do so by a sweeping turn, and without any flourishes. If you are unfortunate enough to break through, throw out your arms as you tumble in, and try to keep from going under. If you do go under, when you come up grab the ice and try to crawl out. Undoubtedly the first ice you grasp will break, but keep on seizing it until it has broken back to where it is strong enough, and then crawl out. In the mean time exercise your lungs vigorously by calling lustily for help. If some one else of your party breaks in, and you do not, run for a board or rail or rope, or if none of these are at hand, and the person in the water seems to be exhausted or unable to exercise his best efforts, throw yourself out flat on your stomach, and reach him with your hands; but don't do this



A SIMPLE S.

if the one in the water is getting along all right, otherwise you both might be in the water. If there are several of you, stretch yourselves out, taking hold of one another by the feet.

When for the first time you are on the ice, do not get up on your feet and attempt to strike out. I do not believe in learning in that haphazard way. Let your first lesson be to walk on your skates. I do not mean to walk a few minutes, and then end by a shove, a slide, and a collapse; but walk and walk until you can do so without having your feet slide out from under you. You should remember your feet will have a tendency to run out from under you, and to correct this you must lean a bit forward, in order to put the centre of gravity where it will be most serviceable. The next step is to learn to take a stroke or to slide on your skates. The best way to accomplish this is to have rough board runners nailed on to a heavy kitchen chair, and taking hold of its back, slide it along in front of you. Not only is this the safest way to learn, but by the aid it gives in holding you up, it enables you to take a stroke with confidence, and to get that stroke properly, otherwise the chief attention of the novice is given to staying upon his feet, and the stroke becomes awkward and cramped. These very first steps must be persisted in until the novice is strong on his feet, able to go forwards without wabbling about or fear of a fall. Then he must learn to skate backwards.



CROSS ROLL FORWARD

In going forwards he will naturally have fallen into a sort of sculling movement, with both feet together, which later, in figure-skating, develops into the serpentine; and I know of no better way for a boy to learn skating backwards than by doing this simple movement backwards, and by degrees, as confidence grows, he finds himself taking a stroke and resting the weight on one foot. He must keep at this until he is just as sure of his balance in going backwards as he is in going forwards. It is these first lessons that are the hardest; once they are learned, the rest is comparatively easy.

The next important step is to learn to do the edges. There are four—outside and inside forwards, and outside and inside backwards. There is enough elaborate instruction given of the method of learning these to give any boy a headache. It is really very simple if undertaken in the right way. Get up a pretty stiff pace, and then bring both feet together; now incline your body a little to the right and throw the weight as much as you feel safe in doing on the right foot. Continue until you are able to throw your weight in confidence on your right foot, and that will put your skate on the outside edge, and there you are. Then try it on your left foot, and make as large circles as possible. After a while you will be able to pick up your unemployed foot (and when you do, put it back of the other, and at right angles with it), and take an outer edge with the utmost confidence. The inside edge is learned on the same basis, and is much easier. Get on your pace, bring your feet together, and throwing your weight, for instance, on your right foot, incline your body to the left, and bear on the inside edge of the skate. The same course is the simplest to follow in learning the edges backwards.

You must practise and practise these edges until you are absolutely solid on your feet, and can do all of them strongly and without a falter. If you cannot, there is no use attempting figure-skating, for these edges are the essence of all figure-work.

The most essential feature to accurate and graceful skating, from the simplest to the most intricate figures, is keeping control of the body.

Do not try to turn your body with your feet; take care of your body, and the feet will come into line. Never look down at your feet; it is very bad form, and really retards a movement. Hold your head up, and always remember when you are on the inside or outside edge of your skate, whether going forwards or backwards, to keep the shoulder of the same side as that foot forward. Your body above the hips must always be turned in the direction you are taking. These are a few little suggestions thrown in as they occur to me, for this article will not permit more detail.

The best illustration I can find of the position your feet should take and the course you should follow in doing the edges is that given by Miss Cheetham in her article on skating for women

in *Skating*, by Douglas Adams. When the boy has become proficient in these edges, and not until then, he may undertake some figure-skating. An 8 will come very easy; in fact, he will have already made some unknowingly, for they are a couple of interlocking circles made from the outside or inside edges. A Q will also be very simple, for it is merely a circle made on either edge, with a little tail attached. And this little tail becomes again, with a turn and a change from outside to inside edge, the 3 which every skater essays, but really few do well. The cross rolls, outside and inside edge forwards, and outside backwards and change from backwards to forwards, will be the first to come handily to the boy after he has mastered the edges. Then the serpentine with both feet together, the advanced movement of sculling, and with the feet tandem, will be an interesting study. From these he may go on into more fanciful and intricate figures; but once he has thoroughly acquired the four edges, he needs no instructor. Observation, a little study of the figures, and diligence will be all the equipment he requires.



CROSSOUT OR ANVIL.

A MONKEY'S CURIOSITY.

ONE day last week a new lock was put upon the door of the monkey cage in Central Park. The monkeys watched the proceeding with great interest, and the curiosity of one monkey became particularly excited. After the workmen had finished and gone away, he drew near to investigate this strange ornament to his house. He felt the lock all over with his paws; poked his finger through the key-hole and twisted it about, shaking the door while he did so. Then he looked long and earnestly through the key-hole, first with one eye, and then with the other. Then he examined the hole with another finger.

During his examination of the lock a little monkey drew near, and stood watching his actions attentively. The inquisitive fellow happened to turn around, and found himself observed. He flew at the little monkey with a cry of rage, and gave him a sharp box on the ear. The poor little monkey, in great alarm, fled to the farthest corner of the cage, and crouched down there whimpering. Having so defended his outraged dignity, the first monkey resumed his study of the lock.

He climbed up the bars of the cage, and took views of it from above. Then he stooped down and took an observation from below. Then he peered through the key-hole, first with one eye, then with the other, as before. Then he explored it again with his finger. Presently, finding himself again watched by the little monkey, he sprang at him again, and gave him another beating.

Overmuch curiosity is always punished in this world, and, by-and-by, this monkey found it out. He caught his finger in the key-hole, and, in spite of all his efforts, could not release it. He twisted and struggled, chattered and screamed. His outcries finally brought a keeper to his rescue, and the finger was extricated, with loud laughter from the spectators. Seemingly much humiliated, the monkey retired to a corner of the cage, where he sat nursing his wounded finger, and sulking as unmistakably as ever a cross little boy sulks. And in the opposite corner sat a much smaller monkey, and, I am sure, if ever monkeys smile inwardly, that little monkey was doing that very thing.

E. L. C.

THE POTTER.

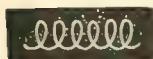
BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

I WATCHED the potter's wheel
As it whirled with the formless clay,
And I saw it had nothing wrought,
Though it turned thus the livelong day.

But the potter touched the clay,
And moulded it as it spun.
And lo! it grew, line by line,
Till the beautiful urn was done.

Even so, I thought, is life,
With its wheel of the dial's hands.
Opportunity is the clay,
And man as the potter stands.

The years may come and go,
And life may prolong its span,
But ideals will be but clay
Till the deed is wrought out by man.



ONE FOOT LOOPS.

THE PUMPKIN GLORY

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

THE papa had told the story so often that the children knew just exactly what to expect the moment he began. They all knew it as well as he knew it himself, and they could keep him from making mistakes, or forgetting. Sometimes he would go wrong on purpose, or would pretend to forget, and then they had a perfect right to pound him till he quit it. He usually quit pretty soon.

The children liked it because it was very exciting, and at the same time it had no moral, so that when it was all over, they could feel that they had not been excited just for the moral. The first time the little girl heard it she began to cry, when it came to the worst part; but the boy had heard it so much by that time that he did not mind it in the least, and just laughed.

The story was in season any time between Thanksgiving and New-Year's; but the papa usually began to tell it in the early part of October, when the farmers were getting in their pumpkins, and the children were asking when they were going to have any squash pies, and the boy had made his first jack-o'-lantern.

"Well," the papa said, "once there were two little pumpkin seeds, and one was a good little pumpkin seed, and the other was bad: very proud, and vain, and ambitious."

The papa had told them what ambitious was, and so the children did not stop him when he came to that word; but sometimes he would stop of his own accord, and then if they could not tell what it meant, he would pretend that he was not going on; but he always did go on.

"Well, the farmer took both the seeds out to plant them in the home patch, because they were a very extra kind of seeds, and he was not going to risk them in the corn-field, amongst the corn. So before he put them in the ground, he asked each one of them what he wanted to be when he came up, and the good little pumpkin seed said he wanted to come up a pumpkin, and be made into a pie, and be eaten at Thanksgiving dinner; and the bad little pumpkin seed said he wanted to come up a morning-glory.

"Morning-glory!" says the farmer. 'I guess you'll come up a pumpkin-glory, first thing *you* know,' and then he haw-hawed, and told his son, who was helping him to plant the garden, to keep watch of that particular hill of pumpkins, and see whether that little seed came up a morning-glory or not; and the boy stuck a stick into the hill so he could tell it. But one night the cow got in, and the farmer was so mad, having to get up about one o'clock in the morning to drive the cow out, that he pulled up the stick, without noticing, to whack her over the back with it, and so they lost the place.

"But the two little pumpkin-seeds, they knew where they were well enough, and they lay low, and let the rain and the sun soak in and swell them up; and then they both began to push, and by-and-by they got their heads out of the ground, with their shells down over their eyes like caps, and as soon as they could shake them off and look round, the bad little pumpkin vine said to his brother,

"Well, what are you going to do now?"

"The good little pumpkin vine said, 'Oh! I'm just going to stay here, and grow and grow, and put out all the blossoms I can, and let them all drop off but one, and then

grow that into the biggest and fattest and sweetest pumpkin that ever was for Thanksgiving pies.'

"Well, that's what I'm going to do, too," said the bad little pumpkin vine, 'all but the pies; but I'm not going to stay here to do it. I'm going to that fence over there, where the morning-glories were last summer, and I'm going to show them what a pumpkin-glory is like. I'm just going to cover myself with blossoms; and blossoms that won't shut up, either, when the sun comes out, but I'll stay open, as if they hadn't anything to be ashamed of, and that won't drop off the first day, either. I noticed those morning-glories all last summer, when I was nothing but one of the blossoms myself, and I just made up my mind that as soon as ever I got to be a vine, I would show them a thing or two. Maybe I *can't* be a morning-glory, but I can be a pumpkin-glory, and I guess that's glory enough.'

"It made the cold chills run over the good little vine to hear its brother talk like that, and it begged him not to do it; and it began to cry—

"What's that?" The papa stopped short, and the boy stopped whispering in his sister's ear, and she answered,

"He said he bet it was a girl!" The tears stood in her eyes, and the boy said,

"Well, anyway, it was *like* a girl."

"Very well, sir!" said the papa. "And supposing it was? Which is better: to stay quietly at home, and do your duty, and grow up, and be eaten in a pie at Thanksgiving, or go gadding all over the garden, and climbing fences, and everything? The good little pumpkin vine was perfectly right, and the bad little pumpkin would have been saved a good deal if it had minded its little sister.

"The farmer was pretty busy that summer, and after the first two or three hoeings he had to leave the two pumpkin vines to the boy that had helped him to plant the seed, and the boy had to go fishing so much, and then in swimming, that he perfectly neglected them, and let them run wild, if they wanted to; and if the good little pumpkin vine had not been the best little pumpkin vine that ever was, it *would* have run wild. But it just staid where it was, and thickened up, and covered itself with blossoms, till it was like one mass of gold. It was very fond of all its blossoms, and it couldn't bear hardly to think of losing any of them; but it knew they couldn't every one grow up to be a very large pumpkin, and so it let them gradually drop off till it only had one left, and then it just gave all its attention to that one, and did everything it could to make it grow into the kind of pumpkin it said it would.

"All this time the bad little pumpkin vine was carrying out its plan of being a pumpkin-glory. In the first place it found out that if it expected to get through by fall it couldn't fool much putting out a lot of blossoms and waiting for them to drop off, before it began to devote itself to business. The fence was a good piece off, and it had to reach the fence in the first place, for there wouldn't be any fun in being a pumpkin-glory down where nobody could see you, or anything. So the bad little pumpkin vine began to pull and stretch toward the fence, and sometimes it thought it would surely snap in two, it pulled and stretched so hard. But besides the pulling and stretching, it had to hide, and go round, because if it had been

seen it wouldn't have been allowed to go to the fence. It was a good thing there were so many weeds, that the boy was too lazy to pull up, and the bad little pumpkin vine could hide amongst. But then they were a good deal of a hinderance, too, because they were so thick it could hardly get through them. It had to pass some rows of pease that were perfectly awful; they tied themselves to it and tried to keep it back; and there was one hill of cucumbers that acted ridiculously; they said it was a cucumber vine running away from home, and they would have kept it from going any further, if it hadn't tugged with



TWO LITTLE PUMPKIN SEEDS

all its might and main, and got away one night when the cucumbers were sleeping; it was pretty strong, anyway. When it got to the fence at last, it thought it was going to die. It was all pulled out so thin that it wasn't any thicker than a piece of twine in some places, and its leaves just hung in tatters. It hadn't had time to put out more than one blossom, and that was such a poor little sickly thing that it could hardly hang on. The question was, How can a pumpkin vine climb a fence, anyway?

"Its knees and elbows were all worn to strings getting there, or that's what the pumpkin thought, till it wound one of those tendrils round a splinter of the fence, without thinking, and happened to pull, and then it was perfectly surprised to find that it seemed to lift itself off the ground a little. It said to itself, 'Let's try a few more,' and it twisted some more of the tendrils round some more splinters, and this time it fairly lifted itself off the ground. It said, 'Ah, I see!' as if it had somehow expected to do something of the kind all along; but it had to be pretty careful getting up the fence not to knock its blossom off, for that would have been the end of it; and when it did get up among the morning-glories it almost killed the poor thing, keeping it open night and day, and showing it off in the hottest sun, and not giving it a bit of shade, but just holding it out where it could be seen the whole time. It wasn't very much of a blossom compared with the blossoms on the good little pumpkin vine, but it was bigger than any of the morning-glories, and that was some satisfaction, and the bad little pumpkin vine was as proud as if it was the largest blossom in the world.

"When the blossom's leaves dropped off, and a little pumpkin began to grow on in its place, the vine did everything it could for it; just gave itself up to it, and put all its strength into it. After all, it was a pretty queer-looking pumpkin, though. It had to grow hanging down, and not resting on anything, and after it started with a round head, like other pumpkins, its neck began to pull out, and pull out, till it looked like a gourd or a big pear. That's the way it looked in the fall, hanging from the vine on the fence, when the first light frost came and killed the vine. It was the day when the farmer was gathering his pumpkins in the corn-field, and he just happened to remember the seeds he had planted in the home patch, and he got out of his wagon to see what had become of them. He was perfectly astonished to see the size of the good little pumpkin; you could hardly get it into a bushel basket, and he gathered it, and sent it to the county fair, and took the first premium with it."

"How much was the premium?" asked the boy. He yawned; he had heard all these facts so often before.

"It was fifty cents; but you see the farmer had to pay two dollars to get a chance to try for the premium at the fair; and so it was *some* satisfaction. Anyway, he took

the premium, and he tried to sell the pumpkin, and when he couldn't, he brought it home and told his wife they must have it for Thanksgiving. The boy had gathered the bad little pumpkin, and kept it from being fed to the cow, it was so funny-looking; and the day before Thanksgiving the farmer found it in the barn, and he said, 'Hollo! Here's that little fool pumpkin. Wonder if it thinks it's a morning-glory yet?'

"And the boy said, 'Oh, father, mayn't I have it?'

"And the father said, 'Guess so. What you going to do with it?'

"But the boy didn't tell, because he was going to keep it for a surprise; but as soon as his father went out of the barn, he picked up the bad little pumpkin by its long neck, and he kind of balanced it before him, and he said, 'Well, now, I'm going to make a pumpkin-glory out of you!'

"And when the bad little pumpkin heard that, all its seeds fairly rattled in it for joy. The boy took out his knife, and the first thing the pumpkin knew he was cutting a kind of lid off the top of it; it was like getting scalped, but the pumpkin didn't mind it, because it was just the same as war. And when the boy got the top off he poured the seeds out, and began to scrape the inside as thin as he could without breaking through. It hurt awfully, and nothing but the hope of being a pumpkin-glory could have kept the little pumpkin quiet; but it didn't say a word, even after the boy had made a mouth for it, with two rows of splendid teeth, and it didn't cry with either of the eyes he made for it; just winked at him with one of them, and twisted its mouth to one side, so as to let him know it was in the joke; and the first thing it did when it got one was to turn up its nose at the good little pumpkin, which the boy's mother came into the barn to get."

"Show how it looked," said the boy.

And the papa twisted his mouth, and winked with one eye, and wrinkled his nose till the little girl begged him to stop. Then he went on:

"The boy hid the bad pumpkin behind him till his mother was gone, because he didn't want her in the secret; and then he slipped into the house, and put it under his bed. It was pretty lonesome, up there in the boy's room—he slept in the garret, and there was nothing but broken furniture besides his bed; but all day long it could smell the good little pumpkin, boiling and boiling for pies; and late at night, after the boy had gone to sleep, it could smell the hot pies when they came out of the oven. They smelt splendid, but the bad little pumpkin didn't envy them a bit; it just said, 'Pooh! What's twenty pumpkin pies to one pumpkin-glory?'

"It ought to have said 'what *are*,' oughtn't it, papa?" asked the little girl.

"It certainly ought to," said the papa. "But if nothing but its grammar had been bad, there wouldn't have been much to complain of about it."

"I don't suppose it had ever heard much good grammar from the farmer's family," suggested the boy. "Farmers always say cowcucumbers instead of cucumbers."

"Oh, *do* tell us about the Cowcucumber, and the Bullcucumber, and the little Calfcucumbers, papa!" the little girl entreated, and she clasped her hands, to show how anxious she was.



TOOK THE FIRST PREMIUM AT THE COUNTY FAIR.



"HERE'S THAT LITTLE FOOL PUMPKIN," SAID THE FARMER.

"What! And leave off at the most exciting part of the pumpkin-glory?"

The little girl saw what a mistake she had made; the boy just gave her *one look*, and she cowered down into the papa's lap, and the papa went on.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A TALK WITH A MAGICIAN.

BY BENJAMIN NORTHROP

I SPENT an hour with a magician a few evenings ago.

He is not a real magician, you know, but he is as real as any you can find. He doesn't live in a dark cave, and read queer stories from big black books written in a language that everybody except himself has forgotten, and which he probably would have forgotten too if he were not a magician. This modern magician looks as little like the conjurers of the time of his Serene Highness Caliph Haroun al Raschid (peace be to his memory!) as a pear looks like a pumpkin. He is slender and graceful, and he lives in a handsome house up-town. He is a doctor by profession, and only practises the black-art for fun and at odd times. Once in a while he amuses a patient by making the medicine bottle apparently melt away, or by pretending to turn his handkerchief into a glass of water or a teaspoon. And sometimes he amuses large audiences of friends at exhibitions where money is raised for hospitals, or at private entertainments.

I am not sure but that Dr. William K. Otis (that is the conjurer's name) is as widely known as a magician as a physician. Of course every one who sees him perform in the conjuring way understands that he is a doctor, but they know he is a magician, and they do not forget it very soon either. It takes almost as long a time to become a magician as it does to become a doctor. It is as hard work too, and requires a special fitness that the practice of medicine does not need.

How a conjurer would laugh at you if you asked him whether every boy could not learn to be a magician! The boy who wants to be a magician must have a certain something that is called *knack*. You may learn to do the butterfly trick; you may even train your fingers to go through the movements, but without the *knack* you spoil the trick. I cannot explain to you what this useful *knack* is, but with the help of Dr. Otis, I can explain some of his simpler tricks, and then you can follow his directions. If you can do the tricks, you have the *knack*. If you cannot do the tricks at first, do not get discouraged immediately. Perhaps you have the *knack*, but it is hidden beneath several coatings of awkwardness and stiffness. If that is the case, it may be brought to light.

You must decide for yourself whether you have this *knack*, and you cannot tell until you have tried again and over again.

The first trick that the doctor explained was the beautiful butterfly trick. I have seen this performed by several professional illusionists on the stage, but I have never seen it done so neatly and attractively as the doctor does it. If you had been with me, this is what you would have seen and heard:

"You notice" (this is how the doctor begins what the nineteenth-century magician calls his "*patter*," the running talk that accompanies the trick and assists in deceiving the eyes)—"you notice that I have a piece of cigarette paper here in my fingers. This we shall need to make our butterflies out of. Now watch me, as I tear it into four square pieces. Pshaw! that last piece was badly torn, and I will roll them all up and begin over again. See? I roll them into a little round ball. Now I spread this ball out, and there is the sheet of paper just as it was in the beginning. Now I will tear this over again, and see if I can't do it better. Yes! Now here are four butterflies. I take this fan, and send them up to the ceiling. They hover around this vase. Here they drop into a hat. They keep together all the time. You can almost hear their wings flutter. Now they settle down on my hand, and the trick is done. How was it done?"

"This way. In the first place, I had two pieces of cigarette paper. One was already rolled up into a ball before the trick was begun. This I had hid between the thumb of my left hand and my left forefinger. It was tucked away in the crease at the first joint, and the thumb held it in place. When I tore up my second paper and rolled it up into a ball, I substituted the ball I had prepared in advance for the one that was torn. This is not hard to do with practice. Then, when I had a chance, I threw the torn ball back of me. Now how did I keep the butterflies so nicely in the air? They were fastened together on a hair. I had a long hair from a woman's head fastened by a bit of wax to one of my waistcoat buttons. When I folded up the butterflies, I fastened them to the hair, each with a little bit of wax. Having once got my flies together, it is easy enough for me to keep them in the air and direct their movements by using a common folding Japanese paper fan. With a little practice any bright boy can learn to do this if he has the *knack* at all."

Here is another trick, and it is as easy as going fishing if you only know how it is done. It does not require any sleight of hand like the butterfly trick, but it is very deceptive just the same.

"There was a farmer once," begins the doctor, "and this farmer had five fat sheep, which are represented by these five almonds which I place on the table before me; and these two wicked thieves (also almonds) determined to steal the sheep and carry them off. A thief is shown in each hand; the cuffs being pulled up and the hands shown, back and palm, and also so that it may be seen that nothing is concealed between the fingers. This thief stole a sheep, suiting the action by taking up one of the almonds from the table (both hands being closed, and kept so, from the time the thieves are first shown until the end of the trick); then the other stole a sheep, each taking one alternately until all the sheep are gone. Finding, however, that it was impossible to get out of the sheepfold with their booty as they had entered, by climbing over the fence, they were obliged to put all the sheep back, replacing them alternately, and at the same time saying, 'This one put one back,' and 'This one put one back,' etc., until the five sheep are once more in the fold."

"They then go and get a crowbar, break open the door, and having taken the sheep as before, start to carry them away; but the old farmer hears them, and starts in pursuit. The two thieves being fleet of foot escape, but the

old farmer gets back all his sheep. Turning over the closed hands and opening them held wide apart, the two thieves are shown in the left hand, while all the five sheep are discovered in the right. The first time the sheep are taken up, beginning with the right hand, this hand will contain four and the left but three. In putting back the sheep, we start with the left hand, and when the five are back, the right hand contains two, the left being empty. It is important that this fact should be kept secret, so that in laying down the last almond it should be done carefully, as if there were still some contained in the left hand, and the hand should be kept closed. On picking them up the second time, we begin with the right hand, which at the end will then contain five while the left has but two."

The vanishing lemon trick is effective. The doctor throws up a lemon a half-dozen times or more and catches it. Finally it goes almost to the ceiling. You see it go up; you watch it come down; then you lose sight of it. It has vanished. With little practice a boy can do this easily, particularly if he is a boy who plays ball, and is an adept at catching things. The doctor throws the lemon up with the right hand, and catches it with the left. Up it goes. Your eyes follow it nearly to the ceiling. Down it comes into the left hand. By a quick shift that is made almost imperceptible by practice, the lemon is passed to the right hand, and started on another upward journey. This is repeated half a dozen times, until the eyes of the audience are almost tired. Now the performer catches it with his left hand as before, makes the shift to the right, but fails to pass the lemon; he only pretends to do it. Then he drops his left hand to his side, with the lemon concealed in the palm, and exposes his empty right hand. Where has the lemon gone? That is easy for you and me to answer, but it puzzles an audience, as you will find if you ever learn to do it well.

Another puzzling trick of the same sort is called the vanishing egg. Apparently you swallow the egg. First take a freshly washed egg. In practising, a hard-boiled egg is the best to use, because if it breaks less damage is done. Put this egg into your mouth, and make a "face." Whole eggs with the shells on are not nice things to swallow at a gulp, and your face should express this sentiment clearly. It adds to the deception. After making this face, and pretending that the egg has gone down the throat, push it out of your mouth and into your hand. You have kept your hand before your mouth to aid you in forcing the egg between your lips. When the egg is once in the palm of your hand, it can be carefully concealed there by what is called "palming," and then apparently brought out of your pocket or from back of your ear, or from any other absurd and unlikely place.

These are the simplest of all sleight-of-hand tricks. They are easy. They need no apparatus that a boy cannot get from his mother, and they are worth learning. Even if the articles mentioned were bought expressly for the purpose, they would not cost over ten cents. Dr. Otis does a score of other tricks harder than these, and requiring apparatus that is made to order purposely for tricks in magic. After you have learned these first lessons, possibly I may tell you about some of those more advanced tricks.

A CHINAMAN'S CHOPSTICKS.

"DID you ever see the chopsticks the Chinese eat with?" asked the boy who wants to find out everything.

To find out everything is a praiseworthy ambition. To be sure, it is a hopeless one. But if that boy lives many years, and keeps on extracting as much information from his friends as he does at present, the chances are he will find out a good deal.

"I have seen them eating," I replied, "perched up in the windows of their little laundries, once or twice when I stopped for the collars and cuffs. I never noticed particularly how they managed it. They seemed very deft."

"They seemed very *def*t, I should say," remarked the boy. He has a morbid weakness for puns, which his suffering relatives hope to see him outgrow. "But they're sharp enough at using the chopsticks."

"I meant that, my dear," mildly.

"Oh yes! Well, Frank and I were in a fellow's place the other night—Ching-a-lung, or Sam Lee, or whatever his name was; I forget—and we watched him. He held the two sticks so—one between the thumb and first finger, the other down in the hollow of the thumb, and kept in position with the other fingers. Then he worked one against the other. He picked up threads and little scraps of paper from the floor, just to show us how. It was awfully funny, and when we laughed, he seemed to think that was funnier yet. I asked him to sell me a pair of chopsticks, but he shook his head, 'no.' He kept saying 'nes week, nes week!'"

"Polite Chinese way of refusal, perhaps. How long are the sticks?"

"About twelve inches, square at one end and round at the other, the round end about as big as a thin lead-pencil. They are made of black wood—ebony, they say, but I don't know whether it's true or not. But I do think that fellow was mean. The Chinaman where Frank takes his laundry-work gave him a pair. I'll get 'em and show 'em to you."

"If you want a pair very much, perhaps you can get them at some other place," I suggested.

"Perhaps," doubtfully. "I tried it on one fellow. I gave him an old Chinese almanac I picked up somewhere. He was very chatty, and he seemed to like the almanac. So I thought the next time I went I'd ask him for a pair of chopsticks."

"Well?"

"Well! The very next time I went to that laundry the fellow had moved away! You see, that's the trouble with all these Chinese chaps. They're so *itinerant*! He never gave me any show at all! I just wasted that almanac!"

E. L. C.

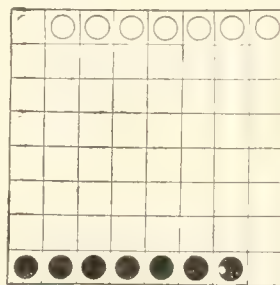
KORUM.

A NEW GAME.

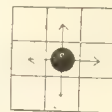
BY W. T. CALL.

THE game of Korum is played by two persons, with seven checkers each, arranged on a checkerboard as shown in the diagram.

The object of the player is to get each of his checkers into any of the squares of the opposite king row before his opponent can do the same thing.



The players move in turn, straight backward or forward, to the right or to the left, one square at a time only. There is no diagonal moving, and no jumping or taking. A checker in the midst of the board, for example,



may make any of the four moves here indicated,

if the square desired is unoccupied.

LAWS OF THE GAME.

1. A checker that has reached any square of the opposite king row cannot be moved.
2. Should the game become so blocked that only one player can move, he must continue to play until his opponent can move.
3. Should both players persist in making a set of moves that give neither any advantage, and bring the game practically to a standstill, either may call for an accounting, and the one who could then reach his goal in the fewest moves, if there was no obstruction, wins.

REMARKS ON THE LAWS.

Law 1 needs no explanation.

Law 2 is a provision against blocking the game by surrounding a checker and keeping it from being moved, after all its fellows have reached the king row.

Law 3 is to prevent the possibility of a drawn game. If, for instance, each player has placed all his checkers but one in the opposite king row, one player might persist in simply obstructing the other without any gain to either unless he could be called to an accounting.



A SUDDEN RISE IN LIFE.

JOHNNY'S COMPOSITIONS.

V—COMPOSITIONS.

THIS hasn't got to be a written composition, because I am only writing it because I wanted to, because the teacher wouldn't ever give out this subject, because she doesn't want to know what boys think of compositions. I think they aren't any good, except when they've got lots of information in them which boys would hardly find out otherwise, as in this case, when I've got something to say. They're hard to write sometimes, for various reasons. Sometimes because you haven't anything to say, which is always hard to say, and sometimes because you've got so much to say you tire out your head trying to remember it, and when it's got to be ready to-morrow morning, and there's good skating to-night. I'd rather write a composition without having anything to say than one when I had lots to say, in skating-time, which is very hard for boys to deprive themselves of just because it's got to be ready to-morrow morning, because the ice may melt, and all that winter's fun gone.

It is not known who invented compositions, but it must have been a man who never had to write them when he was a boy. If he had had to he'd have said, I don't see any use of adding to the miseries of this world, and I guess I'll die with my secret locked in my breast. If a boy is going to grow up to be a man who wants to spend his life pursuing literary pursuits, as our minister says, it's all right for him to have to compose compositions, just as a pugilist needs to go to a gymnasium to make his muscles get muscular, but if he's going to succeed his father in manufacturing collar buttons or going into business with his Uncle George in keeping books in a bank, I don't see any use of it, and I've got to do one or the other, I guess, because the minister doesn't think I'm good enough to be a minister, and I don't like the law business unless I can be a judge and decide who is wrong in the case, and collect fines from the other man. In fact, it seems to me it's a great waste of time for boys to waste their time writing compositions which are not to be of any use to them when they put away childish things and go into business, as I expect to. It's just the same way about spelling, too; because as Uncle George says, men don't write letters any more, but speak them to their type-writers, who are

most generally women, or over the telephone, and so spelling is not necessary for men any more, and what are boys but men, after all? It would be much better to say to a boy at composition-time, Here, you need a rest; go skating, or fishing, or something else you want to do, for that will increase your health, which you may need when you go into business, because many capable men have been known to fail because they were not feeling well enough to attend to business, and it gets ink on your fingers, which is hard to get off, and if there's anything that is disgraceful it is dirty hands.

Therefore I say if I had my way compositions would die a natural death, instead of living on to bob up every two weeks with a subject that bothers

Yours truly,

JOHNNY like everything.

A HASTY PRESCRIPTION.

LITTLE CUSTOMER (to druggist). "Doctor, ma says please give me a dose of

whatyoucallit, that cures colic. It doesn't taste very, *very* bad, does it?"

DRUGGIST. "Not so *very* bad. But suppose you take a glass of nice soda before you go."

LITTLE CUSTOMER. "Oh, yes, sir! Thanks." (*Doctor mixes; Little Customer drinks and starts for the door. Then returns.*) "I declare, I was going away without the whatyoucallit."

DRUGGIST (*laughing*). "Why, my dear, you drank it with the soda."

LITTLE CUSTOMER. "Oh dear! Why, Doctor, it wasn't for me; it was for my little brother!"

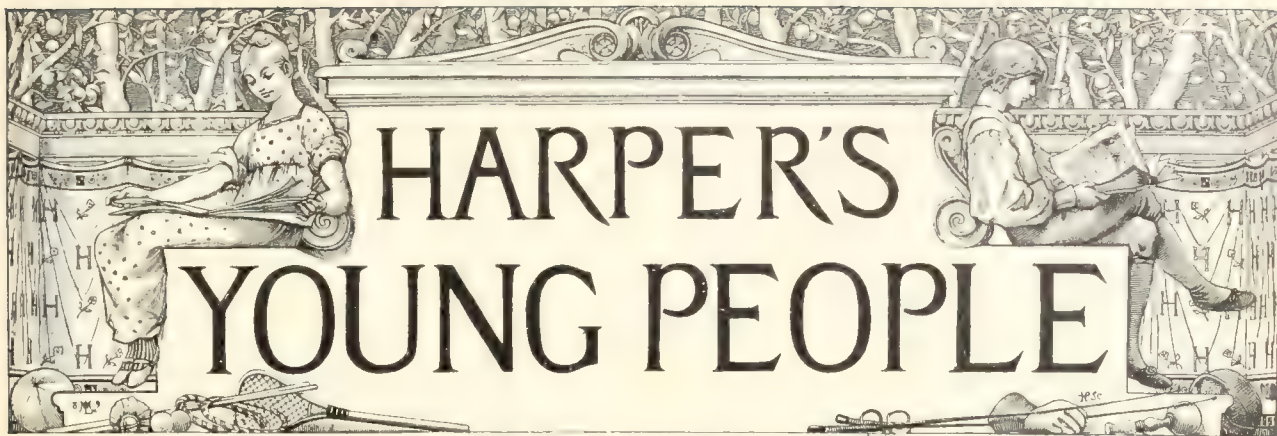
UNCLE JAKE MAKES IT PLAIN.

ISAAC. "Please, sah, tell me what's de bone ob contention dat I read about in my hist'ry."

UNCLE JAKE. "Ike, it's nothin' but de bone ob discontent. De bone ob contention is what two dawgs fights ovah. Half de time dere's no meat on de bone, an' it ain't wuth pickin'; but whilst de two fool dawgs is a-snarlin', an' a-raspin', an' a-fightin' ovah it, it's sartin fur to 'll betwix' um, an' amuddah dawg, what's not in de quar'l, picks up de bone an' totes it off to whar he kin set down an' gnaw it in peace an' cumfut, all erlone by heself. Ennything, tum a persimmon to a principality, kin be a bone ob contention. Izik; an', I'm weepin' when I say it, de whole yairth is a grave-yawd for dem kiner bones, an' de fool dawgs an' de cunnin' dawg is amongst us yit, doin' deir level best to fill dat grave-yawd fuller."



THE HOME FIRE DEPARTMENT.



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A COZY MEAL.—[SEE "THERO'S THIRD EXAMINATION" ON PAGE 358.]

THEO'S THIRD EXAMINATION.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON

I.

THE peace which had been made at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 continued till 1755, when the encroachment of the French upon what were then British colonies—Theo's voice sank to a low murmur and died away. She shut her book, and rising, went very cautiously around to the bed, and bent over it, holding her breath.

Fay was asleep. Her fair hair, which Theo had braided at least four times since morning, had loosened again with the uneasy motions of her head, and the curling ends strayed over the pillow.

Theo straightened herself with a sigh of relief, and stole from the room, shutting the door noiselessly after her. On the way down stairs she met a girl with a bundle of books under her arm, who passed with a friendly nod, and then turned back to ask,

"How is Fay, Theo?"

"Better," said Theo. "She is asleep just now, and that is the best thing in the world for her."

"You look as if you might need a little sleep yourself," returned the other. "You shut yourself up too much with Fay. Do you know how pale and peaky you are?"

"Oh, I'm all right," said Theo, carelessly. "I always look washed out when I am a little tired. I don't leave Fay much when she is awake, because she misses me, and I can't let her fret while she is so weak and nervous. It won't hurt me a bit."

"Well, I hope you will both come out all right," said her friend. "You'd better go down to the school-room and hear the latest news."

She went on up the stairs, and Theo sat down on the step and leaned her head against the banisters, realizing, now that some one had spoken of it, that she was tired—very tired indeed, and very sleepy. Fay had been sick less than two weeks, but how much longer the time had seemed! It was just two weeks since the windy November day when, coming in from a long walk with the other girls, she had found Fay lying on the bed in her room, groaning with the toothache.

"No, don't say anything about it," she had begged, when Theo proposed to tell one of the teachers. "Toothache is such a silly thing, and I shall be all right to-morrow."

So they had struggled on for one or two days and nights of misery, until Theo exercised the authority of her superior age, and marched the victim off to the village dentist. He, worthy man, not being as skilful as might have been wished, discovered a painful swelling somewhere among Fay's little white teeth, and did something to it—Theo didn't exactly know what—left a plug of something in it, and sent his patient home suffering more than ever. Miss Graham was out of town, and Miss Tony's vision was never very keen where the girls' personal affairs were concerned; so no one understood the state of things except the other girls, who laughed a little over Fay's swollen face, and pitied and sympathized after their fashion.

Then had come a dreadful night when Fay was out of her head with pain and fever, and Theo was frightened almost out of her own five wits by her friend's burning cheeks and bright eyes, and the wild things she said in her ramblings. She would not let Theo leave her for a moment, and so they had somehow got through the long night alone, and the next day Miss Graham had come home, and sent for the doctor as soon as she heard the story. It was evening then before he came, being a busy man. Theo, half-distracted with anxiety, had felt a great burden lifted from her shoulders when he entered the room. She had held the candle before Fay's face with

a steady hand while he examined the poor little sufferer, and drew out the cruel plug which had worked so much mischief.

All would have been well after that if Fay had been strong and vigorous, but she was slow to rally from the exhaustion, and Theo had all she could do to take care of her during the restless days and nights that followed. Of course Miss Graham did all that could be done for them, the other girls were profuse in offers of assistance, and Miss Tony, whose room was near by, could always be called upon. But Fay did not feel strong enough to talk to the girls, and Miss Tony, whatever might be her abilities in other directions, was not a success as a nurse, so that, after all, most of the care fell upon Theo. She had kept up with her lessons, too, studying as she sat by the bedside, and answering Fay's plaintive questions sometimes with an appropriate reply, sometimes with an irrelevant bit of history or geometry or French, as the case might be. Altogether, it had been a hard two weeks, and she was very tired. But then Fay was better.

She rose slowly, and went on down to the school-room. A dozen girls were there, scattered about the long, lofty room, some reading or writing at their desks, and a little group at one end gathered around the fire, which burned brightly in the grate. Theo joined these, dropping into a low chair, and shielding her eyes from the blaze. A tall girl, with both elbows on the mantel-piece, went on talking, pretending not to observe the new-comer.

"If it were not for Theodora Thorne," she said, "I should have some hope. But as it is!"

"Theo or Fay, of course," said another. "But the question is, which? And then there's a chance to come in third or fourth. I don't despise that, Kate, though perhaps you do."

"Despise it? I don't despise anything. I shall struggle on to the bitter end. Who knows? We might skip ahead at the last minute."

"This is only the Third, anyway. I pin all my hopes on the Fourth. I wish—"

"What are you talking about, Fanny?" asked Theo.

"Oh, you are awake, after all," laughed Fanny. "What should we talk about but the Third Exam.? Haven't you heard? Oh no, you were upstairs with Fay. By-the-way, how is Fay to-day?"

"Better, thank you," said Theo. "Tell me about it, Fanny."

"Nothing to tell," said Fanny. "The third examination for the History Prizes will take place on Friday afternoon, under the same rules that have governed the other examinations. That's all, unless I add that the Misses Theodora Thorne and Ophelia Harris will, as usual—"

"Nonsense!" cried Theo. "Friday afternoon! How I must work! I shall have all I can do to keep up with Fay. It was as close as it could be between us last time, and there is only one more examination."

"How can Fay take the examination when she is sick?"

Theo started as the shrill voice spoke at her elbow. A little girl had crept out from under a table, where she was sitting on the floor, studying, her dusky hair falling about her pale, precocious little face, and her small arms clasping a big geography.

"Dora, how you frightened me!" said Fanny. "I forgot that Fay was sick. She can't take the examination, after all, poor child! Well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good. There will be smooth sailing for you, Theo, and a chance for the rest of us. You couldn't manage to get up a convenient toothache too, could you, just by way of a favor to your poor but industrious schoolmates?"

"I am afraid not," said Theo, absently. The smile had died suddenly out of her face.

"You'd better go back and study your geography, Dora," said Kate, giving the dark hair a friendly tweak. "What do you know about Fay and the examinations, anyway? That infant has to have a finger in every pie!" she added, turning to the girls, with a laugh.

The child drew herself up, and went back to her seat, with a scornful shrug of her small shoulders. "Poor Fay!" she murmured, bending over her book.

The laugh and chatter grew livelier round the fire. Other girls drifted in and joined the group. Theo rose presently and slipped away, mounting the stairs again to her own room.

"Teddy!" said Fay's voice as she opened the door.

"Yes, dear."

"I am so glad you have come! I had a bad dream, I think, and—I am so silly still! When I woke up, and you were not here, I could have cried!"

"Poor girlie!" Theo put her warm, strong hand on the other's delicate wrist. "I will not leave you again. I only ran down to see the girls a minute."

"It's all right now. Go down again if you want to. I am getting to be as selfish as a pig. I don't want to be a pig, Teddy! Truly I don't!"

"Go to sleep, Piggy," she said. "I am not going down stairs again just now."

"Sit where I can see you, Teddy."

"Yes, dear; I will sit here by the window, and think about my composition."

Yes, it was quite evident that Fay would not be able to take the examination. Well, that would not destroy all hope of her winning the prize. There were to be four examinations, and if she passed the last one very successfully, she might still outstrip the other competitors. Still, of course, those who had passed all four would have the best chance of victory. She and Fay had stood at the head of the class so far. If she should not take this third examination, they would still be on equal ground; but meantime the other girls would have caught up, perhaps passed them. How absurd it would be for her to give up her chances just because Fay was sick and had to lose hers! Fay would not allow it if she knew.

Fay wanted that prize! It would please her mother so much. Fay's mother looked like her. She was slender and golden haired too, and had Fay's little proud gentle ways. Theo wanted the prize too. She had worked very hard for it. She had not missed a single review lesson so far. The rule was that no one could enter the competition who had not been present at every review recitation during the term. By-the-way, there was a review this afternoon. She glanced at the clock. In fifteen minutes the bell would ring. If she should not go down! She caught her breath sharply. That was absurd. Of course she must go down.

Fay was asleep again. Poor Fay! How pretty she had looked last examination day, full of eager life and ambition to the tips of her dainty fingers! How frail she looked now over there among the tossed pillows, the color wilted all out of her fair cheeks with pain! But then, what had that to do with the History Prize, after all? What would they say, the teachers and the girls, if she—

A bell rang loudly down-stairs, smiting the stillness with a sudden clamor.

Theo started up, smoothed her hair hastily before the glass, took a parting glance at Fay's sleeping face, and went out of the door, shutting it carefully behind her.

Then she turned around and opened it again, went back to her seat by the window, and took up her book.

"The peace which had been made at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748 continued till 1755, when the encroachment of the French upon what were then British colonies and are now the United States led to a war which entirely involved all Europe, and is often called the Seven Years' War. It was in this—"

"Teddy!" said Fay, waking suddenly, and looking at her with bewildered eyes.

"Yes, dear," said Theo, "I am here." And, smiling, Fay went to sleep again.

II.

THE lower school-room doors stood open. The girls would pass out presently, dismissed by classes to the various recitation-rooms. Now they were seated in orderly rows, waiting for the few words which Miss Graham had to say before the day's work began.



"I AM SO GLAD YOU HAVE COME."

"I will read," she said, "the names of those who are entitled to take the examination next Friday. Some of those who passed the first two examinations have dropped out, for one reason or another, and there are a few new names upon this list. It runs as follows: Isabel Adams, Frances Smith, Theodora Thorne, Catherine Rob "

She stopped suddenly, and the gold-rimmed glasses fell from her eyes with a jerk.

Theodora Thorne had risen, and was standing in her place, waiting to speak. "I beg your pardon, Miss Graham," she said. "My name ought not to be on that list. I cannot take the examination."

"And why not?" asked Miss Graham, coldly.

"I was absent from the review yesterday. Miss Warren will tell you."

Miss Graham turned with a questioning glance to the history teacher, who sat near her on the platform.

"Yes," said that lady, with evident regret, "Miss Thorne was absent yesterday. I should have spoken of it before, but it slipped my mind. I supposed she was detained by Miss Harris."

"No," said Theo, "Fay did not keep me. I—neglected to come down."

Miss Graham's gaze of wonder was mingled with reproach. "You have no excuse, then?" she said.

"None," said Theo, steadily.

There had been a movement among a row of little girls who sat on a bench along the wall. One of them, a dark-haired slip of a child, had taken advantage of the exciting situation to leave her seat and escape from the room. No one noticed her. No one heard the sudden slamming of a door in the upper hall a few minutes later, nor saw the little pale ghost that drew its blue and white wrapper together with trembling hands, and came wavering down the stair with shining eyes, and fair tossed hair in loosened braids upon its shoulders.

"I am very much surprised," said Miss Graham, in the hush that had fallen on the school-room, "and very sorry. It grieves me that a pupil on whom I have learned to depend for faithfulness and interest should, by her own carelessness or indifference, forfeit such an opportunity to do credit to herself and her teachers, and give pleasure to her parents. I do not say that you would have won the prize, Theo, but you had certainly as fair a chance as any of your mates, and you seem, so far as I can judge, to have thrown it away without reason or regret. I will finish," she added, taking up the paper again—"I will finish reading the list of candidates for the examination."

But she did not even begin to read it, for at that moment the upper door, which was nearest the stairs, flew open, and the little ghost, in its blue and white wrapper, ran in upon the platform, crying out with a great sob in its breathless voice:

"Oh, Teddy! Teddy! How could you? Did you think I would let you do it? My dear, kind, generous, ridiculous girl, did you think I would let you? Oh, Teddy! Teddy!"

"Fay!" said Miss Graham, going to her hastily. "My dear child, are you crazy? You ought to be in your bed. What does this mean?"

"It means," said Fay, softly, her eyes intent on Theo's conscious face—"it means that she staid away from the review on purpose yesterday because I could not be there too; that she would not take advantage of my being sick to pass me in the examinations; and, oh, it means that she is the dearest, best, kindest, most generous girl in the whole world!"

Breaking away from Miss Graham's clasp, and running toward her friend with outstretched arms, her face shining through its tears with pride and tenderness, her strength failed her, and she sank down in a little heap at the edge of the platform.

Theo was at her side in a moment. "Goose!" she said, gathering the prostrate figure very tenderly in her arms—"goose! What made you go and spoil my pretty plan when I had arranged it so well and it worked so beautifully? Aren't you ashamed, you little marplot, you?"

"Theo," said Miss Graham, "is this true, my dear?"

"Well, yes, 'm," said Theo, meekly, dropping her head to hide the dimples that began to deepen around her mouth; "I guess it is. I suppose I should have told you all about it anyway sooner or later, so you might as well know now. And I couldn't take the examination without Fay, Miss Graham. It wouldn't be fair."

Miss Graham looked down into the girl's appealing face, and did not speak for a moment. Then she turned away briskly. "Come, we must get Fay to bed at once," she said. "Miss Warren, will you dismiss the classes?"

The classes, already raised to the highest pitch of interest, started as one girl, when, just after Fay had disappeared, a sharp ring at the door-bell announced the arrival of the doctor. This important individual, an old friend of Miss Graham's, held rather a prolonged conference with her in the parlor, and then went up stairs to see his patient, whom Theo had hustled into bed without ceremony. When he came down again, he stopped at the school-room, where the girls had reassembled for one of Miss Graham's lessons, and that lady went to the door to speak with him.

"Miss Graham," he said, in his grave, courteous tones, quite audible to the attentive ears in the school-room, "I find the patient much better. I think now that a few days of rest and care, with a tonic and a contented mind, will set her quite straight again."

"And the contented mind?" said Miss Graham, in the same businesslike tone.

"Is very essential," said the doctor. "I would suggest

that any arrangement—any rearrangement of existing circumstances that would tend to set her mind perfectly at ease would be most desirable."

It was confidently asserted by several of the girls whose seats afforded a good view of the proceedings that at this moment there appeared a twinkle under the doctor's bushy eyebrows, and one daring damsel was positive that a similar phenomenon occurred in Miss Graham's calm brown orbs. But girls are not the most reliable of witnesses at any time, and on this occasion they were distinctly excited. It is certain, at any rate, that the brief colloquy ended here. The doctor gave his hand with polite formality to Miss Graham, and departed in the hasty manner common to busy doctors.

Then Miss Graham turned to her desk and took up her book; but seeing the eager faces before her, and reading with her practised eye the fluttering interest in the girlish hearts beneath, she laid it down again.

"We seem to be doomed to interruptions this morning," she said. "Perhaps it would be well to settle the subject that is uppermost in all your minds before we try to go on with lessons. I am sure you all agree with me in thinking that Theo's conduct to-day showed a generosity, a self-forgetfulness, and loyalty to her friend that we cannot fail to admire, and that gives us a very sweet revelation of the possibilities of girlish character."

A tendency to applaud, here manifested among the younger members of the school, was promptly checked by severe glances from their seniors.

"We may not wholly approve of the means which she used to accomplish her purpose. Perfect frankness would, no doubt, have been better; but modesty is admirable, as well as generosity and courage, and I am sure nothing but modesty kept Theo from acknowledging her real motives. It would be hardly right now, I think, to insist upon her doing what is so much against her own feelings, yet I am not inclined to have her lose the advantage that is fairly hers. I suggest, therefore, that if you all agree with me in thinking it best, we postpone the examination until Fay is able to take it with her friend."

The younger members were no longer to be held in check by reproving glances from anybody, and the severe seniors, after a moment's hesitation, joined with enthusiasm in the burst of applause that woke up all the staid echoes in the quiet school-room. Theo, sitting upstairs by Fay's bedside, heard it and wondered; but she was not long left in doubt. Sending for her to come down to the school-room, Miss Graham told her the news, with a gentle hand on her shoulder.

She looked round at them all with eloquent eyes, and would have thanked them, but that, being already pretty well worn out with fatigue and worry and the excitement of the morning, her voice suddenly failed her, and she found herself, to her own great surprise, sitting on the edge of the platform, crying as if her heart would break.

When the brief break-down was over, she bloomed out like a rose, but Miss Graham insisted upon her remaining quiet the rest of the day, and sent her tea up to her room when evening came that she and Fay might have a cozy meal together.

Fay declared that the unexpected run down stairs had cured her; and, indeed, she was a great deal better—so much better that she was able to sit up and discuss her supper with as much enjoyment as Theo herself.

"Fay Harris," said Theo, suddenly, stopping with a piece of hot toast half way to her mouth, "I never thought to ask you before. How did you know?"

"Oh," said Fay, tranquilly, "Dora told me, of course! At least she told me what was going on in the school-room, and I guessed the rest. I haven't known you nine years for nothing, Teddy Thorne. Please pass the butter."

A HINT ABOUT LANGUAGES.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

HOW many young persons about to travel in foreign countries are alarmed because they do not know how to speak any foreign language? It is a surprising fact that many persons do contrive to travel over a good deal of Europe without knowing any language but their own. This, however, is as much due to the great politeness of foreign railway officials as it is to any cleverness on the part of the travellers. A railway official abroad is every one's servant, and he knows it. Again, travellers are lucky in meeting persons who speak several languages, and who help them out. An acquaintance of the writer's was once in a railway compartment whose only other occupants were an American gentleman and his daughter. Now at Würtemberg you change cars for pretty nearly every place in Europe. No matter where you are going, when you reach Würtemberg you get the direction, "Umsteigen!"—change cars. An official put his head into the car where these persons were, and shouted a lot of directions about changing cars. The gentleman and his daughter paid no attention to him. Presently another head was put in, and some more shouting followed. A few minutes later a third shout was given.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the young lady. "I wonder what all that gibberish is about?"

"He says," said the writer's friend, "that travellers for Nuremberg, Bamberg, and Baireuth must change cars."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "That's where we're going."

And he almost fell out of the car, followed by his daughter with more speed than grace. Now if the gentleman who understood German had not been in the car, those two would have been carried out of their way and put to much inconvenience. Yet a very small stock of German would have supplied their

needs, and that is the point I wish to make. One does not have to know a language thoroughly in order to get on in Europe. French and German will see you through in almost any part of the Continent. It is all very well for persons to say that they are unnecessary, because English is spoken everywhere. It is true that there are persons who speak English in all parts of Europe, but when you need them most, they are away. The cabmen do not speak English; few of the railway officials do; and few of the restaurant waiters. So you need some French and German. The question is, How much?

Well, Macaulay, the famous historian and essayist, discovered that 400 words were enough to enable him to get along in a foreign country. His method of studying was to read the Bible in the foreign tongue with the aid of a dictionary and the English version. But it used to take Macaulay about ten weeks to learn his 400 words. A better model is M. Louis Enault, a noted French traveller, who found that the same number of words—400—answered all his purposes. He, however, learned his 400 words in a week. He had a good memory, and could master about seventy words a day. His success was due to his skill in the selection of words, and I am sorry that I have never seen his list.

However, there are phrase-books containing classified lists of words and sentences arranged under such headings as "In the hotel," "At the station," or "At the theatre"; and these books will be found very helpful to the boy or girl who does not possess the skill in language necessary to make out a list. So if you are going abroad in the summer, do not be discouraged if you do not know French or German, because in a month, by diligent application and with a little help from some one who knows the pronunciation, you can get enough of both languages to be of very great service to you. One thing I advise you to be sure to learn, and that is this sentence, "Please speak slowly; I am an American, and do not understand French [or German] very well." That request will always be granted.



THE "CUPID" AND "PSYCHE" START ON THEIR CRUISE.

CANOEMATES:

A STORY OF THE EVERGLADES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," "CRYSTAL, JACK, & CO.," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE GREAT FLORIDA REEF.

THE great Florida Reef, up which our young canoemates had just started on their adventurous cruise, is about two hundred and thirty miles long. It extends from Cape Florida, on the Atlantic coast, completely around the southern end of the peninsula, and far out into the Gulf of Mexico on the west. The island of Key

West lies some seventy miles off the mainland, and about the same distance from the Dry Tortugas, which group of little coral islets forms the western extremity of the reef. Between Key West, on which is a city of the same name containing nearly 20,000 inhabitants, who live farther south than any one else in the United States, and Cape Florida, 150 miles east and north, a multitude of little keys or islands, covered to the water's edge with a dense growth of mangroves and other tropical trees and shrubs,

stretch in a continuous line. Between these keys* and the mainland lies a vast shallow expanse of water known as the Bay of Florida. Outside of them is the narrow and navigable Hawk Channel, running along their entire length, and bounded on its seaward side by the almost unbroken wall of the outer reef. This rarely rises above the surface, and on it the busy coral insects pursue their ceaseless toil of rock-building. Beyond the reef, between it and the island of Cuba, 80 miles away, pours the mighty flood of the Gulf Stream.

For nearly three hundred years these peaceful-looking keys, with their bewildering net-work of channels, kept open by the rushing tide currents, and coral reefs were the chosen resorts of pirates and wreckers, both of whom reaped rich rewards from the unfortunate vessels that fell into their hands. Now the pirates have disappeared, and the business of the wreckers has been largely taken from them by the establishment of a range of light-houses along the outer reef at intervals of twenty to thirty miles. The first of these is on Loggerhead Key, the outermost of the Tortugas. Then comes Rebecca Shoal, half-way between Loggerhead and Sand Key Light, which is just off Key West. From here the lights in order up the reef are American Shoal, Sombrero, Alligator, Carysfort, and Fowey Rocks, off Cape Florida.

With this chain of flashing beacons to warn mariners of the presence of the dreaded reef, the palmy days of wreckers and beach-combers have passed away, and they must content themselves with what they can make out of the occasional vessels that are still drawn in to the reef by the powerful currents ever setting toward it. Consequently most of those who would otherwise be wreckers have turned their attention to sponging in the waters behind the keys, which form one of the great sponge-fields of the world, or to the raising of pine-apples and cocoa-nuts on such of the islands as afford sufficient soil for this purpose.

There are four ways by which one may sail up the reef. The first is outside in the Gulf Stream, or by "way of the Gulf"; the second is between the reef and the keys, through the Hawk Channel; the third is through the narrow and intricate channels among the keys, or "inside," as the spongers say; and the fourth is the "bay way," or through the shoal waters behind the keys.

Of all these, the third, or inside way, was the one chosen by Sumner as being the most protected from wind and seas, the most picturesque, the one affording the most frequent opportunities for landing, the most interesting, and in every way best adapted to canoes drawing but a few inches of water.

As the *Psyche* and *Cupid* are running easily along the north shore of the keys, before a light southerly breeze, there is time to take a look at the "duffle" with which they are laden. In the first place, each has two lateen-sails, the long yards of which are hoisted on short masts rising but a few feet from the deck. These sails can be hoisted, lowered, or quickly reefed by the canoe-man from where he sits. The two halves of the double-bladed paddles are held in metal clips on deck, on either side of the cockpit. Also on deck, securely fastened, is a small folding anchor, the light but strong five-fathom cable of which runs through a ring at the bow, and back to a cleat just inside the forward end of the coaming.

On the floor of each canoe is folded a small-tent made of gay-striped awning cloth, and provided with mosquito nettings at the openings. Above these are laid the pair of heavy Mackinaw blankets and the rubber poncho that

each carries. These, which will be shelter and bedding at night, answer for seats while sailing.

Under the deck, at one side of each cockpit, hangs a double-barrelled shot-gun; and on the other side are half a dozen tiny lockers, in which are stowed a few simple medicines, fishing-tackle, matches, an alcohol lamp (Flamme force), loaded shells for the guns, etc. In the after-stowage lockers are extra clothing and toilet articles. The *Psyche* carries the mess chest, containing a limited supply of table-ware, sugar, coffee, tea, baking-powder, salt, pepper, etc., and a light axe, both of which are stowed at the forward end of the cockpit. The *Cupid* carries in the same place a two-gallon water-keg and a small but well-furnished tool chest. The provisions, of which bacon, flour, oatmeal, sea biscuit, a few cans of baked beans, and brown bread, dried apples, syrup, cocoa, condensed milk, corn meal, rice, and hominy form the staples, and the few necessary cooking utensils, which are made to fit within one another, are evenly divided between the two canoes, and stowed under the forward hatches. By Sumner's advice, many things that the Mantons brought with them have been left behind, and everything taken along has been reduced to its smallest possible compass. Besides the shot-gun that Mr. Manton had given him as part of the *Psyche's* outfit, Sumner was armed with a revolver that had been his father's.

Late in the afternoon they passed the eastern point of the island of Key West, and crossing a broad open channel, in the shoal waters of which, but for Sumner's intimate knowledge of the place, even their light canoes would have run aground a dozen times, they approached the cocoa-nut groves of Boca Chica, a large key on which they proposed to make their first camp.

The western sky was in a glory of flame as they hauled their craft ashore, and from the tinted waters myriads of fish were leaping in all directions, as though intoxicated by the splendor of the scene.

"We will catch some of those fine fellows a little later," said Sumner, as they began to unload their canoes and carry the things to the spot they had already chosen for a camp.

"But it will be dark," protested Worth.

"So much the better. It's ever so much easier to catch fish in the dark than by daylight."

There was plenty of drift-wood on the beach, and in a few minutes the merry blaze of their camp fire was leaping from a pile of it. While waiting for it to burn down to a bed of coals, each of them drove a couple of stout stakes, and pitched their canoe tents near a clump of tall palms, just back of the fire, looped up the side openings, and spread their blankets beneath them.

"Now let's fly round and get supper," cried Sumner, "for I am as hungry as a kingfish. You put the coffee water on to boil, while I cut some slices of bacon, Worth, and then I'll scramble some eggs, too, for we might as well eat them while they are fresh."

With his back turned to the fire, the former did not notice what Worth was doing, until a hissing sound, accompanied by a cry of dismay, caused him to look round.

"I never saw such a miserable kettle as that," exclaimed Worth. "Just look, it has fallen all to pieces."

For a moment Sumner could not imagine what had caused such a catastrophe. Then he exclaimed, "I do believe you must have set the kettle on the coals before you put the water into it."

"Of course I did," answered Worth, "so as to let it get hot. And the minute I began to pour water into it, it went all to pieces."

"Experience comes high," said Sumner, "especially when it costs us the loss of our best kettle; but we've got to have it at any price, and I don't believe you'll ever set a kettle on the fire again without first putting water or some other liquid inside of it."

* The word "key" is a corruption of the Spanish *cayo* or island. Thus Key West was originally "Cayo Hueso," or Bone Island, so called from the quantity of human bones found on it by the first white settlers.

"No, I don't believe I will," answered Worth, ruefully, "if that is what happens."

In spite of this mishap, the supper was successfully cooked, thanks to Sumner's culinary knowledge, and by the time it was over and the dishes had been washed, he pronounced it dark enough to go fishing. First he cut a quantity of slivers from a piece of pitch-pine drift-wood, then, having emptied one of the canoes of its contents, he invited Worth to enter it with him.

"But we haven't a single fish-line ready," protested Worth.

"Oh yes, we have," laughed Sumner, lighting one end of the bundle of pine slivers, and giving it to Worth to hold. "You just sit still and hold that. You'll find out what sort of a fish-line it is in a minute." Then he paddled the canoe very gently a few rods off shore, at the same time bearing down on one gunwale until it was even with the surface of the water. "Look out, here they come!" he shouted.

CHAPTER VI.

PINE APPLES AND SPONGES.

THE next instant Worth uttered a startled cry and very nearly dropped his torch, as a mullet, leaping from the water, struck him on the side of the head, and fell flapping into the canoe.

"Never mind a little thing like that," cried Sumner. "Hold your torch a trifle lower. That's the kind!"

Now the mullet came thick and fast, attracted to the bright light like moths to a candle-flame. They leaped into the canoe and over it, they fell on its decks and flopped off into the water, they struck the two boys until they felt as though they were being pelted with wet snowballs, and at length one of them, hitting the torch, knocked it from Worth's hand, so that it fell hissing into the water.

The effect of this sudden extinguishing of the light was startling. In an instant the fish ceased to jump, and disappeared, while the recent noisy confusion was succeeded by an intense stillness, only broken by an occasional flap from one of the victims to curiosity that had fallen into the canoe.

"Well, that is the easiest way of fishing I ever heard of," remarked Worth, as they stepped ashore, and, turning the canoe over, spilled out fifty or more fine mullet. A dozen of them were cleaned, rubbed with salt, and put away for breakfast. Then the tired canoe-mates turned in for their first night's sleep in camp.

Sumner's eyes were quickly closed, but Worth found his surroundings so novel that for a long time he lay dreamily awake watching the play of moonlight on the rippling water, listening to the splash of jumping fish, the music of little waves on the shell-strewn beach, and the ceaseless rustle of the great palm leaves above him. At length his wakefulness merged into dreams, and when he next opened his eyes it was broad daylight, the sun had just risen, and Sumner was building a fire.

"Hurrah, Worth! Tumble out of bed and tumble into the water," he called at that moment. "There's just time for a dip in the briny before this fire'll be ready for those fish."

Suiting his actions to his words, he began pulling off his clothes, and a minute later the two boys were diving into the cool water like a couple of frisky young porpoises.

Oatmeal and syrup, fresh mullet, bread and butter (which they had brought from home) and coffee, formed a breakfast that Sumner declared fit for a railroad king.

The sun was not more than an hour high before they were again under way, this time working hard at their paddles, as the breeze had not yet sprung up. Having left their first camp behind them, they felt that their long cruise had indeed begun in earnest.

For the next three days they threaded their way, under sail or paddle, among such numberless keys and through such a maze of narrow channels, that it seemed to Worth as though they were entangled in a labyrinth from which they would never be able to extricate themselves. Whenever a long sand spit or reef shot out from the north side of one key, a similar obstruction was certain to be found on the south end of the next one. Thus their course was a perpetual zigzag, and a fair wind on one stretch would be dead ahead on the next. Now they slid through channels so narrow that the dense mangroves on either side brushed their decks, and then they would be confronted by a coral reef that seemed to extend unbrokenly in both directions as far as the eye could reach. Worth would make up his mind that there was nothing to do but get out and drag the canoes over it, when suddenly the *Psyche*, which was always in the lead, would dash directly at the obstacle, and skim through one of the narrow cuts with which all these reefs abound.

For a long time it was a mystery to Worth how Sumner always kept in the channel without hesitating or stopping to take soundings. Finally he discovered that it was by carefully noting the color of the water. He learned that white water meant shoals, that of a reddish tinge indicated sand bars or reefs, black water showed rocks or grassy patches, and that the channels assumed varying shades of green according to their depth.

They camped with negro charcoal-burners on one key, and visited an extensive pine-apple patch on another. Having heard this fruit spoken of as growing on trees, Worth was amazed to find it borne on plants with long prickly leaves that reached but little above his knees. The plants stood so close together, and their leaves were so interlaced, that he did not see how any one ever walked among them to cut the single fruit borne at the head of each one; and when he tried it, stepping high to avoid the bayonet-like leaves, his wonder that any human being could traverse the patch was redoubled.

"I would just as soon try to walk through a field covered with cactus plants," he said.

"So would I," laughed Sumner, "if I had to walk as you do. In a pine-apple patch you must never lift your feet, but always shuffle along. In that way you force the leaves before you, and move with their grain instead of against it."

Although the crop would not be ready for cutting much before May, they found here and there a lusciously ripe yellow "pine," and after eating one of these, Worth declared that he had never before known what a pine-apple was. He did not wonder that they tasted so different here and in New York, when he learned that for shipment North they must be cut at least two weeks before they are ripe, while they are hard and comparatively juiceless.

At the end of three days an outgoing tide, rushing like a mill-race, swept the canoes through the green expanse of "The Grasses," that looked like a vast submerged meadow, and into the open waters of the Bahia Honda, or, as the reefmen say, the "Bay o' Hundy." Here they first saw spongers at work, and devoted an entire day to studying their operations.

Worth had always supposed that sponges were dived for, but now he learned his mistake. He found that in those waters they are torn from the bottom and drawn to the surface by iron rakes with long curved teeth attached to slender handles from twenty to thirty feet in length. The sponging craft are small sloops or schooners, each of which tows from two to six boats behind it. When a sponge bed is discovered, two men go out in each of these boats. One of them sculls it gently along, while the other leans over the gunwale with a water-glass in his hands, and carefully examines the bottom as he is moved

slowly over it. The water-glass is a common wooden bucket having a glass bottom. This is held over the side of the boat so that its bottom is a few inches below the surface of the water, or beyond the disturbing influence of ripples. With his head in this bucket, the sponger gazes intently down until he sees the round black object that he wants. Then he calls out to the sculler to stop the boat, and with the long-handled rake that lies by his side secures the prize. It is black and slimy, and full of animal matter that quickly dies, and decomposes with a most disgusting odor. To this the spongers become so accustomed that they do not mind it in the least, and fail to understand why all strangers take such pains to sail to windward of their boats.

When the deck of a sponge boat is piled high with this unsavory spoil of the sea, she is headed toward the nearest key on which her crew have established a crawl,* and her cargo is tossed into it. The crawl is a square pen of stakes built in the shallow water of some sheltered bay, and in it the sponges lie until their animal matter is so decomposed that it will readily separate from them. Then they are stirred with poles or trodden by the feet of the spongers until they are free from it, when they are taken from the crawl, and spread on a beach to dry and whiten in the sun. When a full cargo has been obtained, they are strung in bunches, and taken to Key West to be sold by the pound at auction. There they are trimmed, bleached again, pressed into bales, and finally shipped to New York.

Sponges are of many grades, of which the sheep's wool is the finest, and the great loggerheads the most worthless. As spongers can only work in water that is smooth or nearly so, half their time is spent in idleness; and though they receive large prices for what they catch, the average of their wages is low.

One hot afternoon at the end of a week found our canoemates half way up the reef, and approaching a key called Lignum Vitæ, which is for several reasons one of the most remarkable of all the keys. It is a large isl-

and lifted higher above the surface of the water than any of the other keys, and it contains in its centre a small fresh-water lake. It is covered with an almost impenetrable forest growth, and concealed by this are ancient stone walls, of which no one knows the origin or date.

Sumner had told Worth so much concerning this key as to arouse his curiosity, and they both looked forward with interest to reaching it. All day they had seen it looming before them, and when they finally dropped sail close beside it, Worth proposed that they take advantage of the remaining daylight to make a short exploration before unloading their canoes and pitching camp. To this Sumner agreed, and as they could not drag the laden boats up over the rocky beach, they decided to anchor them out, and wade ashore. So the *Psyche's* anchor was flung out into the channel, the *Cupid* was made fast to her, and a light line from its stern was carried ashore and tied to a tree. Then, taking their guns with them, the boys plunged into the forest.

When, an hour later, they returned from their exploration, bringing with them a brace of ducks and half a dozen doves that they had shot, they gazed about them in bewildered dismay.

The canoes were not where they had left them, nor could any trace of them be discovered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WILLIE'S WISH.

I HAVE a nice new pair of skates,
But now the wild wind blows
So hard that if I venture out
'Twill freeze my ears and nose.

I've got to linger in the house
Beside the stove, and wait
Until it moderates enough
For me to have a skate.

That's always just the way it goes,
To make me moan and sigh.
I wish the pond would only freeze
For skating in July!

R. K. M.

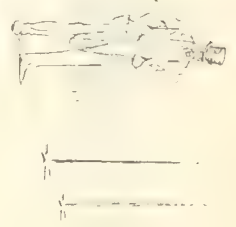


TOUCH FISHING FOR MULLET

* Crawl is a corruption of corral, meaning a yard or pen.



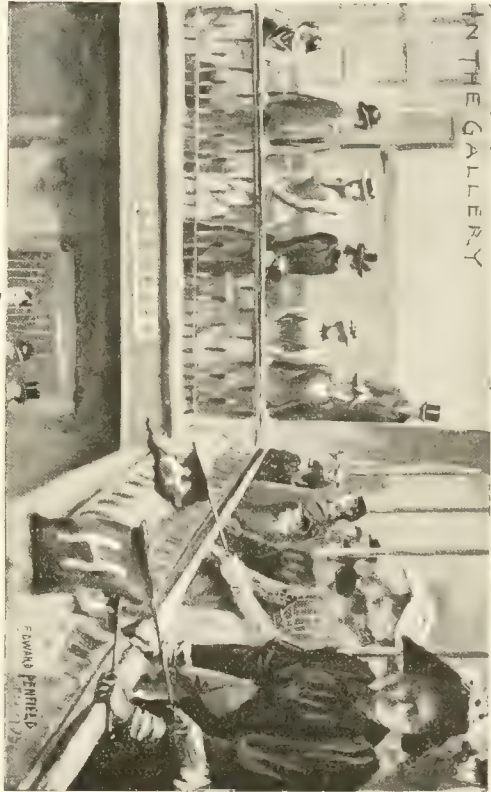
BROAD JIM



1895 AT THE RECORD



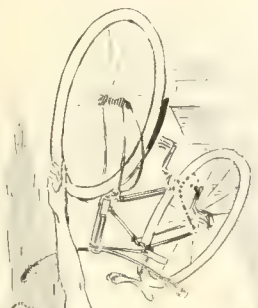
THE WALKER



pulling the stool



TWO WAYS OF LEAVING THE TRACK



BICYCLE RACE.

HOW INDIANS TALK WITHOUT WORDS.

BY JULIAN RALPH

THE man who is said to be the best "sign-talker" in the country is a Mr. Hamilton, who lives in Montana. I have not made his acquaintance, but I have met a great many sign-talkers, both white and red, and among them a very wonderful one named John J. Healy. He is an Indian trader in Alaska, but he learned sign-talking when he was at Fort Benton, in Montana, and he told me a great deal more about it, and showed me more of its wonders and beauties, than I had known anything about.

To those who do not know what the sign language is, let me say that it is the method by which men on our frontier who cannot understand each other's words make their wants known to one another. It is really a form of the deaf-and-dumb language, such as is spoken by means of the fingers and hands by those who can neither hear nor speak. The Indians on the plains do not all speak one language; indeed, no tribe speaks the language of any other tribe. The white men who went among these various tribes in the old days were often ignorant of all languages save their own, or at most they knew only the speech of one tribe of Indians—that one with which they were most often thrown in contact.

Out on the Pacific coast the Indians invented a language by which they could all talk together. Those Indians were the least intelligent-looking redskins in our country, and it seems wonderful that they should have done this; but the reason was that they were more fond of trading than of fighting, and they were obliged to be able to understand one another in order to do business. Their language is called the Chinook jargon, and it is printed in books, with very many French and English words added to it by the white men. These European words are degraded and distorted until we scarcely recognize them. Take the word "siwash," for instance. It means an Indian, or an Indian man. It is the French word *sauvage* (savage); but who would ever have suspected it.

Over the greater part of the interior of our continent, and particularly on the plains, a language of the hands became the universal form of speech. By it the Indians of one nation made the men of the other tribes understand them, and the white men talked with all the savages. That is what is called the sign language; and when we think how little the Indians are given to much talking, and how necessary silence must be to them when they are either on the war-path or the hunting trail, we will see how suitable such a noiseless language must be. The reason the white men call this method of pantomime, or hand-talking, by the name of sign language is not merely that it is an expressive name. The fact is the word "sign" is a most important one on the plains. All footprints and every trace of men and animals in the snow or on the ground are called "signs," and these are read by frontiersmen with more interest and attention than most of us give to books. Therefore the name sign language has a special significance out West.

By constant practice, extending over very many years, this curious pantomimic method of speech has grown and developed, until, now that there is very little use for it, there are signs for almost everything that men want to talk about, and it requires a great deal of study to master it. It is so nearly natural, however, and the multitude of signs are nearly all so simple, that Mr. Healy says the deaf-mute children in an asylum understood nearly all that an Indian trader tried to say to them with his hands on an occasion when the sign-talker and the children came together.

Some of the signs differ with different tribes, but the

differences I have heard of are nearly all very slight. For instance, I have heard that one way of saying "grass" is to turn the fingers of one hand up as if you were pointing a ball on their tips, and then to move them all by bringing the four fingers and the thumb together several times. The idea of that "sign" is to show thousands of little blades or leaves of grass growing up together. But another sign for grass is to hold the fingers in the same way, while your arm is down by your side, and then make an upward sweep of the arm and hand, with the thumb and palm toward your body. The idea of that seems to be to illustrate how the blades of grass shoot up through the soil. Again, one way to speak of a man on horseback is to put out the index finger of one hand and straddle it with the first two fingers of the other hand, just as a man's legs would fall on either side of a horse's body. But another way is to hold both hands as if they were manipulating horse-reins, or the reins and a whip. Such differences are few, and of no account. A sign-talker would not know them all, but he would quickly understand them.

It will not be possible to publish here a dictionary of this once important language; but it is my purpose to describe some of the signs that compose it, in order that my readers may repeat them, just as the Indians would, with their hands. By doing so, much amusement may be gained in trying to make others understand the meaning of each motion; but a better result than all will be the discovery of how poetical and often very beautiful were the thoughts and ideas which prompted the making of these motions in the minds of the rudest men.

Take the signs for "day" and "night," for instance. You say the word day by putting your hands on your breast, and then sweeping them apart, with the palms upward, fingers together, and thumbs out—precisely as if you were making everything free or were giving up everything, and holding nothing back, as God floods the earth with sunlight. To make the signs for night, reverse the day sign, bringing the hands together, palms down, as the daylight is gathered back again and taken away. But don't forget to start the hands from far apart, as if to indicate the corners of the earth; and as your hands come together, slide the palm of the right hand over the back of the left hand. That shows how night covers up and hides nature.

Make a letter A with your hands, and lock the ends of your fingers: that is a tepee, or tent. Keep your hands in that position, and bend them down so that your fingers point away from you: that's a house, and a very good one too, because it shows how the logs are interlocked at the corners of the sort of houses one sees on the frontier. If you want to say you saw something, point to your eyes. To say you heard something, point to your ears. To say you slept, or are sleepy, put up one hand, with the palm side toward your head, and bend your head as if you were going to lay it on that hand. To say that you saw some one who was beautiful, put your face between the thumb and fingers of one hand, and draw your hand softly down from your forehead to your chin. A faint smirk or smile made at the same time greatly helps this sign. If the beauty you tell about was a woman, make believe take hold of a mass of hair on the right side of your head, and follow it down past the shoulder with your hand, as you see women do when they dress their hair. These signs for seeing, hearing, sleep, beauty, and woman are exactly the same as those used by George L. Fox, the famous clown, when he played Humpty Dumpty. I have no doubt that Grimaldi, the great English clown, also used them, for they are the natural motions for expressing those terms.

Did you ever notice how the paws of small animals are curled in when they are dead? That is the sign for "died" or "dead." Hold one hand out with the fingers

bent toward the thumb to make the sign. But if you would say some one was killed, hold out a fist with the knuckles away from you, and move the wrist slowly so as to force the knuckles down as if the person was struck down. To tell about a child, hold your hand as far from the ground as its head would reach. Put a finger up to either side of the head to say "cow"; to say "deer," put up all your fingers like branching horns. But another way to tell about a deer is to imitate his loping with one of your hands. To tell of a snake, wiggle one finger in the air as a snake would move on the ground. That sign is the name for two tribes of Indians. The sign for a Sioux is to make believe cut your throat with one finger; for a Blackfoot, point to your foot; for a Blood, wipe your fingers across your mouth; for a white man, rub your hand across your forehead to show how white our foreheads are; for a Piegan, rub one cheek.

The sign for water is to make a scoop of your hand, and put it to your mouth as you would if you were drinking at a stream. To tell of a lake, make that sign, and spread out your hands to cover a big space. To tell of a river, make the water sign, and then trace the meandering course of a river with your finger. But the sign for whiskey is made by doubling up one fist, and drinking out of the top of it as if it were a bottle. If you do that, and make believe to stir up your brains with one finger, or reel a little, you will describe a tipsy man. Nearly all signs in the language are made with the right hand.

The sign for a field or prairie is the same as that for a lake, but it is followed by the grass sign instead of that for water. The sign for walking is a splendid one. Hold your hand down, shut up two fingers and the thumb, and then make the two fingers which are free go forward and backward like the legs of a person walking. The sign to indicate fear—"he was afraid" or "I am frightened"—is to put your right hand on your heart, and then move that hand up to your throat, as if your heart had left your

breast and gone into your throat. If you want to ask a man to trade with you, just cross the forefingers of both hands like a letter X.

It is not easy to say "no" in any language, but it looks easy in the sign talk. All you have to do is to hold out your right fist, and then give it a jerk as if you would throw it away. It is a sign of discontent, dislike, disapprobation, disavowal, as you see. It looks like a refusal, and is as nearly perfect as it can be. But it has a wide use. To say that some things are not so, you must first say they are so, and then say "no" to indicate that they are not. For instance, if you want to describe a person as very ugly, you must make the beauty sign, and then throw it away to show that beauty is what that person lacks.

It is a curious thing that the sign language keeps on growing, even now that the Indians are nearly all shut up on reservations, and do not often meet either strange white men or members of other tribes. Two recent additions to the language are signs for a railroad and for a match. To tell about a match you raise one knee and draw a finger rapidly along that leg. To speak of a railroad, you make believe turn a crank with one hand; then your arm will look like the side bar or piston-rod of a locomotive.

Old Sitting-Bull, the famous Sioux chief who was killed in the winter of 1891, did not believe his own eyes when he first rode on a train of cars. A soldier asked him if the cars did not go fast.

"Oh no!" said Sitting-Bull. "You can't fool me. The cars are not moving at all. The white men make medicine [magic] to make the ground slide along under the cars."

But perhaps he believed his eyes more than he should, for we all of us know how it sometimes seems, when we are in the cars, that it is, the ground that moves, or that we are moving, when in reality we are stationary and it is another train beside us that is in motion.

THE FARMER IN GLORY

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

Part XX.

"WELL, they had an extra big Thanksgiving at the farmer's that day. Lots of the relations came from out West; the grandmother, who was living with the farmer, was getting pretty old, and every year or two she thought she wasn't going to live very much longer, and she wrote to the relations in Wisconsin, and everywhere, that if they expected to see her alive again, they had better come this time, and bring all their families. She kept doing it till she was about ninety, and then she just concluded to live along and not mind how old she was. But this was just before her eighty-ninth birthday, and she had drummed up so many sons and sons-in-law, and daughters and daughters-in-law, and grandsons and great-grandsons, and granddaughters and great-granddaughters, that the house was perfectly packed with them. They had to sleep on the floor, a good many of them, and you could hardly step for them; the boys slept in the barn, and they laughed and cut up so the whole night that the roosters thought it was morning, and kept crowing till they made their throats sore, and had to wear wet compresses round them every night for a week afterwards."

When the papa said anything like this the children had a right to pound him, but they were so anxious not to have him stop, that this time they did not do it. They said, "Go on, go on!" and the little girl said, "And then the tables!"

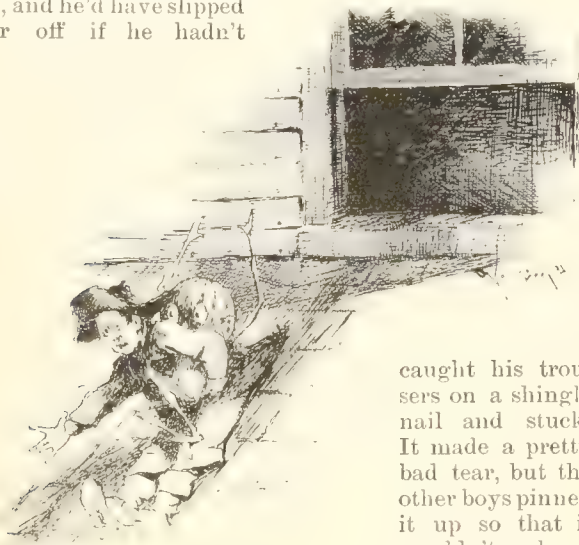
"Tables? Well, I should think so! They got all the tables there were in the house, up stairs and down, for dinner Thanksgiving day, and they took the grandmother's work-stand and put it at the head, and she sat down there; only she was so used to knitting by that table that she kept looking for her knitting-needles all through dinner, and couldn't seem to remember what it was she was missing. The other end of the table was the carpenter's bench that they brought in out of the barn, and they put the youngest and funniest papa at that. The tables stretched from the kitchen into the dining-room, and clear through that out into the hall, and across into the parlor. They hadn't table-cloths enough to go the whole length, and the end of the carpenter's bench, where the funniest papa sat, was bare, and all through dinner-time he kept making fun. The vise was right at the corner, and when he got his help of turkey, he pretended that it was so tough he had to fas-

ten the bone in the vise, and cut the meat off with his knife like a draw-shave."

"It was the drumstick, I suppose, papa?" said the boy. "A turkey's drumstick is all full of little wooden splinters, any way."

"And what did the mamma say?" asked the little girl.

"Oh, she kept saying, 'Now you behave!' and, 'Well, I should think you'd be ashamed!' but the funniest papa didn't mind her a bit; and everybody laughed till they could hardly stand it. All this time the boys were out in the barn, waiting for the second table, and playing round. The farmer's boy went up to his room over the wood-shed, and got in at the garret window, and brought out the pumpkin-glory. Only he began to slip when he was coming down the roof, and he'd have slipped clear off if he hadn't



caught his trousers on a shingle nail and stuck. It made a pretty bad tear, but the other boys pinned it up so that it wouldn't show, and the pumpkin-

glory wasn't hurt a bit. They all said that it was about the best jack-o'-lantern they almost ever saw, on account of the long neck there was to it; and they made a plan to stick the end of the neck into the top of the pump, and have fun hearing what the folks would say when they came out after dark and saw it all lit up; and then they noticed the pigpen at the corner of the barn, and began to plague the pig, and so many of them got up on the pen that they broke the middle board off; and they didn't like to nail it on again because it was Thanksgiving day, and you mustn't hammer or anything; so they just stuck it up in its place with a piece of wood against it, and the boy said he would fix it in the morning.

"The grown folks staid so long at the table that it was nearly dark when the boys got to it, and they would have been almost starved if the farm-boy hadn't brought out apples and doughnuts every little while. As it was, they were pretty hungry, and they began on the pumpkin pie at once, so as to keep eating till the mother and the other mothers that were helping could get some of the things out of the oven that they had been keeping hot for the boys. The pie was so nice that they kept eating at it all along, and the mother told them about the good little pumpkin that it was made of, and how the good little pumpkin had never had any wish from the time it was nothing but a seed, except to grow up and be made into pies and eaten at Thanksgiving; and they must all try to be good, too, and grow up and do likewise. The boys didn't say anything, because their mouths were so full, but they looked at each other and winked their left eyes. There were about forty or fifty of them, and when they all winked their left eyes it made it so dark you could hardly see; and the mother got the lamp; but the other mothers saw what the boys were doing, and they just

shook them till they opened their eyes and stopped their mischief."

"Show how they looked!" said the boy.

"I can't show how fifty boys looked," said the papa. "But they looked a good deal like the pumpkin-glory, that was waiting quietly in the barn for them to get through, and come out and have some fun with it. When they had all eaten so much that they could hardly stand up, they got down from the table, and grabbed their hats, and started for the door. But they had to go out the back way, because the table took up the front entry, and that gave the farmer's boy a chance to find a piece of candle out in the kitchen and some matches; and then they rushed to the barn. It was so dark there already that they thought they had better light up the pumpkin-glory and try it. They lit it up, and it worked splendidly; but they forgot to put out the match, and it caught some straw on the barn floor, and a little more and it would have burnt the barn down. The boys stamped the fire out in about half a second; and after that they waited till it was dark outside before they lit up the pumpkin-glory again. Then they all bent down over it to keep the wind from blowing the match anywhere, and pretty soon it was lit up, and the farmer's boy took the pumpkin-glory by its long neck, and stuck the point in the hole in the top of the pump; and just then the funniest papa came round the corner of the wood-house, and said:

"What have you got there, boys? Jack-o'-lantern? Well, well. That's a good one!"

"He came up and looked at the pumpkin-glory, and he bent back and he bent forward, and he doubled down and he straightened up, and laughed till the boys thought he was going to kill himself.

"They had all intended to burst into an Indian yell, and dance round the pumpkin-glory; but the funniest papa said, 'Now all you fellows keep still half a minute,' and the next thing they knew he ran into the house, and came out, walking his wife before him with both his hands over her eyes. Then the boys saw he was going to have some fun with her, and they kept as still as mice, and waited till he walked her up to the pumpkin-glory; and she was saying all the time, 'Now, John, if this is some of your fooling, I'll give it to you!' When he got her close up he took away his hands, and she gave a kind of a whoop, and then she began to laugh, the pumpkin-glory was so funny, and to chase the funniest papa all round the yard to box his ears, and as soon as she had boxed them she said, 'Now let's go in and send the rest out,' and in about a quarter of a second all the other papas came out, holding their hands over the other mothers' eyes till they got them up to the pumpkin-glory; and then there was such a yelling and laughing and chasing and ear-boxing that you never heard anything like it; and all at once the funniest papa hallooed out: 'Where's grandma? Grandma's got to see it! Grandma'll enjoy it. It's just grandma's kind of joke,' and then the mothers all got round him and said he shouldn't fool the grandmother, anyway; and he said he wasn't going to: he was just going to bring her out and let her see it; and his wife went along with him to watch that he didn't begin acting up.

"The grandmother had been sitting all alone in her room ever since dinner; because she was always afraid somehow that if you enjoyed yourself it was a sign you were going to suffer for it, and she had enjoyed herself a good deal that day, and she was feeling awfully about it. When the funniest papa and his wife came in she said: 'What is it? What is it? Is the world a-burnin' up? Well, you got to wrap up warm, then, or you'll ketch your death o' cold runnin' and then stoppin' to rest with your pores all open!'

"The funniest papa's wife she went up and kissed her,

and said, 'No, grandmother, the world's all right,' and then she told her just how it was, and how they wanted her to come out and see the jack-o'-lantern, just to please the children; and she must come, anyway, because it was the funniest jack-o'-lantern there ever was, and then she told how the funniest papa had fooled her, and then how they had got the other papas to fool the other mothers, and they had all had the greatest fun then you ever saw. All the time she kept putting on her things for her, and the grandmother seemed to get quite in the notion, and she laughed a little, and they thought she was going to enjoy it as much as anybody; they really did, because they were all very tender of her, and they wouldn't have scared her for anything, and everybody kept cheering her up and telling her how much they knew she would like it, till they got her to the pump. The little pumpkin-glory was feeling awfully proud and self-satisfied; for it had never seen any flower or any vegetable treated with half so much honor by human beings. It wasn't sure at first that it was very nice to be laughed at so much, but after a while it began to conclude that the papas and the mammas were just laughing at the joke of the whole thing. When the old grandmother got up close, it thought it would do something extra to please her; or else the heat of the candle had dried it up so that it cracked without intending to. Anyway, it tried to give a very broad grin, and all of a sudden it split its mouth from ear to ear."

"You didn't say it had any ears before," said the boy.

"No; it had them behind," said the papa; and the boy felt like giving him just one pound; but he thought it might stop the story, and so he let the papa go on.

"As soon as the grandmother saw it open its mouth that way she just gave one scream, 'My sakes! It's comin' to life!' And she threw up her arms, and she threw up her feet, and if the funniest papa hadn't been there to catch her, and if there hadn't been forty or fifty other sons and daughters, and grand sons and daughters, and great-grandsons and great-great-granddaughters, very likely she might have fallen. As it was, they piled round her, and kept her; but there were so many of them they jostled the pump, and the first thing the pumpkin-glory knew, it fell down and burst open; and the pig that the boys had plagued, and that had kept squealing all the time because it thought that the people had come out to feed it, knocked the loose board off its pen, and flew out and gobbled the pumpkin-glory up,

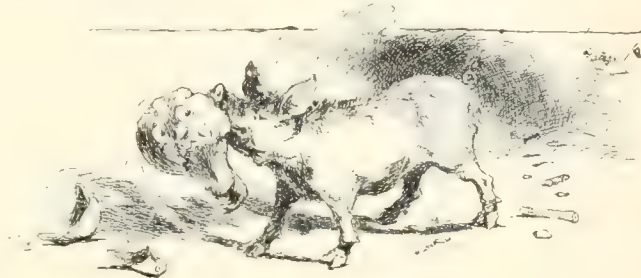
"Not a bit," said the papa. "Unless," he added, "the moral was that you had better not be ambitious, unless you want to come to the sad end of this proud little pumpkin-glory."

"Why, but the good little pumpkin was eaten up, too," said the boy.

"That's true," the papa acknowledged.

"Well," said the little girl, "there's a great deal of difference between being eaten by persons and eaten by pigs."

"All the difference in the world," said the papa; and he laughed, and ran out of the library before the boy could get at him.



SCHOOL-BOY ATHLETES.

OUR colleges are not likely to lack athletes to maintain their traditions if school-boy enthusiasm in that direction is to be trusted. And it is a practical enthusiasm as well as a sentimental that I speak of. The former, perhaps, would languish but for the encouragement given to it by the latter, for it is not to be denied that success in any kind of athletic pursuit, even though it be an amusement, is not to be attained without a great deal of hard work and self-denial.

I was present a few days ago at the first in-door athletic games of the Interscholastic Athletic Association of New York city. This body is composed of private schools only, but these schools have more than a local reputation, and all of them are largely represented at the great Eastern universities. The schools are the Berkeley, the Harvard, Cutler's, Columbia Grammar, Halsey, Dwight, and Sachs.

Of these the Berkeley is the largest, and it was under its auspices that the meeting was held. The place was the Twenty-second Regiment Armory, a hall which, though not so large as some others in the city of New York, is sufficiently spacious and well-lighted. Possibly athletes would question the first part of this statement, and claim that a hall that only had space enough for 75-yard straight course was not large enough; but it must be borne in mind that the competitors were boys of an average age of about sixteen years, and that the meeting was held in a hall that was fairly crowded with people, and in an atmosphere that was artificially heated and laden with dust. Under such conditions it would be unwise to demand too much of growing lads.

The 75-yard straight-away track was laid diagonally across from corner to corner, and the runners had to back close up to the wall at starting, and had to pull up pretty short at the finish to avoid the other wall. Over this track were run the two level dashes and the two hurdle races. Why were there two of each? Well, one of them was for boys under fifteen in each case, and it is interesting to compare the time made by the young-



candle and all, and that was the end of the proud little pumpkin-glory."

"And when the pig ate the candle it looked like the magician when he puts burning tow in his mouth," said the boy.

"Exactly," said the papa.

The children were both silent for a moment. Then the boy said, "This story never had any moral, I believe, papa?"

sters with that accomplished by the older boys. In the 75-yard dash the seniors made the distance in 8 seconds, the juniors in $8\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, which was very close. In the hurdle race the big boys did it in $9\frac{1}{2}$, the little fellows in 11 seconds, both of which were very fast.

The programme announced that as this was the first in-door meeting of the association every winner would make a record, but that kind of record-making is of very little value. A record does not begin to take on value until plenty of opportunities have been afforded for comparison. One record of the association, however, was actually broken, and that was in the one-mile walk, when J. L. Bogert, of Berkeley School, covered the distance in 7 minutes $37\frac{1}{2}$ seconds, beating the best previous time by over 4 seconds. That was really a very fine performance for a boy of seventeen on an oval track and a board floor.

If the other times were not so good as might have been expected, the oval track must bear the largest part of the blame. Many seconds may be wasted when one runs ten times round the track in order to cover a mile. This was especially noticeable in the one-mile bicycle race, in which the riders seemed to be concentrating their energies on the difficult task of keeping near the inside line of the track and maintaining their balance at the turn at the ends. In the first heat three of the four riders fell; but all pluckily remounted, for was there not a chance that the other man would fall, and then they might regain lost ground? Fortunately none of these fallen heroes was hurt, but in the quarter-mile race one of the boys fainted and had to be carried off.

This is an incident that should never occur at an athletic meeting, for it shows that there is something wrong somewhere. The end and aim of athletics is not glory; it is amusement and health, and no one will contend that a boy who falls in a lifeless heap on the ground after a race enjoys doing so, or that his health is benefited thereby. I did not learn the cause of this boy's collapse, but I know that he overtaxed his strength, that he was not prepared to undertake so severe a task. Very likely it was not his fault; he may never have had a similar experience before; but he and all other boys should bear it in mind that they owe it to themselves and to their parents and to their school-fellows to make themselves as "fit" as possible before undertaking a great effort, and not to let vanity or false pride, or even that valuable quality that the French call *esprit de corps*, lead them to overtax their strength, or undertake a task that they feel in their inmost hearts they are not in a condition to carry through. A boy's health is an invaluable possession to himself and his parents, and as for his fellows—well, they do not want to be represented by one who is likely to fail of doing his best at the critical moment because his heart will not work aright or his stomach has "gone back on him."

I will not give the details of the games, but will merely say that the competition resulted in a victory for the Harvard School, with a total of 39 points. Berkeley came next, with 26 points; Cutler's third, with 12 points; Dwight fourth; and Columbia Grammar and the Sachs School fifth. The points were awarded thus: a first place counts 5 points; a second, 3; and a third, 1 point.

THE VALUE OF TIME.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

VICTOR JACQUEMONT, a very highly cultivated Frenchman, wrote as follows: "Being astonished at the prodigious variety and extent of the knowledge possessed by the Germans, I begged one of my friends, Saxon by birth, and one of the foremost geologists in Europe, to tell me how his country-

men managed to know so many things. Here is his answer, nearly in his own words: 'A German (except myself, who am the idlest of men) gets up early, summer and winter, at about five o'clock. He works four hours before breakfast, sometimes smoking all the time, which does not interfere with his application. His breakfast lasts half an hour, and he remains afterwards another half-hour, talking with his wife, and playing with his children. He returns to his work for six hours, smokes an hour after dinner, playing again with his children; and before he goes to bed, he works four hours more. He begins again every day, and never goes out. This is how it comes to pass that Oersted, the greatest natural philosopher in Germany, is at the same time the greatest physician; this is how Kant, the metaphysician, was one of the most learned astronomers in Europe; and how Goethe, who is at present the first and most fertile author in Germany in almost all kinds of literature, is an excellent botanist, mineralogist, and natural philosopher.'

I do not know how long Oersted lived, but Kant died at the age of eighty, and Goethe at eighty-three, so it seems evident that these men did not die of overwork. Yet their system is not one to be commended. A man should never sit down to work four hours before he has eaten anything, especially when it is now an accepted fact that three hours of concentrated mental labor equal in wear and tear on the human system ten hours of physical work. A man should eat a light breakfast before going to work, and it is not necessary to profundity of thought that one should smoke so much.

But M. Jacquemont was quoted only to show the value of a systematic use of time. These tremendous workers were as regular in their performance as a good clock, and that is how they managed to do so much. The principal points in regard to a wise use of time are these: Do not decide to give to any particular work any more time than you can actually give to it; and, secondly, work where you are absolutely free from interruption.

If you fall into the habit of saying to yourself, "To-morrow I shall do four hours' work on this task," and when to-morrow comes, you find that you can give only two hours, you will eventually become careless in the disposal of your time, will waste many precious hours, and fail to accomplish all that you might. If you are interrupted in your work, you must expend in reuniting the broken chain of ideas time and effort that could be put to more profitable use. Any young person who will set aside just the exact time available for any particular task, be it only half an hour on each working day of the year, and will work unceasingly in that time, will be astounded at the results. At the end of the year you will have devoted to that task an amount of labor equal to working twelve hours a day for thirteen days. In twenty-four days Handel wrote *The Messiah*. Dr. Johnson wrote *Rasselas* in the nights of a single week. Schubert sometimes wrote four or five of his immortal songs in a single day. He was born in 1797, and died in 1828, yet he set to music 634 poems by 100 different authors, in addition to writing other musical works.

THE FROST KING.

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

KING FROST is the meanest fellow
In this jolly world of ours,
For he turns the leaves all yellow,
And he puckers up the flowers.

Then the bees have no more honey,
And the birds away they go
In search of a land that's sunny,
For they hate the Frost and Snow.

The Frost King lives in a castle
In a northern country cold,
But I'd find a plan were I a man,
To drive him out of his hold.

Oh, I'd build a big, big bonfire
At every gate and door;
It would be such fun, for he'd have to run,
And then he'd be King no more.

JOHNNY'S COMPOSITIONS.

VI.—THE AURORA BOREALIS.

WE had one of them out back of our house the other night, and papa said it was the first one that ever took place in that neighborhood since I was born. It was a pretty fine show, though I prefer Roman candles, because you can hold them, which you can't aurora borealis, they being rather large in size and too hard to be got at by boys like me, which is a pretty good thing after all, I guess, because it looked as if it was hot enough to burn. Ours was pink, and it had sizes of yellow light poked up through it once in a while, just as if the man that set it off thought people couldn't see it well enough without turning a kalsomine light on it once in a while to show it off better. When I first saw it, I thought a star must have bunched into another star and upset something; but Uncle George said no, it was a fire somewhere, and wondered why on earth we don't hear the fire-bells, which we always do in our town when there's a *configuration* anywhere.

Papa said nonsense, that's the New York City and Northern lights; but I knew it wasn't, because that railroad's on the other side of town, and the aurora borealis wasn't. Cook also had ideas on the subject, and went in the cellar and hid behind the refrigerator, and said O lawk! I think it's the end of the world, and me a sinner; but I didn't think it was, because I'm too young to have the world come to an end, being only nine going on ten, and where do I come in if everything's going to stop now? and I was right. The world went right on through it, and was going yet while I was writing this.

Mr. Bunker, who is our minister, said the spot on the sun had done it, but I don't see how it could, because it was several miles away at the time, and, besides, I don't see how a spot could do anything like that anyhow. The aurora was four times as big as the sun, and the sun was ten times as big as the spot, so how could it? Somebody else said it was an electricity disturbance in the atmosphere, like a thunder-storm or a streak of lightning, but it wasn't, because I kept very quiet while it was going on, and you could have heard a dew drop, which you couldn't if the thunder was thundering, specially up on our place, where it thunders like thunder; and there wasn't any lightning in, I know, because I know lightning by sight pretty well, having seen several of them, and they look like snakes on fire, only they have points where snakes have curves.

I wanted to put on my hat and coat and go over to where it was and see really how they did it, which I don't see why somebody didn't do, because guessing what it is don't seem to prove much. Its coming in the night-time makes it kind of hard to see what it is, because it's a pretty long trip over there, and people are most generally too tired to go off on a borealis hunt after supper; but if it came along just about an hour after breakfast on a holiday, my! wouldn't it be chased all around?

Yours truly, JOHNNY.

A GIRAFFE STORY.

THE giraffe is always spoken of as a very beautiful, graceful, and gentle animal. It has always a general air of falling down stairs backward, but perhaps that is only to people whose eyes have not been trained to appreciate its beauty. The enthusiast remarks: "The most beautiful part of his body is the head; the mouth is small, the eyes brilliant and full.... The legs are very slender, the forelegs having a prominence at the knees because the animal kneels when he lies down." But although the beauty of the giraffe may be left to individual taste, his gentle disposition is universally acknowledged. And, of course, it is better for both man and beast to be amiable rather than beautiful.

At Constantinople, many years ago—about seventy—a giraffe was kept in the menagerie. Its keeper was accustomed to take it to exercise daily in the large open square of the hippodrome, where the Turks used to flock daily in crowds, to cultivate the acquaintance of this strange quadruped. Giraffes were new to the civilized world in those days, and this specimen was a curiosity. Seeing how perfectly inoffensive it was, and how domesticated it became, the keeper next used to take it with him on his walks through the city. Whenever he appeared in the streets with his favorite, friendly hands were stretched out of the projecting lattice-windows, to offer it something to eat. The

streets were generally so narrow that the giraffe's neck reached from side to side, nearly touching the houses as it went. The Turkish women were particularly attentive to it. The giraffe soon learned, whenever it came to a house where it had been well treated, if no one was at the window to tap gently against the wooden lattice to announce its presence. The story does not relate, however, what course it pursued if the people happened to be out. That is so often the trouble with these old stories—they omit what promises to be the most entertaining part. The historian does tell us that the giraffe preferred those streets along which it was the best fed, and if left to select its own route, always chose those. But it was hardly worth while to tell us that. Any boy or girl would have known enough to act in the same way as the giraffe did.

TEA LEAVES.

THE tea-plant is a native of China or Japan, and probably of both. Among the natives of the former country it has been used from time immemorial. It is only in a particular tract of the Chinese Empire that the tea-plant is cultivated, and this tract, which is situated on the eastern side, between the thirtieth and the thirty-third degrees of north latitude, is called by the natives "the tea country." The northern part of China is too cold for the proper growth of the plant, and the southern part is too cold. The tea-plant seems to be particular where it grows, and is not the easiest plant in the world to raise, even under the best conditions.

The Chinese call the plant "teha" or "tha." The latter name seems easiest to pronounce. It is propagated from seeds, which are deposited in rows four or five feet apart, and so uncertain is their vegetation that seven or eight seeds have to be deposited in each hole to insure a proper number of plants. The ground between each row is kept carefully free from weeds, and the plants are not allowed to grow too high, that the leaves may be more conveniently gathered. The first crop of leaves is not collected until the third year; and when the trees are six or seven years old, their produce becomes so inferior that they are removed to make room for new plants.

The flowers of the tea-plant are white, somewhat resembling the wild rose of our hedges; these flowers are succeeded by small green berries. The leaves are gathered from one to four times a year, according to the age of the trees. Most commonly there are three gatherings—the first about the middle of April, the second at midsummer, and the third during August or September. The leaves gathered in the spring are of the most delicate color and finest flavor; those of the second gathering are of a dull green; and those of the third, of a dark green color, and of an inferior quality. The quality is further influenced by the age of the plant, by its degree of exposure, and by the situation and state of the soil in which it grows.

The process of preparing tea leaves for the market, native or foreign, is quite complicated, and where the most care is taken, the best results are obtained. The leaves, as soon as gathered, are put into wide shallow baskets, and exposed to the air and sunshine for some hours. They are then placed on a flat cast-iron pan, over a stove heated with charcoal, are stirred about quickly with a brush, and then swept off the pan into baskets again. A small quantity of leaves—not more than three-fourths of a pound—are used at a time.

The next process is rolling, which is effected by careful rubbing between men's hands. Then they are put in larger quantities again upon the pan, and subjected anew to heat, but this time to a lower degree. Sufficient heat only is used to dry them thoroughly without any risk of scorching. Then the tea is spread out and carefully picked over; every unsightly or imperfectly dried leaf is removed, so that the whole may present an even appearance.

The Chinese do not use their tea until it is about a year old; and it is, of course, yet older when it is finally brought to this country for consumption. The names of various sorts of tea are taken from the provinces where they grow, or from the period of gathering, or the mode of curing the leaves. It is commonly believed that the distinctive color of green tea is imparted to it by the sheets of copper upon which it is dried. But some authorities state that there is no foundation for this belief, since copper is never employed for the purpose.

The people of China drink tea at all their meals, and at all other times as well. They infuse it in the same manner as we do, but do not mix with it either sugar or milk.



BULL-DOG AND BULL-FROG.

OH, the bull-dog on the bank,
And the bull-frog in the pool;
The bull-dog called the bull-frog
A green old water fool.

Chorus.—Singing tra-la-la-la-la-la-la-la, etc.



Oh, the bull-dog stooped to catch him,
And the snapper caught his paw;
The pollywog died a-laughing
To see him wag his jaw.

Chorus.—Singing tra-la-la,
etc.

Oh, the bull-dog in the yard
And the tom-cat on the
roof

Are practising the Highland fling,
And singing *opera bouffe*.

Chorus.—Singing tra-la-la, etc.

Says the bull-dog to the
cat,

"Oh, what do you think
they're at?"

"They're spooning at the dead
of night.

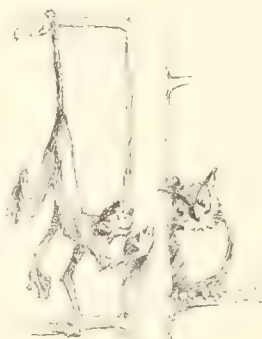
But where's the harm of
that?"

Chorus.—Singing tra-la-la, etc.

Says the monkey to the owl,
"Oh, what will you have to
drink?"

"Since you are so very
kind.

I'll take a *bottle of ink*."



Chorus.—Singing tra-la-la,
etc.

Says the tom-cat to the
dog,

"Oh, set your ears agog,
For Jule's about to *tê-à-tê*

With Romeo *incog*."

Chorus.—Singing tra-la-la,
etc.

Pharaoh's daughter on the
bank,
Little Moses in the
pool;

She fished him out with a telegraph pole,
And sent him off to school.

Chorus.—Singing tra-la-la, etc.



THE STOCKING CRISIS.

HAROLD was one day laboriously dressing himself. He was a small boy, and it was not easy work.

"Harold," called mamma, "don't forget to get out a fresh pair of stockings for yourself!"

"Dear me, mamma," cried poor Harold, aghast, "why, I passed that crisis long ago!"

FAST TIME.

MUSIC TEACHER. "Harry, what does the letter *f* over a bar or a stave in music mean?"

HARRY (*who is as yet a musician on a small scale*) "Forty, ma'am."

TEACHER. "Correct. Now, what does *ff* mean?"

HARRY. "Two-forty."

THE SARCASTIC GIRAFFE.

"I WANT a collar," said the giraffe, going into a collar and cuff store.

"Here is the latest New York style," said the salesma.

"Dear me!" cried the giraffe. "That is too high. How much neck do you suppose I've got?"

AT THE ZOO.

"MY dear," said old Mr. Monkey to his wife, "I wish you'd give the baby some oil or vaseline for his throat."

"Why, my dear Baboon?" queried Mrs. Monkey.

"He squeaks dreadfully every time he opens his mouth."

THOUGHT HE WAS SOMEWHERE ELSE.

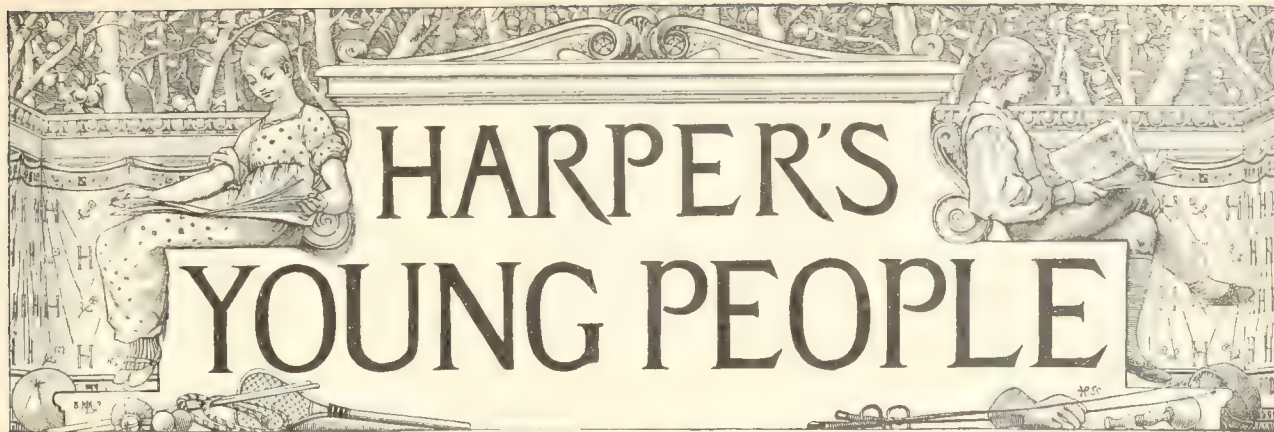
"Now, see here," said the elephant to the mosquito, "if you don't stop singing in my ear, I'll hurt you."

"Dear me! Excuse me," returned the mosquito. "I really didn't mean to; but your ear is so large I thought it was the Mammoth Cave."

LION TALK.

"How will you have your beef to-day?" asked the attendant. "O-O-O W-O-W—O-O-O!" returned the lion so loudly that the windows shook.

And then the attendant knew that he wanted it *roar*.



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CANOEMATES:

A STORY OF THE EVERGLADES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," "CRYSTAL, JACK, & CO.," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF THE CANOES.

"THE canoes are gone!" cried Worth.

"It looks like it," replied Sumner, in an equally dismayed tone.

"Are you sure this is where we left them?"

"Yes; sure. There is the stern line that we made fast to the *Cupid*, or rather what is left of it."

Sure enough, there was a portion of the light line still

fast to the tree, and as Sumner pulled it in, both boys bent over to examine it. It had been broken, and not cut. From its length it must also have been broken close to the canoe.

"Oh, Sumner, what shall we do?" asked Worth, in a tone of such despair that the former at once realized the necessity of some immediate action to divert his comrade's thoughts.

"Do?" he cried. "There's plenty to do. First, we'll go down to that point and take a look to seaward; for, as the tide is running out, they are more likely to have gone in that direction than any other. It would be a comfort



even to catch a glimpse of them. Then, perhaps, they have only drifted away, and are stranded on some bar near by. Besides looking for the canoes, we must build some kind of a shelter for the night, cook supper, and discuss our plans for the future. Oh yes, we've plenty to do."

While he spoke, the boys had been making their way to the point in question, and when they reached it, they eagerly scanned every foot of water in sight. Diagonally to the right from where they stood stretched the long reach of Lower Metacumba, desolate and uninhabited as they knew. Almost directly in front, but several miles away, rose the palm-crowned rocks of Indian Key, with its two or three old shed-like buildings in plain view. These had been used and abandoned years before by the builders of Alligator Light, the slender tower of which they could see rising from the distant waters above the outer reef. Diagonally on the left was the tiny green form of Tea Table Key, and dimly beyond it they could make out the coast of Upper Metacumba, which Sumner said was inhabited. In all this far-reaching view, however, there were no signs of the missing canoes.

"I'm glad of it!" said Sumner, after his long searching gaze had failed to reveal them. "It would be rough to have them in sight but out of reach."

Already the sun was sinking behind the tree-tops of Lower Metacumba, fish were leaping in the placid waters, and a few pelican were soaring with steady poise above their heads. Every now and then these would swoop swiftly down, with a heavy splash that generally sealed the fate of some mullet off which the great birds were making their evening meal. A flock of black cormorants, uttering harsh cries, flew overhead with a rushing sound, returning from a day's fishing to their roosts in the distant everglades. With these exceptions, and the faint boom of the surf on the outer reef, all was silence and desertion. Besides the light-house tower there was no sign of human life, not even the distant glimmer of a sail. While the boys still looked longingly for some trace of their canoes, the sun set, and a red flash, followed at short intervals by two white ones, shot out from the vanishing form of Alligator Light.

"Come!" cried Sumner, heedful of this warning. "Night is almost here, and we have too much to do in every precious minute of twilight to be standing idle. I'll take the bucket and run to the pond for water, while you cut all the palmetto leaves you possibly can, and carry them to the place where we landed."

"The bucket?" repeated Worth, looking about him inquiringly. "Where are you going to find it?"

Without answering, Sumner sprang down the rocks to the water's edge, where he had noticed a stranded bamboo, and quickly cut out a short section of it with the hatchet that he had thrust into his belt before leaving the canoes. As he made the cuts just below two of the joints, his section was a hollow cylinder, open at one end, but having a tight bottom and capable of holding several quarts of water. With this he plunged into the forest in the direction of the pond, handing Worth the hatchet as he passed, and bidding him be spry with his palmetto leaves.

A few minutes later, as Sumner emerged from the trees, carrying his full water-bucket, and breathless with his haste, he indistinctly saw the form of some animal at the very place where they had left their guns and birds. As the boy dashed forward, uttering a loud cry, the alarmed animal scuttled off into the bushes.

"Oh, you villain!" gasped Sumner as he reached the place, "I'll settle with you to-morrow, see if I don't."

Four of the doves had disappeared, and the head was torn from one of the ducks.

"What is it?" cried Worth, in alarm, as he entered the clearing from the opposite side, staggering beneath an immense load of cabbage-palm leaves.

"A rascally thieving 'coon," answered Sumner, "and he has got away with the best part of our provisions too; but I'll get even with him yet. Now give me the hatchet, and then pick up all the drift-wood you can find, while I build a house."

Worth would gladly have helped erect the house, as Sumner called it, for he was very curious as to what sort of a structure could be built of leaves, but he realized the necessity of doing as he was bidden, and at once set to work gathering wood. Sumner, after carefully propping his water-bucket between two rocks, so as to insure the safety of its contents, began cutting a number of slender saplings, and turning them into poles. The stoutest of these he bound with withes to two trees that stood about six feet apart. He fastened it to their trunks as high as he could reach. Then he bound one end of the longer poles to it, allowing them to slant to the ground behind. Cross-wise of these, and about a foot apart, he tied a number of still more slender poles, and over these laid the broad leaves. He would have tied these securely in place if he had had time. As he had not, for it was quite dark before he finished even this rude shelter, he was forced to leave them so, and hope that a wind would not arise during the night. For himself alone he would not have built any shelter, but would have found a comfortable resting-place under a tree. Knowing, however, that Worth had never in his life slept without a roof of some kind above him, he thought it best to provide one, and thereby relieve their situation of a portion of the terror with which the city-bred boy was inclined to regard it.

It was curious and interesting to note how a sense of responsibility and the care of one younger and much more helpless than himself was developing Sumner's character. Already the selfishness to which he was inclined had very nearly disappeared, while almost every thought was for the comfort and happiness of his companion. Worth, accustomed to being cared for and having every wish gratified, hardly appreciated this as yet; but the emergencies of their situation were teaching him valuable lessons of prompt obedience and self-reliance that he could have gained in no other way.

As Sumner finished his rude lean-to, and placed the guns within its shelter for protection from the heavy night dews, Worth came up from the beach with his last load of drift-wood. It was now completely dark, and the notes of chuck-wills-widows were mingling with the "who, who, who, ah-h!" of a great hoot owl in the forest behind them.

"Now for a fire and some supper," cried Sumner, cheerily. "You've got some matches, haven't you?"

"I don't believe I have," replied Worth, anxiously feeling in his pockets. "I thought you must have some."

"No, I haven't a sign of one!" exclaimed Sumner, and an accent of hopelessness was for the first time allowed to enter his voice. "They are all aboard the canoes, and without a fire we are in a pretty pickle sure enough. I wonder how hungry we'll get before we make up our minds to eat raw duck? This is worse than losing the canoes. I declare I don't know what to do."

"Couldn't we somehow make a fire with a gun? Seems to me I have read of something of that kind," suggested Worth.

"Of course we can," shouted Sumner, springing to his feet. "What a gump I was not to think of it! If we collect a lot of dry stuff and shoot into it, there is bound to be a spark or two that we can capture and coax into a flame."

So, with infinite pains, they felt around in the dark until they had collected a considerable pile of dry leaves, sticks, and other rubbish that they imagined would easily take fire. Then, throwing a loaded shell into a barrel of his gun, and placing the muzzle close to the collected kindlings, Sumner pulled the trigger. There was a blind-

ing flash, a loud report that rolled far and wide through the heavy night air, and the heap of rubbish was blown into space. Not a leaf remained to show where it had been, and not the faintest spark relieved the darkness that instantly shut in more dense than ever.

"One cartridge spent in buying experience," remarked Sumner, as soon as he discovered the attempt to be a failure. "Now we'll try another. If you will kindly collect another pile of kindling, I'll prepare some fireworks on a different plan."

Thus saying, he spread his handkerchief on the ground, cut off the crimping of another shell with his pocket knife, carefully extracted the shot and half the powder, and confined the remainder in the bottom of the shell with one of the wads. Then he moistened the powder that he had taken out, and rubbed it thoroughly into the handkerchief, which he placed in the second pile of sticks and leaves that Worth had by this time gathered. A shot taken at this with the lightly charged blank-cartridge produced the desired effect. Five minutes later the cheerful blaze of a crackling fire illumined the scene, and banished a cloud of anxiety from the minds of the young castaways.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE ON THE LONELY ISLAND.

THE influence of a brisk wood fire on a dark night is remarkable. Not only does it give freely of its heat and light, but gloom and despair are banished by its ruddy glow, while cheerfulness and hope spring forward as if by magic to occupy their vacant places. At least this was the effect of the cheery blaze our canoe-mates had at length succeeded in coaxing into life, and though it had cost them two of their half-dozen cartridges, they felt that these had been well expended. Their prospects had looked dismal enough when they had been compelled to contemplate an existence without a fire; but with it to aid them, they felt equal to almost any emergency, and they turned to the preparing of their ducks for supper with renewed energy. Surely fire is well worthy of being classed with air and water as one of the things most necessary to human life and happiness.

Now that they had time to think of it, the boys were very hungry, for since an early breakfast they had eaten but a light lunch of crackers and jam. So they barely waited to assure themselves that their fire was going to burn before the feathers from their ducks were flying in all directions. When the birds were plucked and cleaned, two sharpened sticks were thrust through their bodies. These were rested on one rock, with another above them to hold them in place, so that the ducks were lifted but a few inches above a great bed of glowing coals. Then the hungry lads sat down to watch them, and never, to their impatient belief, had two fowls taken so long to roast before. They began testing their condition by sticking the points of their knives into them long before there was a chance of their being done. At length Sumner declared that he was going to eat his even if it were still raw, and the half-cooked ducks were placed on two broad palm leaves that served at once as tables and plates.

"My! Isn't this fellow tough?" exclaimed Worth, as he struggled with his share of the feast. "Sole-leather and rubber are nothing to it."

"Yes," replied Sumner. "Ten-ounce army duck would be easier eating than this fellow. I wish we could have stewed them with rice, a few bits of pork, a slice or two of onion, and a seasoning of pepper and salt. How do you think that would go?"

"Please don't mention such things," said Worth, working at a drumstick with teeth and both hands.

"Ducks ought always to be parboiled before roasting," remarked Sumner, wisely.

"I believe this fellow would be like eggs," replied

Worth; "the more you boiled him, the harder he would get."

However, hunger and young teeth can accomplish wonders, so it was not very long before two little heaps of cleanly picked bones marked all that was left of the ducks, and though they could easily have eaten more, the boys wisely decided to reserve the doves for breakfast.



"SOME ONE WAS TRYING TO PULL MY GUN AWAY."

Although the darkness rendered it a difficult task, Sumner managed to cut a few armfuls more of palmetto leaves. These, shredded from their heavy stalks and spread thickly over the floor of the lean-to, made a couch decidedly more comfortable than a bed on the bare ground would have been.

They could do nothing more that night, and lying there in the fire-light, they had the first opportunity since discovering the loss of their canoes to thoroughly discuss the situation.

"What would our mothers say if they could see us now and know the fix we are in?" queried Worth, after a meditative silence.

"I'm awfully glad they can't know anything about it," replied Sumner.

"But I wish some one could know, so that they could send a boat for us. I am sure that we don't want to stay on this island for the rest of our lives."

"Of course not, and I don't propose to, even if no boat comes here."

"What do you propose to do?" inquired Worth, leaning on his elbow, and gazing at his companion with eager interest.

"Well, in the first place, I propose to explore this key thoroughly to-morrow, and see if any traces of the canoes are to be found, as well as what it will afford in the way of food and lumber. Then, if we don't find the canoes and no boat comes along, I propose to build some kind of a raft, on which we can float over to Indian Key. While boats rarely pass this way, some are certain to pass within a short distance of it almost every day. So from there we would have little difficulty in getting taken off."

"Well," said Worth, regarding his companion admiringly, "I'm sure I couldn't build a raft with only a hatchet, and I'm awfully glad that I'm not here all alone. What can possibly have become of our canoes anyway?"

"I'm sure I can't imagine," replied Sumner, "unless some one stole them, and I don't know of any one on the reef mean enough to do that. Besides, we haven't seen a sail all day, nor a sign of a human being. They couldn't have gone adrift either; at least I don't see how they could. So, on the whole, it's a conundrum that I give up. You'd better believe that I feel badly enough though over losing *Psyche*. That worries me a great deal more than how we are going to get away from here, for I never expect to own another such beauty as she is. But there's no use crying over what can't be helped, so let's go to sleep, and prepare for a fresh start to-morrow. Whenever you wake during the night, you want to get up and throw a fresh stick on the fire, and I will do the same, for we can't afford to let it go out."

"All right," said Worth. "But, Sumner, there aren't any wild beasts or snakes on this key, are there?"

"I don't believe there are any snakes," was the reply; "while there certainly aren't any animals larger than 'coons, and they won't hurt any one. No, indeed, there is nothing to be afraid of here, and you may be as free from anxiety on that score as though you were in your own room in New York city. More so," he added, with a laugh; "for there you might have burglars, while here there is no chance of them. I only wish there was, for burglars in this part of the country would have to come in boats, and we might persuade them to take us off the key. Now go to sleep, old man, and pleasant dreams to you."

"Good-night," answered Worth, and closing his eyes he made a resolute effort to go to sleep. Somehow he found it harder to do so now than it had been on his first night of camping out. The loss of the canoes seemed to have removed an element of safety on which he had depended, and to have suddenly placed him at an infinite distance beyond civilization, with all its protections. It was so awful to be imprisoned on this lonely isle, in those far-away Southern seas. He wondered what his father and mother and Uncle Tracy were doing, and if there was a dance at the Ponce de Leon that night, and what his school-fellows in New York would say if they knew of his situation. He wondered and thought of these and a thousand other things, until finally he too fell asleep, and the silence of the lonely little camp was unbroken, save by the voice of the great hoot owl, who called at regular intervals. "Who, who, who, who, ah!"

It still wanted an hour or so of moonrise when the waning fire-light half disclosed a human figure that emerged from the woods behind the lean-to, and stealthily crouched in the black shadow beside it. For some moments it remained motionless, listening to the regular breathing of the boys. Then it moved noiselessly forward on hands and knees.

Suddenly Worth awoke, and sprang into a sitting posture. At the same time he uttered a startled cry, at the sound of which the creeping figure drew quickly back, and disappeared behind the trunk of a tree.

"What is it?" asked Sumner, who, awakened by Worth's cry, was also sitting up.

"I don't know," answered the boy, "but I am almost certain that some one was trying to pull my gun away."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW BIRDS ARE TRAINED.

BY BENJAMIN NORTROP.

THERE never was a bird that could not have been trained, provided that the right amount of patience and skill had been used."

This is what Thomas Moody said to me the other day, and Mr. Moody probably knows more about the taming and training of birds and small animals than any other man in America, if not in the world. Since he was a



RUFFING.

small boy in London he has done nothing but exercise his wonderful gifts, and they are gifts indeed. I can tell you how Mr. Moody trains his birds, and the artist can show you how it is done, but unless you have the rare gifts of gentleness and patience, you never can be a bird-trainer, even if you have the tricks as well learned as your algebra lessons on examination day.

Before I tell you how Mr. Moody trains his birds, let me tell you how he began his strange career. He lived near the Seven Dials, and that is not a rich quarter of the big city of London, as many of you may know. He was a peddler upon the streets, and his line of goods consisted of birds, rats, squirrels, and creatures of that sort. He and the other boys, who were as sharp and shrewd as he was, visited the markets which were near the places where sailor-men lodged. There they bought from men who had come home from foreign lands birds and other small pets. Sometimes they found an entire cargo of birds and rats and squirrels. Their prices were low, and their profits large.

But how were these profits made? That is easily ex-



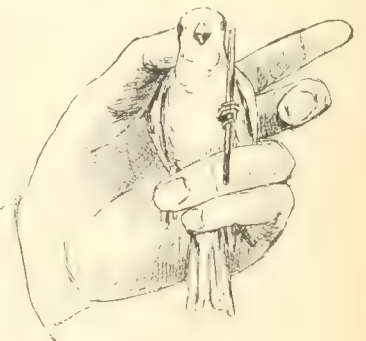
"NOW, SIR, YOU ARE DEAD."

plained. The birds were bought early in the morning, and they were sold two hours afterward as trained and accomplished performers. The training-school was a coffee-house which these enterprising youngsters patronized. There they broke these birds, as Rarey, the great horse-trainer, was in the habit of breaking unruly horses. All that was needed was patience and a certain kind of skill. Within half an hour after the green birds were bought fresh from their wooden cages, they were hopping about from finger to finger as tame and as well trained as most birds that you can see in public exhibitions.

Now I could not have credited all this any more than you would have done, if I had not seen Mr. Moody tame and train a wild bird in less than five minutes. It was a goldfinch, and it had just come from Germany in a little wooden cage that was tied to a lot of other cages.

"I can tell you about training birds," said Mr. Moody, "but I can show you better."

He was right; bird-training must be seen to be thoroughly understood, and the artist's sketches must be carefully studied before you attempt to put Mr. Moody's advice into practice. The first thing to master in bird-training is the art of picking up a bird. This is really an art. You put one



"SHOULDER ARMS!"



THE BLONDIN ACT.

it is regarded by trainers as the best and quickest way known of taking the fear out of a bird. Mr. Moody ruffed the goldfinch for less than a minute, then he let it go. Away it flew chirping, and showing every sign of delight at its release. An instant later it was recaptured. Then it was let go again and again. At the end of the third or fourth flight the finch showed no disposition to escape.

"It sees that it can fly, and it sees that I always catch it again, so it doesn't care about it. That's the way with birds. Always let them fly at first. They won't get tame until they see that flying does them no good. After that lesson is learned, clip the long feathers of one wing. Then they can't fly over a foot or two at the furthest. But try them first in a room before doing that. Do just as I have done."

Mr. Moody made his fingers into perches, and the finch hopped from one to the other contentedly, and ate with relish a hemp-seed which he held in his hand.

"Now, sir, you are dead."

So it looked. The trainer had laid the bird down on its back on the floor, smoothing down its wings and straightening out its yellow legs. For a full half-minute the bird was motionless.

"Now, sir," continued Mr. Moody, slapping the carpet with his hand, "here comes the policeman; save yourself!"

The finch instantly took refuge in flight.

That seems to be a difficult trick, but it is not. Any one can do it, because when a bird that is fairly tame is laid upon its back, it is hard for it to get up and fly unless it is frightened.

After this Mr. Moody took the bird up in his left hand, with its breast outward. Then, putting a straw in one of its claws, he gave the command, "Shoulder arms!" The finch held the straw firmly within its claw, and it was as much like a military manoeuvre as could be imagined. The next trick was also done with the straw. The bird's neck was bent backward over it, and while in that position it hung suspended as though held by a thread.

"That is the 'Blondin act,'" said the trainer, "and it's just as easy as the other." Now I have had this bird out of its cage just five minutes, and you see that it is not only tamed, but trained. But don't give me credit for any extraordinary genius in that line. Any one could do what I did just as well as I did, provided he knew how. To be honest with you, the bird could not help doing what it did after the fear had been ruffed out of it. Without removing this fear, the finch would have fluttered all the time, and have been too nervous to do anything."

These are the simple tricks which any boy or girl with gentleness and patience can do. There are many other tricks that are equally easy, but require some apparatus to make effective. One of these is the carriage trick. Make a two-wheeled carriage, like a dog-cart, and have two shafts to it. At the end of the shafts place a ring just large enough to fit easily over the bird's head. Put the bird—which must necessarily first have been tamed and taught to do the simple tricks—into this harness, and make

it pull the vehicle. This is easily taught. The bird should be touched about its wings and tail—"bothered," as the trainers have it—and it will start off at a lively gait. Then it should be rewarded by some sugar or hemp-seed when the trick is successfully performed.

A bird can be dressed in a coat and hat so that it cannot fly. This is very easily done, and the bird is wholly submissive. It can be nothing else. Birds attired as drivers and lackeys are often put into the wagon, and are hauled around the table by the bird which acts as horse.

"I have seen some canaries that talked," said Mr. Moody, "and I know how to train them, but I cannot tell you a sure rule. Out of 1000 canary-birds, possibly one may be taught to talk; your time would be wasted with the other 999. When a bird which has the vocal gift is found, it should be trained precisely as a parrot is taught. The lesson should be repeated a thousand times, if necessary, until it is thoroughly mastered. Canary-birds can say almost anything that parrots can, only not quite so distinctly."

A very pretty trick is done with pigeons. "In London I have seen boys and men with a flock of doves circling around their heads in the street," said the trainer. "No matter how far away they flew, they always came back and perched on his arms, head, and shoulders. This is one of the easiest tricks in the world, but very few persons who do not train birds for the stage know anything about it. This is the way it is done: In a small room, with a low ceiling and absolutely unfurnished, the trainer stands with, I will say, three birds in his hands. He has a small stick like a musician's baton. He lets the birds go, and away they fly. Presently they become tired, and settle down on the floor or window-sill to rest.

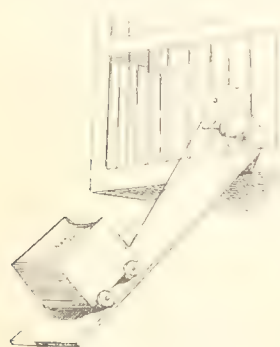


TRAINING PIGEONS TO ALIGHT ON THE PERSON.

At once the trainer stirs them up. This goes on until the pigeons are perfectly exhausted, and seek perches upon the trainer's person. Then they are unmolested, and are petted and fed. This is repeated so frequently

that at length the birds learn that the trainer's head or arms are their only safe resting place. When this is fully realized, the trick is learned. After three birds have been taught, others are added to the class, the older pigeons aiding the new-comers in their work. I have seen flocks of twenty-five in London perfectly under control even in the most crowded thoroughfares."

This is the way parrots, paroquets, cockatoos, and other hook-billed birds are trained. They are generally wild and savage when they are taken out of their cages for the first time. They bite, and they bite hard. They must be taken from the cages with caution. The young trainer should wear heavy leather gloves or mittens.



HAULING UP HIS DINNER.

Loose them in the same kind of a room as that in which you trained the pigeons. Use your stick to keep them constantly on the wing until they voluntarily alight upon you. Then smooth down their feathers kindly, patiently, and gently, and at length they are tamed. Sometimes a cockatoo can be tamed in less than an hour's time so that it will quietly perch on your finger and eat seed from your hand, but you should not despair if you found that

it required three or four days to reduce the captive to subjection.

Here is a pretty trick that any goldfinch and most canaries, bullfinches, starlings, and siskins can easily learn, and that, too, without any cruelty or coercion. It requires some apparatus, however. To the front of the cage attach a seed-box with a door that slides up and down. All you have to do is to keep all the seed in this box, and very soon you will see your bird go to this door, raise it with his bill, and make his meal. After this is learned, arrange a railroad track leading up to the door of the cage from the table upon which the cage stands. Then construct a small wagon which can run up and down this track, and which carries seed as a cargo. To the front of this cart attach a cord or string, and put one end of it in the cage. At first let the cart be only an inch away from the bird. It will soon learn to catch hold of the cord with its bill, and pull the vehicle up the track to within feeding-distance. Soon the distance can be increased, until at length the bird will pull up the cart the entire way, holding the cord with its claw until it gets a fresh hold upon it with its bill.

In the same manner is the bird taught to pull up a small bucket filled with water.

Birds are taught to tell fortunes by cards; that is to say, to pick at random a card from a pack, by having partly concealed between the layers of the card a hemp-seed, until, at length, the pupil becomes so accustomed to the tidbit that it picks up any card that is placed before it.

The hardest of all birds to train is the canary, particularly canaries that are born in captivity. The easiest birds of all are wild birds. The starling, goldfinch, chaffinch, bullfinch, magpie, jackdaw, minn, siskin, cardinal, and love-bird are the easiest of all birds to tame and to train.

"All that is needed to make any boy his own bird-trainer," said Mr. Moody, "is patience and gentleness and common-sense enough to use these gifts properly. The awkward and clumsy boy can never train a bird, but clumsiness may be remedied by practice, and in bird-training, as in other branches of life, practice makes perfect."

THE LITTLE MUSIC SCHOLAR.

BY ELAHEL SCOTT MINES.

I KNOW a little maiden who is learning how to play;
She seems to be in earnest, for she's at it most all day.
She tortures the piano, and calls forth most piercing wails;
And when I ask the reason, says she's practising the scales.

I like to hear good playing, though I cannot tell a flat
From E sharp in the Debao, or whatever's called like that;
But I wish when scales are practised pianos were made dumb,
I grow so tired of hearing that eternal tum-te-tum.

Now when this little maiden at the first began to play,
'Twas teedle-teedle that employed her all the day.
I really felt quite happy when the fateful day had come,
And she was then promoted to this awful tum-te-tum.

I was tired of teedle-teedle, and thankful for the change;
It showed this young musician was not limited in range.
But oh! my hopes were empty; it was three long months ago,
And tum-te-tum, te-tum, te-tum is all she seems to know.

I don't know what's to follow, but I know I should be glad
At any change whatever, for it can't be half as bad.
I've come to this conclusion—you may know my awful grief—
I'd welcome teedle-teedle as a merciful relief.

With an earnestness unworthy I hear this maiden drum
Just underneath my study at this fearful tum-te-tum.
I'll have a celebration when the glad day comes, and she
Is thought to be proficient to essay a deedle-dee.

WISDOM AND SENSE.

THERE were once four men residing in a certain village. Three of them were very wise men, learned in all the sciences, with profound knowledge of all hidden truth. They had deeply studied the "black-art," and were able to do stranger things than ordinary men could or dared dream of. Only one thing they lacked—common-sense. However, since they had so much of all other kinds, that seemed a small matter. The fourth man was not at all learned, but he was a sensible fellow, and the three wise men good-naturedly allowed him to be much in their society.

"It may benefit him," they said.

Now these three men were very poor, and at one of their meetings they determined to start for some country where learning was a more profitable business, and where they would be likely to be appreciated and enriched by some wise monarch.

So they all set off, but before they had gone far one of them exclaimed: "I never thought before that our friend here is illiterate. To be sure, he is a man of sense, but no King will be foolish enough to reward him for that. Perhaps he had better return home."

But the others said, good-naturedly: "We have always been companions. Let him come along. We shall grow so wealthy that we can easily spare him some of our great gains."

Presently, as they passed through the forest, they came upon the bones of a dead lion.

"Ah!" cried one, "I know perfectly the methods by which lions can be reanimated. Let us try the experiment. Let us employ science to restore life to these bones."

So the wise men agreed to try. One undertook to put the bones together; the second was to supply skin, flesh, and blood; and the third, life.

But here the common-sense man interposed. "Consider," he said; "if you give life to the lion, the consequence will be that he will devour us all."

"Away, foolish fellow!" replied the sage. "I am not here to project things in vain."

"Well, since you will do it," said the sensible man, "just wait one instant until I get up into this tree."

So the sensible man climbed a tree, and the three sages proceeded to form a substantial living lion. Sad to relate, no sooner had the lion come to life than he sprang upon the three wise men and

devoured them. It was a base return, but probably the three wise men took some satisfaction in reflecting that the lion lacked nothing they had not supplied.

As for the man who possessed only common-sense, he waited until the lion had fully finished his dinner, and then he came down, and travelled home again as fast as he could. Perhaps he reflected that the wit that was sufficient to save his life would certainly help him to preserve it at home. E. L. C.

"ONE LIFE."

A TRUE STORY OF SPANISH AMERICA.

BEFORE Colonel B— came to Beekcliffe we were told that he was capital at "true" story-telling, and why not? The hero of three wars—a man who had seen all kinds of dangerous service both on this part of the continent and in Spanish America—a pity if his experiences could not furnish us one or two genuine tales of adventure. So the first evening we got the tall, fine-looking old gentleman for an hour to ourselves at the library fireside we clamored for a story. He looked at mother with a smile.

"Queer, Lonah," he said. "Something that passed at the tea table brought to my mind the oddest adventure of my life, and I declare I hadn't thought of it for an age." Presently, after his familiar fashion, he laid his silk handkerchief out on his knees and began:

"All this Chili business, I suppose, brings it back the clearer. Well, I was a youngster at the time, at least about twenty two or three, and I tell you, boys, I was very proud of my first diplomatic appointment. It wasn't to a very big place, you may be sure, but I felt as though the cares of a nation rested on me. I needn't name the South American station to which I was sent; but, as your novelists remark, 'suffice it to say' that it presented every element, good and bad, to be found in South American stations of the kind. There was the luxury of the Spanish grandee on one side, and the savage, untamed life of the half-breed on the other. There was all the wealth and richness of tropical verdure and vegetation, forests filled with birds of rarest plumage and scorpions of deadliest venom; and the main town, where I was stationed, showed as many contrasts as a kaleidoscope. There was a great square where the band played, and ladies in lace mantillas and fine dresses and with roses in their hair came out of an evening to walk or drive about, chat with their friends, eat ices, and drink sherbet and lemonade; and there was a gay little theatre, and a public ballroom, and a club-house or two, and oh! the dear knows what all to make a boy like me, when he was made much of in the small circle of society, think everything very pleasant and fine and comfortable. Well, I had been finding my duties rather easy and my amusements very many, when suddenly all this calm came to an end.

"Our government and the South American one had a little trouble, and despatches and papers and all sorts of bothering things poured in upon me. One of our vessels was in some predicament, and, as Consul, I had to stir about, I can tell you, and try and think of a great deal more than I ever learned at school. However, my uncle, who had grown gray in diplomatic service, had taught and posted me pretty fairly, and I made no serious blunders. The great difficulty lay in the fact that the half-breeds, most of whom lived about the hill-sides, were ripe for one of those 'revolutions,' which, terrible as the word is in all it can imply, are common occurrences throughout that region; and the man who was inciting them—as privately as he could, of course—to an outbreak at a time when the government most needed peace was a fellow I never like now even to dream about. He had Castilian blood in his veins, but it was mixed with the worst of

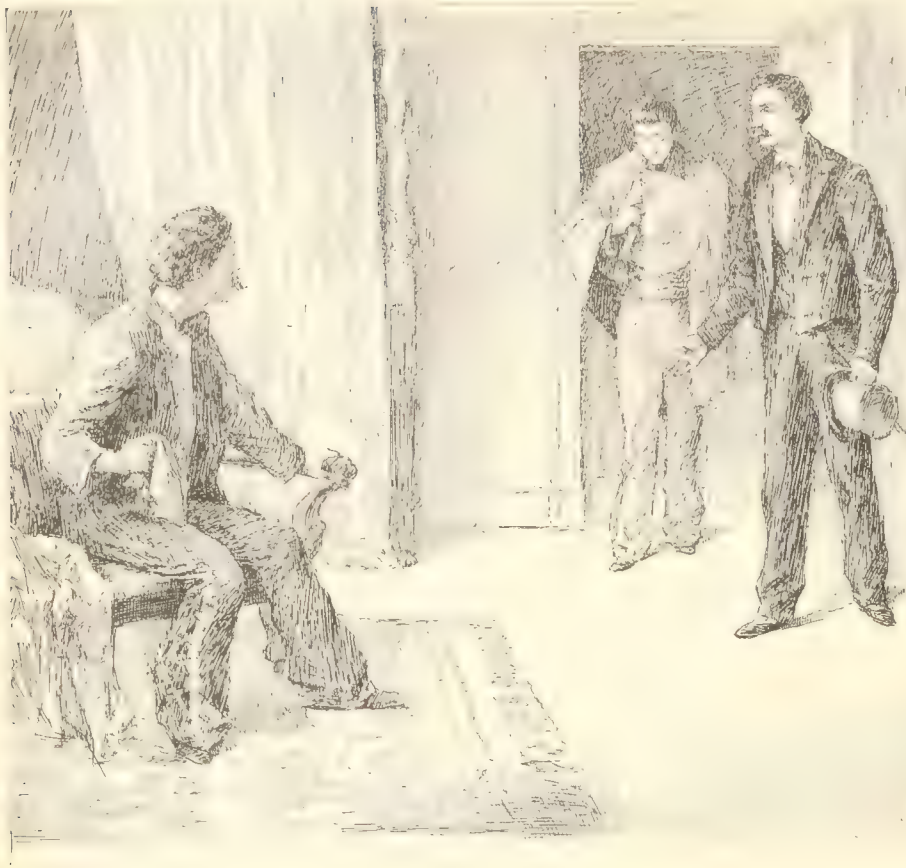
the Indian blood of that country; and the very fact that he was well educated enough to hold his own among the Spanish and American officers, and knew society sufficiently to act like a gentleman when he chose, made it harder to deal with him. Besides this, brute that he was known to be, cruel, vindictive, and grasping by nature, he had wonderful power over the half-breeds and a number of the regular soldiery.

"I can never tell you how it was; I don't believe any one knew; but one hot, still night, without warning, the uprising came. Salmendos had planned it well, since before the morning the 'revolution' was in progress, and going on so swiftly that the next sundown saw one party out and another in, with Salmendos 'President.' This has only so much to do with my story that it explains why I was compelled for diplomatic reasons to deal with a man I despised and shrank from, and who, as soon as he was in power, set himself up with all the insolence of state, and ordered things right and left, like a Turkish Sultan. Into prison went many a poor fellow guilty only of doing his duty, and out of many a home were friendless women and children turned. Meanwhile I conducted my negotiations in a way which, curiously enough, so struck his fancy that all trouble blew over, and I remember crossing the market-place one day, after a tiresome three hours at my office, wondering whether I wasn't fit to be Minister to Peru! You see, I hadn't sense enough to know I had just happened by good luck to do the right thing for all concerned. The market-place, I thought, looked very dull. Indeed, the whole aspect of the town seemed peculiarly gloomy. When I reached my own quarters, my Spanish servant met me with a face that showed something was unusually wrong.

"Well, Pedro," I inquired, "what's the matter?"

"Hadn't I heard? Oh, it was terrible! Three hundred men to be shot down next day in the square in front of the President's dwelling! And for what? Disobedience to some of his mean, capricious, and unjust demands; and poor excited Pedro went on to tell of his friends who were among the poor doomed men. I went about that night among such of the officials as I could see without infringing on the etiquette between us, trying to influence them to do what they could for the poor wretches facing so ignoble and undeserved a death. Useless some feared, others were courting Salmendos, and I had learned enough of him to be well aware that they feared for their own lives.

"Well, I shall never forget that night or morning. Of course I didn't close an eye. I had laid a plan, and by daylight I was up, dressed as well as I knew how, and off to the great square. Already preparations were being made for the executions; but I hurried past, and presenting myself at the court-yard entrance, almost demanded to see Salmendos. Ten minutes later I was ushered, with a kind of savage pomp, into his sleeping-room. He lay on a couch, smoking. I can see him now—the mean, cruel, swarthy face, the powerful figure, the look of insolent triumph and power which had taken away all that sort of veneer we had thought a touch of the gentleman in him. We entered into conversation, such as it was. You see, being in the United States consular service, I had to weigh my words. While we were talking came the sound of tramping feet and muffled drums, and on the wall of Salmendos's gorgeous room flashed the light from the bayonets of his men. I walked over to the window in silence. I shall never forget that sight. There they had formed the three hundred men to be shot down like murderers, not knowing what they had done, and before them in lines were the military commanded to do this dastardly deed. Among the poor doomed creatures I recognized several faces, at least so far as knowing them to have been men I had seen in the town, evidently peaceable and orderly, with families, in trade perhaps; at all



"I USHERED IN MY 'FREE' PRISONER."

events they were not expecting such a wretched end. I heard Salmendos's step near me, and saw him at my side.

"'You have talked very well,' he said, with his sneering smile. 'But I can't do as you ask. These dogs must feel my power. However'—he was evidently trying to impress me with his authority—'in return for your good deeds, I will grant *one* favor, señor.' He touched a bell, and when the official attendant answered, said, still in a grand manner, 'Tell the officer not to give the signal to fire until I hang this flag from the window.' The man withdrew, and Salmendos continued: 'You may go out and pick a man from those ranks, and I will spare his life. I will watch, and you must bring him here to me, or let him stand under the window. I want to see, señor, what your choice on such an occasion will be.'

"He laughed again. I knew he was trying to impress me, and I knew also that he liked to be theatrical, yet I could almost have choked the laugh out of him. I strode away as hurriedly as I could. Only one life, but what might it not mean? Hope, health, happiness, joy to a whole family! I scanned the ranks of pale haggard men with a feeling such as I never could describe as their eyes turned on me—pitiful, yearning, wild. Oh, you can't imagine how I felt to think I could only save *one* among them all! What guided my choice I never knew. I can't say now. There was a young man, third or fourth in the sixth row of men, and his face—thin, pale, and quiet—was bent down, and he only made a slight movement as I passed. I hesitated just a moment. Then I laid my hand on his thin shoulder. 'Come with me,' I said. 'Salmendos wishes you.'

"He started; the blood flew into his face. What he feared or thought or hoped, I cannot say, but he moved out of that sorrowful company, looked at the official Salmendos had sent with me in a dazed way, then at me, and

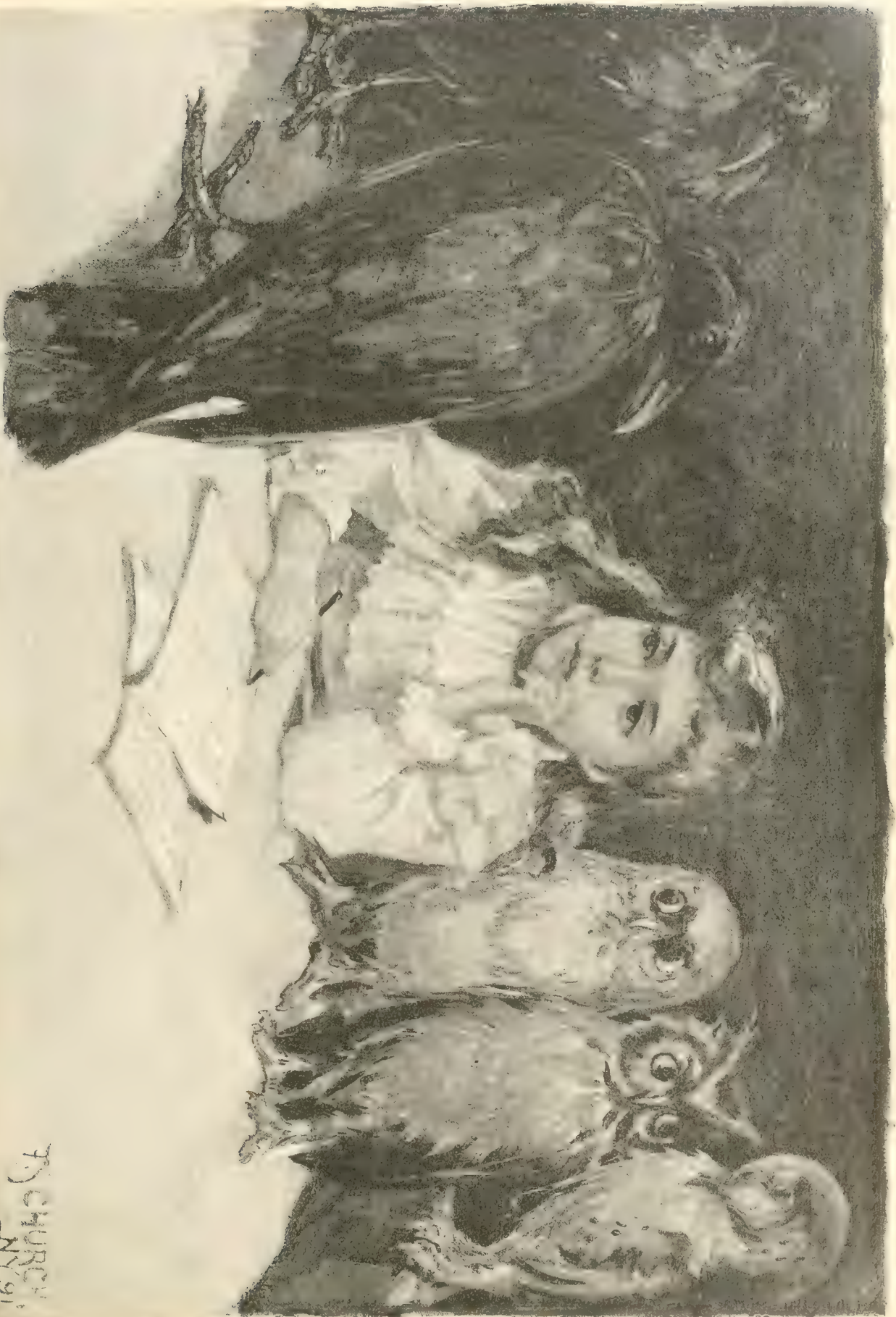
then blindly followed us. Whether Salmendos had during the past week been over-exciting himself with his revolutionary measures or was really ill, we did not know; but the fact remains that when I ushered my 'free' prisoner into his presence, he only looked at him in a stupid way, and presently was off in a sort of fit. The flag he was to have waved as a signal was clutched tightly in his hand, and I considered it no breach of trust to remove it and put it carefully away, even before the doctor came. For two hours the man's life hung by a thread, and outside all that time stood the men awaiting death."

The dear old Colonel paused and rumbled his silk handkerchief up again. "There's no use in prolonging the agony," he said at last. "Salmendos died before sundown, and when it was learned that the man I had selected was the son of his former 'chief'—the one being he had ever really cared for—every one concluded that the shock killed

him. He had had no idea that this lad was in those doleful ranks. It was this boy's father who had given him all the care and kindness ever shown him in a wretched boyhood, and had his order been carried out, you can imagine what even such a ruffian would have felt. In that part of the country changes come quickly. Before—Oh, well, I must tell you the yellow fever had been on me, and I was taken to my quarters in a state of collapse before Salmendos died. The first thing I remember is two days later coming back to life, and seeing Pedro and a familiar-looking stranger bending over me. Pedro's grin was expressive. I was better, but not well for weeks. But during that time I got to understand it all—to know my careful, gentle nurse was José Mendoza, whom I fortunately had saved, and also that not a man of that three hundred had been shot. You see, Salmendos never hung out that flag, and—well, before I was sitting up there was a new President. You have to live among people like that to take it all in, though," concluded the Colonel. "José turned out uncommonly well, considering. He told me that he could never *really* suffer after what he felt that morning. But, well, well! the Lord uses His own instruments His own way."

OLD RULE FOR CHURCHES.

AN old chronicle says: It is true that one end of every church doth point to such place where the sun did rise at the time the foundation thereof was laid, which is the reason why all churches do not directly point to the east. For if the foundation was laid in June, it pointed to the northeast, where the sun rises at that time of the year; if it was laid in the spring or autumn, it was directed full east; if in winter, southeast. So by the standing of these churches it is known at what time of the year the foundations of them were laid.



OUR SERIOUS CORRESPONDENT.—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH, N.A.

F. S. CHURCH
N.Y.C.

A TOUCH OF FROST.

BY MARGARET VANDERGRIFF.

SHE was called very bright, very clever, by every one who knew her. It was a saying among her girl friends that Janet Steele "could do anything she chose to do." She was a college graduate; she had taken an additional year for the study of modern languages and music; after that a winter's course at a cooking-school. She drew and painted well enough to make pretty and useful gifts and acceptable contributions to fairs and "sales of fancy articles." But in her heart she was dissatisfied with her attainment in each and all of these things. There was a closet in her pretty studio crowded with drawings and paintings, finished and unfinished, and when one of her more intimate friends said, wistfully, one day after looking them over with her, "Oh, Janet! if you'd give half of these pretty things, a quarter of them, to some of the dreadful bare-walled places—hospitals and prisons and those dreary 'Homes'—what a delight they would be!" Janet frowned a little and replied: "They're daubs or scratches, every one of them! I should be ashamed to have them hung where strangers could see and criticise them."

"But you could paint out your signature, and some of them are not signed at all," pleaded her friend.

"People would soon find out who did them, there's too much idle curiosity afloat for anything to remain unknown. I'm not going to do it, Polly, and that settles it."

And Mary Ainsworth, who had been Janet's most intimate friend since they were children, knew that it did settle it.

Janet had been prompt and obliging when she was asked to play and sing, until, on a certain evening, she heard some unusually good music at the house of one of her friends. After that, whenever she could do so without a display of downright rudeness, she refused.

"It is like everything else," she said, despondently. "I am only 'well smattered.' I can't do anything really well."

Some one unluckily questioned her pronunciation of a French word one day, and from that time her lips were sealed, so far as foreign languages were concerned.

A young French girl came to live in the town, and her inability to speak English sadly isolated her. More than once, at the informal evening receptions which made the town such a pleasant place of residence, Janet was asked to go and talk with this young girl. She could have done it with perfect ease, but she always managed to excuse herself.

She was the only daughter in a family of boys. Her father and mother were pleasant, sensible people, with money enough for all their wants and most of their wishes, and no reasonable wish of Janet's had ever been left ungratified. Her brothers petted and waited upon her, and she would have been indignant had any one suggested that she did not love them. But she had always some excuse when Joe, who was fond of music, asked her to play and sing for him, when Tom wished her to play chess, or Ned suggested that she should read aloud.

Five years had passed since she left college, and her life grew more aimless day by day. Then came one of those sudden upheavals which sometimes follow a long term of quiet and security. Her father met with a heavy loss of money; his business, crippled and disturbed by this, drifted toward failure. His two older sons, who were his partners, and even the younger one, who was still at college, begged him to make a settlement and a fresh beginning while there was still enough left to meet all their liabilities. His own opinion was that they could "pull through," but he began to doubt his judgment. Sleepless nights and days of wearing anxiety did their

work, and before any decision had been arrived at, he fell ill, and after weeks of suffering, died.

There was no question now as to what must be done. His sons had rested upon his firm will and business ability, and they knew that to continue the struggle would mean loss to their creditors, dishonor to themselves. They were able to pay every dollar of indebtedness, but the small sum that was left would suffice for only a very modest re-establishment, and should they take it for this, could they be sure of a sufficient income for their mother and Janet?

One immediate help and relief came. Joe, who had graduated a few weeks before his father died, was offered a small professorship in his college, and the salary, he hoped, would more than suffice for his own living.

The large and beautiful house and grounds had found a ready purchaser, and had been sold for a good price, and the family had agreed that while their plans were so entirely unsettled, it would be best to board at a quiet and comparatively low-priced house in their old neighborhood, and this they had done.

It had not once occurred to either of "the boys" that Janet could or should do anything but live quietly with their mother upon the money which they meant to earn. And if Mrs. Steele had any other ideas in the matter, she was silent concerning them until the day came, some three weeks after the breaking-up, on which Janet said, quietly, to her brothers:

"I couldn't speak of it beforehand, boys, I was so afraid I should fail, but I applied for the under-drawing-teacher's place in my college a month ago. I knew they were looking for a new teacher for next year, and they've given it to me." A new light shone in her face, a new gladness filled her heart, as she saw beneath the loving protests and remonstrances the relief that her announcement gave. "And they would never have said a word if I hadn't done it, bless them!" she thought, with a swelling heart. "Mother knew," she went on, when the first rush of words was over. "She held up my hands. I didn't believe I should succeed, but she was so sure I would. And she's coming with me. Miss L— has been so kind; she has hunted up a tiny house near the college; the rent is only a hundred dollars a year, and my salary is to be four hundred—so you see! And she will be mothering half the girls in the college before she has been there a month. And I hated so to think that we would have to board. Now we shall have a little home, and in the vacations we will come here and make long visits to you, and you can come often to see us—you know it's only a three hours' journey."

The plan was so practical, so sensible, that opposition would have been foolish. Janet was perfectly well, perfectly competent to perform that which she had undertaken, and Mrs. Steele was still strong and active; even this brief experience of boarding had been a penance. There was no fear now that "the boys" could not make a fresh start.

A new life for Janet began with the opening of the college year. She was at last taken out of herself. Her duties were by no means arduous, and her spare time was valued as she had never valued time before. A new anxiety for her mother's welfare and comfort prompted her to wonders of planning and contriving for the convenience and beauty of the little home. A chance remark of Mrs. Steele's about the "blank expression" which the white walls gave the rooms, set her to searching her portfolios, and soon every room in the house was brightened by the pretty water-colors, some in ingeniously made frames, some merely tacked or pinned upon the walls. She had not imagined that she would care very much about the loss of her piano, but she missed it much more than she had thought possible, and she found that her mother also missed it, so she was overjoyed when

some acquaintances, who were leaving the village for the winter, asked, with some hesitation, if the use of their piano—a very good one—would compensate her for giving it house-room, and so saving it from injury by dampness.

It had been one of Mr. Steele's pleasant home habits to read aloud to his wife as she sewed or knitted, and this duty Janet took upon herself with a tender eagerness which comforted her mother's heart.

She chanced to play and sing for one of her girls one day, and after that petitions for songs came often, and were seldom refused.

"I suppose you are much too busy to give my little Helen a music lesson twice a week?" said one of her neighbors toward the middle of the winter. "The child is simply bewitched with your playing and singing, and she thinks that if you would teach her she might some day sing as well as you do, but I told her it would be useless to ask you, and she actually cried."

Janet thought for a few minutes. She had two whole week-days free, and parts of three afternoons. "I will do it with pleasure, Mrs. Kemp, if you really wish me to," she said, and an arrangement as to hours and payment was forthwith made.

Two more music scholars were offered Janet within the next few days, and these she took, refusing several others soon afterward, from the fear that she would not do justice to her already established duties should she accept more than three.

Her brothers, who came often to spend a night or a Sunday in the bright little home, marvelled at the change which they saw in her. Her listless indifference was gone. She was bright, animated, keenly interested in their plans and in their steadily growing success. She made them bring home the clothes that needed mending; she studied recipes, and baked cakes and pies for them to take back to their rather comfortless boarding-place. And when the first long vacation came, it was she who suggested that the cottage should be closed, and that they should take a "flat" in a pleasant suburb of the town in which her two elder brothers were in business, and all "keep house" together for the summer.

Her gift for teaching was so evident, her faithfulness so great, that at the end of two years she was offered the position of head teacher of her department, with a salary more than double the one which she was then receiving. The added duties obliged her to give up her music scholars, but her other activities went on; she had found her place of usefulness in church and Sunday-school, and the sweet and pleasant little home had become a haven of refuge for homesick and discouraged girls.

She had seen or imagined that her mother felt the keenness of the winter weather, for it was impossible to keep in the poorly contrived cottage heated by stoves the even temperature that had been kept by the excellent furnaces in the old home, and she welcomed an invitation that came to her mother immediately after Christmas the second year.

Mrs. Steele's only sister had lived for many years in southern California, but one hinderance and another had arisen, and visits often planned had never come to pass. Now Mrs. Armitage wrote that she would take no denial.

"You shall stay with me until March is over," she said; "and then, if you will, go back to enjoy your New England spring. Janet will be too busy to miss you, and she can borrow a college girl or two if she thinks she will be lonesome. I only wish she could come too."

Mrs. Steele yielded to the general pressure, and went, and for some weeks her letters were filled with raptures over the flowers and the mildness of the air. Then, to the no small amusement of Janet and her brothers, a change crept in.

"It seems wicked to be tired of strawberries," she

wrote, "and to think that the violets are becoming monotonous; and I wish I had not heard somebody say that the flowers were 'canned'! It would be flat heresy, I suppose, to say that the air is too soft; that it makes one so lazy that one ought to be ashamed, but is not, for lack of energy. I don't want chrysanthemums in February; and they are rather poor things, anyhow, enfeebled by the lack of that touch of frost which, to an orthodox chrysanthemum, is its signal for blooming. I believe that is just it. I am pining for the feel and smell of the air after a nice sharp frost! The grapes are too sweet; there is a sort of general resemblance in the tastes of the different fruits. I want a russet apple and some Concord grapes and some *peachy* peaches, ungrateful that I am!"

She had them all next year, for she could not be induced to go away again. And her letter flashed a sudden light into Janet's mind.

"Is it only the weak and worthless things," she mused, "that perish with the first 'touch of frost'? Need we dread it if garner and store are full, if the summer growth has been made? Ah, but something should have been offered first—the flowers, the fruits, which need no frost for their perfecting. I must tell my girls; I must try to make them understand."

A TALK WITH THE SEA DIVER.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

HE was the strangest-looking being with his armor on, his copper helmet and breastplate, the long connecting pipe that supplied him with air, the rope about his waist with which he signalled, when under water, to those above—one pull meaning this, and two pulls meaning that—his foot-gear almost as strange as his head-gear, and the huge glass eyes, the windows through which he looked. He appeared like some enormously magnified insect, like some creature left over from the primeval world. He was only a diver going down to settle the position of the big stone just sunk with him for the bridge pier in mid-stream.

"What do I find down there?" he said, in reply to my question one evening when, his work over, he sat at the water-side in every-day garments, calmly smoking his pipe. "Not much here. In some waters things of value, chests of old coin and jewels. In Boston Bay, when I went down to get back a man-of-war's anchor, I found the bottom jest strewn with lost anchors. Fine field for an old junk-dealer that."

"Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl," I thought, as I quoted the line in my mind. "Are you never afraid?" I asked.

"Afraid of what?" he returned. "There's nothing to be afraid of in these latitudes after you know your business."

"I meant of drowning," I said.

"How you going to drown?" was the answer, as he took out his pipe to look at the bowl. "The boat's jest overhead with your life-lines; the fellows in it are all the time pumpin' you down fresh air through the pipe. You can't drown while you've plenty of air to breathe."

"But what if the pipe collapsed?"

"Can't. It's three thick, to begin with, and coiled inside with copper wire to end with. Can't."

"But can you see down there?" I persevered.

"Oh yes, if it isn't too deep. The fellows in the boat can see you when you can't see them if you look up. Well, when you look up it's queer. There ain't no sky. It all ends at the surface. The boat's a shadow; and there's the life-lines swinging like long threads in the water, and that's all."

"But what if it is too deep for you to see your way?"

"It has to be more than fifty feet for that. And then, if it's dark water, or if it's in the night, there's a lantern that screws into the helmet, and scares the fishes well, I can tell you!"

"You must look like a star then, as you sink lower and lower into the water."

"I guess they don't know what a star is. But it would make a cat laugh to see them scurry when I come along with the light in my cap."

"But I should think your breath would mist your windows."

"No. The air they pump down keeps them clear." And he puffed away again.

"But I don't see how you get down to the bottom. I should think the water would buoy you up."

"Not when I have sixty pounds of lead on each shoulder, and ten on each shoe, and some more at the waist to keep me straight."

"Good gracious! that's enough to sink you, anyway! And then that copper breastplate and shoulder-piece!"

"Crush your chest right in if you didn't wear it—the water would."

"But what if you got caught in anything?" I continued, as he didn't seem troubled by my questions.

"Well, I guess you want to steal my trade! Why, if I got tangled in the lines or anything, I'd only have to stoop and cut off the leads, and up I'd fly to the top like a cork. There ain't no danger, you see."

"It's like life, isn't it—cut off the weights, and up you fly?"

"You'd 'a' thought 'twas like life if you'd gone down with me at a spot called Silver Bank, some forty miles off the shore of Haiti, where an English frigate foundered in 1793, and a company was getting out the guns and copper and heavy ordnance. Nothin' of her left but that. When I tell my little girl about it, she says it beats fairy-land."

I should think it would have done so, as he described it to me more than once, with mounds and valleys far beneath the wash of the upper wave; with its great reefs, where the arches were so hollowed between them as to leave colonnades of immense pillars, almost covered with the profusion of marine growth, wreathing them and floating off from them—long parti-colored streamers, spangled sea flowers, and pluming tufts, and all round and above them that clear translucent medium which wasn't air; and close at hand caverns winding away into darkness, and wonderful coral-trees with their boughs swaying heavily through the water; and fish with purple and silver sides gliding and sliding and curving up and down and in and out among the branches,

"While their fins
Throb out slow rhythms."

"Silver Bank seems to have made a great impression on you," I said at another time, when the diver was again going over its glories.

"It like to have," said he.

"In what way do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, you see, in general the fishes and such don't notice you. Think you're another."

"I should think they'd be afraid of you, rather."

"Don't seem to be. But it was down Silver Bank that jest 's I was squinting up to see if the lines was straight, a great cold eye looked into mine. It was a shark."

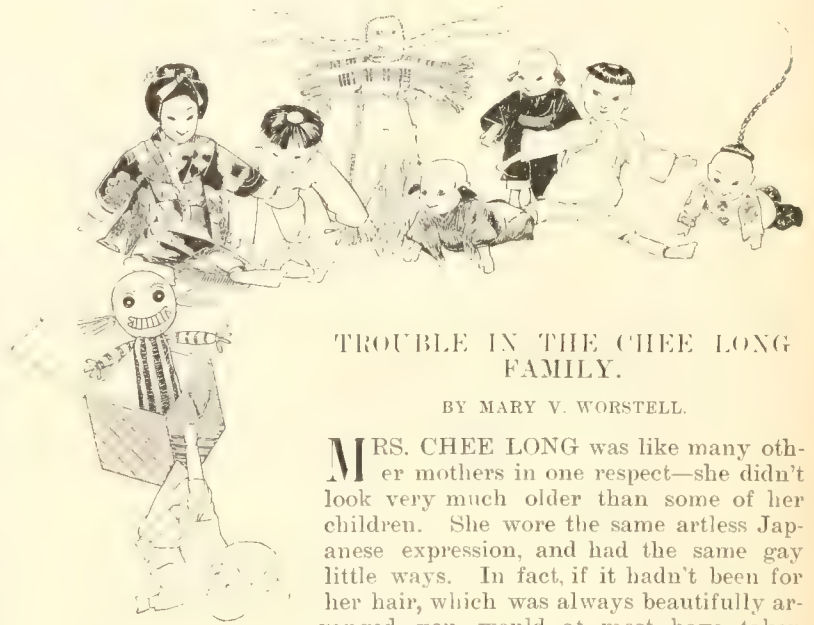
"A shark!"

"Yes; it made the cold sweat start right out on me down there, with all that water round me, as you may

say. But you 'ain't no time to sweat or count your pulse when there's a shark round. When I have a nightmare now, and it's years sence, I jest see that great eye rolling round inter mine. But I snatched my knife out quicker'n chain lightning—a diver ain't never without his knife, you know. And there's a tender spot near the gills, if you can reach it before he's a chance to turn over, and, thank goodness, I did!"

"And pulled the rope for them to draw you right up?"

"I? Not a bit of it. I fitted the chain round the big gun for them to haul *that* up. And I saw a bottle there that a baby oyster had swum inter, and grown till it filled it, and I climbed along and got it for my little girl. Here; I found this, too, that day. Want it? It's been under water sence the days of the buccaneers, for all I know." And he gave me a bullet on which a tiny shell had encrusted itself—a bullet that had doubtless dealt death ere it fell where I wish all bullets were—a shell that was the death shroud of the little creature that once lived in it.



TROUBLE IN THE CHEE LONG FAMILY.

BY MARY V. WORSTELL.

MRS. CHEE LONG was like many other mothers in one respect—she didn't look very much older than some of her children. She wore the same artless Japanese expression, and had the same gay little ways. In fact, if it hadn't been for her hair, which was always beautifully arranged, you would, at most, have taken

her to be an older sister. Her hair was always dressed once a week ("whether it needed to be or not," she said), and every week some fresh and fascinating loop was added which made her look younger and handsomer than ever. So her children thought, and so they told her frankly. What wonder, then, that Mrs. Chee Long wore a happy expression?

But she was no more free from anxiety than many another mother. She confided to an intimate friend one day, over a tiny cup of fragrant tea, just what the trouble was.

Mischievous children! There was but one on whom she could really depend for continuous good conduct, she said, and that was Ab. This was the familiar name of the "Aborigine," a title bestowed by a person called "Tom" on a strange yellow buckskin creature that made its appearance in the Chee Long family a year or two before. No ordinary Japanese could manage so long a name as Aborigine, and so it was instantly shortened to Ab, and by this name she was known and loved. Some said she "lacked backbone," and perhaps she did; but I am sure her disposition was above reproach. With arms always outspread, she seemed to be yearning to take all of these ill-assorted children to her buckskin bosom, and fold them away forever out of the reach of mischief.

What a troublesome lot they were, to be sure! There

was little Hoang Ho, with his beautiful long pigtail. He had not yet reached the age when he could walk, but the trouble he made would have reflected glory on a centipede with dozens of legs in working order. It was he



JACK WAS ALMOST CHOKED TO DEATH.

who grabbed off the dangling foot of Augusta, the battered but still cheerful remains of a wonderful French doll. It was Hoang Ho who pulled the little side locks of his adopted brothers till their several squeaks sent forth such agonized wails that Mrs. Chee Long had to—well, she punished him thoroughly.

But it wasn't Hoang Ho that made the most trouble; it was Jack. Jack was a buoyant creature, and the leading spirit of the family. It was he who devised the most absorbing games—games that would make one

forget a dismal rain outside, and turn the nursery into a place of gayety and delight. He wore a beautiful striped gown, and an alluring smile, whose width was only restricted by the size of his head.

But at times, singularly enough, the spirit of mischief possessed Jack. Punishment always followed these escapades, however, and it was always the same—being shut up in a dark room. If Jack was mortified by his misdeeds, he never let it be known. When liberated, he always bobbed up serene and happy.

That was before he almost killed Augusta. He knew perfectly well what he was doing, though he pretended he didn't. She had taken a seat on his box, with all the grace that distinguished her in by-gone times, when pop! up jumped Jack, and over went Augusta, who thereafter was obliged to go through life with a most distressing crack in her head, and the liability to severe headaches. Jack was punished, I am glad to say. Mrs. Chee Long was so mad—I should say grieved—that she got upon the box and locked Jack in. She *thought* she did.

But, alas! when the cover was almost closed, Jack had not finished trying to excuse himself, and the result is almost too dreadful to tell. By not submitting gracefully to his well-deserved punishment, he was almost choked to death. His eyes bulged out, his smile was the smile of agony, and his arms waved wildly. Fortunately, his plight was discovered before the springs of his life were snapped and broken.

Ever since that fearful experience Jack has been more particular in his conduct. When he intends mischief, he is careful to observe who is present.

One day, after noting that Mrs. Chee Long had taken Ab out for a drive—a reward for long-continued good conduct—Jack proposed to the remaining members of the household that they should “have a lark.”

“Let's!” said little Hoang Ho.

“Let's!” echoed little Tou Long.

“What is it to be?” asked cautious Hang Hi, who well remembered Augusta's sad accident, and who instinctively felt of the beautiful bang which completely encircled the top of her head.

“We might play Pocahontas, only Ab isn't here.”

“We might play George Washington, only we haven't any hatchet and cherry-tree.”

“We might play William Tell,” said Jack.

“Let's!” said little Hoang Ho again. “Who was William, and what did he tell?”

“Listen to the kid,” said Jack. “What did he *tell*? Not much; but he did a lot.”

Then, as Master of Ceremonies, he issued his commands. Tou Long was to be the tree, and Augusta was to be Tell's son. She was ordered to take her place by the tree, but it was found that Tou Long was too short. As Augusta evidently wished to play the part of Tell, Jun., and as Tou Long positively refused to assume that character, matters were compromised by having Augusta sit instead of stand. The “apple” was a small pin-cushion, but of the required size and color, and it staid in place like a little crown on the cracked head of Augusta. Then the archer! No less than Jack himself was to be archer. When the tree, the son, and the apple were in place and arranged to his liking, Jack stepped proudly and confidently forth, bowed to the audience, adjusted the arrow, and was about to let it spring forth, when Augusta said,

“Wait, Jack! What are you going to do?”

“I'm going to shoot that apple into seventy-five pieces, if you will have the goodness to keep still.”

“But how do you know you'll hit the apple? You might hit me instead,” argued Augusta.

“What if I did?” said Jack. “You couldn't look any worse than you do if I hit you square in the face.”

“Oh—h, Jack!” came in an indignant chorus of squeaks. “The idea of saying such a thing to dear Augusta! Ma says that she and Ab have the best dispositions in the whole family.”

“What do I care?” said naughty Jack, thoroughly vexed at not being allowed to show his skill as a marksman.

“I'll tell ma,” said the tree, approaching Jack, and shaking the apple threateningly.

“Ow—a!” he wailed, as a stray needle in the apple stuck him. “Ow, Augusta, help me get this out!”

“Stop, Jack!” called out Hi, trying to assert some authority in the midst of the uproar.

“I won't!” screamed Jack. “I won't mind anybody but ma. I won't mind Augusta, nor Ab, nor you—you who were ‘marked down’ too.”

“I was *not*,” said Hang Hi, flushing angrily.

“You were! I saw the mark. It said, ‘\$1 25, formerly \$2 00.’ It was; you *know* it was!”

“Suppose it was,” retorted Hang Hi. “You never cost more than fifty cents when you were brand-new; you were put together by a little red-faced Dutchman, and sold for—”

I really don't know to what lengths they would have gone; but just then the bell rang.

When Mrs. Chee Long and Ab entered the nursery, everything seemed quiet and peaceful, though a more careful examination might have disclosed the fact that



PLAYING “WILLIAM TELL.”

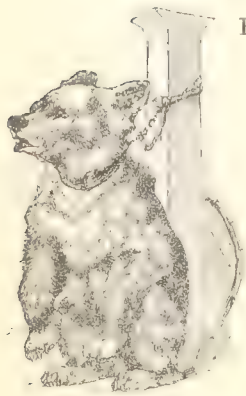
Augusta's face was very red, and that Hang Hi and Jack were breathing a little quicker than usual, and exchanging unfriendly glances, while poor little Tou Long stuck his hands deep into the sleeve pockets of his little black

gown, and stood first on one foot and then on the other. Somehow, I think they all were a little bit ashamed of themselves when the dispute was over. I know that not one of them "told on" Jack, and if they thought best to keep still about the disagreement, I shall never tell their mother what I know about the matter.

A TRIO OF TRUE BEAR STORIES.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

I.—A BEAR IN A BARN.



HAD the pleasure not very long ago of telling in these pages three little stories about ghosts which some people were foolish enough to imagine they had seen, and I now want to relate three other tales about something more substantial than ghosts, namely, real live bears.

There was great excitement at the farm of Mr. Gower Price, in Northumberland County, New Brunswick, one fine March morning; for, while pitching down hay to the hungry cattle, Mr. Price had made a discovery the like of

which had certainly never been known in the countryside before. The mow was a big one, and the part he attacked that morning had not previously been disturbed, and there, right in the heart of the hay, curled up as snugly as possible, and sleeping the sleep begun at the beginning of the winter, lay a fine black bear.

To say that the worthy farmer was surprised would hardly do justice to his feelings. To the finding of rats and mice in his mows he was quite accustomed, and he knew how to deal with such unbidden guests. But a bear presented an altogether different problem, and not feeling equal to solving it unaided, he called in the assistance of his neighbors. The news of the wonder quickly spread, and soon the spacious barn was filled with eager visitors, who very gingerly approached the mow, and took a peep at this novel "sleeping beauty." Then, of course, they proceeded to advise Mr. Price.

Some said, "Shoot him before he wakes up"; others, of a more adventurous spirit, cried: "No; that's not sport. Set the dogs on him, and let us have some fun." But a shrewd old hunter, who knew the value of a live bear in the market, gave better counsel still. "He won't wake up for another fortnight," he said, "and before then I'll come over and tie him up with ropes, so that he can't hurt himself or any one else. Then we'll put him in a cage, and when he's in condition again, he'll sell for a good sum."

And this was what Mr. Price did. When "Brer Bar," as Uncle Remus would call him, awoke out of his long nap, it was to find himself bound beyond all possibility of breaking free, and a couple of months later, looking his very best, after being well fed and cared for, he was taken to the city, and thence despatched to the United States, where, perhaps, at this moment he is one of the chief attractions of some menagerie.

II.—BRUIN AND THE BUTCHER.

My second story is also about a bear in a barn, but differs from the first in that this time Bruin, instead of being fast asleep, was very wide awake. Otherwise there would have been no story to tell.

An organ-grinder who was travelling through the west of England, accompanied by a tame brown bear, which he had trained to dance, stopped at a farmer's house late

one afternoon, and after greatly amusing the family by his performance—for his organ was a fine one and the bear very docile and intelligent—he had no difficulty in obtaining permission to stay all night. He himself was given a bed in the boys' room, but his furry companion had to be content with a snug corner in the barn.

A little after midnight there came such alarming noises from the barn, which was only a few paces away, as to waken everybody in the house. Frantic shrieks of "Help! Help!! Murder!!!" and sounds as of a strong man struggling desperately for dear life, issued out upon the still night air.

Hurriedly drawing on some clothes, the farmer snatched up a lantern, and, followed by the organ-grinder, hastened to the barn. On the doors being thrown open, the rays of the lantern revealed a large man engaged in a furious wrestling match with the bear, from whose mighty embrace he was vainly endeavoring to escape. As the bear was muzzled and had no claws to speak of, his victim stood in no danger of serious injury. But his position was alarming enough, notwithstanding, and he implored the farmer to come to his rescue.

Divining, however, that this midnight visitor's mission was a dishonest one, for which he deserved to be well punished, the organ-grinder called out to his pet, "Hug him, Jack! hug him!" and the bear, evidently enjoying the sport, continued to squeeze the man unmercifully, until the farmer, thinking the rogue had suffered sufficiently, got the bear's owner to command his release.

It turned out that Bruin's captive was a rascally butcher who had come to steal a fine calf. In the darkness he stumbled over the bear, and was at once made prisoner. The farmer was so delighted at the animal's conduct that in the morning he feasted him upon the best in the larder, and gave his master a sovereign as he was leaving.

III.—THE BEAR AND THE BULL.

As perhaps many of my readers already know, the British regiments are very fond of having pets. In some cases it is a big billy-goat; in others, a superb stag; or maybe a splendid dog. But of all pets, the favorite seems to be a bear. During my boyhood in Halifax, there was almost always a bear in one of the barracks, and I have many a time watched with intense interest a huge fellow that used to be the pride of the Wellington Barracks having a boxing match with the soldier who had special charge of him, and of whom he was very fond.

By-the-way, this very bear unintentionally committed suicide in an extraordinary manner. His chain was just long enough to allow him to mount to the top of a high board fence, and one dark rainy night the poor chap, somehow or other, slipped off this fence over on the other side, and being unable to get back, hung there until death released him from his sufferings, and in the morning the sorrowing soldiers found their pet limp and lifeless.

But it is of another regimental bear that I am now about to tell. In the barrack-yard of the Infantry School at Fredericton chained to a post is a fine bear, which is the pet and pride of the corps. One bright afternoon last summer the customary quiet of the place was of a sudden rudely disturbed by the violent entrance of a big bull, evidently in a high state of excitement. The creature had broken away from a butcher who was leading it down the street, and had dashed through the barrack gate before the startled sentry had a chance to challenge it, or bar its passage, had he so dared.

Heading at once for the upper end of the enclosure, the bull soon caught sight of the bear, and with a thunderous bellow bore down upon its hereditary antagonist. The bear promptly prepared to receive cavalry, but it soon became clear that, hampered as he was by his chain,

the odds were greatly against him, and unless the soldiers hastened to their pet's rescue, they would be mourning his loss. The infuriated bull butted him to the ground, then tossed him on its horns, and in fact knocked him about sadly, without receiving any punishment whatever.

Happily, however, there were plenty of soldiers at hand, and, seizing their bayoneted rifles, they rushed to poor Bruin's assistance. By dint of dauntless prodding, they soon succeeded in driving off the bull, but so violent was it that no one could secure it, and finally it had to be killed with a bullet. Thanks to their speedy succor, the bear was little the worse for the unprovoked attack upon him, and still flourishes in good health and spirits.

THE BAMBOO.

ALTHOUGH no production of China is of so much importance to us as tea, there are others of equal or perhaps superior value to the Chinese themselves. Among these may be classed the bamboo.

The bamboo is a genus of grass, of which most of the species attain a great size, many of them being twenty or thirty feet in height; some, says a good authority, over seventy feet. The species are numerous, and are found in all tropical and subtropical countries, both in the Eastern and Western hemispheres. The stems of the bamboo are jointed, very hard, but light and elastic, hollow, containing only a light spongy pith, except at the joints, where they are divided by strong partitions.

Although the bamboo is of great service to the inhabitants of every country in which it grows, it seems doubtful whether any people put it to as many different uses as the Chinese. In their hands the bamboo may almost be considered a universal material, for they perform with it operations the most various and dissimilar that can well be imagined. They manufacture with it stools, tables, chairs, bedsteads, and all other articles of furniture. It supplies scaffolding for building, masts and yards for shipping, carts and wheelbarrows for husbandry, wheels and tubes for irrigation. Split into laths, or beaten into fibres, it forms screens for ornament, and ropes, cords, and twine for all purposes, from the rigging of a ship to the wick of a candle. Woven, it becomes a sail-cloth or a sacking; macerated into a pulp, it is made into paper; and mixed up with lime, it is used to calk ships. By fastening together four of these reeds, swimming-jackets are constructed capable of supporting one or more persons, and a machine is thus made which answers to our more elaborate life-preservers. When young, it affords a nutritious article of diet; when growing, it is a fence for the gardens and fields, a protection for cottages, and an ornament for palaces. It is the weapon of justice and the instrument of oppression, supporting equally the authority of the Mandarin and the arrogance of the petty official.

So endless are its uses that it almost seems that without it help the machinery of government would stand still, and the Chinese want many of those accessories to comfort which separate the civilized man from the savage.

ANTS THAT GATHER HONEY.

NO one expects such a thing from these plodding and burrowing little insects, but there is a branch of the family in Mexico that evidently does not intend to allow the bees a monopoly of the honey-making business. They cannot fly about from flower to flower as does the little busy bee that improves each shining hour, but crawling is their strong point, and although they are not very quick at it, they manage to crawl up trees. This would seem to do them very little good unless they were fruit trees in bloom, but the ants do not care about blossoms at all. Flowers have nothing to do with their honey.

They do not build cells either, like the bees, but just make honey-pots of themselves, so that it would not be an exaggerated compliment to call them "lumps of sweetness," though *balls* would be more exact. As these queer little creatures never appear by daylight, it is not easy to find out their ways; but

no creature, however mysterious, need expect to hide anything from a determined naturalist. Having heard that there were such ants in Mexico, the man of science decided that the first thing to look for was an ant-hill; and before long he found one about as large as his head, with a round opening in the centre that measured an inch across. But this was all he saw while daylight lasted, for there was no sign of an ant anywhere around.

As soon as the sun had set, a single ant crawled through the opening, and started off with some set purpose. Another followed, then a little group, and finally a great number were all moving in the same direction. They knew exactly where they were going, and what they were desirous of finding, but the person who was watching them did not, and he resolved to follow them. It was not very dark, and he had a lantern, which made it easy to watch the proceedings of these night-walkers. They were larger than ordinary ants, and their color was that of the brightest honey.

Away went the ants, with the naturalist after them, to a thicket of stunted oaks, and selecting one particular tree, they swarmed over the trunk, branches, and leaves, and were evidently hunting for something. As the trees were only bushes, it was not difficult to see what was done; and the ants immediately busied themselves with clusters of galls, going rapidly from one to another, and using their mouth organs upon them so successfully that the lower end of their bodies became by degrees perfect balls that looked like large yellow currants. The insects seemed to have thrust themselves into these honey balls, leaving their heads and legs outside, and the appearance they presented was queer enough.

No other creature would ever have thought of getting honey from galls—another name for bitterness—and the ants have this strange honey-making all to themselves. The watcher cut off a branch, ants and all, and carried it away to study at his leisure. The busy insects did not seem to mind it much, but went on with their honey-gathering. This consisted in licking off tiny drops of a white transparent liquor which appeared on the outside of the galls; and when the naturalist tasted it, he found it sweet and pleasant. When the honey is wanted for use, the ant, by contracting a set of muscles around the crop, can bring from the stores of sweetness that it has secreted little drops that gather on the threadlike organs around the mouth and these are licked off with great enjoyment by its hungry companions.

Unfortunately for the honey-bearers, human beings like ant honey too, and in Mexico they are served alive as a dainty dish, and the honey sac bitten off, as though it were the great yellow currant it looks like. The ants are used as a medicine which is supposed to cure a great many ills; but honey ants are scarce, and there is not enough "to go round" of either medicine or honey.

RIGHT HAND AND LEFT.

THIS curious little extract, which reads somewhat like a riddle, comes from a letter written by Dr. Franklin to the *American Museum*. The learned doctor is speaking on a subject about which there is a great diversity of opinion. He is arguing the cause of the left hand, and contends that she is entitled to equal consideration with the right. That she ought to be equally instructed, in order that if anything should happen to her sister, she might be as competent for useful employment as the right hand would be if deprived of the assistance of the left:

"There are two sisters of us, and the two eyes of man do not resemble, nor are capable of being on better terms with each other than my sister and myself, but for the partiality of our parents, who make the most injurious distinctions between us. From my infancy I have been led to consider my sister as a being of more elevated rank. Nothing was spared in her education, while I was suffered to grow up without the least instruction. She had masters to teach her writing, drawing, and other accomplishments; but if by chance I touched a pencil, a pen, or a needle, I was bitterly rebuked, and more than once I have been beaten for being awkward and wanting a graceful manner. It is true my sister associated me with her upon some occasions, but she always made a point of taking the lead, calling upon me only from necessity, or to figure at her side."

But in spite of Dr. Franklin's argument, the left hand has never yet taken equal place with the right, and, for many reasons, it seems hardly probable that she ever will.



WHAT SCIENCE HAS DONE FOR THE WORLD.

"GRANDPAPA, LE PA VAIN? NO TELESCOPE, WOULD IT? SHOULD I KNOW NOTHING OF THE SUN, OR THE MOON, OR DE STARS?"

"No, child, I suppose you wouldn't have been 'scovered yet."

TOT'S AFFECTIONS.

MY small cousin Tot, aged four, was equally distinguished for his warm little heart and his solemn, ever present piety. He had conceived a most devoted attachment to his Cousin Vincent, a handsome young fellow, blushing over any allusion to his downy delicate mustache, and shrinking from notice in public. Under these circumstances Tot's unconcealed affection was not a source of unmixed delight to its young recipient. At all times and hours, through the crowded halls of the summer hotel where we were all staying, would ring the clear, shrill, childish voice.

"Oa, Cousin Vincent, how beautiful you are! What a dear little 'stache you've got? It's better than peaches and cream! You're better than peaches and cream! Cousin Vincent, ain't you better than peaches and cream?" until Vincent would rush off, blushing like a peony, and quite conscious of the subdued and unsubdued giggles he left behind him.

But the climax was reached one rainy, cold evening when all the guests were clustered about the welcome open fire, Tot leaning against my knee and studying the flames thoughtfully. At last, during one of the outgoing waves of talk, Totty spoke, deliberately, distinctly:

"I don't love nobody but God and my cousin Vincent."

"Oh, Totty!" I rashly exclaimed, to divert the general attention from poor Vincent; "don't you love me?"

"I don't love nobody but you and God and my cousin Vincent."

"Totty," his mother called from the other side of the room, "did you forget me?"

"I don't love nobody," said Tot, monotonously, his eyes still on the fire, "but my mamma and you and God and my cousin Vincent."

"Tot," cried some one across the room, "what about your father?"

"I don't love nobody but my papa and my mamma and you and God and my cousin Vincent."

"Totty," asked Guy, to whom the mutual devotion of the little brothers was an unceasing delight, "where is Hally?"

"I don't love nobody but my brother Hally and my papa and my mamma and you and God and my cousin Vincent."

"And our baby, Tot?"

"I don't love nobody but your baby and my brother Hally and my papa and my mamma and you and God and my cousin Vincent."

"Totty," asked a voice from the open door, where some one peeped in, "do you mean to say that you don't love the doctor?"

"I don't love nobody," answered Totty, still in the same calm, unchanging, solemn voice—"I don't love *nobody* but all of ours doctor and your baby and my brother Hally and my papa and my mamma and you and God and my cousin Vincent; and I love God and my cousin Vincent because they're so good—so perfect—they're better than peaches and cream."

There was a wild rush for the door on the part of a young man with a very youthful mustache, who was seen no more that night, and the rest of us in solemn procession escorted Totty to bed.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

"I wish it would rain," sighed Tommy.

"Why," said his mother, "I don't like rain."

"No," replied Tommy, "but you haven't got a new pair of rubber boots to wear."

TOMMY'S LITTLE GAME.

"LET's play I was grandpa," suggested Tommy.

"All right," answered May.

"Well, then," said Tommy, "you can fan me while I go to sleep."

TOO MANY COOKS.

"WHY are you so naughty?" asked Bobby's father.

"I dunno," answered Bobby. "I guess it's 'cause I've got so many aunts and uncles to mind."

A THREAT.

"HOORAY!" roared the fire as it leaped up the chimney.

"Keep still," called the watering-pot, "or I'll put you out."

NO NAME.

"WHAT do you call your dog?" asked his Uncle.

"Don't call him anything," said Tommy. "He comes when you whistle."

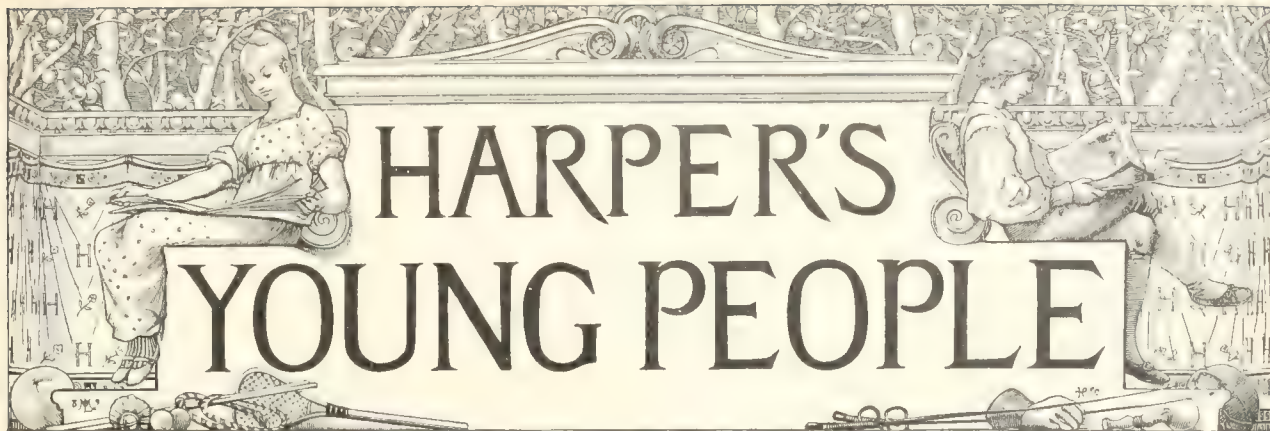
LITTLE Mary, though very good-natured, does not like to be treated disrespectfully, and when, the other morning, Cousin Robert said, "Will you bring me my hat, mademoiselle?" she angrily answered, "I won't do it, Mr. Mozelle."



MISS BANTAM. "WHAT ails you, that you are looking so glum?"

MR. SHANGHAI. "I've fallen down and broken my wishbone I think."

MISS BANTAM. "Oh, how delightful! And did you make a wish?"



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CANOEMATES:

A STORY OF THE EVERGLADES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "CAMPMATES," "DORMYMATES," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," "CRYSTAL, JACK, & Co.," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NOCTURNAL VISITOR.

FOR a full minute the boys sat motionless, listening intently for any sound that should betray the presence of the intruder who, Worth was positive, had visited their camp. Once they both heard a slight rustling in the bushes behind them, and Worth, putting his hand on Sumner's arm, whispered breathlessly:

"There! Hear that?"

"That's nothing," answered Sumner. "Probably that 'coon has come back to look for the rest of his supper."

"But a 'coon couldn't pull a gun," insisted Worth.

"Oh, you must have been dreaming," returned Sumner. "Your gun hasn't disappeared, has it?"

"No, but I am sure I felt it move. I threw my arm across it before I went to sleep, and its moving woke me. I felt it move once after I was awake, as though some

one were trying to pull it away very gently. Then I sat up and called out, 'Who's there?' but there wasn't any answer, and I didn't hear a sound. But, Sumner, there's some one on this island besides ourselves, I know there is, and he'll kill us if he gets the chance. Can't we get away somehow? Can't we? I shall die of fright if we have to stay here any longer."

"Yes, of course we can," answered Sumner, soothingly, "and we'll set about it as soon as daylight comes. Until then we'll keep a sharp lookout, though I can't believe there is a human being on the key besides ourselves. We surely would have seen some traces of him."

As the boy finished speaking, he went outside and threw some more wood on the fire. In another minute a bright blaze had driven back the shadows from a wide circle about the little hut, and rendered it impossible for any one to approach without discovery. Then the canoe-mates sat with their precious guns in their hands, and talked in low tones until the moon rose above the trees behind them, flooding the whole scene with a light almost as bright as that of day.

By this time Worth's conversation began to grow unintelligible, his head sank lower and lower, until at length he slipped down from his sitting position fast asleep. Then Sumner thought he might as well lie down, and in another minute he too was in the land of dreams. Worth was very restless, and occasionally talked in his sleep, which is probably the reason why the dark form still crouching in the shadows behind the camp did not again venture to approach it.

It was broad daylight, and the sun was an hour high, when the boys next awoke, wondering whether their fright of the night before had been a reality or only a dream. Under the fear-dispelling influence of the sunlight even Worth was inclined to think it might have been the latter, while Sumner was sure of it.

After replenishing their fire, they went down to the beach in the hope of seeing a sail, and for their morning plunge in the clear water. There was nothing in sight; but while they were bathing, Sumner discovered a fine bunch of oysters. These, roasted in their shells, together with the birds saved from the evening before, made quite a satisfactory breakfast. After eating it, and carefully banking their fire with earth, they set forth to explore the island.

As they were most anxious to search for traces of the lost canoes, and had already penetrated the interior as far as the central pond of fresh water, they decided to follow the coast line as closely as possible. Accordingly, with their loaded guns over their shoulders, they set out along the water's edge. Their progress was slow, for in many places the mangroves were so thick that they found great difficulty in forcing a way through them. Then, too, they found a quantity of planks, many of which they hauled up as well as they could beyond the reach of the tide for future use. While thus engaged, the meridian sun and their appetites indicated the hour of noon before they reached a small grove of cocoa-nut-trees beneath which they decided to rest.

Sumner climbed one of the tall, smooth trunks, and cutting off a great bunch of nuts in all stages of ripeness, let it fall to the ground with a crash. As he was about to descend, his eye was arrested by something that instantly occupied his earnest attention. It was only the stem of another bunch of nuts, but it had been cut, and that so recently, that drops of fresh sap were still oozing from it. From his elevated perch he could also see where other bunches had been cut from trees near by, and he slid to the ground in a very reflective frame of mind. He could not bear, however, to arouse Worth's fears by communicating his suspicions until he had reduced them to a certainty.

So he said nothing of his discovery while they lunched off cocoa-nuts, ripe and partially so, and took refreshing draughts of their milk. He did, however, keep a sharp lookout, and finally spied what resembled a dim trail leading through the bushes behind them toward the interior.

Finally, on the pretext that he might get a shot at some doves, and asking Worth to remain where he was for a few minutes, Sumner entered the bushes, determined to discover the mystery, if that trail would lead him to it. He had not gone more than a hundred yards when his foot was caught by a low vine, and he plunged, head first, into a thick ty-ti bush. He fell with a great crash, and made such a noise in extricating himself from the thorny embrace, that he did not hear a quick rush and a rustling of the undergrowth but a short distance from him. What he did hear, though, a minute after he regained his footing, was a startled cry, and the roar of Worth's gun. Then came a succession of yells, mingled with cries of murder, and such shouts for help, coupled with his own name, that for a moment he was paralyzed with bewilderment and a sickening fear. Then he bounded back down the dim trail, just in time to see Worth throw down his gun, and rush toward the struggling figure of a negro. The latter was rolling on the ground at the foot of a cocoa-nut-tree, and uttering the most piercing yells.

As Worth became aware of Sumner's presence, he turned, with a white, frightened face, exclaiming: "Oh, Sumner, what shall I do? I've killed him, and he is dying before my very eyes. Of course I didn't mean to, but he came on me so suddenly that I fired before I had time to think. The whole charge must have gone right through his body, judging from the agony he is in. What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?"

"Well, he isn't dead yet, at all events," said Sumner. "Perhaps if he will keep still for a minute, and stop his yelling, we can find out where he is hurt, and do something for him."

With this he attempted to catch hold of the struggling figure at his feet, but the negro rolled away from him, crying:

"Don't tech me, Marse Summer! Don't yo' tech me! I's shot full o' holes, an' I's gwine ter die. Sich pain as I's a-suff'rin'! An' I didn't kill nobody, nuther. I didn't nebber do no harm. An' now I's full ob holes."

"Why, it's Quorum!" exclaimed Sumner, mentioning the name of one of the best cooks known to the Key West sponging fleet. Sumner had sailed with him and knew him well. About a month before, the Captain of the schooner on which he was employed had been found dead in his bunk. Quorum was accused of poisoning him for the sake of a sum of money that the Captain was known to have had, but which could not now be found. The cook had been arrested, and an attempt was made to lynch him for the alleged crime. He had, however, succeeded in escaping, and had disappeared from the island. That no active search was made for him was because the money was found concealed in the Captain's bunk, and it was proved that heart-disease was the cause of his death.

At length the negro, exhausted by his struggles, lay still, though groaning so heavily that Worth imagined him to be dying, and Sumner, bending over him, searched for the fatal wound. His face became more and more perplexed as the examination proceeded, until finally, in a vastly relieved tone, he exclaimed:

"You good-for-nothing old rascal, what do you mean by frightening us so? There isn't a scratch anywhere about you! Come, get up, and explain yourself."

"Don't yo' trifle wif a ole man what's dyin', Marse Summer," said Quorum, interrupting his groans and sitting up.

"You are no more dying than I am," laughed Sumner, who was only too glad to be able to laugh after his recent anxiety. "I don't know what Worth here fired at, or what he hit; but it was certainly not you."

"Didn't I, really?" cried Worth. "Oh, I'm so glad! I don't know what possessed me to fire anyhow; but when he came dashing out of the woods right toward me, my gun seemed to go off of its own accord."

"Yo' say I hain't hit nowheres, Marse Summer?" asked the negro, doubtfully. "An' not even hurted?"

"No," laughed Sumner, "not even 'hurt-ed.' You know, Quorum, that I wouldn't hurt you for anything. I like your corn fritters and conch soup too much for that."

"Why for yo' a-huntin' de ole man den?"

"Hunting you? We're not hunting you. What put such an idea into your head?"

"Kase ebberbody er huntin' him, an' er tryin' ter kill him for de murder what he nebber done."

"Of course you didn't do it. Captain Rube died of heart-disease. Everybody knows that now."

"What yo' say?" cried the negro, springing to his feet, his face radiant with joy. "He die ob his own self, an' ebberybody know hit, an' dey hain't er huntin' ole Quor'm any mo'? Bress yo' honey face, Marse Summer, for de good news! De pore ole niggah been scare' 'mos' to def ebber sence he skip up de reef in a ole leaky skiff, what done got wrack on dis yer key. Now he free man, he hole his head up, him go cookin' agin."

CHAPTER X.

WHOSE ARE THEY, AND WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?

"LOOK here," said Sumner, sternly, to the negro, after his excitement had somewhat subsided, "didn't you try to steal one of our guns last night?"

"Yes, honey, I's afeared I did," confessed the black man, humbly. "But I didn't know hit was you, Marse Summer, an' I did want er gun so powerful bad."

"I'm glad that mystery is cleared up, at any rate," said Worth, with a relieved air. "And I'm glad to find out that I was right about some one being in the camp, too. Now I wonder if he doesn't know something about our canoes?"

"Do you, Quorum, know anything about the canoes that we came here in?" asked Sumner.

"No, I don't know nuffin' 'bout no cooner. I's bin wonderin' what sort of a boat you-all come in, an' er lookin' fer him, but I don't see him nowhere."

"I suppose you would have stolen it, if you had found it?"

"Maybe so, maybe so. Ole Quor'm not 'sponsible fer what him do when he bein' hunted like er 'possum or er 'coon. Yo' like 'possum when he roasted, Marse Summer?"

"Indeed I do when you roast him, Quorum. Why? Have you got one?"

"Yes, cotch him in er trap dis berry mawnin'. I's gwine set hit agin when yo' come er trompin' troo de trees an' scare de pore ole niggah 'mos' to def. Now, ef yo' say so, we go roas' him, and hab berry fine suppah."

"Certainly I say so. You lead the way, and we'll fol-

low you. I tell you what, Worth, we've struck it rich in falling in with one of the best cooks on the reef."

"I don't know how I shall like 'possum," replied



A GREAT DISCOVERY.

Worth, "for I have never eaten any; but I am sure it will make fully as good a meal as raw cocoa-nut. I do wish, though, that we had some bread, or at least some crackers and a little butter."

"And sugar, and coffee, and bacon, and a cooking outfit," laughed Sumner.

As they talked in this strain, they followed the negro through the narrow trail leading back from the cocoa-nut grove to his camp. It was but a short distance from the place where Sumner had taken his header into the ty-ti bush. Here Quorum had built himself a snug palmetto hut in a place capitably concealed from observation, and had managed to surround himself with a number of rude comforts. A fire was smouldering in a rough stone fireplace, and from an adjoining limb hung the 'possum that they were to have for supper.

"Well," exclaimed Sumner, looking about him, "I don't see but what you are living like an African King, Quorum. Have you had plenty to eat since you came here?"

"Yes, sah. Plenty such as it is, but no terbakker. I tell yo, sah, dat a berry pore place what hab no terbakker."

"So you want tobacco to make you happy, and Worth wants bread and butter, and I want coffee. It seems that we all want something that we haven't got and aren't likely to get in this world, doesn't it? But, Quorum, what on earth are you throwing all that iron into the fire for? It won't burn."

"No, him won't burn," answered the negro, chuckling at the idea, "but him good to bile de water."

As neither of the boys had the least idea what he meant, they watched him curiously. The iron that he had thrown into the fire, which he now heaped with wood, consisted of a number of old bolts that he had ob-

tained from some wreckage on the beach. While these were heating, he filled a small hollow place in the rocks with water, and when the bolts were red hot he dropped them into it. Within two minutes the water was boiling. Throwing a few handfuls of ashes into the boiling water, he soused the 'possum in it, and held him there several minutes. After this he scraped the animal with a bit of iron hoop, and to the surprise of the boys its hair came off almost without an effort.

Just here Sumner proposed that they return to their own camp, and do the roasting there, as from where they now were they had no chance of seeing any boats that might pass the island. As Quorum no longer felt the necessity for hiding, he readily agreed to this, and they started toward what the boys already called home.

The afternoon was nearly spent when they entered the clearing and came in sight of their own little lean-to. Sumner, who was some distance in the lead, was the first to reach it. The others saw him suddenly stop, gaze at the hut as though fascinated by something inside of it, and then, without a word, start on a run toward the beach.

This curious action excited Worth's wonder; but when he reached the hut he did exactly the same thing. When Quorum, who came last, reached it, he gazed in open-eyed wonder, and uttered the single word, "Terbakker!"

"Do you see it?" asked Worth, breathlessly, as he joined Sumner on the beach.

"No; but perhaps it is behind the point. Let's go and take a look."

But when they reached the point there was no sign of the vessel that they fully expected to find there. More greatly puzzled than they had ever been before in all their lives, even at the mysterious disappearance of their canoes, the boys slowly retraced their steps toward the hut. It was completely filled with barrels, boxes, and various packages, most of which evidently contained provisions.

"There is a sack of coffee," remarked Sumner.

"And a box of crackers. And, yes, here is butter," cried Worth, lifting the cover of a tin pail.

"Dat ar am shoely a box ob terbakker," put in Quorum, pointing to the unmistakable box.

"It certainly is," replied Sumner, in a voice expressive of the most unbounded amazement. "And there, if my eyes do not deceive me, are cases of milk, canned fruit, baked beans, and brown bread."

"Hams and bacon," added Worth.

"In fact," concluded Sumner, "there is a bountiful supply of provisions for several months, and a complete housekeeping outfit into the bargain. There is no doubt as to what these things are. The only questions are, whom do they belong to, and how did they get here?"

"Perhaps whoever stole our canoes has left them here in part payment," suggested Worth.

"You might just as well say that Elijah's ravens had brought them," laughed Sumner.

"Marse Sumner, sah, 'scuse me, but do hit 'pear to yo' like hit would be stealin' to bang de kiver offen dat ar box, an' let de ole man hab jes one smell ob dat terbakker?" asked Quorum, humbly.

"No, Quorum, under the circumstances I don't believe it would," replied the boy, who forthwith proceeded to attack the box in question with his hatchet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FRED'S APRIL-FOOL.

BY JOHN PALMER GAVIT.

"ISN'T there some way to get up an April-fool joke on somebody?" asked Fred Hill. "Here it is four o'clock, and we haven't had any fun at all."

The other three boys thought deeply, but could suggest nothing adequate. Frank Adams thought it would be

fun to ring door-bells and run; David Henney suggested pinning pieces of paper to the coat tails of passers-by; Harry Hastings wanted to wrap bricks in paper, and have unsuspecting people carry them home, under the impression that they were maple sugar. At last Fred said:

"The only thing I can think of is old, but there doesn't seem to be anything else. I've got an old pocket-book in my room; we'll bring it down and tie a string to it, and lay it down on the sidewalk here; then when somebody goes to pick it up, we'll snatch it away."

This seemed the best scheme available, and in a few moments the pocket-book lay in the middle of the sidewalk, secured by a long thread, which Fred held. The four concealed themselves behind a fence and waited.

Presently a woman came along. She was thinly clad, though the wind was decidedly cold; she looked hungry and poor, as if life was a hard road to travel. She saw the pocket-book, and evidently had not remembered that it is generally better for one's dignity not to pick up apparently interesting objects lying on the sidewalk on the 1st of April. She stooped and took the pocket-book from the walk. Fred did not pull it away, because he thought it would be more fun to see her open the purse, find that it was empty, and then have it jerked from her hand, while the four boys yelled, "April-fool!"

Much to Fred's astonishment, her face lighted up as she opened the pocket-book. He pulled sharply on the thread, but it caught on a nail on the fence and broke. The woman walked away with the pocket-book, apparently not noticing the thread tied through a hole in its side.

The boys looked at one another in astonishment. Said Harry,

"There wasn't anything in it, was there?"

"No; it was an old thing that has been lying around my room for a year," replied Fred.

"She looked as if she had found something in it; that's one sure thing," observed Frank.

"Let's follow her," suggested David, "and see where she goes. Maybe we can find out what made her look so pleased."

The woman led them a long chase down into the lower part of the city, where the houses were poor and rickety, and the streets dirty and full of tin cans and quarrelling children. She stopped once in a drug-store, and came out with a bottle in her hand, and at a grocery she got a number of small parcels.

She stopped at last at a tumble-down shanty in a narrow street, and entered. The boys stood on the opposite side of the street some time looking at the little house in silence. While they stood there, a tall man, with a fur collar on his coat and kid gloves on his hands, came briskly down the street, knocked at the door of the little house, and entered without removing his hat, and before any one had answered his knock.

"Wonder who that can be?" said David.

"I know who it is," responded Fred. "It's Mr. Sergeant, papa's agent; and I suppose he has gone there to collect the rent."

While he was speaking, the tall man came out, but there was a change in his appearance. He was smiling, and he held his hat in his hand. The boys could hear the tone of his voice, and they noticed that it was quite pleasant, not at all what one would have expected from his manner of entering the house.

"Wait here a minute, boys," Fred said at last.

He walked over and knocked on the door. The woman answered, and stood there looking at him inquiringly. There was a bright color in her cheeks, and a smile hovered about the corners of her mouth.

"Excuse me," Fred stammered; "but I would really like to know whether—did you—was there anything in that purse you found in the street?"

The woman turned very pale, and her eyes grew wide

with fear as she exclaimed: "Oh, *don't* tell me that it belonged to anybody! I thought the good God himself had sent it. We were starving, and my husband was dying for want of medicine. We would have been turned out of our house if it had not been for that money." She spoke rapidly, the tears rolling down her wan cheeks, and her face the picture of despair.

"Was there money in it?" Fred asked, wonderingly.

"Oh yes. Was it yours? Oh, sir, you could not need it as we did; it was such a godsend! But we will pay it back. Here is what is left." She took from her pocket a handful of silver, and offered it to Fred, hurriedly adding, "We will pay you all the rest, sir, if only you will give us time."

Fred did not take the money, but looked at the woman in a puzzled way as he said: "But there wasn't any money in that pocket-book; it was an old one. We put it out on the sidewalk for an April-fool joke. Didn't you see the thread on it?"

"I didn't see any thread. I thought it must be God's gift to us," the woman said. "We needed it so much! I had not eaten since yesterday morning, and the children were crying for food."

"How rauch was there in it?"

"Ten dollars."

"Ten dollars!" cried Fred. "You must be mistaken."

"I don't know. There was a ten-dollar bill in it. I can't pay it all back to you now, but here is all I have left. We will pay it all as soon as we possibly can. My poor husband is very sick, and—"

"I don't know anything about the ten dollars," said Fred, whose honest, boyish heart did not for a second entertain the idea of taking advantage of the woman's frankness. "You keep it. I'll try to find out where it came from, and let you know. There is some mistake about it. You might let me see the pocket-book; maybe it wasn't my old one after all."

But it was the old one, and Fred took it home with him, utterly mystified. At the tea-table he was very silent, and at last he took the purse from his pocket, and again made sure that it was his. When he looked up, his mother was smiling at him, and she asked,

"What are you going to do with the money?"

"What money?"

"Why, you silly boy, haven't you opened it?"

Fred opened the purse, and showed his mother that it was empty.

"Why, I put ten dollars in it this morning for your birthday to-morrow, Fred. What can have become of it?"

There was a queer sensation in Fred's throat as it all flashed upon him. He told his mother the story, and as he did so, the conviction grew upon him that perhaps it hadn't all been a mistake; he didn't seem so sorry as he ought to be about losing the ten dollars; there was a memory in his heart of the brightness in the poor woman's eyes, the color in her cheeks, the smile on her lips, as she had opened the door before him that afternoon, and he closed his story by saying, "And, mamma, I think it was the best April-fool joke I ever played, even if the joke was on me."

The Talisman of Solomon.

BY HOWARD PYLE.

AUTHOR OF "MEN OF IRON," "THE WONDER CLOCK," ETC.

Part I.

KING SOLOMON had a Talisman the like of which is not now to be found in the world. Whoever possessed it had only to question it, and the Talisman would tell him not only what to do, but what not to do.

One man wore the Talisman once, and another man wore it another time. The one man did great works with it; the other man undid them all.

Every story must have a beginning, and so shall this.

There was once a magician who was as wise as he was cunning, and as good as he was wise. By means of his magic he had conjured up a great and powerful demon, who was his slave, and who did all that the magician bade him. The demon showed him where the treasure of the ancient Kings of Egypt was hidden. This was in the land of the Queen of the Black Isles (she was the greatest and most beautiful Queen in all the world); and when the Queen found that the magician had found that treasure, she was willing to marry him.

One day the magician met an old man in the marketplace who had a curious necklace for sale. It was the Talisman of Solomon. The magician bought it and hung it around his neck, and then he began to see that everything was very different from what he had thought it to be. First he saw that the beautiful Queen only wanted to marry him so that she might discover where the treasure was hidden; that she was cunning and cruel and bloody-minded. So, by means of his magic, he turned her into stone, that her beauty might do no harm.

Then he found that there was a curse laid upon the treasure that would some time bring whoever possessed it

to ruin. So he buried the treasure deep in the earth, and departed into a distant land. Then the Talisman told him that the demon who was now his slave would some time surely bring his master to sudden death. So he conjured him away where he thought no one would ever find him.

So the wise man rid the world of three great dangers—the wicked Queen, the treasure with the curse, the demon that brought it all. Out of all he had once possessed he kept for himself only one piece of gold money and one piece of silver money, and if he had let them go with the rest it would have been better for him and for those who came after him. But no man can be wise at all times and forever. So he kept the one piece of gold money and the one piece of silver money. He gave up magic and turned merchant, and then he began trading, and traded until he became very rich.

After a while he married a young and handsome wife, who bore him a son, and then died. This son was the pride of his father's heart, but he was as vain and foolish as his father was knowing and wise. Then by-and-by death came and called the old man, and he left his son all the great wealth which he had accumulated, even



YADOK AND HIS MASTER.

the Talisman of Solomon, and that is the way this story begins.

The young man had never seen so much money as now belonged to him. Day and night there were feasting and drinking and singing and dancing and merrymaking, and the money that the old man had made by trading and wise living poured out like water through a sieve.

Then one day came an end to all this junketing, and nothing remained to the young spendthrift of all that his father had left him. Then the young man began to think of the Talisman of Wisdom.

"Tell me," said he to the Talisman, "what shall I do, now that everything is gone?"

"Go," said the Talisman of Solomon, "and work as thy father worked before thee. Advise with me and become prosperous and contented, but do not go dig under the cherry-tree in the garden."

"Why should I not dig under the cherry-tree?" said the young man. "I will see what is there, at any rate."

So he straightway took a spade and went out into the garden, where the Talisman had told him not to go. He dug and dug under the cherry-tree, and by-and-by the blade of his spade struck something hard. It was a vessel of brass, and it was full of silver money.

"And they call that the Talisman of Wisdom!" said the young man. "If I had listened to it, I never would have found this treasure."

The next day he began spending the money he had found, and his friends very soon gathered about him again.

The vessel of silver money lasted a week, and then it was all gone; not a single piece was left. Then the young man bethought himself again of the Talisman of Solomon. "What shall I do now," said he, "to save myself from ruin?"

"Earn thy bread with honest labor," said the Talisman, "and I will teach thee how to prosper, but do not dig beneath the fig-tree that stands by the fountain in the garden."

The young man did not tarry long after he had heard what the Talisman said. He seized a spade and hurried



A VESSEL OF BRASS FULL OF MONEY.

away to the fig-tree in the garden as fast as he could run. He dug and dug, and by-and-by the blade of his spade struck something hard. It was a copper vessel, and it was filled with gold money.

"And to think that if I had listened to the Talisman I should never have found this," said the young man.

The gold in the vessel lasted maybe for a month of jollity and merrymaking, but at the end of that time there was nothing left—not a copper farthing.

"Tell me," said the young man to the Talisman, "what shall I do now?"

"Thou fool!" said the Talisman; "go sweat and toil, but go not down into the vault beneath this house. There in the vault is a red stone built into the wall. The red stone turns upon a pivot. Behind the stone is a hollow space. As thou wouldst save thy life from peril, go not near it!"

"Hear that now!" said the young man. "First this Talisman told me not to go, and I found silver. Then it told me not to go, and I found gold. Now it tells me not to go— Perhaps I shall find precious stones enough for a King's ransom."

He lit a lantern and went down into the vault beneath the house. There, as the Talisman said, was the red stone built into the wall. He pressed the stone, and it turned upon its pivot as the Talisman had said it would turn. Within was a hollow space, as the Talisman said there would be. In the hollow space was a casket of silver. The young man snatched it up, and his hands trembled for joy.

He opened it. There was nothing in it but a hollow crystal globe of the size of an egg. The young man took the globe from the box. It was as hot as fire. He cried out and let it fall. The ball burst upon the floor with a crack of thunder. The house shook and rocked, and the dust flew about in clouds. Then all was still, and the young man beheld a great tall demon as black as ink, and with eyes that shone like coals of fire.

When the young man saw that terrible creature, his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and his knees smote together with fear, for he thought that his end had now certainly come.

"Who are you?" he croaked, as soon as he could find his voice.

"I am a demon, and my name is Zadok," answered the being. "I was once thy father's slave, and now I am



AN OLD MAN WHO HAD A CURIOUS NECKLACE FOR SALE.

thine, thou being his son. When thou speakest, I must obey, and whatever thou commandest me to do, that I must do."

"For instance, what can you do for me?" asked the young man.

"I can do whatever you ask me. I can make you rich."

"You can make me rich?"

"Yes, I can make you richer than a king."

"Then make me rich as soon as you can," said the young man, "and that is all I shall ask of you now."

"It shall be done," said the demon, and thereupon vanished like a flash.

"And to think," said the young man, as he came up out of the vault—"and to think that all this I should never have found if I had obeyed the Talisman!"

Such riches were never seen in that land as the young man now possessed. There was no end to the treasure that poured in upon him. He lived like an emperor. He built a palace more splendid than the palace of the King. He laid out vast gardens of the most exquisite beauty, in which there were fountains as white as snow, trees of rare fruit, and flowers that filled all the air with their perfume, and summer-houses and pavilions of alabaster and ebony.

It came at last to the ears of the King himself, and one day he and the Prime Minister were talking over what they had seen.

"Sire," said the Prime Minister, "I have no doubt but that the young man has discovered some vast hidden treasure. Now, according to the laws of this kingdom, the half of any treasure that is discovered belongs to the King's Treasury. If I were in your place I would send for this young man, and compel him to tell me whence comes all this vast wealth."

"That is true," said the King. "I had not thought of that before. The young man shall tell me all about it."

So they sent a royal guard and brought the young man to the King's palace. When the young man saw the King he fell on his face and kissed the ground before the throne.

Then the King said, "Tell me, my friend, whence comes all the inestimable wealth that you must have to live as you do?"

"Sire," said the young man, "I cannot tell you whence it comes. I can only tell you that it is given to me by a demon named Zadok. He is my slave, and brings me all the treasure that I enjoy."

The King laughed. "What!" cried he; "do you amuse me by such an absurd and unbelievable tale? Now I am more than ever sure that you have discovered a treasure, and that you wish to keep the knowledge of it from me, knowing, as you do, that the one-half of it by law belongs to me. Take him away!" cried he to his attendants. "Give him fifty lashes, and throw him into prison. He shall stay in prison and have fifty lashes every day until he tells me where his wealth is hidden."

It was done as the King said, and by-and-by the young man lay in the prison smarting and sore with the whipping he had had. Then he began again to think of the Talisman of Solomon. "Tell me," said he to the Talisman, "what shall I do now to help myself in this trouble?"

"Bear thy punishment, thou fool!" said the Talisman. "I know that the King will by-and-by pardon thee, and will let thee go. In the mean time bear thy punishment; perhaps it will cure thee of thy folly. Only do not call upon the demon Zadok in this trouble."

The young man smote his hand upon his thigh. "What a fool am I," said he, "not to think to call upon Zadok! Then he called aloud, "Zadok! Zadok! If thou art indeed my slave, come hither at my bidding."

In an instant there sounded a rumble as of thunder.

The floor swayed and rocked beneath the young man's feet. The dust flew in clouds, and there stood Zadok, as black as ink, and with eyes that shone like coals of fire.

"I have come," said Zadok; "but first of all let me cure thy smarts, oh, master."

He removed the clothes from the young man's back, and rubbed the places that smarted with a cooling unguent. Instantly the pain and the smarting ceased, and the merchant's son had perfect ease.

"Now," said Zadok, "what is thy bidding?"

"Tell me," said the young man, "whence comes all the wealth that you have brought me? The King has commanded me to tell him, and I could not, and so he has had me beaten with fifty lashes."

"I bring the treasure," said Zadok, "from the treasure-house of the ancient Kings of Egypt, which I one time gave to your father."

"And where is this treasure-house, Zadok?" said the young man.

"It is in the city of the Queen of the Black Isles," said the demon; "there thy father one time lived in a palace of such magnificence as thou hast never dreamed of. It was I that brought him thence to this place."

"It was you who brought him here, Zadok? Then tell me, can you take me from here to the city of the Queen of the Black Isles, whence you brought him?"

"Yes," replied Zadok, "with ease."

"Then," said the young man, "I command you instantly to take me thither and to show me the treasure."

"I obey," said Zadok.

Seizing the young man by the girdle, he stamped his foot upon the ground. In an instant the walls of the prison split asunder, and the sky was above them. The demon leaped from the earth, carrying the young man on his shoulders, and flew through the air so swiftly that the stars appeared to slide away behind them as they flew. In a moment he set the young man again upon the ground, and he found himself at the end of what appeared to be a vast and splendid garden.

"We are now," said Zadok, "above the treasure-house of which I spoke."

He stooped, and with his finger-point he drew a circle upon the ground where they stood. Then he stamped with his heel upon the circle. Instantly the earth opened, and there appeared a flight of marble steps leading downward into the earth. Zadok led the way down the steps, and the young man followed. At the bottom of the steps was a door of adamant.

There was a key of brass in the door. The demon turned the key and opened the door. The young man entered after him. The merchant's son found himself in a vast vaulted room, lighted by the light of a single carbuncle set in the centre of the dome above. In the middle of the marble floor was a great basin twenty paces broad, and filled almost to the brim with silver money, such as the young man had found in the brazen vessel in the garden.

The young man could not believe what he saw with



A GREAT TALL DEMON.



2)

HE FELL ON HIS FACE AND KISSED THE GROUND.

his own eyes. "Oh, marvel of marvels!" he cried. "Little wonder you could give me boundless wealth from such a storehouse as this!"

The demon Zadok laughed. "This," said he, "is nothing. Come with me."

He led him from this room to another—like it vaulted, and like it lighted by a carbuncle set in the dome of the roof above. In the middle of the floor was a basin such as he had seen in the other room beyond, only this was filled with gold as that had been filled with silver, and the gold was like that he had found in the copper vessel in the garden.

When the young man saw this vast and amazing wealth he stood speechless and breathless with wonder.

The demon Zadok laughed. "This," said he, "is great, but it is little. Come, and I will show thee a marvel indeed."

He took the young man by the hand and led him into a third room—vaulted as the other two had been, lighted as they had been by a carbuncle in the roof above. But when the young man's eyes saw what was in this third

room, he was like a man turned drunk with wonder. He had to lean against the wall behind him, for the sight made him dizzy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPRING.

A RONDEL OF INVOCATION.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

COME, Spring, and cheer the waiting band
Of boys and girls who love thee;
Bestrew with blossoms all the land,
And best of fairies prove thee!

May's own fair Queen puts forth her hand—
Her beauty, sure, should move thee.
Come, Spring, and cheer the waiting band
Of boys and girls who love thee!

Bright one, whose presence all demand,
I faith, it doth behoove thee
To answer to the Sun's command,
So warm he shines above thee.
Come, Spring, and cheer the waiting band
Of boys and girls who love thee!

ANIMALS AND BIRDS PLAYING GAMES.

WHAT a wonderful thing is the sense of play in the lower animals! How close it sometimes seems to bring their intelligence to ours! I love to watch two dogs playing chase on a wide lawn. Surely no two boys, however bright they might be, could put more spirit into the performance, or get more pure fun out of it. Especially interesting to them is the very thing that children so enjoy, that is, the "make believe." Why, a couple of clever spaniels will, if not disturbed, keep this up for an hour at a time, as cleverly as it could be done in any nursery. A lady of my acquaintance once witnessed a very striking illustration of canine humor in this direction.

Looking out upon the street one morning, she observed an ugly little terrier that was before the window making every manifestation of great pleasure, as though he perceived a friend approaching. Presently he squatted close to the ground, his eyes snapping and his tail wagging, as though some great joke were about to be perpetrated. A moment later a superb mastiff came slowly down the sidewalk. As he neared the terrier the latter's eyes fairly flashed with merriment.

But, alas for the poor little chap! whatever his joke was, it miserably failed to come off, for the mastiff, taking no more notice of him than if he were merely an extra-sized pebble, stalked solemnly by. No sooner had he passed than the terrier, with his tail between his legs, and looking as crestfallen as such a commonplace creature possibly could, slunk off to hide his humiliation in the seclusion of some back yard.

A still more remarkable instance is related by Mr. Crosse, the distinguished naturalist. His study window commanded a view of a court-yard, which was sheltered by high walls, and remote from noises or disturbance of any kind. Happening to look out one day, he saw a large robin engaged in dragging the apparently dead body of another robin round and round in a circle on the pavement. It looked as though the live robin had fought a duel *à l'outrance* with the other, and having come off victorious, was indulging in the cruel triumph of pulling the lifeless body of its vanquished rival over the stones, as Achilles dragged Hector around the walls of Troy. But just as Mr. Crosse had worked out this reasonable conclusion, the live robin suddenly stopped, and threw itself upon its back as though stark dead. Its wings were half distended and rigid, and its legs upturned to the sky. Never, to all seeming, had there been a robin more dead than it was. Meanwhile the other robin went through an exactly converse transformation. It had been only shamming dead, and now woke up into full and vigorous life. Seizing on its feathered playmate, it dragged the latter in its turn all round the same circle, and repeated the process several times over. Finally both actors flew off together to a neighboring tree, no doubt to rest themselves after their fatiguing game.

Now were not those robins clever little fellows? Who could blame them for having what the Scotch call a "gude conceit o' themselves," when they were capable of getting up such an elaborate bit of "make believe" as Mr. Crosse was lucky enough to witness?

J. M. O.



THE DEMON LEAVED FROM THE EARTH.



A WATER-COLOR ARTIST.—DRAWN BY P. NEWELL.

MY VISITOR.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

SHE was a very small person, but with a strong sense of personal dignity. Aged at the time of which I write, five years; in her appearance as slim as a willow wand, so that her soft flowing reddish-brown hair was like a fairy cloak about her shoulders. Her eyes were very blue, but at times as earnest as those of deepest brown, and, but for a very short upper lip, she would never have conveyed the slightest idea that away down in her darling little heart lurked a spirit of genuine fun. For some time she had been anxious to spend a long day with me, and quite recently it was arranged that she should do so. I knew her feelings about certain matters well enough to make her arrival rather formal, and

to be careful to let her take off her own hat and cloak; after which, with a long-drawn sigh, she seated herself in the largest chair she could find. She observed me critically for a few moments, and then remarked,

"You have a nicer apron on than you had the other day."

I admitted the statement to be true. There was a brief pause, during which I had been putting to rights some stray papers on my table.

"That looks better," she said; and very soon added, "Don't you want to hear some stories? M—— says you like them."

I most cheerfully assented; and as soon as she had made sure that a large parcel brought with her was in its place, she began: "This is about an old woman; a *very* old woman; so old she had fits."

"Dear me!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," she continued, "fits. She had one at her sister's house."

"She *must* have been old!" I remarked.

She leaned her cheek on her hand and said, thoughtfully, "She was forty."

"That was too bad," I said, with perfect gravity. "Did they kill her?"

"What? Oh yes—after the doctor said he cured them!"

Another pause. I objected to interrupt the flow of thought.

"She sent for her daughter; the daughter's name was Jonah—no, Joanna—and she wore a blue coat, and she couldn't come because it wasn't her evening out, she said. Do you know Camilla?"

This was a sudden break. I said no; and she continued:

"Well, Joanna is Camilla's nurse. She puts her hair in papers at night so hard that Camilla just *screeches*."

"Well," said I, "did Joanna go to see her poor old mother who had the fits?"

"Oh yes! She took her to Coney Island, and, oh! what do you think? They went and heard a *beautiful* band play, and got shells and lots of things. If you'll come with me to Camilla's, she'll show them to you—oh! all but one; Edgar broke that; he stamped on it; then he threw her doll up in the air."

I refrained from an opinion of Edgar, since there was a time when, in a nursery, I remembered an "Edgar" existed, like all others of his kind.

"Oh, I was telling you about—let's see—oh yes! Well, after she had fits she died, you know. The doctor gave her ipecac. He said she had croup, and he put a mustard plaster on her face—right over her mouth."

"No!"

"Yes, he put it tight over, and then tied a cord all around it because she screeched. Did you ever have a mustard plaster?"

"Not on my mouth," I remarked, feeling that I must turn my back to my visitor for a moment.

"Well, they're burning things. When she was dead—did I say she died?"

"I think so."

"Oh yes! Well—well—"

The pause was significant. As with many another novelist, the theme, after devious wanderings, had palled upon the author; so, as a diversion, I suggested looking at the parcel, the contents of which I suspected.

"Oh yes!" and she got down from the chair, and carefully unwrapping it, displayed a new doll. "I wanted to show her to you," she said, "before Bob gets hold of her. He has seen her, and what do you think?" The blue-gray eyes danced. "He said he'd give me ten cents if I'd tell him her poreties."

"Her—?" I queried.

"You know the things—they set fireworks off about. Oh, I *do* want the ten cents so! It's for a blind woman with no legs that plays an organ on our corner. Could you—?" very anxiously "tell her por—por—"

"Politics," I suggested. "Well, say she's on the right side."

"And is *that* por—politics?"

"It ought to be," I answered; "and if he doesn't give you the ten cents, just send him to me."

"All right."

She roamed about my room a little while, and I asked what dolly's name was.

"Agnes," she answered. "I like family names; don't you?"

"Sometimes," with a shudder recalling some of my own. "How old is she?"

"A day and a half." A pause, while she regarded an engraving on my wall representing in profile close to-

gether the heads of Washington, Lincoln, Grant—not a particularly agreeable picture, yet dear from association. She gazed at it solemnly a moment, and then with a quick toss back of the cloudy hair, said, gravely, "*Is that God?*"

"God's workers, dear," I said, not able to smile at the significant words of wisdom from baby lips. "They were men who did all God wished them to. Some day you will read all about them, and love them dearly."

"Will I? Where are they?"

"With God, dear, now, I am sure."

"I know a person that's there," she said, sitting down again. "Mrs. B——'s little boy. Ever since—let me see—ever since—do you remember when I had the scarlet fever? Oh yes, of course; you used to sit with me. Well, it was then. He had it the very same time; but mamma said God thought it best to take him and leave me. His name was Charlie. Do you suppose God knew that?"

"Yes, yes, dear."

"Then afterwards God wanted his mother. I suppose Charlie was homesick. Were you ever homesick? I was once, *dreadfully*. I cried all night. It was at Aunt K——'s. She is *very* thin. I think she is the thinnest person I ever saw. When she did my hair and washed my face, I felt her knuckles. Mamma said she was kind to take care of me, and I shouldn't have been a naughty girl."

After we had eaten some pea-nut candy, she inquired if I couldn't tell her a story. On my inquiring what about, she promptly said, seating herself on my lap, "Cats"—suggested no doubt by three of the tribe we could see in the back yards visible from the window. So I recalled a story that a dear old nurse used to regale us with.

"Well, you see that gray cat down there. It lives on Mrs. J——'s roof, and it has four children—Polly, Neddy, Bill, and Sue. All the other cats like them very much; they are so frisky and kind-hearted—all except Bill—"

"Oh yes," eagerly—"please have one bad."

"Yes, Bill is very disagreeable. He is always snarling and scolding. But the other day he promised to be good if his mother would let them have a party. Well, Mrs. Cat said they could have one the next Saturday evening. The trouble was to make sure of a supper. Sue was living out with a very nice lady in one of the flats under their roof, and she said if Bill would help her, instead of drinking all her milk, she would bring it up. Bill said he knew an ash barrel where he could get a tin can to put it in. So he found it, and Sue carried it down and put it in a corner, and every time her saucer of milk was given her, she would save a little and put it in the can. Polly lived with a fish-dealer around the corner, and she regularly brought in some of her bones and bits. Neddy was a mere little kitten, but so full of fun that he said he would get all the decorations. Now, he lived with a family where there was a dear little girl, and she used to put ribbons on his neck. Well, every night after she put him in his basket, and he saw they were sound asleep, he would scamper away up to the roof, and Polly would take off his ribbon and little silver bell, and put them away back of the chimney. Then he'd creep back again, and when Nellie—his little mistress—would wake up in the morning, she'd say to her nurse, 'Why, just see *here!* Neddy's ribbon's gone again!' and that naughty Neddy would pretend to be washing his face, and all the time he was just holding his hand up to his face to laugh! Nellie had a wax doll that Neddy thought was beautiful, and he asked his mother if he couldn't bring her to the party. Mrs. Cat said perhaps she wouldn't like to come. Well, when Nellie was out walking with her nurse, Neddy crept up to the doll—"

"What was her name?"

"Adelina. He crept up and invited her, and she said very well, she'd enjoy it very much, only she wanted her best clothes on, and Nellie undressed her every night. Well, what do you suppose Neddy did? He just picked her up in his mouth and carried her up to the roof, and told Polly to put her in a nice warm place until the evening. He didn't dare go down again for fear he wouldn't be in time for the party, so he said he'd stay around and help. They had found a great many cabbage leaves in the ash barrels, and these were all spread around for seats, and they engaged what was called Thomas's Band for the music. Well, as soon as it was dark, the company began to arrive. All the cats in the neighborhood, and every kitten old enough to behave, was invited. They danced the Catalina waltz and the Squallini mazourka, and Bill and a friend of his sang a duet, which every one said was beautiful.

"By-and-by the supper was brought and eaten on clam and oyster shells, and as it was quite daylight, the party had to break up, and away they all scampered. You see, Neddy had to get back to his basket, and he fairly wriggled down the chimney, and jumped into his bed just in time, for the nurse was coming to wake Nellie up. Very soon he heard Nellie saying, 'Mary Anne, where's my new doll?' and then for the first time he remembered having put Adelina back of the chimney, and forgotten all about her! All the morning there was the greatest hunt for her; and, what do you suppose, the cook went up to hang out some clothes, and when she came back she brought poor Adelina into the nursery all melted! She had lain in the sun, you see, all the afternoon! The only comfort Nellie had was that she had not had her long enough to be very truly fond of her. So that ended the cats' party."

And my story ended my little friend's visit, for quite unexpectedly her mamma sent to say that her cousins from Boston had arrived, and she must come home, but as she bade me good-by, she said, soberly, "I won't forget what to tell Bob."

LITTLE THINGS.

IT is curious to note that many things which have turned out most useful discoveries for man, having a great influence upon the lives and destinies of mankind, owe their beginning to some slight accident.

It is said that the art of printing took its origin from some rude impressions taken (for the amusement of children) from letters carved on the bark of a beech-tree.

Gunpowder was discovered from the falling of a spark on some materials mixed in a mortar.

The stupendous results of the steam-engine may all be traced to the boy who sat watching the steam which came from the nose of the tea-kettle.

Electricity was discovered by a person observing that a piece of rubbed glass attracted small bits of paper.

Pendulum clocks were invented after Galileo stood observing the lamp in a church swinging to and fro.

The telescope we owe to some children of a spectacle-maker placing two or more pair of spectacles before each other, and looking through them at the distant sky. Their idea was followed up by older heads.

Sir Isaac Newton was sitting in his garden one day when he saw an apple fall from a tree. This common occurrence set him to thinking why things should fall down and not up, and this train of thought led him to the discovery of the law of gravitation.

Every one can now appreciate the importance of the slight matters spoken of, because the wonderful results are now before the world. But the beginnings of these things were treated with ridicule or contempt. No matter how unimportant a circumstance appears, it is quite possible that great results may come from it. In a small building which was once Peter the Great's workshop in Holland is the inscription: "Nothing is too little for the attention of a great man."

ANOTHER TALK WITH A MAGICIAN.

BY BENJAMIN NORTHROP

IN a former article Dr. William Kelly Otis explained certain simple tricks in parlor magic which any boy with common deftness of fingers and an ordinary measure of patience can easily learn and reproduce. In this article Dr. Otis talks about some tricks that are harder to understand and more difficult to perform. They are intended for boys who have thoroughly mastered the first steps in the illusionist's art. In order to make the doctor's explanation as simple as possible, an artist went with me to the doctor's house, and made some pen-and-ink sketches of the various positions in which the hands and fingers of the performer were held during the lesson.

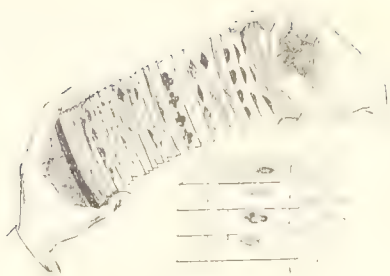
"It is a good idea," said the doctor, as he began his instructions, "to practise tricks before a mirror. When you can do them neatly enough to deceive your own eyes, you are pretty sure of deceiving your audience. One Christmas I gave a performance for some boys and girls at the home of a friend of mine. The boys were delighted. Boys are usually delighted with something that they can see but not understand, especially when there is no school-teacher at hand to make them study it out. I was doing a coin trick. I put some silver money on my elbow, and throwing down my arm, caught it in my hand. This is not a sleight-of-hand trick, but it requires long practice to enable one to do it neatly. I think it was half an hour after I had finished with the coins that we heard a dreadful crash up-stairs, as if a tray of glass dishes had fallen to the floor. There was a prompt investigation, and it was learned that the boys had broken a toy savings-bank, and got out all the silver money they wanted. Then they started in to follow my advice before a large and costly pier-glass. All went well until one lad hit the coins with his hand and threw them through the mirror. Since then, whenever I tell boys to practise before a glass, I also tell this story as a warning."

The first trick that Dr. Otis explained is called the vanishing handkerchief trick. This is the way it looked to me: The doctor rolled up his coat sleeves to show that the handkerchief did not find a hiding-place under his cuffs. Then he took a silk handkerchief in his hands, and began rolling it into a little wad. He made a good deal of hard work out of it. He pressed it down and down until you would think it was almost as small as a pea. Then he pretended to roll it between his fingers, after which he showed his hands. Both of them were empty. Here is where the handkerchief went: Back of his right hand, fastened to the knuckles, was an empty eye-glass case. It was stuck on with conjurer's wax, which you can buy at any store where they deal in mechanical tricks. As he was rolling up the handkerchief, he managed to stuff it into this case. During this hard work that I speak of he found a chance to stow it away. Of course, when it was once out of sight, he could pretend to roll it into as small a parcel as he wanted to. When he had carried the deception far enough, he opened his hands, with the palms toward his audience, and showed that they were empty.

While the doctor does fifty card tricks or more (I don't know the exact number), he only explained one trick to the readers of YOUNG PEOPLE. Card tricks are hard to learn, and they require the utmost dexterity to make them successful. For instance, the doctor took an ordinary pack of cards from the table, and pressed them until it seemed as if he had worn the corners off. This



VANISHING HANDKERCHIEF TRICK.



THE ACCORDION TRICK.

was done before my eyes, and then he showed the pack. The cards were two sizes smaller. He kept this pressure up, and finally he had squeezed them until all that was left was a pack about the size of your finger-nail. Of course there was some sleight-of-hand used in this trick, and also several packs of cards, so I will not attempt to explain it in detail to you.

The trick is called the accordion trick. There are two ways of doing it. The artist shows you both methods. In the first a prepared pack of cards is used. These cards are joined together by four threads. Each card is held in place by knots tied in the threads, and is separated from the next card to it by the distance of an inch. When the pack is ready, a few loose cards are kept on top to be shuffled so that the audience will not suspect the deception. Then the hands are suddenly drawn apart and brought together again. In one hand the top card is held, and the bottom card is held in the other hand. As the hands move apart, the cards are strung out as an accordion is when it is played upon.

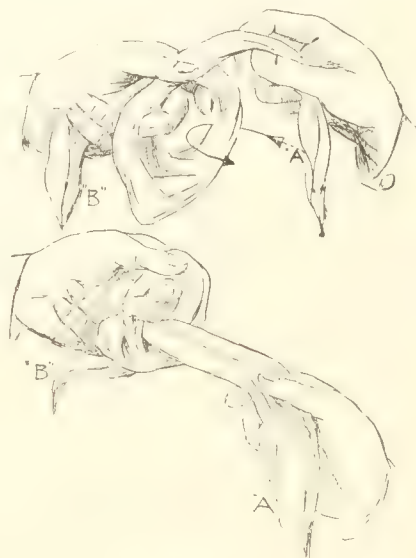
The other way requires more skill. The cards are not prepared. The performer shuffles the pack, and then taking it in his right hand presses the ends together like the ends of a bow, with the hollow side toward his other hand, lets go of the cards a few at a time. They fly into the other hand, and are safely caught. In practicing, keep the hands only a few inches apart at first, gradually increasing the distance as you become more expert, and in time you will be able to string out the cards over a space of nearly a foot. As soon as the first card reaches the left hand, immediately bring the hands together, catching the middle cards before they go the entire distance.

"Now for the magic rings," said the doctor. "There are eight of them. They are purposely made for this trick.



THE MAGIC RINGS.

I bought these, but any boy can have a set made by a tin-smith. They should be about ten inches in diameter. One is not joined together, and its ends are about an eighth of an inch apart. This is the trick ring. I always hold it in my hand, with the hole in the side concealed by my thumb and finger. Two of the others are single rings perfectly joined. Two more are also solid rings, but they are joined together, and the remaining three are likewise joined together. The artist's sketch will make this plain to you. Now I hold all the rings in my hand, and let my audience examine the two single rings. The trick ring never leaves my hand. The impression is that all the rings are perfect and single, like the ones I have shown. Then I slip these two single rings in the trick ring, and spin them round and round. Then I take them off so that no one will see the trick, and hand them around for inspection. After this I attach the two joined rings to the string, and later on the three joined rings. You have little idea of how puzzling this deception is until



THE VANISHING KNOT.

you see it. The artist has shown you some of the many combinations that can be made. This trick requires practice in slipping the rings on and off the trick ring. It is always best, after the separation is made, to pretend to unjoin the rings at some other point than where the break is. This adds to the illusion."

Here is the neatest and simplest trick of all when once it is learned. It is called the vanishing knot, and all that you need to have are patience, skill, and a handkerchief to puzzle the keenest of observers.

"You see," explained the doctor, as he twirled a silk handkerchief between his fingers—"it is a fact, although you may not know it—one of the easiest things in the world to loose is a knot. For instance, here is one;" and deftly tied a knot in the handkerchief. "Now you see it, and now it is gone," he added, as he straightened out the handkerchief as smooth as it was at first.

"Here's another, and another. I can't tie them fast enough, and they get away almost as soon as they are tied, and disappear before your eyes. Funny, isn't it?"

And it was funny, and puzzling too. Here is the secret of the trick. Hold the one end of the handkerchief between the first and second fingers of the left hand, with the end protruding from the back as shown in the artist's sketch. It makes no difference how you hold the other end. Tie the knot with the right hand. Tightly grasp the left end of the handkerchief a little below the knot with the second finger and thumb of the left hand, let-

ting go of the extreme end with first and second fingers. Now pull with the right hand, and, of course, the knot slips out. Then, instantly, shift the end back between the two fingers, as you held it when you began the trick, and you are ready for another knot. The sketches will make the matter plain.

"The last trick I shall explain," said the doctor, "requires a knowledge of the vanishing-egg trick described in the first article. I swallow the egg, or pretend to, and take it out of my mouth concealed in the palm of my right hand. Then I pretend to pick the egg out of some

impossible place. It is a magic egg that I use. You don't believe it? Watch and be satisfied. Here I break it. I crack one end, and what do we find? Some ribbon. What a lot of it, too! I have pulled out enough already to start a small millinery shop, and there is more still. Astonishing? Not very, when you know how it is done. This egg is prepared. First, two holes are made, one at



WINDING THE PAPER

each end, and the contents are blown out. Any boy knows how to blow a bird's egg. Then through one of these holes I introduce a little peg with glue on each end. When this is done, I fill up the holes. The peg reaches from one end of the shell to the other, and is immovable. Now I saw a narrow slit in the side of the shell, and through this I put the end of a roll of ribbon that has been covered with glue. This end adheres to the peg. When it is stuck fast, I roll it around the peg by turning the egg round and round until the shell is full. Then I stop up the slit. Of course when I break open the shell and find the end of the ribbon, it is an easy matter to pull it out. I generally crumple it up in my hands, and it really looks twenty times as big as the egg when it is all pulled out."

MUNGO, THE ICHNEUMON.

BY ELIZA BRIGHTWEN

I THINK this paper might very well have been entitled "The Sorrows of a Lady afflicted with a Mongoose." If ever there was an animal calculated to create anxiety, and keep all one's powers of mind and body on the alert to circumvent its mischievous propensities, that creature is certainly the mongoose, or ichneumon. I must explain how an animal of this kind came into my possession. A relative of mine in India wrote to me to say that he had sent off a mongoose in the care of an officer on board a steamer which would arrive by a certain date. The animal had been perfectly tamed, and I was told it would never bite or misbehave in any way, and was a most amusing little creature.

In due time the ship arrived, and I sent a special messenger to the Tilbury Docks so that there should be no detention on the way here. Mungo did not arrive until late, so his cage was placed in the conservatory for the night. Next morning early I visited him, and on opening the door of his cage out walked a curious gray-furred animal, something like a large ferret, with a splendid bushy tail tapering to a point. In a quiet gentle way the little creature began to make friends by creeping into my lap, and from there up to my shoulder; it seemed to have no desire to run away, and only sniffed about to find out what its new surroundings were like. After Mungo had enjoyed a good meal of cooked meat and milk, I took off his heavy chain, that he might roam about the room where he pleased.

For a little while all went well, but my friend was able to spring up to various cabinets on which were all kinds of curios, Wedgwood vases, etc., and I soon found that these were in imminent peril. Over went a china flower-pot in no time, and the crash it made was so alarming to my agile pet that in springing about a few more knickknacks went down. I had what would be called "a lively time" for the next few minutes, until I had Mungo safely in my lap with the chain on his collar again.

There was nothing for it but to put the little beastie into his travelling cage until I could devise some safe way of keeping him. I happened to possess a wooden cottage-shaped abode with a wire front, which was once inhabited by an owl, and in this my new pet lived for two months, and how full of adventures those months were, I will try to relate. Of course the little animal must have exercise every day, and I thought nothing would be easier than to chain him to a tree stem in the garden where on fine days he could enjoy fresh air and sunshine. He *was* chained up and left to his own devices, but very soon there was a hue and cry of "Mungo is loose." Alas! how well I got to know that sound!

Happily, he always came straight into one of the sitting-rooms, so we did not fear losing him, but he soon set to work to upset every movable thing, and again his liberty had to be curtailed. Another day the pet was fastened outside the drawing-room French window. It seemed just the place to suit him, as he would have our society, without which he was always restless, and yet he would be in the fresh air, and I fondly hoped it was a place where he could do no mischief.

I once tethered my charge to one of the lower branches of a deodar on the lawn, where he could scratch up fir needles and do anything he liked. I did think it was the right place at last, and that nothing *could* go wrong there. In ten minutes' time he came trotting into the room minus his collar, and began a lively frolic, which meant the usual destruction to glass and china. I went for his collar, and found the string attached to it wound in and out of the branches, tied into endless knots, and the collar hanging in mid-air, where the poor little animal must have been suspended until he had struggled sufficiently to get his head released. The worst trouble of all was when Mungo so gnawed the wooden front of his cage that the wires became loose, and it would no longer keep him in safety. Then, indeed, I began to wonder what was to be done with such an active creature. If we could have been sure that he would not slip his collar, he might have been tied up to a little dog-kennel; but the collar was as tight as he could well bear it, and yet, with a dexterous twist of his little head, he could at any moment set himself at liberty. A strong cage of some sort was therefore a necessity. In my perplexity, I took Mungo with me to the home farm that I might there obtain a box of some kind in which he might be kept in the mean time. A very comical scene was enacted in the poultry-yard. Some fifty or sixty fowls came trooping up and gathered round us in a circle, expressing with varied cluckings their intense astonishment at the appearance of the little animal standing by my side.

They might well be afraid, for they were gazing at a very determined enemy of their race, who would commit sad havoc in a poultry-yard if he ever had access to it. One could fancy the old birds saying to their dutiful wives and children: "My dears, pray be careful! I never saw such an animal before, and there is no knowing what he may do." Just as, with outstretched necks, these notes of alarm were being sounded, Mungo made a spring forward, and away went the entire flock of scared poultry helter-skelter till not one could be seen.

It is only fair to mention some of Mungo's brighter

qualities. Such an absolutely good-tempered little animal I never met with before. He would, it is true, pretend to bite, and take your finger in his mouth, but he was gentleness itself; like a playful kitten, he would spring about, roll himself into a ball (his little head and bright eyes peering out from between his hind legs in the most comical manner), and put himself into a great variety of graceful attitudes—a very emblem of fun and frolic.

As winter came on, it was rather a problem how to secure a sufficiently warm place for an animal accustomed to a tropical climate. At last the difficulty was solved by letting Mungo lie in a small round basket lined with a gray wool mat, near the drawing-room fire, and, to secure the ornaments from destruction, a little tether attached to a heavy stone keeps the lively pet within bounds. Of course he is allowed sundry times of exercise during the day.

The long hair of the mongoose is barred alternately white and blackish-brown, which gives a speckled effect to the coat, somewhat reminding one of the coloring of a guinea-fowl. The body is thirteen inches in length, and the tail, which is very thickly clothed with long hair and tapers to a fine point, measures fully fourteen inches. When the animal feels cold, it has the power of erecting every hair at right angles with its body, and it then greatly resembles a small porcupine. The entire absence of odor, its cleanly habits and docility when carefully trained, and its charming playfulness, all tend to make the ichneumon a very attractive pet.

The Egyptian species is much larger than the Indian, measuring about three feet from the head to the tip of the tail. The Greek name ichneumon, which signifies "tracker" or "hunter," was evidently given to the animal on account of its exploring and inquisitive habits. The generic term, *Herpestes*, denotes a "creeper," and both names are truly descriptive of the characteristics of the creature. It is impossible, for instance, to take Mungo for a walk in the garden; he *will* follow up every scent by the way, peer into every little crevice, sniff with keenest interest into every mouse-hole, until at last I get out of all patience, and put him on my shoulder for the remainder of my ramble. Somehow he seems to have a great dread of being taken away from the house, for the moment he is released at some distance off, he immediately "makes tracks" at full speed to get back to his favorite basket by the fireside. The great use of the ichneumon in India and elsewhere is to clear the houses and compounds of snakes, rats, and mice. By nature the little creature is as fierce as a tiger, even my specimen when caught in the jungle at four months old bit the native who captured him pretty severely when he tried to lay hold of him, and Mungo only became the gentle creature he now is after months of patient care and kindness.

In a volume of the *Churchman's Family Magazine* for 1864 there is an account of a fight between a mongoose and a cobra, which was carefully watched by three officers stationed at Trichinopoly. They took notes of the encounter, which lasted nearly an hour. The cobra was three feet long, and therefore no very mean antagonist.

The mongoose approached the snake with caution, but without fear. The cobra, with head erect and body vibrating, watched his opponent with evident signs of being aware of the deadly nature of his enemy, and at last struck suddenly at the mongoose with tremendous force; it, quick as thought, sprang out of the way, uttering at the same time savage growls of rage. Again the hooded reptile rose on the defensive, and his wily foe, nothing daunted by the distended jaws and glaring eyes of his antagonist, came so near the snake that he was forced, not relishing such close proximity, to draw his head back

considerably; this lessened his distance from the ground, and enabled the animal to spring at the cobra's head, where he appeared to inflict as well as to receive a wound.

Round after round was fought in this way, the mongoose sometimes springing straight up into the air to escape the deadly onslaught of the snake, and at last he succeeded in fixing his teeth into the head of the cobra, and having killed it, he set to work to devour his victim. In a few minutes he had eaten the head and two or three inches of the body, including the venom so dreaded by all. Shortly before the fight, the snake had struck at a fowl, which died within half an hour, showing that the poison of the reptile was in full vigor, and yet the mongoose, after being repeatedly bitten, and having, as they afterwards found, the poison-fang of the cobra deeply imbedded in his head, continued to be as healthy and lively as ever, clearly showing that the venom of the snake had no effect upon it. This would appear to settle the vexed question about the mongoose having recourse to some vegetable as an antidote to the effect of snake bites. In this case no such remedy was sought by the animal, although it was severely wounded, and no harm seemed to result.

SOMETHING ABOUT PINEAPPLES.

EVERY one likes the luscious juicy fruit that seems fairly to taste of tropical suns and perfumed breezes, but few people appear to know just how it grows, and whether the "pines" ripen above or under the ground. Intelligent people in many respects will express the queerest possible ideas in regard to pineapples; and some friends who sat on a charming country piazza eating the amber fruit, that had been detached from the core with a silver fork, made some strange guesses as to its home and habits.

One young gentleman wondered that so dainty and delicious a fruit should grow underground, and his neighbor supposed that the little bunch of grayish thorny leaves at the top was the part that appeared *above* ground. A young lady on the other side always thought that pineapples grew on trees, and a practical person did not fancy the idea of being knocked on the head or eye or nose by a falling pineapple. Some one else had never thought *how* the fruit grew; and it was only when a guest appeared who had seen it growing in the West Indies, its native soil, as well as in the private hot-houses or "pineries" of England, that the dense fog which had enveloped the subject was dispersed.

The pineapple, it seems, flourishes only in a warm, moist climate, where it is found growing wild; but in this state the fruit is coarse, stringy, and sour, a very poor relation indeed of its elegant, cultivated cousin. The apple is learnedly described as "a Sorosis formed by the calyxes and bracts of a close spike of flowers becoming succulent and combined. A number of long, serrated, sharp-pointed, rigid leaves spring from the root, in the midst of which a short flower stem is thrown up bearing a single spike of flowers, and therefore a single fruit. From the top of the fruit springs a crown or tuft of small leaves capable of becoming a new plant, and generally used by gardeners for that purpose."

This fully explains the style of growth; but it is not an easy thing to raise pineapples, and our American climate does not suit them at all. They were taken to England in the sixteenth century, and planted in the hot-houses of those who could afford to cultivate expensive dainties; and although they first appeared in Holland, where foreign plants are almost sure to flourish, England has carried off the palm with its pineries. First, the fruit was raised in pots of tan-bark, and took three years to reach perfection; but now it is planted in beds of rich sandy loam, and is ready for use in fifteen months. These English "pines" are even better than the West Indian fruit, which never had much cultivation until of late years, and they can often be eaten from the core with a spoon.

The fibres of the leaf and stem of the pineapple plant are very strong, being used for fishing-lines, cordage, etc. When bleached it can be spun like flax, and a very sheer and beautiful fabric, which resembles fine white muslin, is made from it. In the Philippine Islands this is called *Pina muslin* and *Batiste d'ananas*—"Ananas" being the botanical name of the plant.

MORAL SAUSAGES.

“WHAT kind of a story do you want?” asked the children’s Story-teller. “Must it be useful or ornamental?”

“Oh, useful!” exclaimed the young Prig. “Interesting facts about animals, please.”

“Nonsense!” the Crusoe-lover cried. “Give us a tale of adventure!”

“Ah, a fairy story!” begged a certain coaxing little maiden.

“You’d better tell those children a good moral domestic tale!” said Aunt Harriet, decidedly, over her knitting and glasses.

“It’s hard to suit everybody, but I’ll do my best.

“Once four pigs escaped from their pen, and made their way into the farmer’s apple orchard. The four pigs were brothers, all exactly the same age and the same size. They had never been in the farmer’s apple orchard before, but they concluded it was a very good place. The ground was covered with rotting apples, but the pigs, not being very particular, began to make a good meal. Now I forgot to say that one of these pigs was of a thoughtful nature, and fond of inventing schemes for the good of his brothers.”

“Which one?” asked the coxer.

“Well, the third. The one left after you subtracted the first, second, and fourth.”

“Oh!” said she, much relieved.

“Presently the First Pig looked up into an apple-tree, and remarked, ‘It seems to me the apples over our heads are better than those upon the ground!’

“‘I have been thinking that myself,’ observed the Second Pig.

“‘They are very much better. These are not fit to eat,’ declared the Fourth Pig, positively.

“Just then the Third Pig came up, and he said—”

“I don’t see your interesting facts,” complained the Prig.

“I’m coming to the interesting facts directly,” said the Story-teller. “The Third Pig came up, and said—”

“But I thought it was to be a tale of adventure,” grumbled the Crusoe-lover.

“You shall have plenty of adventure. Just wait a minute! He said: ‘What’s the matter, fellows? Tired of apples, eh?’

“‘Do you think, brother,’ asked the First Pig, ‘that we could get some of those lovely apples over our heads?’

“‘I should think it might be done,’ said the Third Pig, reflectively. ‘I’ll try myself.’

“So he jumped, and stretched as far as he could, trying to reach some of the lovely apples, but he couldn’t reach one.

“‘Perhaps,’ suggested he, ‘if one of you fellows stood on another one’s back, you could get some.’

“So the First Pig took his position under an apple-tree which was loaded with apples, and the Second Pig climbed up on his back, and, carefully balancing himself, tried to snatch at some of the apples over his head. But he couldn’t get near them.

“The Third Pig watched him. ‘Now let me try,’ said he. So he climbed up on the Second Pig’s back, but although he took eager sniffs at the fine apples which tickled his nose, he could not get one into his mouth.

“It’s my turn,” exclaimed the Fourth Pig.

“So the Fourth Pig cautiously climbed up the ladder made of his brothers, scraping off a little of their hair on the way. They did not mind that, so anxious were they for some of the fine apples over their heads.

“He stood firmly on top of the Third Pig’s back, and, to his great delight, was able to pick and eat all the apples he wanted. He quite stripped the limb. His brothers underneath, very kindly, stood perfectly still while he did so.

“‘If you’ve had all you want, it’s some one else’s turn,’ said the Third Pig at last.

“‘But I’ve eaten all the apples within reach,’ replied the Fourth Pig. ‘I’m afraid the next limb is entirely too far off for you to touch.’

“The Third Pig pondered. ‘I’ll tell you what we must do,’ said he. ‘Two little girls near our house play a game called Rising in the World. They make a pile of their hands placed one upon another. The one whose hand is under draws it out and puts it on top. And as they keep doing that their hands get higher and higher, and quite wave in the air. We might get higher that way.’”

Here the Prig’s eyes began to stick out.

“And so,” went on the Story-teller, briskly, “the First Pig drew himself slowly from under his brothers, and climbing up the ladder made by their backs until he had gained the top, he found himself on a level with the limb above. This limb was

covered with beautiful apples, much finer than those below. He made a hearty meal.

“Now,” said the Second Pig, “if you’ve quite finished, you had better give me a chance. I suppose you’ve cleared the limb, eh?”

“Oh yes,” answered the First Pig. “But there are plenty of apples higher up, and you can climb on me, and get them.”

“So the Second Pig slowly crawled up over his brothers, and far up among the other branches of the tree he discovered the best apples yet. He enjoyed them exceedingly, I tell you.”

The Crusoe-lover sat on his chair in convulsions of merriment, and the Prig, with a bewildered expression, looked anxiously at the Story-teller. The Story-teller looked abstractedly at the opposite wall.

“Now,” said the Third Pig, “I believe it’s my turn. I recommended this plan, and I’ve waited patiently until you had all you could eat. Now I’d like some myself. I suppose there must be a few apples left up there?”

“Oh yes!” cried all the others, in chorus. “On the tip-top branch of the tree there are some apples which are the finest in the whole orchard. They are really extraordinary, and you certainly could get them, if you climbed up on our backs. You are so very clever!”

“Well, we’ll see,” said the Third Pig.

“So, with much puffing and grunting, for it was hot weather and he was fat—and it really was quite a distance up, you know—he got upon the top of the back of the highest pig, and actually did find the largest and most delicious apples in the orchard. He made a wonderful dinner. The apples were so satisfying that he doubted if he would need another dinner for a week. He picked the tip-topmost apple off the very tip-top of the highest twig of the apple-tree, and as he munched it, he gave a sigh of pleasure.

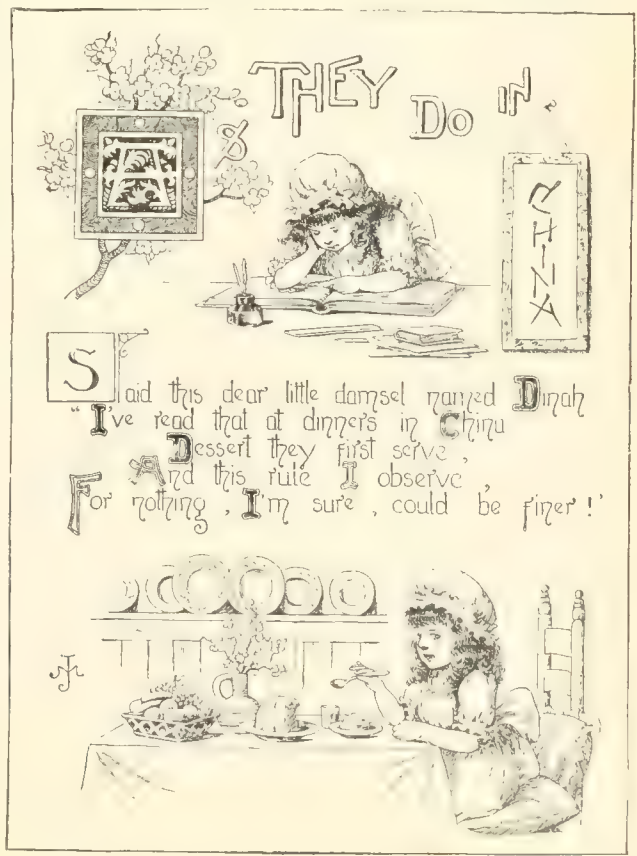
“Oh, my dear brothers, there are many ways of rising in the world, but this is the best of all!”

“And is that what you call a moral domestic tale?” asked the scandalized voice of Aunt Harriet.

“Why, I forgot the domestic part—and the moral,” said the Story-teller. “Oh yes, certainly! Well, those pigs were all cut up into sausages within a week. The farmer declared they made the finest sausages he ever tasted. Not one of the family got dyspepsia from eating them.”

“I don’t believe they ever did,” said Aunt Harriet, grimly.

E. L. C.





NOT TO BE WONDERED AT.

A FEW EVENINGS AGO THE PEPPER-BOX WAS SEIZED WITH A SEVERE FIT OF SNEEZING, AND HAD LIKE TO HAVE DIED BEFORE IT WAS OVER.

WILL HAVE A NEW ONE.

"WHEN is your birthday?" asked Freddy.

"Haven't any now," was Tommy's answer. "The last one I had went away about three weeks ago."

A REVISION.

"HULLO!" remarked Noah, as the animals were tossed into the toy ark, "here's something new."

"Please, sir," said the strange animal, "I used to be the leopard, until Tommy cut off my front legs to make me a kangaroo."

TOMMY'S JOKE.

"How much is $2+2+2+2$?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, that's too many!" cried Tommy; and everybody laughed at the joke he didn't mean.

CHRONICLES OF HALLETT.

HALLETT (aged four, and his sister, dragging in mamma's new French bonnet by the strings). "Mamma, I told sister we'd get into mischief, and we *did*, didn't we?" Then, relinquishing the bonnet, "now what do you say to it?"

HALLETT (measuring his thumb with his mamma's). "Why, mamma, both is as big as each other!"

MAMMA (to Hallett, who has continually broken in on her attempts at conversation). "My dear, you must be quiet, and you must learn that there are some things in this world that are none of your business."

HALLETT (with a twinkle in his eye). "Papa, mamma's talking to you!"

PAPA. "Who was put in the lion's den, Hallett?"

HALLETT (who has a bad memory). "Papa, if you will only read the Bible, you will find out."

HALLETT. "Why, mamma, the minister's talking out loud in church and looking right at me."

HALLETT. "Mamma, where does the fire go to when it goes out?"

GAMES AND GAMES.

PAPA (talking to friends). "Quail is my favorite game."

JIMMIE. "Tisn't as good fun as peekaboo."

IMPOSSIBLE.

"Got any money in the bank?" asked Uncle Jack.

"No," replied Tommy.

"How is that?" questioned his uncle.

"'Cause I haven't any bank," said Tommy; "and I haven't any money; so I can't."

MAY'S DOLL.

My doll fell down the cellar stair,
And lost 'most all her golden hair;
She scratched her face, and broke her nose,
Her blue eyes will no longer close.
And papa says she "beats the Dutch,"
But still I love her just as much.

WATCH-MAKING WISDOM.

WHEN Charles the Fifth, Emperor of Germany, abdicated his throne and became a monk, he amused himself with the mechanical arts, and became an expert watch-maker. His watch-making taught him a few truths which he never had learned during his kingship.

One day he exclaimed in amazement: "What an egregious fool I have been to have squandered so long so much blood and treasure in a foolish attempt to make all men think alike, when, with all my attempts, I cannot make a few watches keep time together!"

NOT IN THE DICTIONARY.

TEACHER. "Adolphus, when a stupid man goes to bed after leaving all the gas-jets flowing, and is found dead in the morning, what is said to be the cause of his death?"

ADOLPHUS (who has mingled sound and sense). "Gas-fixturation."

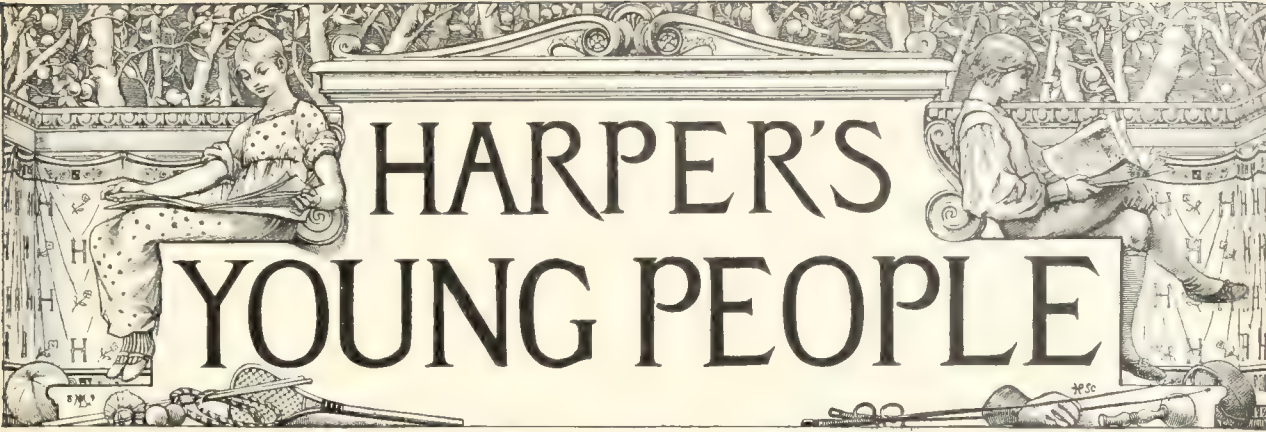


APRIL 1.

"PICK IT UP? NOT MUCH! THAT JOKE IS TOO OLD TO FOOL ANYBODY, PARTICULARLY ON ALL-FOOL'S DAY."

APRIL 2.

"LOST!"



HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



MY DAY IN JAIL.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

WHEN I was sixteen years old the boy I liked best in all the world was a good-natured, fun-loving, but rather mischievous boy of about my own age, named Lewis Stripe. He was one of those heedless boys who "never mean" to do anything wrong, but who are, nevertheless, continually getting into mischief through their thoughtlessness.

We lived on farms about three miles from the nearest town, which was a place of six or seven thousand inhabitants. Saturday afternoon was a kind of half-holiday for all of the farmers' boys in our neighborhood, and Lewis and I nearly always went to Reedville together on that afternoon.

One Saturday afternoon Lewis and I started home from Reedville earlier than usual—I think it was about four o'clock. The track of Reedville's one railroad was on the outskirts of the town, and we had to cross this track near the depot on our way home.

When we neared the track on this particular Saturday afternoon there was a long train of freight-cars standing

WE FELT THE COLD STEEL OF A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS.

on a side track ready to start out. The door of one of the cars, which was loaded with wheat, stood partly open, and suddenly Lewis said, gleefully: "Say, Fred, I tell you what'd be good fun, and let's do it; let's jump into that car, and ride down to Snyder's Crossing. We can come back on the passenger train that gets here at seven o'clock, and the fare is only twenty-five cents. It'll be quite a little lark. What do you say?"

I said what I was usually foolish enough to say to everything Lew proposed, and that was "Yes," and as we scrambled up unobserved into the freight-car he said, gayly:

"We'll stay back here in this corner until the train gets under full headway, and then we'll crawl up to the open door, where we can look out."

We crawled back into a corner of the car, and a moment later the train started.

But when the train had gone a few yards it stopped, with our car alongside of the depot platform. There were several train-men on the platform, and presently we heard one of them say, "Here, this car door wants to be shut and locked before we pull out."

The next instant the door of our car was pushed shut with a bang and locked, and the train had started before we could recover from the effect of our surprise, and there we were in total darkness.

Lewis tried to laugh the whole matter off, and he said: "We'll get out of this scrape all right. I'm not worried a bit."

But I was, and I could tell from the tone of Lewis's voice that a good deal of his indifference was affected.

"You are sure this train stops at Snyder's Crossing?" I asked.

"Oh yes; all trains stop there."

"But if this one shouldn't? And how are we going to get out if it does stop?"

"Well, we'll just have to kick and pound on the car door until some one hears us."

"That will be pleasant," I said, dejectedly.

The train was increasing its speed every minute now, and was soon under full headway. On it went, and we lay in silence and darkness. Presently Lewis asked, "How do you like car-riding?"

"I'd like it better if I knew where and when I was going to get off," I replied, shortly. "This car may be going clear to Chicago."

On we went, and in a few minutes I said, "We must have passed Snyder's Crossing by this time."

"I guess we have," replied Lewis, soberly.

Suddenly I said, with a little gasp, "See here, Lew!"

"Well?"

"I just believe that this is the through freight!"

"What through freight?"

"I heard father say the other day that they were running a through freight now from here to Kansas City, and that it did not stop between Reedville and Caspertown, and they're twenty-five miles apart. What if this is that freight?"

"Well, if it is, it is; that's all. I've always wanted to see Caspertown."

"How'll we get back?"

"Wait until we get there, and then see. It's good walking on the track."

We were certain now that we had passed Snyder's Crossing, and as the train went on and on without stopping, I said, despairingly, "Lew, it's the through freight as sure as you live."

"I guess so," replied Lewis, more soberly than he had yet spoken.

It must have been more than an hour before the train stopped, and then all was still outside. We kicked on the car door now, and shook it vigorously, but no one seemed to hear us. We called out, but there was no

response. It was a very long train, and our car was near the caboose. In a few minutes the train started again.

"This is a pretty how-de-do, isn't it?" I said. Lewis made no reply. I reached out in the darkness and touched his hand. He burst out laughing.

"We might as well laugh as cry," he said. "And laughing's the healthier of the two."

"Oh, you can joke if you want to, Lew Stripe. You'd joke at a funeral; but I don't see any joke about it."

"Well, all the other boys'll think it the greatest joke of the season when they hear about it."

It must have been fully an hour before the train stopped again, and then it tarried for but a moment, and our efforts to make ourselves heard were unavailing.

All night long we rode in that car. The train made few stops, and the wind blew with such a roar and the rain fell so heavily that no one heard our calls. After a few hours we stretched ourselves out on the wheat and went to sleep. I awoke first, and I knew that it was morning by the little rays of light around the car door.

"It's daylight, Lew," I said, as I shook my sleeping comrade. "Wake up! We can surely get out of here some way now."

The train slowly came to a standstill. Everything was very quiet outside, for it was now Sunday morning, and, as we knew later, we had arrived at a little town nearly one hundred and fifty miles from our home.

We rattled on the door, and called "Hello!" again and again, but no one seemed to hear us for some time. Then we heard footsteps approaching, and the voices of several persons. We rattled the car door vigorously.

"Aha!" we heard a man's voice say, excitedly. "There they are."

"Let us out, please!" I called.

"Oh yes; we'll let you out," replied a gruff voice.

"We'll fetch you out fast enough, and we'll take good care of you after you get out."

"We didn't mean any harm," I said.

"Oh no," replied another voice, sneeringly; "gentlemen of your class never *do* mean any harm. But we'll put you where you'll not do any more harm very soon. This car's surrounded by armed men, and you can't get away. Unlock the door, conductor."

We heard a key inserted in a lock, there was a snap, a rattle of a chain, and the door was pushed back a foot or two. Directly in front of it stood a policeman and two other men with revolvers in their hands.

"Hold out your hands," said one of the men. "Don't try any of your tricks on us, or it will be the worse for you. Out with your hands!"

We thrust our hands through the open door of the car, and Lewis turned pale, while I nearly fainted when we felt the cold steel of a pair of handcuffs on our wrists.

"We haven't done anything our folks won't pay for," said Lewis.

"Oh, you haven't?" replied the disagreeable man of the sneering voice. "Just take a look at that, and see what you've got to say."

He held out a telegram as he spoke, and we read:

"ELDERVILLE, October 4, 18—.

"Two stores and a private dwelling burglarized here last night, and many valuables taken. Burglars supposed to have gone east on the fast freight, which is the only train out of here after midnight. Search train for them."

"O. M. DAKIN, City Marshal."

Elderville was a town about sixty miles from La-grange, the town we had reached.

"We are not *burglars*!" Lewis exclaimed, very indignantly.

"Oh, it's easy enough to say so, but you'll have to prove it, my boy."

"Do we *look* like a pair of burglars?"

"Well, you are mighty young and verdant-looking for such work, but appearances are deceitful, and things look mighty suspicious. Here, Murray, you guard them while we search the car for their booty."

There were half a dozen men on the platform besides the train-men, and all of them but the big fellow named Murray jumped into the car, and dug around in the wheat for a long time in search of the valuables we were supposed to have stolen.

The news of the capture of two desperate villains spread rapidly, and in fifteen minutes about half of the entire population of Lagrange had assembled at the depot, and were staring at us and commenting on the depth of our depravity.

"Come away from there, Henry!" called out a woman sharply to a little boy of seven or eight years who had had the temerity to approach to within a few feet of us. "Come away this minnit! The rascals might *shoot* you!"

"How hardened they look for such young fellows!" said another woman near. "That one in the striped shirt looks as though he might do *anything*."

I was the hardened-looking character in the striped shirt, and my cheeks burned with shame and indignation.

After turning over the wheat in the car the men jumped out, and we were led away to a little brick jail in the centre of the town, followed by a great crowd.

The officers refused to hear our story until they had locked us safely within a damp and dirty little cell with an iron-grated opening in the door. Then they heard our story as we told it through the grating.

"It sounds all right," said the jailer when we had finished our narrative; "but I will be compelled to hold you, until I can hear from Reedville and from Elderville."

We knew that the telegraph office in Reedville was never open on Sunday, as there were no trains running then, and the jailer told us that the Lagrange office would be closed until six o'clock that evening. The little jail in Lagrange rarely held captives in its one or two dingy cells, and when they were occupied the people of the town were accorded the privilege of passing through the jail at any time and gazing upon the unfortunate prisoners through the grating in the door, and all day long Lewis and I were thus gazed upon. Parents brought their children to see us, and taught them moral object-lessons by saying: "Now you'll see what you may come to if you are not very good. You may be brought to jail as these wicked, wicked boys have been brought here."

I was bowed down with humiliation all day, but Lewis's irrepressible good-nature finally asserted itself, and his droll remarks to some of our callers caused them to go away saying, sadly, "How utterly hardened they seem to be!"

The only visitor we had whom we were glad to see was a sweet-faced, gentle-voiced elderly woman, who came and talked to us tenderly about our mothers until we were both in tears. When we told her our story, she said, "I believe every word of it, boys. It is a mistake that will soon right itself, but you must be more careful in future."

She came again in the evening and brought us a delicious supper; and while we were eating it the jailer came to the door of our cell and said, quite respectfully: "Well, it's all right, boys. We've opened up communication

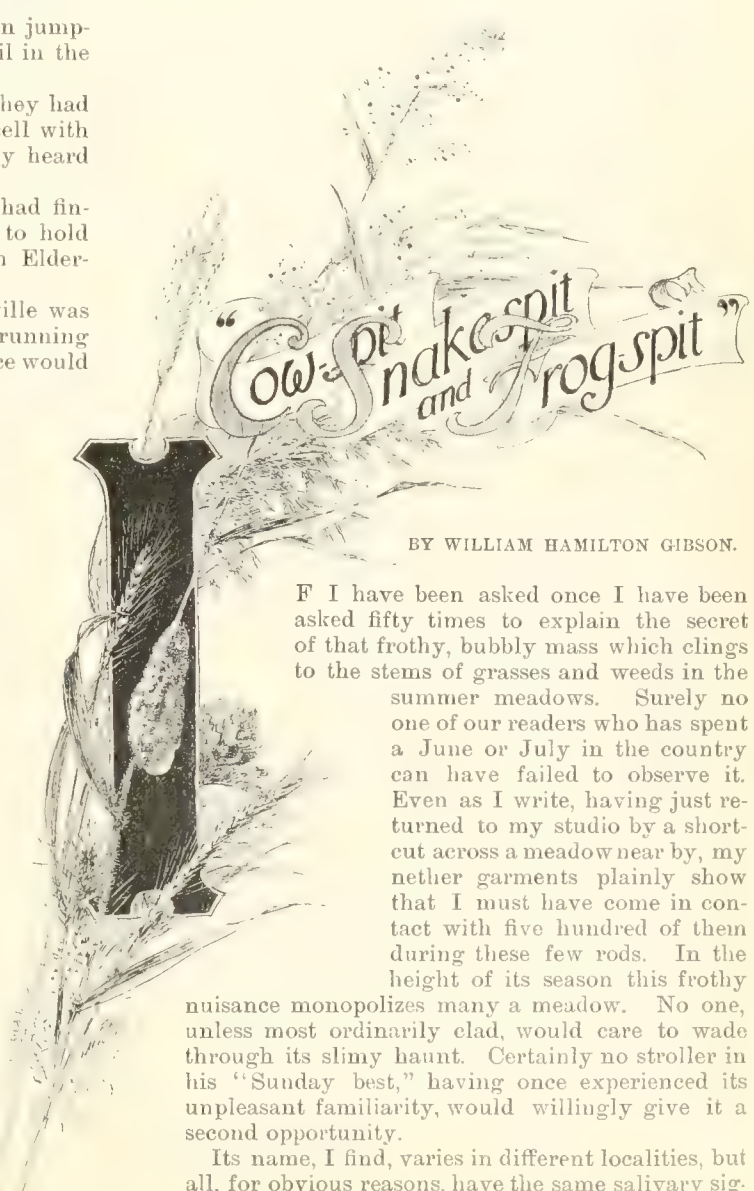
with Elderville, and the real burglars have been caught, booty and all, in the woods near the town. I'm sorry for the mistake, but I don't see that I was to blame. You can go now."

But where were we to go? I had fifteen cents and Lewis seventy-five, and we were one hundred and fifty miles from home.

"I'll keep you to-night," said the good woman who had brought us our supper, and we went home with her in sober silence and gratitude.

The next morning we telegraphed to our parents, and they were able to make arrangements for our transportation with the ticket agent at Reedville, and he telegraphed the conductor at Lagrange, so we were able to leave that town of unpleasant associations at ten o'clock on Monday morning, and reached home late in the afternoon. We left behind us but one person whom we cared to ever see again, and that person was the good woman who had so kindly befriended us. Our gratitude to her endures until this day.

We reached Reedville late in the afternoon, and were met by Mr. Stripe and my father, but the meeting was in some respects so embarrassing that I do not care to dwell upon it.



BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

IF I have been asked once I have been asked fifty times to explain the secret of that frothy, bubbly mass which clings to the stems of grasses and weeds in the summer meadows. Surely no one of our readers who has spent a June or July in the country can have failed to observe it. Even as I write, having just returned to my studio by a shortcut across a meadow near by, my nether garments plainly show that I must have come in contact with five hundred of them during these few rods. In the height of its season this frothy

nuisance monopolizes many a meadow. No one, unless most ordinarily clad, would care to wade through its slimy haunt. Certainly no stroller in his "Sunday best," having once experienced its unpleasant familiarity, would willingly give it a second opportunity.

Its name, I find, varies in different localities, but all, for obvious reasons, have the same salivary significance. In various parts of New England, for

instance, it is known as cow spit. In the southern States the snake is held responsible for it, as is shown in the popular name of snake spit. I have frequently heard it called frog spit, cuckoo spit, toad spit, and sheep spit, and doubtless many other local terms of the same sort may be found. The cow-spittle theory, however, seems to have the greatest number of converts. Let me, at least, hasten to expose this miserable slander on "our rural divinity." Have, then, our cows nothing better to do than to go expectorating all over the meadows, roadsides, and hay-fields? And how busy, indeed, they must have been to so thoroughly cover the ground, to say nothing of their surprising aim, every glistening cluster of bubbles being landed not helter-skelter on the leaves and flowers, but only on the main stems of the various plants upon which they are found! Even in this little field outside my studio window, which is thus generously moistened, what a task! Why, it would certainly have taken at least ten cows in industrious expectoration to have left it so profusely decorated as now; but the fact is, there is not, nor has there been, a single cow in the field.

Only a few weeks ago I received a letter from an Ohio boy who, among other things, wanted to know what those slimy "gobs" on alders came from. He said they called them "snake spit" out there, but that he had seen lots of them higher than any snake could get, unless it was a "racer," meaning the blacksnake, which, as is well known, is fond of climbing trees and bushes. And later came a letter from a lady in Lewiston, North Carolina, who had looked deeper into the matter, and whose inquiry throws a little light on the subject. She writes as follows:

"An old subscriber to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE desires to express the pleasure which your articles have afforded. . . . I have just finished the last, and have been out to examine the faded primroses, but only a long-legged green spider rewarded my search. Too late for our season." The readers of YOUNG PEOPLE will recall



THE REAL CULPRITS.

my article about the beautiful rosy moth which lives in the faded evening primrose, and which was the quest of the above writer, who further continues: "I do not think you have written about what is called here 'snake's spittle,' a frothy exudation, perfectly white, surrounding a small speckled beetle (I suppose). I found several on my chrysanthemums about two weeks ago, but they seem to have disappeared now."

This supposed "small speckled beetle" lets out the secret of our "cow spittle." The old cow is acquitted, and also the snake, who has enough mischief to answer for.

Each of these masses of bubbles is seen to surround the stem, upon which it clings, out of consideration to the popular tradition, spitted through the centre, as it were, with its culm of grass or branch of bramble or weed. But the true expectorator is within, laved in his own froth, his beak embedded in the juicy stem, and his suds factory continually at work. We have only to blow or scrape off the white bubbles, and we shall disclose him, even though he makes considerable effort to dodge out of sight, either in the remnant froth or around the stem. But it is not a beetle that we at last bring to view. It would be hard, indeed, for any one but a naturalist to decide on so short an acquaintance precisely what to call him. He is green and speckled in color, anywhere from a quarter to half an inch in length, depending upon his age, and somewhat to be anticipated in the extent of his show of suds. He is wide of brow, has rather prominent eyes, and tapers off somewhat wedge-shaped behind.

To the bug student these features are very significant, and he is not long in placing the creature among his proper kindred. He has a sucking beak, which connects him with the tribe of bugs, and other features ally him to the cicada, a humble though accomplished relative of the buzzing harvest-fly or hornet. He dwells in cool contentment here in his aerated bath, but he has not thus put himself to soak as the end and aim of his existence. Ere long he will graduate from these moist surroundings, and we shall see quite another sort of being, whom we would not dare to affront by the mere mention of such an ignominious foamy existence. Here is one of them, which has just flown in around our evening lamp, and has settled upon my paper as I write. Not a strange coincidence, by any means, for others very like him have been there before when I have been writing on various other topics, and are the certain representatives of that nocturnal swarm which is always attracted by the light.

What a pretty atom he is as he rests here on my paper, clad in his bright emerald green, and only about a quarter of an inch in length! Let us catch him for our cabinet. But this is not so simple, for, like the proverbial flea, I put my finger on him, and he isn't there, but is to be seen yonder, at the further edge of the table, the instant I lift my finger-tip. And there are others like him scattered about me beneath the lamp, one especially with four brilliant scarlet bands on his bright green wings, a near relative, though I am not sure at this moment whether he dates back to such a soaking as his little emerald fellow just described. We must be quick indeed to catch him, he is so alert; and while his entire visible emerald anatomy consists of a pair of nimble wings, no one would guess it now, for he certainly does not use them as he speeds here and there on our table. No, he has still another resource in those powerful hind legs of his, which soon take him out of our reach when he concludes to trust the spring. Here, then, is one of the host of midgets who are responsible for our soiled garments in our summer walks—the "frog-hopper," or "spume-bearer," in his perfection. The round of his life is thus given in Harris's beautiful volume, *Insects Injurious to Vegetation*:

"The 'frog-hoppers' pass their whole lives on plants, on the stems of which their eggs are laid in the autumn. The following summer they are hatched, and the young immediately perforate the bark with their beaks, and begin to imbibe the sap. They take in such quantities of this that it oozes out of their bodies continually in the form of little bubbles, which soon completely cover up the insects. They thus remain entirely buried and concealed in large masses of foam until they have completed the final transformation, on which account the names of cuckoo spittle, frog spittle, and frog-hopper have been applied to them. The spittle in which they are sheltered



may be seen in great abundance during the summer on the stems of our alders and willows. In the perfect state they are not thus protected, but are found on the plants in the latter part of summer fully grown, and preparing to lay their eggs. In this state they possess the power of leaping in a remarkable degree, and for this purpose the tips of their hind shanks are surrounded with little spines."

The "spume-bearer" (*Aphrophora*), this insect has been called, and the peculiar method by which he turns out the froth on the stem is well worth a little study. He makes no secret of the process. If we take a grass stem, remove him from his liquid lair, and transfer him to another stem, we may witness a novel method in the preparation of suds. And a busy little factory it is, too, when we consider what a continuous demand is made upon it, caused by the sun's evaporation through the long summer day. A single mass of bubbles with its tenant removed quickly disappears. If the little insect is permitted to crawl upon our hand, he is apt to try the new domicile. I have never been able to induce him to continue up to the suds point, but have no trouble in locating the place where he begins operations.

JOHNNY'S COMPOSITIONS.

VII.—BOYS.

I'M one, and I'm glad of it. I'd hate to be a girl, because she can't climb a tree, like the oyster in the conundrum. Why is an oyster like an elephant? I've always been a boy, too, though I did wear dresses for several years when I was young and couldn't help myself. Somehow or other boys seem to have more fun than girls. They know more and love danger, which girls do not. I would rather have danger than a doll any day. Just look at girls on skating ponds and see. They always stay where the ice is thick, but do we? Well, I guess not; we skim along the raggy edge near the red signs, which proves what I said, and then in summer, too, you always find us scaling dizzy heights like barns and baseball-field fences and trees, but the girls are always on dry land, and scream even then. This shows that boys are brave and courageous and bold, and in every way much more manly than any girl that ever drew breath.

That's what I don't like about girls. They are not manly, but shy, and likely to quail in the presence of danger; that is why so many boys and so few girls ever become pirates. I don't care much about being a pirate myself, but it's nice to think I could be if I wanted to, and make people tremble at the mere mention of my name, though if I was a pirate I'd have a better name

than Johnny Tompkins—something like Marmaduke de Vere, or Red-handed Henderson, or something else that could be roared out in the midst of a battle and be heard above the din of war. Boys are more masculine, too, than girls, who are ephemeral by nature; we like to be out in thunder-storms and get our feet wet, but girls are like chickens when the rain comes down. It always makes me laugh, they are so afraid of getting wet, and if the wind blows and musses their hair, you don't want to ask them to do anything for you then, because they wouldn't do anything for anybody just then.

They can't fish either, because they are afraid of the water in the first place, the bait in the second place, and the fish in the third place. If they could go fishing in a wagon in a flower garden, with candy for bait, and be mighty certain they would not catch anything that was alive, they'd like it; but fishing for fish isn't any fun for girls; which I can't see why, because I think a person that can't enjoy fishing has got something wrong with him, and ought to be evaded. Some people think it cruel to fish, and maybe it is, and if it is, I'm sorry. I'd rather fish without hurting anybody, and that's why I went fishing once, and caught a whole lot of minnows without

hurting them or a single worm, by taking my sister's straw hat and pulling it through the water like a bucket, bringing up seven minnows at a dip; but it was cruel sport just the same, only I was the one that got hurt when the news reached home, which it did just before me, as it wouldn't have if my sister hadn't been a girl, who are tattletales of the worst description.

I heard a man say once blood will tell, but it can't beat a girl for telling. But I got even with her afterwards. I gave her a book called *Sports for Boys* the next Christmas, and she didn't like it a bit. Boys are more ingenious than girls, too. Edison, who invented the telegraph wires, was a boy. So was George Washington and Buck Ewing, the Captain of the New Yorks. No girls could have been those, but boys can and may be. I'll be President some day, but my sister never will, which is a good thing, because we'd have a war right off with some one, she is so quarrelsome.

Yours truly,

JOHNNY.

CANOEMATES:*

A STORY OF THE EVERGLADES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "CAMPMATES," "DORMATES," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," "CRYSTAL, JACK, & CO.," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

SUMNER SAILS AWAY ON A RAFT.

THE display of layer upon layer of black plug tobacco such as Quorum had been accustomed to using for longer than he could remember caused the negro's eyes to glisten as though they had been so many ingots of pure gold. For more than two weeks he had longed unavailingly for a fragment of the precious weed. Now to have an unlimited quantity of it placed before him so very mysteriously and unexpectedly seemed the climax of everything most desirable and best worth living for. He snuffed at it eagerly, inhaling its fragrance with long, deep breaths. Then, producing a stubby corncob pipe from some hidden recess of his tattered clothing, he asked, pleadingly, for "jest one lilly smoke."

"After supper," said Sumner. "Get supper ready first, and then you shall smoke as much as you want to."

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 644.

At this, Quorum's countenance fell, and seating himself on the ground, he remarked, stubbornly: "No, sah. Ole Quorn do no cookin' wifout him hab a smoke fust. No smoke, no cookin'; no cookin', no suppah. Why yo' no gib one plug ob terbakker fur dat 'possum, eh? Him monstrous fine 'possum, but I willin' to sell him fur jes one lilly plug ob terbakker. Yo' can't buy him so cheap no-whar else, specially on dis yer oncibilized Niggly Wity Key."

"But it is not my tobacco," laughed Sumner, greatly amused at the old man's attitude and arguments.

"Who he b'long to, den?" demanded Quorum, quickly.

"I'm sure I don't know," answered the boy.

"Den he youn. You fin' him. You keep him. Hit all de same like er wrack. Yo' catch him, nobody else want him, yo' keep him. Jes one lilly smoke, Marse Summer—jes one; den de ole man go to cookin' de berry bestes yo' ebber seen. Come, Marse Summer, jes one; dat's a honey-bug."

There was no resisting this pleading appeal, and cutting off enough for a single pipeful from one of the plugs, Sumner handed it to the negro, saying: "Well, then, if you must have it, take that, and hurry up with supper the very minute you have finished your smoke. I never was so hungry in my life, while Worth begins to look dangerously like a cannibal. Come, Worth, we must fly round, and build another palmetto shanty before dark. At this rate we'll have a town here before long."

Two hours of hard work found a second hut, much more pretentious than the first, nicely roofed in. By this time the sun was setting, and what was of infinitely more importance to the young canoemates, Quorum announced that supper was ready. And what a feast he had prepared! Had there ever been one half so good before? In the opinion of the boys, there certainly had not.

Quorum had felt no scruples about helping himself to the provisions so liberally provided, and if the boys had noticed what he was doing, they had not had the moral courage to interfere. As a result, he had baked the 'possum stuffed with cracker-crumbs, bits of pork and onions cut up fine, and well seasoned with salt and pepper, in a Dutch oven. The oven had been set on a bed of coals, and a fire of light-wood knots built on its heavy iron lid. The 'possum had been surrounded with sweet-potatoes, and both were done to a brown crisp. Then there was coffee, with sugar and condensed milk, toasted hardtack with butter, and bananas for dessert.

"Talk about eating!" said Sumner.

"Or Delmonico's!" added Worth.

As Quorum sat and watched them, a broad grin of happiness overspread his features, while wreaths of blue smoke curled gently upward above his woolly head. His pipe was again full, and he now had possession of an entire plug of tobacco, for which he felt profoundly grateful to some unknown benefactor.

Among other things in the hut, which the boys now called the storehouse, they had discovered a bale of blankets. These they did not hesitate to appropriate to their own use, and as they lay stretched on them, under their new roof, blinking sleepily at the fire, their comfort and happiness seemed almost to have attained perfection.

"Except for our canoes," said Sumner. "If we only had them, I, for one, should be perfectly happy, and tomorrow I am going to make preparations for finding them."

"How?" asked Worth; and for an hour or so they talked over their plans for the future. The intervals between their remarks became longer and longer, until finally, when Worth asked, "Whom do you suppose all those provisions belong to, anyway, Sumner?" the latter answered: "Give it up. I'm too sleepy to guess any more riddles to-night."

The boys slept almost without moving until sunrise; but Quorum was frequently aroused to repel the invasions of certain 'coons that, but for his watchfulness, would have made free with the contents of the storehouse. He also had to protect the fire against a heavy shower that came on toward morning; and on each of these occasions he rewarded himself with a few whiffs of smoke from his pipe.

The next morning the two boys, leaving Quorum to devise traps for the capture of the 'coons and prepare dinner, started out to collect some of the planks they had seen the day before. With these Sumner proposed to build a raft on which they could drift over to Indian Key with that afternoon's ebb-tide. Once there, he antici-



QUORUM IS HAPPY.

pated no difficulty in hailing some passing craft that could be chartered to search for their canoes, and carry them back to Key West in case the search proved fruitless.

As the channel from Lignum Vitæ, through which the strongest tide currents flowed, led directly past Indian Key and close to it, this plan seemed feasible. By noon the boys had towed around to the cove in front of their camp two heavy squared timbers and a number of boards. These they lashed together in the form of a rude raft. They had no nails and but a limited supply of line for lashing, so that the raft was by no means as strong as they could wish. Neither was it very buoyant, the material of which it was built being yellow pine, already somewhat water-soaked and floating very low. To their dismay, when it was completed, the boys found that instead of supporting three persons, as they hoped it would, it was awash and unsafe with only two of them on board.

"There's only one thing to be done," said Sumner, when this state of affairs became evident, "and that is for me to go alone. When I get hold of a craft of some kind, I can bring her here after you two; and if I don't find one, it will be an easy matter for me to come back on a flood-tide."

"But, Sumner, it seems awful for you to go 'way off

there alone on such a crazy raft as this. Do you think it is absolutely necessary?"

"Yes," answered the other, whose mind was now intent only upon recovering his beautiful canoe, "I do think it is necessary for one of us to go. We can't stay here forever, living off of some unknown person's provisions. Besides, supposing those canoes should be wrecked and discovered in that condition, and the report that we were lost should reach Key West, how do you think our mothers would feel? Yes, indeed, it is necessary that I should go, and I mean to start the minute the tide serves."

Neither Worth nor Quorum could move Sumner from this determination, and it was with heavy hearts that they watched him, about four o'clock in the afternoon, step aboard the raft and shove out into the current, which had just begun to run ebb. He was provided with a long pole and a small box of provisions, the latter being placed in the middle of the raft.

Its movement was at first heavy and sluggish, but as soon as it felt the influence of the current, it was borne along with comparative speed. Thus a few minutes served to take the solitary voyager beyond ear-shot of his companions. For some time he could see them waving their hats, but at length their forms faded from his sight, and he realized that he was beyond reach of their assistance in case his undertaking should fail. Now that he could no longer note the speed with which he had left the island, his progress seemed irritatingly slow.

The channel was very crooked, and his clumsy craft frequently grounded on the projecting sand-bars at its many turns. In each case valuable time was lost in pushing it off and getting it started again. From this cause his rate of progress was so slow that Indian Key was still some distance ahead when the sun sank from sight in the western waters. Now, for the first time, Sumner experienced a feeling of uneasiness, and a doubt as to the success of his venture. He strove to add to the speed of his raft by poling, but as the depth of water was generally too great for him to touch bottom, nothing could be accomplished in that way.

Now he began to notice the number of sea-monsters that were going out with the tide and using his channel as their pathway to deeper waters. On all sides were to be seen the triangular fins of huge sharks rising above the surface so close to him that he could have touched them with his pole. He also saw hundreds of sawfish, stingarees, devil-fish, with vampirelike wings, the vast bulks of ungainly jew-fish, porpoises, and other evil-looking creatures of great size and phenomenal activity. He shuddered to think what would be his fate if a slip or a misstep should precipitate him into the water among them. At length their forms were hidden from him by the darkness, and only their splashings and the gleaming trails of their progress through the phosphorescent water denoted their swarming presence.

Suddenly, while his attention was fixed upon these, he became aware that he was abreast of Indian Key and passing it. There was a shoal on the opposite side, and plunging his pole into it, he made a mighty effort to direct his raft toward land. All at once, without the slightest warning, the brittle pole snapped, and only by a violent effort did he save himself from plunging into the cruel waters.

CHAPTER XII.

PICKED UP IN THE GULF STREAM.

THE snapping of that pole marked the bitterest moment of Sumner Rankin's life. With it went his only hope of navigating his rude craft to the friendly shore of the key, past which he now seemed to be drifting with terrible rapidity. He could make out the dim forms of its trees and of the deserted buildings, in one of which he had proposed to spend the night. He could even hear

the rustle of its palm leaves in the light evening breeze, and the gentle plash of waters on its rocky coast. It was so near that he could easily have swum to it. He thought of making the attempt, but a single glance at the phosphorescent flashes beneath him convinced him of its hopelessness. No, it was safer to remain where he was, even though he should be carried out to sea through one of the numerous channels in the outer reef. Supposing his raft should strand on the reef, what chance was there of its holding together until daylight, or even for a few minutes? He knew that if a sea should arise there was none.

Now Indian Key was lost to sight behind him, and he was alone, with only his own unhappy thoughts for company. He knew that those waters were seldom traversed by vessels of any description in the night-time, most of the reef sailors preferring to come to anchor at sunset. Above him shone the stars, and far ahead gleamed the white and red flashes of Alligator Light. All else was darkness and utter desolation.

The poor lad sat on the box containing his slender store of provisions, and buried his face in his hands. How thankful he was that his mother could not see him now! She was at least spared that sorrow. He wondered what she was doing. Then his thoughts turned to those whom he had left but a few hours before. Why had he not been content to stay with them, and await patiently the relief that must come to them sooner or later? Perhaps even now the mysterious owner of those goods had arrived, and Worth was sitting with a merry party beside the fire, while old Quorum was preparing supper. No, they must have already eaten supper, and now Quorum was blissfully smoking his pipe, while Worth was comfortably stretched out on his bed of blankets. Oh, what a fool he had been to let a false pride in his own strength and ability get the better of his prudence! He might have known that there were a hundred chances of being swept past the little rocky key to one of successfully landing on it. He had known it, but his obstinate pride in his own superior skill had not allowed him to acknowledge it, and now it was too late.

At length, feeling faint from hunger, the poor boy roused himself, and ate a few mouthfuls of food from his provision chest. As he contrasted this meal and its surroundings with the merry supper of the evening before, the wretchedness of his situation was forced upon him more strongly than ever. By this time a breeze that caused little waves to break upon and occasionally wash completely over the raft had sprung up in the southwest, and by the changing position of Alligator Light, Sumner became aware that he was drifting up the reef. The steadily increasing roar of its breakers informed him at the same time that he was approaching closer to it with each moment.

Finally he was abreast of the light, and a mile or so from it, while the sound of the breakers was all about him. He was on the line of the reef. In a few minutes more he would either have passed into the open sea beyond it, or his ill-built raft would strand and be broken to pieces on its cruel rocks. During the succeeding five minutes he almost held his breath. The strain of the suspense was awful, and the boy hardly knew which fate he dreaded the most. At the end of that time it was decided. The sound of the breakers certainly came from behind him. He had passed out through some channel, and was now on the open sea. At the same time the waves that washed over his raft were larger, so that before long he was thoroughly drenched by them, and sat shivering in the chill night wind. Now the strong current of the Gulf Stream aided the wind to bear him up the reef, and after a few hours the brightness of Alligator Light was so sensibly diminished that he knew he must be several miles from it.

Once during the night he saw the light of a steamship passing at no great distance from him; but his frantic cries for help were either unheard or unheeded, for no attention was paid to them. Then he began to pray for the daylight that seemed as though it would never come. How wearily the hours dragged and how cold he was! He was wet through, and chilled to the bone.

When at length the welcome dawn began to tinge the eastern sky, it found the lad half lying on the raft, clinging to the lashings of the little provision chest, and lost to consciousness in the sleep of utter exhaustion. In this condition he was discovered by the keen-eyed lookout of a west-bound steamer that was hugging the reef to escape as much as might be the force of the Gulf Stream.

As the steamer neared the boat from Alligator Light, its occupant was seen to hold up a package wrapped in oiled silk, which was at once understood to contain despatches that he wished to send to Key West. So the end of a light line was flung to him, he skilfully made the package fast to it without delaying the ship a moment, and it was hauled aboard. Among the letters that it contained was one directed to the editor of the only daily paper in Key West, and this was delivered promptly on the steamer's arrival at that port.

Late that afternoon, when Mrs. Rankin was slowly regaining her composure after the shock of Sumner's sudden and unlooked-for appearance at home, and was listening with breathless interest to an account of his recent



TWO PAIRS OF POWERFUL ARMS DRAGGED HIM INTO THE BOAT.

With reversed engines and slackening speed, the great ship passed within a hundred yards of him, but he knew nothing of it.

Nor did he awake until he heard a gruff but pitying voice close beside him, saying, "Poor fellow, he must be dead!" The next moment two pairs of powerful arms had dragged him into the boat that had been lowered for him, and as he sat up in its bottom rubbing his eyes, he seemed to have just awakened from a hideous nightmare. A few minutes later the boat with its crew had been hoisted to the deck, the steamer was again pursuing her way towards Key West, and Sumner, wrapped in hot blankets, was occupying a berth in a vacant state-room, surrounded by the sympathizing faces of those who were anxious to anticipate his every want.

He was sound asleep when, half an hour from that time, the steamer neared Alligator Light, and a small boat was seen pulling off from it so as to intercept her. At the sight of this boat the First Officer immediately began to collect such late papers and magazines as the passengers were willing to contribute, and tying them into a package. This he lashed to a bit of wood, which he intended to toss overboard for the light-keeper to pick up. In this way the reef lights are kept supplied with New York papers only three or four days old. The same papers, passing through the mails, do not reach the scattered dwellers on the keys for ten days or two weeks from the date of their publication.

adventures, a copy of the evening paper was left at the house. Sumner was too busy assuring his mother that he was not suffering the slightest ill effect from his exposure of the night before to look at it then. When, an hour later, he found time to do so, the leading item on the first page at once attracted his attention. It was headed, "A Mystery of the Reef," and after glancing hastily through it, the boy sprang to his feet, shouting:

"Hurrah, mother! The disappearance of the canoes is explained at last, and they are safe and sound, after all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SEASON IN MASSACHUSETTS.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

"O WAKE! O wake!" "Have a care! Have a care!"
 "The fields are sunny!" "The woods are bare!"
 "The streams are running; the wind is south."
 "There hangs a beard at the well-curb's mouth."
 "The sap is starting; it's time for bees!"
 "I've pinched the buds on the ox-heart trees!"
 "O wake!" "O wait!" in a round unending.
 Spring and Winter I heard contending,
 Coaxing, threatening, urging, chiding,
 Earth's little empire still dividing;
 With thaws and flaws, and gauze and ermine—
 Which was victor none could determine,
 When full-blown Summer, nothing loath,
 Entered and put an end to both.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON'S TREES.

WHEN Alexander Hamilton resigned his position of Inspector-General of the army at the beginning of the administration of Thomas Jefferson, he returned to New York and resumed the practice of the law. Upon retiring to private life, one of the first things Hamilton did was to buy a fine estate upon the northern end of Manhattan Island. His place fronted on the Hudson River, on the other or New Jersey side of which are the far-famed Palisades. The wooden house that he built, and which is still standing, was finished in 1802, and was made of timber given to him by his father-in-law, General Schuyler. He called this country home The Grange.

The space in front and on the left of the house was laid out in a fine lawn, in which the uneven surface of the ground was preserved, dotted here and there with fine trees, the natural growth of the spot. Near the house, and on the left, Hamilton planted thirteen gum-trees as an emblem of the thirteen original States. It is a tradition in the Hamilton families that these trees, which are now fine and massive, were sent to the founder of the family by one of the famous Hugers of South Carolina. Four of these brothers were comrades of Hamilton during the war for independence.

Recently this old estate has been divided, and that part of it containing the old mansion was sold a week or so ago to ex-Congressman Orlando B. Potter. The sale and purchase attracted attention to the gum-trees, and Mr. Potter, fearing that relic hunters might destroy the trees, applied to the police for assistance in protecting them.

Few statements can be made nowadays that do not provoke dissent. All the local histories of New York city and all the biographies of Hamilton have mentioned these trees in specific terms, and thousands of those persons who particularly revered Hamilton's memory have gone from his grave in Trinity church-yard to The Grange to see the trees, and to stand under their shade.

Nothing appeared to be better established than the history of the thirteen gum-trees. But Mr. William Wood announced a few days after Mr. Potter's purchase that the late Mr. John C. Hamilton, the son of Alexander, had said ten years ago that his father had not planted them, but had found them there when he bought the place. Mr. Wood says that this is borne out by the fact that no mention of the trees is made in any of Hamilton's letters. Such a fact has little weight when it is remembered that Hamilton was killed in a duel by Aaron Burr in 1804, only two years after the trees were planted. Such very young trees are not usually the subject of much remark.

General Schuyler Hamilton, the son of John C. Hamilton, and grandson of Alexander, says that he thinks Mr. Wood must have misunderstood his father, as it had always been a tradition in the family that the trees had been planted by his grandfather in 1802 as emblems of the thirteen States.



THE "HAMILTON TREES" AT THE GRANGE, NEW YORK CITY.

The living things that draw us closer to the great men of the Revolutionary period of American history are few enough as it is, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Wood should have spoken on the subject of these trees before exhausting every means of testing the accuracy of what has been always accepted as correct history.

MISS KITTY'S KITCHEN-GARDEN.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

I HAVE known Miss Kitty for a long time—that is, she would think it a long time, for she is only ten years old, and our acquaintance has lasted through three summers. She is a bonny little lass with blue eyes and tangled yellow curls, and if it were not for the sunburn on her cheeks she would look very like some of the pretty little girls we see in the picture-books. Naturally, I fancy, she is very delicate, and her father and mother, with the anxiety of parents with but a single bird in the nest, watch her very carefully for fear the wind may be too chill or the sun too hot for her. Miss Kitty and I, when she was seven years old, became great friends, when I gave her a fox-terrier puppy that she called Dot, because

he had a little black spot in the middle of his forehead. Dot was my firm friend, and very fond of scampering over into my garden to see what I was doing. Where Dot did not follow Miss Kitty, Miss Kitty followed Dot, and therefore in my gardening operations I frequently had two very appreciative and friendly spectators.

Miss Kitty's mother, a gentle lady unaccustomed to country life, and with a horror of freshly upturned earth, because some learned doctor had said that miasmatic germs arose from the turned soil and attacked delicate human bodies, did not approve entirely of her daughter's intimacy with me in my garden, and often Dot and Miss Kitty were called away, and the little girl, I fear, was reprimanded for so often interrupting me in my work. So during that spring Miss Kitty, after the beginning of my operations, came very seldom, though Dot scampered around as lively as ever.

Later in the summer, when the soil was no longer freshly upturned, and Miss Kitty's mother had no further dread of the miasmatic poisons, that charming young lady was my frequent visitor, and bore home in triumph many evidences of my horticultural skill. She helped me pick pease and gather tomatoes, and became in time to have as fierce an enmity against useless weeds as Dot had for the vermin that he pursued. Miss Kitty was learning, and learning fast. Miss Kitty's father was a dignified lawyer, and until the courts had adjourned for the summer had little time to spend at Nearbye, where he lived. But when July had come, he spent many days at his village home, and very naturally followed Miss Kitty and Dot into my garden. He too became interested in my operations, and when I told him of what I had done and was doing he was very ready to assent that they too should have a kitchen-garden.

"Oh, let it be my garden!" pleaded Miss Kitty, in a way all her own, and at the same time all-compelling.

"Very well, Kitty," her father replied, "it shall be yours."

"My very own?" she asked.

Then I interposed by saying, "I tell you what, Miss Kitty, it would be better for your father to have a garden, as I have mine, and for you to have a little space where you could make your garden, and do what you choose in it."

And so it was decided, and this was the beginning of Miss Kitty's kitchen-garden. As the summer wore on and the autumn came, Miss Kitty was always anxious to begin, and it was hard indeed for me to explain to her, so that she could understand, that the spring was the time to begin with a garden, and that it was useless to start at any other season. Now that she was to have a garden herself, she felt free to help me as much as she chose, and she busied herself about my various beds as charmingly as a humming-bird flits from flower to flower, and makes each blossom seem lovelier by its presence. At length she was reconciled to the fact that she could not begin until the early spring.

One day in the late winter, when there was a breath of spring in the air, and one walking in the city parks would keep a lookout for the bluebird's coming, I had a visit from Miss Kitty, who came with her nurse and Dot to inquire how early I should go to Nearbye. She explained that all winter long she had cherished the idea of starting her garden as early as possible. I was almost afraid to tell her that I was as anxious to resume my horticultural experiments as she was to begin hers, for I feared that this imperious young lady might influence her mother to go to the country earlier than a residence there would be pleasant. But I could only be honest, and informed her that I was going out in March to get my hot-beds started, though my family would not come until six weeks later. I knew very well that both April and May would pass before Miss Kitty's people would be ready to make a

change to the country, and that those two months were the most valuable of all to any one who would really accomplish anything in growing vegetables. I felt sorry for Miss Kitty.

"And will you make a little hot-bed for me?" she asked, with her hands clasped and her head on one side.

"I will, my dear; a nice little one." And the charming little sprite rewarded me with a kiss, the first favor of the kind she had bestowed upon me.

When I got to Nearbye I found that Miss Kitty's father had employed a gardener, who was already at work with his hot-beds in which early vegetables should be grown and tender plants started. I went to see him, and explained that I wanted a little spot for Miss Kitty's garden, and a very small space for her hot-bed. He was an honest man, I am sure, but I was soon made to feel that he suspected that I was sent to report upon him, and discover whether he had the capacity to do the work for which he was engaged. He was respectful, but respectful in a surly kind of way which betokened no good for Miss Kitty's garden. I knew gardeners pretty well, and had learned in my own novitiate at the gentle craft that the least desirable thing in a garden was interference and advice from outsiders. I therefore, with some appreciation for his feelings, bade Mr. Sandy McCosh good-day, and bothered him no more. But surely Miss Kitty must have a hot-bed and a kitchen-garden too.

So when I made my hot-beds I made a small one for her, and when I planned my garden I set apart a little space for Miss Kitty large enough to give her plenty of employment, yet not so small that it should seem no garden at all. When her hot-bed was made, and covered by a frame two feet wide and three feet long, I wrote her a letter, telling her that her hot-bed had in it three rows of radishes, two rows of lettuce, one of parsley, and two of cucumbers. Of course I did not put in Miss Kitty's hot-bed any of those plants which I could give her for transplantation into her garden more easily than I could grow for her in her hot-bed. But she was grateful itself, as a letter attests which I received from her, and which is a model in its way, but for the fact that she spelled please without an *a*. That there should have been this slip makes me sure that her mother never saw the letter. If I thought Miss Kitty's mamma would ever read this, I am sure I should not call attention to the way her daughter spelled "please."

When Miss Kitty's family arrived at Nearbye that young lady at once went out to see Mr. McCosh. He knew nothing of her garden and cared less. It is hard to tell that a heroine wept—that kind of heroine went out of fashion even before I was young. But really Miss Kitty did weep. She wept bitter tears—tears which used to be called scalding. But they did not scald her cheeks long. For a moment she hesitated and believed me false, but only for a moment. In a little while she was in my garden, Dot tugging at her skirts in a playful way he had, and she looked at me reproachfully. I saw at once what was wrong.

"Ah, Miss Kitty," I said, "how do you do? Come, look at your hot-bed."

And then I showed her, beneath the little frame of glass, what I had planted for her. She saw the tender lettuce almost ready to transplant, the cucumber-vines springing vigorously up, and the assertive radishes already almost touching the protecting glass, while above the earth the parsley had not yet deigned to show its head. Parsley seed, as every one knows, is dreadfully slow to germinate. Then I showed her the little space I had laid off for her garden—her very own. I did not tell her how Mr. Sandy McCosh had snubbed me in his own superior Scotch way. That was not necessary, for it is a bad plan ever to do anything to bring even gardeners in conflict with their employers. But I got a kiss from Miss

Kitty, which I am sure was a greater reward than Mr. Sandy McCosh ever received from any one for all his dignity.

I had laid out a little garden for Miss Kitty fifteen feet long and eleven and a half feet wide, and I had divided this into five beds, each a foot and a half wide, with a twelve-inch path separating the beds. This was in an old-fashioned method that is not economical of space, but which contributes not only to the symmetry of a garden but to the ease of the person who cultivates it. I may be pardoned, I trust, for saying right here that most beginners in gardening, whether they be children or grown persons, make the mistake of laying out gardens so large, that working them soon becomes a tedious labor instead of a pleasure. I did not intend to make this mistake for Miss Kitty, and therefore her garden, as I planned it, was as small for a garden as she was for a horticulturist. In the first bed I planted three kinds of pease, and these were already up when Miss Kitty was introduced to her garden. In the second bed I proposed that she should transplant from the hot-bed lettuce, cucumbers, and parsley. In the third bed tomatoes were to be planted. In the fourth were to be placed cauliflower and cabbage, and in the fifth bed Lima and bush beans. These were homely things for a young lady to bother about, but as all of them reward care and attention, they are worthy of the highest interest. On the ends of each bed I suggested that Miss Kitty should put in radish seed of one variety and another. This little garden was made very soon after Miss Kitty's arrival, for it was then high time that everything should be growing.

When the time came to take the lettuce from the hot-bed, Miss Kitty found that her radishes in the bed were ready to eat. I told her to be quiet about it, and come back the next morning half an hour before breakfast and take them home. This she did in great triumph and glee. Four days later Mr. Sandy McCosh sent in his first contribution, and was told by the cook that Miss Kitty was a better gardener than he. I am glad I did not happen to see Mr. McCosh at this moment, for nothing is sadder than to witness a good man in pain.

The radishes being removed from the hot-bed, there was space to reset some of the lettuce-plants, and give them a chance to head by being forced. The other lettuce-plants were set in the open bed prepared for them. And in resetting these delicate plants Miss Kitty developed a most surprising dexterity. She did not bore a hole with a stick, as some careless gardeners do—they call a stick so used, I believe, a dibble—but with her trowel she removed the earth, and then with her own little hands spread out the roots and placed the earth against the plant. She was not afraid of getting her hands dirty, which was a good thing, for there is no greater mistake in the world than to think that clean dirt is dirty in the ordinary sense. On the contrary, it is pure and wholesome. The tomato-plants she set out herself in the same careful way, and had five varieties, the Peach, the Sunrise, the Mikado, the Early Landreth, and the Ignotum. And so on with the other things.

She had learned, the summer before, by watching me, that weeds were never to be tolerated, and she pulled up and hoed these out with great diligence. To impress upon her the noxious vitality of these useless plants, I told her how the pusly had nearly broken the gentle heart of a great literary man, who had once worked as we were working in our gardens. But Miss Kitty kept her garden clean, and with her little triangular-shaped hoe and steel-pronged rake she was busy an hour or so every day. In a little while, in the hot-beds, the lettuce had headed, and Miss Kitty went home with her second offering. Again she was a few days ahead of good Mr. McCosh, who took the matter so to heart that he talked of throw-

ing up his job. But he got used to this kind of thing before the summer was very old, as she beat him with cucumbers and tomatoes too. Then Mr. McCosh came around and acknowledged that there was no use in the wide world for a blundering and double-fisted old man like him to try to compete with a fairy.

This work in the open air did Miss Kitty a world of good. She grew stronger and sturdier, and was hungry three times a day. It did not make her less fond of her dolls, her story-books, or of Dot, but gave her energies a practical direction, which can never do her any harm. The next summer she repeated her operations, and with less assistance from me, and she was quite as successful as before. Of course the heavy work of spading, hoeing, and raking in the preparation of the beds was done for her. Such work is too hard even for a grown woman to undertake. Next summer she means to grow flowers instead of vegetables, and then she will be under the kindly care of Mr. McCosh, who is now her fast friend and sincere admirer.

The Talisman of Solomon.

BY HOWARD PYLE,

AUTHOR OF "MEN OF IRON," "THE WONDER CLOCK," ETC.

Part II.

IN the middle of the room to which Zadok had conducted the young man was such a basin as he had seen in the other two rooms, only it was filled with jewels—diamonds and rubies and emeralds and sapphires and precious stones of all kinds. Around the wall, and facing the basin from all sides, stood six golden statues. Three of them were statues of the Kings and three of them statues of the Queens who had gathered together all this vast and measureless wealth of ancient Egypt. There was space for a seventh statue, but where it should



A BASIN FILLED WITH JEWELS.

have stood was a great arched door of adamant. The door was tight shut, and there was neither lock nor key to it. Upon the door these words were written in letters



A PALACE OF MARBLE AND GOLD.

of flame, "Behold! beyond this door is that alone which shall satisfy all thy desires."

"Tell me, Zadok," said the young man, after he had filled himself with all the wonders that surrounded him, "tell me what is there that lies beyond that door?"

The demon laughed. "Some time," said he, "thou mayst find for thyself. Come, let us leave here and go to the palace."

He led the way, and the young man following, they passed through the vaulted rooms and out the door of adamant, and Zadok locked it behind them, and gave the key to the young man.

"All this is thine now," he said. "I give it to thee as I gave it to thy father. I have shown thee how to enter, and thou mayst go in whenever it pleases thee to do so."

They ascended the steps, and so reached the garden above. Then Zadok struck his heel upon the ground, and the earth closed as it had opened. He led the young man from the spot until they had come to a wide avenue that led to the palace beyond.

"Here I leave thee," said the demon; "but if ever thou hast need of me, call, and I will come."

Thereupon he vanished in a flash, leaving the young man standing like one in a dream.

He saw a garden of such splendor and magnificence as he had never dreamed of even in his wildest fancy, and at the end of an avenue of marble there arose a palace, the like of which was not in the four quarters of the earth—a palace of marble and gold and carmine and ultramarine.

A crowd stood waiting, and when the young man appeared, they shouted: "Welcome, welcome to the master who has come again! Welcome to the master who has come again!"

The young man walked up the avenue of marble to the palace. He was dizzy with joy. "All—all this," he exulted, "belongs to me. And to think if I had listened to the Talisman of Solomon, I should have had none of it."

That was the way he came back to the treasure of the ancient Kings of Egypt and to the palace of enchantment that his father had quitted.

For seven months he lived a life of joy and delight, surrounded by crowds of courtiers as though he were a King. Then one morning he awakened, and found everything changed to grief and mourning. Where the day before had been laughter, to-day was grief; where the day before had been mirth, to-day was lamentation. All the city was shrouded with gloom, and everywhere there was sound of weeping and crying. Seven black slaves, who stood upon guard, were near the young man as he arose from his couch.

"What means all this sorrow?" said the young man to one of the slaves.

Instantly all the slaves began howling and beating their heads, and he to whom the young man had spoken fell down with his face in the dust, and lay there twisting and writhing like a worm.

"He has asked the question!" howled the slave. "He has asked the question!"

"Are you mad?" cried the young man. "What is the matter with you?"

At the doorway of the room there stood a beautiful female slave, bearing in her hands a jewelled basin of gold filled with rose-water, and a fine linen napkin for the young man to wash and dry his hands upon.

"Tell me," said the young man, "what means all this sorrow and lamentation?"

Instantly the beautiful slave dropped the basin of gold upon the stone floor, and began shrieking and tearing her hair and her clothes. "He has asked the question!" she screamed. "He has asked the question!"

The young man began to grow frightened, and with uneven steps went out into the anteroom, and there found his Chamberlain waiting for him with a crowd of attendants and courtiers.

"Tell me," said the young man, "why you are all so sorrowful?"

Instantly those who stood waiting began crying and tearing their clothes and beating their hands. As for the Chamberlain (he was a reverend old man), his eyes sparkled with anger, and his fingers twitched as though he would have struck if he had dared. "What!" he cried, "art thou not contented with all thou hast, and with all that we do for thee, without asking the forbidden question?"

Thereupon the old man tore his cap from his head and



"I THINK EVERYBODY HAS GONE MAD," SAID THE YOUNG MAN.

flung it upon the ground, and began beating himself violently upon the head with great outcry.

"I think everybody in this place has gone mad," said the young man. "Nevertheless, if I do not find out what it all means, I shall go mad myself."

Then he bethought himself for the first time since he had come to that land of the Talisman of Solomon. "Tell me, oh, Talisman," said he, "why do all these people weep and wail so continuously?"

"Rest content," said the Talisman of Solomon, "with knowing that which concerns thine own self, and seek not to find an answer that will be to thine own undoing. Be thou also further advised, do not question the demon Zadok."

"Fool that I am!" said the young man, stamping his foot; "here am I wasting all this time, when, if I had but thought of Zadok at first, he would have told me all." Then he called aloud, "Zadok! Zadok! Zadok!"

Instantly the ground shook beneath his feet, the dust rose in clouds, and there stood Zadok as black as ink, and with eyes that shone like fire.

"Tell me," said the young man—"I command you to tell me, oh, Zadok!—why do the people in this town all go crazy when I ask them why they are afflicted?"

"I will tell thee," said Zadok. "Seven-and-thirty years ago there was a Queen over this land—the most beautiful that ever was seen. Thy father, who was the wisest and most cunning enchanter in the world, turned her into stone, and with her all her attendants in her palace. No one since that time has been permitted to enter the palace—it is forbidden for any one even to ask a question concerning it—but every year on the day on which the Queen was turned to stone the whole land mourns. And now thou knowest all."

"Then," said the young man, "I command you to take me to where the Queen is, so that I may see her with mine own eyes."

"I hear, and obey," said the demon.

He seized the young man by the girdle, and in an instant flew with him to a hanging garden that lay before the Queen's palace.

"Thou art the first man," said Zadok, "who has seen what thou art about to see for seven-and-thirty years."

He led the way, and the young man, following the demon, ascended a flight of steps, and so entered the vestibule of the palace. Thence they passed through room after room and apartment after apartment crowded with



THE YOUNG MAN FELL UPON HIS KNEES.

courtiers and nobles and lords clad in the robes of office magnificent beyond fancying, but each silent and motionless, each a stone as white as alabaster. At last they entered an apartment in the very centre of the palace. There sat seven-and-forty female attendants around a couch of purple and gold. Upon the couch reclined a Queen with a crown of gold upon her head. She lay there motionless and still. She was cold and dead, of stone as white as alabaster. The young man approached and looked into her face.

"Zadok," he cried, "tell me, can she never become alive again?"

"Listen, oh, master," said the demon. "Thy father possessed a wand of silver and a wand of gold. Whatsoever he touched with the wand of silver became converted to stone, such as thou seest all around thee here; but whatsoever, oh, master, he touched with the wand of gold, it became alive, even if it were a stone."

"Tell me, Zadok," cried the young man, "I command you to tell me, where is that wand of gold?"

"I have it with me," said Zadok.

"Then give it to me; I command you to give it to me."

"I hear and obey," said the demon. He drew from his girdle a wand of gold as he spoke, and gave it to the young man.

"Thou mayst go now, Zadok," said the young man, trembling with eagerness.

Zadok laughed and vanished. The young man stood for a while looking down at the beautiful figure of alabaster. Then he touched the lips with the wand of gold. In an instant the figure of the Queen that had been stone opened its eyes.

"Who are you?" it said.

The young man fell upon his knees. "I am he who was sent to bring you to life," he said. "My father turned you to cold stone, and I—I have brought you back to warm life again."

The Queen smiled. Her teeth sparkled like pearls. "If you have brought me to life then I am yours," she said, and she kissed him upon the lips.

"Tell me, beloved," said the Queen, upon the morning of the seventh day, "thy father once possessed all the hidden treasure of the ancient Kings of Egypt—tell me, is it now thine as it was once his?"



THEY ENTERED THE VESTIBULE OF THE PALACE



DREW A CIRCLE UPON THE GROUND WITH HIS FINGER-TIP.

"Yes," said the young man, "it is all mine now, as it was once all his."

"Then, as you so love me, I beg one boon of you. It is that you show me this treasure of which I have heard so much."

"Thou shalt see it all," said he. He called aloud, "Zadok! Zadok! Zadok!" and the demon appeared.

"I command you," said the young man, "to carry the Queen and myself to the garden where my treasure lies hidden."

Zadok laughed. "I hear and obey thee, master," said he.

He seized the Queen and the young man by the girdles, and in an instant transported them to the garden and to the treasure-house.

"Thou art where thou commandest to be," said the demon.

The young man immediately drew a circle upon the ground with his finger-tip. He struck his heel upon the circle and the ground opened, disclosing the steps leading downward. The young man descended the steps, with the Queen behind him, and behind them both came the demon Zadok.

The young man opened the door of adamant, and entered the first of the vaulted rooms.

When the Queen saw the huge basin full of silver treasure her cheeks and her forehead flushed as red as fire.

They went into the next room, and when the Queen saw the basin of gold her face turned as white as ashes.

They went into the third room, and when the Queen saw the basin of jewels and the six golden statues her face turned as blue as lead, and her eyes shone green like a snake's.

"Are you content?" said the young man.

The Queen looked about her. "No," cried she, hoarsely, pointing to the last door; "what is it that lies behind yon door?"

"I do not know," said the young man. "The door is locked."

"Then open the door, and let me see what lies within."

Then the young man bethought himself of the Talisman of Solomon. "Tell me, O Talisman," said he, "how shall I open yonder door?"

"O wretched one!" cried the Talisman — "O wretched one! fly while there is yet time; fly, for thy doom is near! Do not push the door open, for it is not locked."

The young man struck his head with his clinched fist. "What a fool am I!" he cried. "Will I never learn wisdom? Here have I been coming to this place seven months, and have never yet thought to try whether yonder door was locked or not!"

They went forward together. The young man pushed the door with his hand. It opened swiftly and silently, and they entered.

Within was a narrow room as red as blood. A flaming lamp hung from the ceiling above. The young man stood as though turned to stone, for there stood a gigantic black, with a linen napkin wrapped about his loins, and a scimitar in his right hand that gleamed like lightning in the flame of the lamp. Before him lay a basket filled with sawdust.

When the Queen saw what she saw, she screamed in a loud voice: "Thou hast found it! Thou hast found it! Strike, O slave!"

The young man heard the demon give a yell of laughter: he saw a whirl and a flash, and then he knew nothing.

The black had struck, the blade had fallen, and a head rolled into the basket of sawdust that stood waiting for it.

THE END.

THE PROUD COW.

THERE was once a cow who was very proud. She had some reason to be proud, perhaps, although she had no right; for none of us have any right, although we may have reason.

This cow was the prettiest cow amongst the herd. She was of a lovely light brown color, and of a slighter and better shape than the other cows. Also her disposition was more amiable than that of the rest, that is, it was until she grew proud. She gave twice as much milk as any one of the herd, and the butter which the dairymaid got from it was celebrated for miles around.

The mistress of that cow was very much pleased to exhibit her to any visitors. She was continually bringing her friends out to the barn-yard to admire "My beautiful little Alderney." The cow did not exactly know what the name meant, but she knew it must be complimentary, for each set of visitors strove to outdo the last in praising her.

So this cow began to grow very haughty, and she put on many airs amongst her companions. Whether she was in the cow-yard or in the field, she selected the pleasantest spot for herself, the softest bedding, and the choicest of the food. Sooner than create a dispute, the other cows gave way good-naturedly, and allowed her to have her own way. She would allow no one to precede her. Coming out of the cow-yard in the morning to pasture, or going back at night, she always insisted upon being the first to enter or leave the gate, and the other cows were obliged to walk humbly behind.

One night, by some accident, the other cows happened to arrive at home first, and when the proud cow got to the cow-house door, all the others had entered, and she was left to come in last. Much affronted at this humiliation, the cow stood at the door lowing, and showing her anger in every way possible. She resisted every effort of the dairymaid, who knew well what was the matter, to drive her into the yard.

"This is the third time she has acted so," grumbled Rose, the dairymaid. "I have had to turn out every one of the cows so that she could enter first. Nothing else will suit her."

Now it happened that this night the cow's mistress came down to show off her favorite, as usual, a party of friends. Much astonished at the cow's actions, they stood watching. The

cow ran back and forth around the house, kicked, tossed her head, and made all the noise of which she was capable.

"What is the matter?" the lady asked. "Why, it is dangerous to have such a creature."

"Indeed it is, ma'am," cried Rose, flushed and indignant. Then she told of the cow's bad temper. "And ever since she has become so troublesome, ma'am," added Rose, "we have not had half the milk she used to give. She may be a pretty enough creature to look at, but if looks are all, it's a plaster cow you'd better get, that will stand there, and make less trouble, ma'am."

And the mistress quite agreed with her.

"Since her usefulness is over," she said, "we cannot afford to keep her any longer for the sake of her beauty. To-morrow morning I will ask the butcher what she will be worth as beef."

So the cow and her pride were ended together. E. L. C.

THE COLONEL'S UMBRELLA.

JONAS HANWAY was said to be the first man who carried an umbrella in the streets of London. Umbrellas were long before that carried by women, but they were considered a feminine luxury, and a man would no more be seen with one than nowadays he would walk the streets with a parasol in summer, or carry a muff in winter.

But Jonas Hanway, thinking, like a sensible man, that all the good things should not be appropriated by women, boldly walked the streets one day with an umbrella (probably it belonged to his wife) over his head. He not only kept himself dry among his moist fellow-creatures, but he rendered his name immortal, and left a shining example to us who have not always the "courage of our convictions."

But it was long before the whole country got used to umbrellas. It was told of one distant corner of Scotland, that in this quarter umbrellas were sported only by the laird and the minister, and were looked upon by the common class of people as perfect phenomena. To see the minister or the laird go by with an umbrella over his head was as good as a circus to the small boys of the village.

One day Daniel McPherson called upon the laird to pay his rent. As he was about to leave, a hard shower came on, and Daniel, being a well-to-do man and much "respected," the laird politely offered him the use of an umbrella. Daniel proudly accepted the loan, and, much elated, walked off with his head held several inches higher than usual.

He had not been gone many minutes, however, when to the laird's surprise he sees Daniel posting back with all possible haste, the umbrella still held firmly over his head.

"Hae, hae, Kornel," he called out, "this'll never do! There's nae a door in a' my house that'll tak' it in! My verra barn door winna tak it in!"

Poor Daniel's head had not yet grasped the idea that the umbrella must be shut up before he tried to take it in the door.

PENS AND INK.

THE first ink used by the ancients was probably some sort of soot or lampblack rendered fluid with gum water. An ink of this sort is less flowing than our modern ink, and not so well adapted to rapid writing, but it had the great advantage of being a solid body of an unalterable color. This advantage appears in manuscripts dug up at Herculaneum, which, although burned to a perfect charcoal, and buried for nearly eighteen centuries, are still legible. The ink remains as if embossed upon the surface, and appearing blacker than the burned paper.

The reed, which was the first pen in use, was a sort of bulrush growing in many parts of the East. These reeds were cut in the manner of a quill, and are still used by nations who write the Arabic character. Nations who have adopted the Chinese character use a camel's-hair pencil, which is held perpendicularly in the hand. This would seem little adapted for rapid writing, yet the Chinese write their complicated characters by means of these implements with a rapidity seldom equalled by European writers.

The quill appears to have been first in use about the year 600. The word "penna," meaning a quill, is not found in any

work older than that period. Previous to that we find usually the word "calamus," a reed. The quill has an advantage over the reed in being finer and more durable, the same quill often serving for weeks or even months. Some ancient writer used the same pen for forty years, and then, losing it by accident, bewailed his loss bitterly. It is said that the translator of Pliny completed that work with a single pen, and celebrated his achievement in this verse:

"With one sole pen I wrote this book,
Made of a gray goose-quill;
A pen it was when I it took;
A pen I leave it still."

SOME CURIOUS THINGS.

AN absent-minded Frenchman went to the police in Paris a few days ago, and told them that he had been missing from home for three days, and requested them in case they saw anything of him to let him know at once. Another absent-minded man went to his room to dress for a dinner party, but after removing his day clothes, instead of putting on his evening clothes he donned his night apparel, and getting into bed slept soundly until the next morning, when extreme hunger reminded him of the lost dinner.

Small boys who think ten cents a glass an enormous sum to pay for soda-water ought to be very glad that they have a taste for anything so cheap, and not for Ceylon tea; some of which was sold in London not long ago for £35—or \$175—a pound. It was composed of what are called "golden tips," which are the extreme ends of the shoots of the tea plant, and certainly the term golden, in view of the prices brought when the tips were put on sale, was most appropriate.

A writer who has observed the elephant in its native clime, states that in times of danger the parents of the baby elephants place the young ones together in the centre of the herd, and the mothers gather immediately about them so as to hide them entirely from view. Sometimes, the writer adds, an old mother is seen hurrying along, her baby following with its little trunk twisted around the end of its mother's tail to enable it to keep up.

A scientist who agrees with those who say that man is only a monkey of larger growth went to the circus the other day with a friend, and claimed to be stronger than ever in his opinions as to man's ancestry, after seeing the intensely human way in which the monkeys reached out for, grabbed, and ate up the peanuts offered them. He had very little to say, however, when a few minutes later while standing before the elephants, one of the huge creatures put the end of its trunk in his pocket and stole a whole bagful of peanuts.

Apocryphal of elephants, African travellers are frequently exposed to great danger, not so much because of their being likely to encounter these great beasts under adverse circumstances, but because of the traps laid by the natives for catching them. The ill-fated naturalist Jameson, in his story of the rear column, gives a vivid description of the trials and tribulations brought upon him in this manner. It is positively dangerous work, he says, walking fast in the forest, for the natives have had poisoned spears tied to immense logs of timber suspended between trees over the elephant path, and across which they place a light rope attached to a trigger, so that the moment the rope is touched by an elephant, down comes the spear on his back. This is certainly an ingenious method of hunting the elephant, quite worthy of an ingenious Yankee in fact, but Americans have cause to rejoice that it is too barbaric for this country. Walking and hunting in the woods here would lose half their charms if poisoned arrows were suspended over our heads, put there for the purpose of killing deer or other game.

BOOKS.

BOOKS are masters who correct our ignorance without putting it to shame. They instruct us without rods or ferules; without harsh words or anger; without money, and without fatigue. When you approach them, they are never weary; when you interrogate them, they conceal nothing. If you mistake them, they do not grumble; if you are stupid, they do not laugh at you. They are the most patient and gentle of our teachers, and the most to be cherished.



A LEAK IN THE CLOUDS.

"OH, MAMMA, MAYN'T I GO OUT NOW? IT ISN'T RAINING ANY MORE; ONLY LEAKING A LITTLE."

A YOUNG OBSERVER.

"OH, mamma," said Willis when he saw the crescent moon, "the man in the moon has turned it into a hammock."

A VAIN WISH.

"I WISH I was a real fat boy like they have at the circus," mused Tommy; "'cause then I wouldn't be expected to hurry so fast when I'm sent on errands."

A LITTLE MIXED.

"How old are you?" asked the gentleman who came to call.

"Five o'clock," answered May.

EVIDENCE OF TASTE.

"DOES your canary like your cat?" asked Uncle Jim.

"No," answered Bobby; "but the cat likes the canary, for he ate him up last week."

TRUE HAPPINESS.

"JIMMIE, if you had your way, what would you rather be than anything in the world?"

"Me, if I could always have my way," returned Jimmie.

THE CRY-BABY.

"OUR baby cries over awful little things," said Willie. "Why, even a thing so small as the point of a pin will make him holler."

A FRANK ADMISSION.

"WELL, Billie," said Uncle George, "how do you stand in school these days?"

"In the corner mostly," returned Billie.

A PUZZLER FOR THE GRAMMARIAN.

ARDY. "Papa, a conjunction is a word used to join other words, isn't it?"

PAPA. "Yes, my son."

ARDY. "And *disjunctive* means disjoining. Then a disjunctive conjunction is a connecting word that separates. Grammar is a queer study, papa."

A GREAT BOY.

"I WONDER how much candy you can get for two cents," mused Tommy.

"I know," said Bob, in a triumphant voice; "two cents' worth."

AN ELECTRIC SHOCK.

"WHY don't you build your nest on the top of a telegraph pole?" asked the blue jay.

"Because it would be too shocking," laughed the wren, as he flew away.

A NOBLE EFFORT.

"WELL, Tom," said papa, "what have you been doing to-day?"

"I haven't been doing; I've been don'ting," said Tom.

"What is don'ting?" asked papa.

"Trying to please Mamma," said Tom.

FATHER GANDER'S MELODIES.

LITTLE Bo-Peep

Has lost her sheep,

And I know where she'll find them:

Down in the shops—

As mutton chops—

With a porter-house steak behind them.

WHAT HE WOULD SAY.

"WILLIE, if I gave you a cream-cake, a glass of soda-water, ten cents' worth of taffy, and an apple, what would you say?"

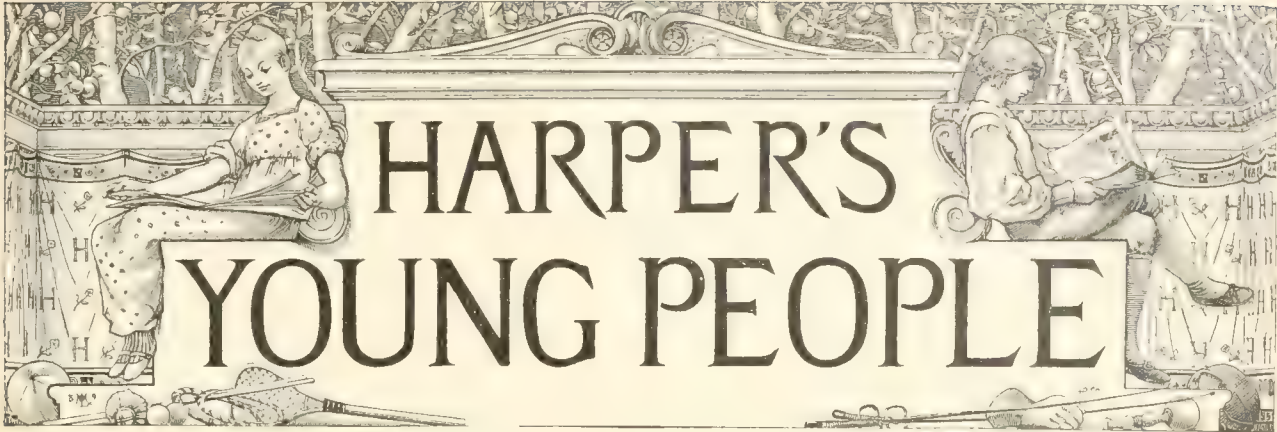
"Send for the doctor."



The Comical Rabbit.

A comical rabbit
Contracted the habit
Of walking about on his ears;
When, sad to relate,
They bent with his weight,
And made him bow-eared it appears.

P. Newell.



HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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HIS FIRST EASTER.—DRAWN BY JESSIE WILCOX SMITH

AT EASTER.

A CHILD'S FANCY

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER

I DID not grow tired of winter,
 I was glad of the snow and the cold;
 I liked the weather when flake and feather
 Were flying o'er field and wold;
 But now I am glad of the sunshine
 That is calling the robins back,
 Of the beautiful flowers, the long bright hours,
 And the bloom in the spring time's track.

I am making a splendid garden
 With the plants that I love best;
 There sparrows will quarrel o'er mint and laurel,
 And orioles hang a nest.
 I shall bring from the deep old forest
 All fairylike things I see,
 And trooping after, with song and laughter,
 The fairies will follow me.

I have heard that Mother Nature,
 A dame so wise and kind,
 Is always spinning a sweet beginning,
 For the lives she keeps in mind.
 She tends the snowdrop hardy,
 And the jonquil's merry race,
 She lines her pillows with pussy-willows,
 And kisses the pansy's face.

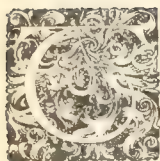
You see I am just eleven,
 I have lots of things to do;
 And all our learning is well worth earning.
 If what folk tell be true,
 I am glad, so glad, 'tis Easter,
 When the tiny bluebells chime,
 But, somehow, eleven is so near heaven,
 I'm happy the livelong time.

"ALL THAT SHE HATH."

An Easter Story.

BY MARION DICKINSON.

I.



ALL buildings focussed the rays of the burning sun upon the crowded street. In spite of the lumbering watering-carts, a cloud of fine dust, raised by the wheels of passing drays, hung suspended in the heavy air, and added to the general discomfort of those whom business compelled to be abroad. Friends greeted one another with groans and comments upon the extraordinary heat. August was outdoing itself.

The heated bricks burned Janie's feet through the broken soles of her shabby shoes; the heavy basket, stored with the fine needle-work whereby her mother kept want from her two children, dragged painfully upon the slender arm. From under the battered straw hat a flushed and tired face looked out; but even weariness and heat could not daunt the brave spirit that looked out of the grave eyes. Taking advantage of such slight shelter as was afforded by the dingy awnings, the child plodded along.

On turning a corner, her face brightened into almost a smile. The one oasis in her tedious walk was in sight—only a florist's little shop, with the sprinkled sidewalk before its door banked with a wealth of bloom. Pots of gay tasselled fuchsias were there; ranks of flaming geraniums; baskets of crowding pansies, regal in purple and gold; languid, heavy-headed roses; a cloud of soft-toned heliotrope. Janie's eyes expanded to take in all this welcome sight, this feast of color. It was to her limited experience like a glimpse of the glories of heaven—a joy unfailing. To her childish imagination the flowers nodded friendly greeting from out the odorous golden gloom cast by the sheltering awning. With a sigh of satisfac-

tion, she loitered past, drinking in the riches of odor and hue.

A heavy crash within the store, followed by the harsh tones of an angry proprietor, startled her. As she shrank timidly back, a clumsy Newfoundland puppy dashed out of the door, and knocking a geranium from the stand in his headlong flight, vanished around the corner with drooping tail and a mournful consciousness of mischief in his dejected ears.

Janie stood rooted to the ground, with horrified eyes fixed upon the broken plant. Would the proprietor understand that this was but another calamity to lay to the dog's account, or would he charge some blame upon her? At a hasty step in the doorway, she raised timid, deprecating eyes. There stood the owner of the angry voice, with a no less angry face. Great drops of perspiration stood upon his shining forehead and rolled slowly down his ruddy cheeks.

Mr. Perkins read the look in the startled eyes, and being in the main a kindly man, albeit somewhat quick-tempered, his rage melted away in a mighty laugh.

"Don't be afeered, little 'un," he said, cheerily. "I don't bite. Yes, yes, I know it was the dog"—as Janie attempted to explain. "Drat the brute! Don't I know him well? He does a sight o' mischief, and costs me a heap o' money. Yet I can't lay it up agin the pesky critter for long. Glad 'twas no wuss!"

As he spoke he lifted the bruised plant, and after a short examination, deeming it of too small account to foster into renewed vigor, lifted his hand to toss it into the street.

"Oh!" gasped Janie, then blushed very red, and dropped her eyes to the tip of one small shabby shoe.

"Hey!" ejaculated Mr. Perkins, letting his hand drop at his side. "What's the matter?"

"I—I thought you were going to throw the plant away," murmured Janie, still with downcast eyes.

"So I am—or was," as he began to understand. "It's pretty well bruk up, an' I can't bother with a common geranium. You don't say you'd like it? Have it, jest as well as not, an' welcome, if you want the bother of it."

"Really?" Janie's voice had a joyful ring. "For my very own? Oh, thank you, sir! Might I leave it by the step until I have carried this work home—if it wouldn't be in your way?"

Mr. Perkins looked down into the starry eyes and the thin face, whence all weariness had fled. "All right, little 'un," he said, cheerily, feeling his heart warm at the pleasure he had given. It was an unusual sensation to the man of shrewd bargains.

"How happy mother will be!" the child said, aloud, as she hurried away on her errand. "And Allie will be tickled 'most to death."

In ten minutes she was back again. But her heart fell in bitter disappointment; the plant was not there.

"Here you are," came a voice from the store, and the proprietor appeared with the poor little plant enthroned in a brand-new pot. "I had lots of 'em," he explained, with elaborate carelessness. "Thought it mightn't be so handy fur you to find one. There, that'll do, child. You're welcome."

It was a flushed and panting little girl who hurried up the long flights of the shabby tenement-house to the bare rooms called "home." Putting her precious burden on the floor, she quietly opened the door and slipped into the room. Two faces were lifted to greet her—one worn and lined by her hard struggle with poverty; the other no less worn, but with the delicate appearance that betokens an early flitting from this life, that of a tiny child lying propped with pillows before the one window, with wide unearthly eyes fixed upon a dusty elm and a patch of sky beyond.

"Guess what sister has brought you, Allie," cried

Janie, swinging the door back and forth, her face flushing and paling with excitement.

Allie smiled softly, transferring her gaze to Janie's face in mute question.

In another moment the plant was produced in triumph, and never was rarest orchid received with the delight and admiration that greeted that spindling geranium, denuded, by the accident, of its single blossom. The story was soon told, and from that day the little plant became the axis around which revolved the joys and hopes of the two children.

Two blocks away stood the fair brownstone church of which Mrs. Turner was a member. In happier days, before sorrow fell upon the little family, robbing it of the father and bread-winner, she had been a regular attendant, but now Janie usually went to church alone, while the mother read to her other darling of the New Jerusalem and of One who calls the little ones to His arms.

One clear October Sabbath morning, as Janie sat alone in a back pew, a young lady, entering late, slipped in beside her. Janie's thin little chest rose and fell with excitement, and she could not refrain from casting shy glances at the fair girl beside her. Many a time had she noted the sweet face with its tender expression and loving eyes, but always at a distance. Surely this was a white Sunday.

Miss Eaton noticed the child's interest, but made no move to betray her knowledge until the service was ended, when, with a sunny smile, she looked down into the admiring eyes.

"Are you coming into the Sabbath-school, dear?" she asked, gently.

"I—no, ma'am," answered Janie, shyly. "I don't belong."

"Why, haven't I seen you often at church?" asked Miss Eaton, in surprise.

"Yes, ma'am, but nobody ever asked me to stay to Sunday-school."

"Then I will ask you now. Will you come with me, my dear? I have a class of girls about your age," and the girl held out her gloved hand for Janie's sunburned fingers.

"I should love to!" the child answered, heartily. "But I oughtn't to stay to-day. Mother would be worried."

"Next Sunday, then. But come a moment, and I will introduce you to the girls, so that you will feel more at home next time."

It was not with unmixed approval that the dainty maidens in Miss Eaton's class received this addition to their number. Petted and curled darlings of wealthy parents, they felt indignant that an alien element should be introduced into their charmed circle.

"The idea!" muttered Blanche Everts in Mabel Sheri-

den's ear. "Miss Eaton knows the class is large enough already. All of our set, too! It's a shame!"

But Miss Eaton's calm courtesy held them in check, and it was with an outward show of politeness that they acknowledged Janie's timid nod. One or two welcoming faces there were, and, with Miss Eaton's friendly clasp upon her fingers, Janie promised to come again.

And come she did through the chill winds of late fall and the cutting storms of winter, filling a quiet niche among these girls of a widely different life from hers. So retiring was she that they hardly minded her presence, save by a grudging acknowledgment that Janie's lessons were invariably well learned, and that "though she isn't like us, she's not so troublesome as we expected."

But with the new year the shadows that had fallen upon Mrs. Turner's face darkened Janie's also. Allie was slipping out of life. Too weak to sit at the window now, she would lie with eyes resting upon the little plants in peaceful content. Thanks to Janie's watchful care, the geranium had thriven wonderfully, and now stood greenly vigorous; and oh, joy! beneath the velvety leaves two tiny clusters of buds were slowly expanding, and in a few weeks more would burst into bloom.

But would Allie tarry long enough to see them? Great tears rolled down Janie's cheeks, and fell upon the plant as she moved it where it could reap the benefit of every sickly, straggling ray of winter sunshine.

"Pretty blossoms by-and-by, Allie," she would say bravely. And Allie echoed, feebly.

"By-and-by."

Weaker and weaker grew the little one, larger and larger waxed the buds, until one February morning the pale sunshine looked in upon two glowing scarlet clusters.

"Oh, pretty, pretty!" piped the threadlike voice from the pillows, and eager little hands were stretched toward the flowers. Close beside her they laid the plant, its

scarlet glory caressing the sunken cheek. And so the child fell into the sound sleep whose waking would be amid the flowers of paradise.

When the little form was carried away from the room whose four walls had encompassed its world, the little geranium stood denuded of its glory, and two scarlet white-eyed blossoms were fading in the still clasped hands. And Miss Eaton, drawing Janie close to her side as they took a last look at the peaceful baby face, heard for the first time the story of the little plant that had cheered the tedious days of the patient sufferer—heard it with a pang at her tender heart at thought of the lost opportunity for making glad the heart of one of Christ's little ones.

"I wish I had known before," she sighed.



"GUESS WHAT SISTER HAS BROUGHT YOU, ALLIE," CRIED JANIE.

II.

Very lonely were the days for the sad-eyed mother and sister. Sleet and snow gradually changed to beating rain, and slowly but steadily the sodden earth grew green. Again small buds formed under the sheltering leaves of the sturdy plant; again the slender flower stalks shot up with their clustered promise.

"When Easter comes, we will put it on Allie's grave," sighed Janie, vaguely comforted. "It will be in blossom then."

The church bells were ringing, and with a little caress of the plant that Allie had loved, mother and daughter hastened to the morning service. "There is nothing to keep me now," thought the poor mother, as she locked the door upon the deserted room.

When Janie entered the Sabbath-school, she found the assembled girls in discussion so absorbing that they noted her presence with the slightest of nods.

"We'll bring lilies, of course!" said Blanche, with decision; "clusters of those big Bermuda lilies. They will look lovely. I mean to ask Miss Eaton if we can't decorate the font."

"Wouldn't roses be prettier?" suggested another voice. "Pink roses would look sweet against the marble."

"No; lilies are far better," rejoined Blanche, with emphasis. And the vote of the class was, accordingly, for lilies.

"What is it all about?" asked Janie, timidly, of her nearest neighbor.

"Oh, our Easter flowers," answered the girl, carelessly, fumbling with the buttons of her long gloves. "We all give flowers every year. Last Easter it was a cross of white roses and ivy."

"Oh!" said Janie, and subsided for a time. "Does each of the girls bring some?" she asked at length, after some moments of deep thought.

"Of course!" answered the girl, in cool surprise. "It is the Easter gift. Every scholar brings something."

At this moment Miss Eaton took her place, and was instantly besieged by a torrent of questions. "One at a time, girls," she protested, and order was restored.

"Yes," she said at length, when the girls had explained their plan. "It is a good idea. I think there will be no trouble in gaining permission for you to decorate the font. But, girls, in giving these Easter flowers, I hope you will remember that they are not to be bought with money begged of your parents, but are to represent some little personal sacrifice—such, for instance, as bonbons, theatre tickets, or gloves," as, in glancing around the circle of eager faces, her eyes fell upon Janie's neighbor, still absorbed in her glove buttons. "So shall your Easter flowers be true gifts upon God's altar."

In her desire to impress the thought of sacrifice upon these careless girls, whose every wish was gratified, she forgot the single exception—poor Janie, sitting quietly in her corner, wondering if she alone in all this great Sunday-school must fail to make a gift to her risen Lord.

Miss Eaton found her strangely inattentive, giving stammering, blundering answers to all questions. Perceiving that something was amiss, she gradually devoted herself to the rest of the class, and succeeded in distracting their curious scrutiny from Janie.

"There is nothing I can give—*nothing*!" thought the poor little maid, hopelessly reviewing her scanty possessions. At all times money was scarce in the shabby home, and the pennies that had fallen to Janie's lot were pitifully few. In a little pasteboard box in the bureau drawer at home lay a thin three-cent piece, a copper Canadian coin, and two shining yellow cents. As regarded this small hoard, a Bermuda lily was about as unattainable as the crown jewels of England. An exceeding bitter sigh welled up from the child's heart, and she twisted uneasily in her chair.

The slight change in her position brought her into a shaft of ruby light, which fell from the stained-glass window upon her slender ungloved hands. At sight of the ruddy glow she started, and an expression of pain flitted across her face. It reminded her of the scarlet flowers clasped in little Alice's hands. Soon she would carry the little geranium to mark the tiny nameless grave.

But with the thought was linked another. Should not this precious plant be offered instead as her Easter sacrifice? She turned a little pale and drew in a quick breath. Could this offering be required of her? It had been her one comfort in those days of loneliness and longing to think that soon the sturdy plant would stand as a visible link between herself and the baby sister in the unseen world.

"I can't rob Alice. Besides, they wouldn't want it anyway, among their lilies." With this thought she comforted herself, but not for long. "She loved to hear about the class," came the second thought. "Alice would have wanted me to give it. She doesn't need it now."

The class was rising for the closing hymn, and Janie slipped from her seat with the rest. A solemn triumph illuminated the earnest face, whereat Miss Eaton wondered.

III.

"Bid it good-by," and Janie held up the blooming geranium for her mother to take a parting look. Her lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears. "You think it right that I should give it?" she whispered, tremulously.

"Yes, dear. God bless the sacrifice to you, my darling!" and Mrs. Turner, holding the lamp high to light the stairs, watched Janie out of sight.

It was Easter eve, and when Janie passed from the mild darkness of the night into the dimly lighted church, she found many a busy group already absorbed in their labor of love. About the font the gay girls of her own class were assembled, wreathing its marble whiteness with garlands of white lilies under Miss Eaton's direction.

Janie crept timidly up the broad aisle, and stood close to the busy group before her presence was noted. At an exclamation from one of the girls, Miss Eaton glanced up to see the shy face peeping out above the brilliant blossoms.

"Why, Janie!" she said, and went to meet her with outstretched welcoming hands.

Into them Janie thrust her burden, abashed by the looks of surprise and disapproval which greeted her gift.

"Perhaps you can put it in some corner. It is all I can give." Her voice broke, and one irrepressible tear rolled down the imploring face. "I was going to—to put it on Alice's grave—but she would rather it would come here. And you said—we—we were to give up something—"

Before Miss Eaton could speak she had turned and run swiftly down the church and out into the quiet night.

"Miss Eaton!" exclaimed Blanche—always the first to speak—"surely you are not going to put *that common geranium* with the lilies!" The horror of her tones was reflected in the seven faces.

"Let me tell you its history first," and Miss Eaton's face was strangely moved as she seated herself on the pulpit step with the little plant in her arms.

And to the listening circle she told the story of Janie's treasure, and the little dead child who had loved it so well. "I think, girls," she said, in conclusion, "our dear Lord would say of Janie, as He once said of another, 'She hath done what she could!'"

With tear-wet eyes Blanche impulsively lifted the geranium and set it in the midst of the white glory. And there it shone, a spot of fire amid the snowy garlands,



"PERHAPS YOU CAN PUT IT IN SOME CORNER."

when, on the golden Easter morn, the church was filled with earnest worshippers. And many wondered at the sight, but in the seat by the door knelt a woman and a child with happy tears.

One more surprise was yet in store for Janie ere the day was past. Late in the afternoon two shabby figures passed in at the cemetery gate and made their way to a distant corner, where lay a little unmarked grave beside a longer mound. Janie's heart ached still, as she thought of the burden she was to have brought to show to stranger eyes that loving hearts watched over these graves; but she grasped her mother's hand the closer and crowded back the tears.

"Why, Janie dear! look!" cried Mrs. Turner, in glad surprise.

Janie brushed her hand over her eyes, and, at the sight which met them, gave a joyful cry. The low sunlight sending its level rays across the quiet city of the dead gilded the dear mounds—bare and neglected no longer, but heaped high with silvery lilies, while on the baby mound the scarlet geranium burned and burned.

"Mother!" Janie, kneeling by Alice's grave, lifted a face glowing with joy. "It is Miss Eaton and the girls who have done it! I never told you, mother, but I thought they didn't like me—and see how kind they really are. I'll never doubt them again!"

THE EASTER FESTIVAL IN RUSSIA.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

IN the old romantic city of Moscow, and almost "cheek by jowl" with the wonderful Kremlin, stands what is perhaps the most remarkable cathedral in the world—the cathedral of St. Basil. Nine cupolas of nine different colors, striped like our flag, or checked like a Highlander's plaid, lift their gay domes toward the gray Russian sky, while rainbow windows, green pillars, red arches,

and yellow pinnacles help to complete a veritable harlequin monument to Ivan the Cruel, who erected it, and who, it is said, was so well pleased with his achievement that he put out the eyes of the poor architect who planned it in order that he might never build such another.

Strange as it may seem, this fantastic church is a great favorite with the people, and thither, on Easter eve, shortly before midnight, flock many inhabitants of the royal city, filling it completely, and overflowing into the great square in front. Here a fur-wrapped nobleman stands side by side with the peasant in his sheepskin; high-born dames brush skirts with the wife of the lowliest *muzhik*; distinguished Generals, gray-coated soldiers, tradespeople, boys and girls, for once meet together on common ground, and one and all bear waxen tapers in their hands.

The silence of hushed expectancy broods over the motley throng, but suddenly the ponderous bell of Ivan the Great tolls twelve solemn notes, which, in a twinkling, are taken up and echoed and re-echoed from every brazen tongue in the whole city, and, it may be, throughout all Russia. The firing of guns adds to the joyful din, cannons roar, and every man, woman, and child lights his or her candle, thus forming a truly fine illumination. With an imposing church ceremonial, then, the morn of Resurrection is ushered in, concluding with the blessing of the Easter cakes, which are placed in long rows, each one being adorned with a blazing taper, and sprinkled with holy water.

Friends and acquaintances salute one another with a kiss on each cheek, and the greeting: "Christus vosceres! Christus vosceres ihs mortive!" (Christ is risen! Christ is risen from the dead!) To which the immediate response is, "Vo istinay vosceres!" (He is risen indeed!)

Very funny would it look to us to see aged men and officials gravely rubbing their beards together! But it is imperative. No one is excused from the *Pascha* salutation, not even the Czar himself, who for a full hour and a half is kept busy in his Winter Palace at St. Petersburg kissing clergy and council, Senators and Generals, to say nothing of the numerous officers of his army, navy, and household. Poor custom-ridden man! Do you not think he must rejoice when the hour of three puts an end to this kissing reception?

A rather amusing story is told of the Czar Nicholas. It seems that one Easter morning he greeted the guard at the palace door with the customary greeting, "Christ is risen!"

To which the soldier unexpectedly replied, "Not at all, your imperial Majesty."

"And what do you mean by that?" demanded the astonished monarch so very sternly that the man was much alarmed.

He, however, bravely explained that being a Hebrew, his Jewish faith forbade his admitting any such resurrection. Probably he expected to lose his head or be sent to Siberia after this acknowledgment; but, luckily for him, Nicholas was liberal, and admiring the fellow's sincerity and boldness in sticking to his principles, instead of depriving him of his head or his liberty, presented him with a handsome gift "to remember Easter by."

Numberless eggs as well as kisses are exchanged between friends at the glad *Pascha* feast, and extremely gorgeous affairs some of these are, while the Russian young folks—who have hardly recovered from the effects of Palm Sunday, when the lazy ones were whipped out of bed with a stout bundle of twigs, and the good ones were rendered happy by lovely palm branches of silver or gold filigree hung with flowers, toys, and trinkets—make themselves very merry over their curious Easter games.

And thus, with a flourish of lights, strident noise, cordial greetings, and many a curious national custom, the Easter-tide is kept in the cold Northern realm of the imperial Czar.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S EARLY YEARS.*

BY CHARLES CARLTON COFFIN.

V.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN was twenty-one years old, a man, free to leave his father's house and begin life for himself. What should he do? Which way go? People were migrating to Illinois. John Hanks was already there, and gave such accounts of the beauty of

the country and its fertility that Thomas Lincoln and his sons-in-law all resolved to leave Pigeon Creek and make Illinois their home. There were few tender associations to be sundered, and there were many reasons why they should go. By leaving in March they would reach Illinois in the opening of spring. They had two yoke of oxen and two wagons. There were thirteen persons all told. They would take beds, bedding, frying-pans, dutch-ovens; camp wherever night overtook them; kindle a fire, fry the bacon, bake the corn-cake; sleep in the wagons if they could not find a cabin. Abraham Lincoln would drive his father's team.

It was not a propitious season of the year for a journey of more than two hundred miles in wagons. The winter had been severe, and there were deep drifts of snow. Winter winds were still sweeping through the forest. The rivers were running with ice. Rain and sleet beat in their faces. The roads were deep with mud, and at times the wagons sank to the axles.

A little dog trots by the side of Abraham Lincoln—a puppy that has joined them. They come to a river, its current swollen by melting snows. The oxen wade the ice-cold stream with all hands seated in the wagons. Unwittingly the puppy has been left behind. They hear his yelping. Lincoln has not the heart to leave him behind, but wades the river, takes him in his arms, and carries him once more to the wagon. "I cannot bear to see even a dog in distress," he said.

It was a long journey, requiring nearly three weeks of suffering and hardship. John Hanks had selected a location for them on the bank of the Sangamon not far from Decatur. So at the age of twenty-one, Abraham Lincoln, wearing a jean jacket, buckskin trousers, and a coonskin cap, driving an ox-team, entered Illinois to become thenceforth a citizen of that State.

He has reached the years of manhood. What will he do with himself? For what is he fitted? He is so strong-armed that he can swing an axe into a hickory log with as much force as any other wood-chopper in the Pigeon Creek settlement. He can pull an oar on a flat-boat, can grub among stumps, hold a plough, hoe corn. But he does not like muscular labor. He would much rather use his brains than his hands. But his knowledge of books is limited; he is not qualified to teach school. What probability is there that he will ever do anything more than split rails, pull an oar, or be a teamster? He helps his father build a new cabin, and with the opening of spring drives the oxen to break up fifteen acres of ground. This done, he is once more swinging the axe, cutting down trees, splitting enough rails to build a fence around the cabin. A few months before he became twenty-one years of age he was restless and impatient of restraint at home, but the fever has passed away, and he renders this service to his father.

Another settler wanted his ground ploughed, and we

see Abraham Lincoln helping to break fifty acres, alternately holding the plough and driving the oxen. His clothes are in tatters. He has no money, and so, to obtain a new pair of trousers, agrees with Nancy Miller, who owns a piece of land that needs fencing, to make him a new pair, he contracting to split four hundred rails for each yard of cloth needed—in all about fourteen hundred rails. He is under the necessity of travelling three miles to reach the timber, or six miles' travel during the day. We may think of him as going out in the morning with his axe and a bit of corn pone for dinner, making the woods ring with his sturdy blows during the day, and wearily returning at night. Of the one hundred and fifty-seven thousand people comprising the entire population of the State at that time, there was no one poorer than he. He had not a dollar that he could call his own. Seemingly there could not have been another young man in the State whose chances for getting on in life were worse than his.

It was a period when people were talking about the improvement of roads and rivers. Members of Congress were making speeches about the clearing of obstructions from rivers and opening them to navigation by appropriating money. There was much difference of opinion as to the power of Congress under the Constitution to devote money for such objects. It was said that Congress did not possess the power. On the other hand, it was claimed that the Constitution was for the welfare of all the States. The papers were discussing the question, and the people in the stores and groceries were talking about the matter. Abraham Lincoln had his own ideas in regard to the power of the Constitution, and astonished all who heard him by the force of his reasoning. The people who lived on the banks of the Sangamon thought that it would be very convenient to have steamboats plying upon that stream. Captain Bogue, who lived at Springfield, was very confident that the river could be made navigable. There were sand-bars and snags, and Mr. Rutledge had built a dam across the stream at New Salem. He thought that the channel might be deepened across the sand-bars and the snags removed. Public meetings were held at Springfield and Decatur and other towns, addressed by prominent citizens who were interested in the subject. A meeting was held near Decatur, which was addressed by a man who did not make a very convincing argument.

"Abe Lincoln will make a better speech than that."

"Where is he? Let us hear him," they cry.

The people who did not know him were much surprised when they saw a tall young man wearing shabby clothes mount a dry-goods box to address them. They were still more astonished at what he said. He set forth the great advantages that would come from having a regular line of steamboats on the Sangamon to take their corn and pigs and other produce to market. It was his first public speech.

Captain Bogue was so confident that the Sangamon could be successfully navigated that he visited Cincinnati and purchased the *Talisman*. There was great excitement in Springfield and other towns when it was announced in the newspapers that there was to be regular communication between Sangamon River, Alton, St. Louis, and Cincinnati. The merchants of Springfield advertised goods to arrive by the *Talisman*. Men who owned lots in the villages marked up their price, for each hamlet expected to become a thriving city. The boat left Cincinnati loaded with goods, and arrived at Beardstown. Abraham Lincoln and several other wood-choppers had passed down the river in a canoe, and were there to welcome them, each with his axe to cut down any tree along the banks whose overhanging branches might be in the way. The Sangamon was pouring out a flood of water, and the *Talisman* went gayly up to

* The previous articles in this series were published in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE Nos. 647, 649, 650, and 652.



WADES THE RIVER, AND CARRIES HIM ONCE MORE TO THE WAGON.

New Salem, over Mr. Rutledge's mill-dam, and on to Springfield. The citizens of that town were so glad that they gave the officers and crew a supper and a grand dance in the court-house. A few days passed, and the flood in the river was rapidly subsiding. The water was so low that there were ripples on the sand-bars. The Captain tried to make his way back to the Illinois River, but found the steamer grounding every few moments. He became discouraged. Abraham Lincoln had been down the Mississippi, and knew something about boating, and was ready to undertake with Rowan Herndon the job of getting the *Talisman* to Beardstown. They made a bargain with the Captain, and took charge of the steamer. They reached Rutledge's dam. When the boat ascended the river there was scarcely a ripple of the water as it rushed over the dam, but now the water fell in a shining sheet, and the boat could not go over without first cutting away some of the timbers of the dam.

"The Sangamon is a navigable stream, and no one has a right to build a dam across it," said Captain Bogue, and he set the crew to work to tear it away.

Mr. Rutledge protested against the destruction of his property, but an opening was made and the steamer attempted to pass, but did not go through.

"Back her!" shouted the pilot, and the paddle-wheels whirled up the water as the boat went up stream once more.

"Cut away the logs!" and again there was the clattering of axes enlarging the opening.

The owner of the dam and the people of New Salem were shaking their fists at Captain Bogue, and the air was thick with bad words; but with more logs cut away, the *Talisman* glided through the opening and went on her way, the pilot obeying the directions of Lincoln and Herndon, and reaching the Illinois without farther mishap. The boat was burned at St. Louis a few weeks later, the first and last steamer to navigate the Sangamon. When Abraham Lincoln stepped on shore at Beardstown and

bade good-by to the owner of the boat he was twenty dollars richer for what he had done. It was the first money of any considerable amount he received on his own account after he was twenty-one years of age.

CANOEMATES:*

A STORY OF THE EVERGLADES.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER,"
"CRYSTAL, JACK, & CO." ETC.

(CHAPTER XIII.

A MYSTERY OF THE REEF.

AS Mrs. Rankin came into the room, on hearing Sumner's exclamation, he read aloud the article in the daily *Equator* that had so excited him, and which was as follows:

"A MYSTERY OF THE REEF.

"By the steamship *Comal*, which arrived in this port to-day, we receive a curious bit of news from Keeper Spencer, of Alligator Light. On the evening of the 15th, as he was in the lantern of the tower preparing to light the lamp, he noticed two small craft of a most unusual description rapidly approaching from the direction of the keys. One appeared to be in tow of the other, but in neither could a human being be discovered. There were no signs of oars, sails, paddles, or steam, and yet the movement of the boats through the water was at the rate of about ten knots an hour. It was also very erratic, and though their general course was toward the reef, they approached it by a series of zigzags, now taking a sharp sheer to port, and directly another to starboard.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 414.

As the keeper could not leave the tower at that moment, he directed Assistant Albury to take the light-house skiff, intercept the craft, if possible, and investigate their character.

"With great difficulty, and after an exciting chase, Mr. Albury succeeded in getting alongside the leading boat of the two, and in making fast to it. It proved to be a decked canoe, of exquisite workmanship and fittings, completely equipped for cruising, bearing the name *Psyche* in silver letters on either bow. The second canoe, which was a counterpart of the first, was named *Cupid*. Both were in tow of an immense Jew-fish, that had succeeded in entangling itself in the cable with which the *Psyche* had evidently been anchored. It is probable that one of the flukes of the anchor had caught in the creature's gills, though just how it happened will never be known, as Mr. Albury, being unable to capture the monster, was obliged to cut the cable and let him go. Nothing is known as to the fate of the owners of these canoes, and they are now at the light-house awaiting a claimant.

"Just as we go to press we learn that early this morning the *Comal* picked up a young man drifting in the Gulf not far from Alligator Light. We were unable to obtain his name in time for insertion in to-day's paper, but will give it, with full particulars concerning him, in to-morrow's issue. He may be able to throw some light on the mystery of the canoes."

"I should rather think he could!" laughed Sumner, as he finished reading. "But did you ever hear of such a thing, mother? The idea of a rascally Jew-fish running off with our canoes! I never thought of such a thing as that happening. And how wonderfully it has all turned out! I should have looked everywhere for them rather than at Alligator Light. I should never have dared attempt to navigate the raft that far, either. To think, too, that I should have been picked up by the very steamer that brought the news! How dreadfully you would have felt on reading it, if I hadn't got here first! Wouldn't you, mother dear?"

"Indeed I should, my boy, and I shall never be able to express my gratitude for your wonderful preservation."

"But poor Worth!" exclaimed Sumner. "How I wish he knew all about it, and how awfully anxious he must be! I only hope he won't attempt to go to Indian Key to look for me before I can get back there. That's something I must see about at once, and I must take the very first boat that goes up the reef. Just think how I should feel if anything were to happen to him, when Mr. Manton placed him in my care, too! If it wasn't for the way things have turned out, I should feel guilty at having left him there. I wouldn't have done it, though, if Quorum hadn't been on hand to look after him. He surely will keep him out of harm's way until I can get back."

"I hate to think of your going back there again," said Mrs. Rankin, with a sigh, "though of course it is your duty to do so. But you will be careful, and not run into any more such dreadful perils, won't you, dear?"

"Yes, mother; I promise not to run into a single peril that I can help, and if I meet one, I will try my best to get out of its way," laughed the boy, whose high spirits had quickly returned with the prospect of recovering his beloved canoe.

"Well," sighed Mrs. Rankin, "so long as you must go, I shouldn't be surprised if Lieutenant Carey would take you in the *Transit*. I believe he intends to leave to-morrow morning for a trip up the reef, and to make some kind of a survey in the Everglades. He has been staying here for a few days, and is up in his room now."

"Oh, mother!" cried the boy, springing to his feet, "the Everglades! How I should love to go!"

"Now, Sumner—" began Mrs. Rankin, in a tone of expostulation; but the boy had already left the room, and was on his way up stairs.

Lieutenant Carey was an old friend, who had served under Commander Rankin, and had known Sumner ever since the boy was twelve years old. He had heard of his unexpected return, and only waited until the first interview between the young canoe-man and his mother should be ended before going down to greet him. Now he listened to Sumner's story with the deepest interest, and when it was ended, he said:

"Of course I will take you up the reef as far as Alligator, my boy, and shall be glad of your company. I only wish you would go with us as far as the mainland, and act as pilot through the keys. They are not charted, you know, and as I have never been through them, I was on the point of engaging a fellow named Rust Norris as pilot, but I'd much rather have you. What do you say? Can't I enlist you in Uncle Sam's service for a week or so?"

"I should like nothing better," answered Sumner, "only, you see, I am bound just now to look after Worth Manton, and take him up the reef to Cape Florida, where we are due by the 1st of April."

"Perhaps we can persuade him to go along too. It won't be much out of your way, and you've lots of time to finish your trip between now and the 1st of April. I'll risk it anyhow, for I don't like the looks of that fellow Norris, and am only too glad of an excuse for not engaging him."

"Then there is Quorum, the cook," added Sumner, reflectively. "I wonder what will become of him?"

"A cook, do you say? What sort of a cook? A good one?"

"One of the best on the reef," replied Sumner.

"Then he is just the man I want to get hold of for our trip. I am only waiting now for a cook, and should start this evening if I had found one to suit me. If you will guarantee him, we'll get away at once, and make the old *Transit* just hum up the reef in the hope of capturing him before he makes any other engagement."

"There is not much chance for him to make an engagement where he is now," laughed Sumner. "And, at any rate, I'm sure he wouldn't leave Worth until I get back. I shall be only too glad to start to-night, though, for poor Worth must be terribly anxious, and the sooner I get to him the better."

Thus it was settled, and as soon as supper was over, after a loving, lingering farewell from his mother, who repeated over and over again her charges that he should shun all perilous adventure, the boy found himself once more afloat. Mrs. Rankin had promised to write a long letter to the Mantons that very evening, assuring them of Worth's safety up to the date of the day before, and being thus relieved from this duty, Sumner set forth with a light heart on his second cruise up the reef.

The *Transit* was a comfortable schooner-rigged sharpie about sixty feet long, built by the government for the use of the Coast Survey in shallow Southern waters. She had great breadth of beam, and was a stanch sea-boat, though she drew but eighteen inches of water, and Lieutenant Carey had no hesitation in putting her outside for a night run up the Hawk Channel.

The especial duty now to be undertaken was an exploration of the Everglades to ascertain their value as a permanent reservation for the Florida Seminoles. These Indians, hemmed in on all sides by white settlers, were being gradually driven from one field and hunting-ground after another. In consequence they were becoming restive, and the necessity of doing something in the way of assuring them a permanent location had for some time been apparent. Thus a survey of the 'Glades had finally been ordered, and Lieutenant Carey had been



AS HE STEPPED ASHORE A PLEASANT-FACED YOUNG MAN ADVANCED TO MEET HIM.

detailed for the duty, with permission to make up such a party to accompany him as he saw fit.

His present command on the *Transit* consisted of Ensign Sloe, and six men forward. 'It was intended that three of these should be taken into the 'Glades, while Mr. Sloe, with the other three, was to take the sharpie from the point where the exploring party left her around to Cape Florida, and there await their arrival.

On the deck of the schooner and towing behind her were three novel craft, in which Lieutenant Carey intended to conduct his explorations of the swamps and grassy waterways of the interior. One of these was an open basswood canoe built in Canada, shaped very much like a birch bark, and capable of carrying four men. The others were the odd-looking boats, with bottoms shaped like table-spoons, that are so popular as ducking boats on the New Jersey coast, and are known as Barnegat cruisers. One of these was named *Terrapin* and the

other *Gopher*, while the open canoe bore the Seminole name of *Hu-la-lah* (the Wind).

Before a brisk southerly breeze, in spite of the boats dragging behind her, the *Transit* made rapid progress. Ere it was time to turn in, Key West Light was low in the water astern, while that on American Shoal shone steady and bright off the starboard bow. The wind held fresh all night, so that by morning both American Shoal Light and Sombrero had been passed, and the sharpie was off the western end of Lower Metacumba, with Alligator light flashing out its last gleam in the light of the rising sun.

CHAPTER XIV.

WORTH AND QUORUM ARE MISSING.

As Sumner was anxious to reach Lignum Vitæ by the shortest possible route, the *Transit* was headed in through the channel between Lower Metacumba and Long Keys.

Both tide and wind being with her, the nimble-footed sharpie seemed to fly past the low reefs and sand-spits on either side. Now she skimmed by the feeding-grounds of flocks of gray pelicans, whose wise expressions and bald heads gave them the appearance of groups of old men, and then passed an old sponge crawl, or the time-eaten hull of some ancient wreck, both of which were covered with countless numbers of cormorants, gannets, and gulls. Waiting, with outstretched necks and pinions half spread, until the schooner was within a stone's-throw, these would fly with discordant cries of anger, wheel in great circles, and return to the places from which they had been driven the moment the threatened danger had passed.

Even after the sharpie was well inside the bay, and the island they sought was in sight, they could not lay a direct course toward it on account of a reef several miles in length that presented an effectual barrier to anything larger than a canoe. But one narrow channel cut through it, and this was away to the northward, close under a tiny mangrove key. Toward this then they steered, with Sumner at the tiller, for he was the only one on board familiar with the intricate navigation of those waters.

"You are certain that you are right, Sumner?" inquired Lieutenant Carey, anxiously, as they seemed about to drive headlong on the bar, and an ominous wake of muddy water showed that they were dragging bottom.

"Certain," answered the boy, quietly.

"All right, then; I've nothing to say."

Inch by inch the great centre-board rose in its trunk, and the slack of its pennant was taken in, as the water rapidly shoaled. Now she dragged so heavily that it seemed as though she were about to stop. Again the Lieutenant looked at Sumner, and then cast a significant glance at the man stationed by the fore-sheet. But the boy never hesitated nor betrayed the least nervousness. An instant later the tiller was jammed hard over, there was a sharp order of "Trim in!" and, flying almost into the teeth of the wind, the light vessel shot through an opening so narrow that she scraped bottom on both sides, and in another moment was dashing through deep water on the opposite side of the bar.

From here the run to Lignum Vitæ was a long and short leg beat, with numerous shoals to be avoided. In spite of being kept busy with these, Sumner found time to note and wonder at a great column of smoke that rose from the island. What could Worth and Quorum be about? It looked as though they had managed to set the forest on fire. Filled with an uneasy apprehension, he jumped into a boat the moment the *Transit's* anchor was dropped in the well-remembered cove, and sculled himself ashore. To his amazement he heard the sound of many voices, and discovered a dozen or so of men hard at work apparently cutting down the forest and burning it.

As he stepped ashore, and looked in vain for the familiar figures of his friends, a pleasant-faced young man advanced from where the laborers were at work to meet him.

"Can you tell me, sir, what has become of a boy named Worth Manton and an old colored man whom I left here the day before yesterday?" Sumner inquired, anxiously.

"If you mean the two whom I found camped here, and helping themselves to my provisions, I think I can," answered the young man, with a smile. "They went over to Indian Key last evening on the boat that brought me here yesterday. They were very anxious concerning the fate of a friend who left them the evening before, and went over there on a raft, I believe they said. Can it be that you are the person they are seeking?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Then you are Sumner Rankin, and I am very happy to meet you. My name is Haines. I have bought this key, and am having it cleared, preparatory to having it planted with cocoa-nuts. The provisions and camp outfit that appeared here so mysteriously to you and your companions belong to me, and were left here by the mail-schooner on her way up the reef. I expected to arrive, with my men, about the same time, but was detained. I am very glad, however, that they came in time to relieve the distress of you and your friends. I am also much obliged to you for affording them a shelter from the rain, without which some of the things would have been injured. Now will you pardon my curiosity if I ask how you happen to arrive here in a schooner from that direction when your friends said you had gone the other way, and were confident of finding you on Indian Key?"

When Sumner had given a brief outline of his recent adventure, Mr. Haines said: "You certainly have had a most remarkable experience, and I am glad your friends did not know of it, for young Manton was worried enough about you as it was. However, you will soon rejoin them, and when you have recovered your canoes, if you feel so inclined, I should be most happy to have you return here as my guests for as long as you choose to stay."

Sumner thanked him, and said he should be happy to stop there on his return from the mainland. Then, begging to be excused, as he was impatient to go in search of his comrades, he jumped into his boat and returned to the *Transit*.

Lieutenant Carey was perfectly willing to proceed at once to Indian Key, but the tide was still running flood, and the breeze, which was each moment becoming lighter, was dead ahead for a run out through the channel. Under the circumstances, it would be useless to lift the anchor, and the impatient boy was forced to wait for the tide to turn. When it finally began to run ebb, the breeze had died out so entirely that there was not even the faintest ripple on the water, and another season of waiting was unavoidable.

By the Lieutenant's invitation Mr. Haines came off and dined with them. He proved a most charming companion, and laughed heartily at Sumner's description of the amazement with which he, Worth, and Quorum had discovered the mysterious godsend of provisions. Mr. Haines declared that it was one of the best jokes he had ever known; though he was in doubt as to whether it was on him or on them. He appreciated Sumner's impatience to be off, and when, late in the afternoon, a fair breeze sprang up, he made haste to take his leave that their departure might not be delayed.

It was nearly sunset when the *Transit* approached Indian Key so closely that objects the size of a man could be distinguished on it. Sumner was again at the helm, and he tried not to neglect his steering; but he could not keep his eyes from scanning anxiously every discernible foot of its surface. To his great disappointment no soul appeared.

"They may be on the other side, keeping a lookout for passing vessels," suggested Lieutenant Carey.

Hoping that this might be the case, but still heavy-hearted and anxious, Sumner went ashore, accompanied by the Lieutenant. For an hour they searched every foot of the key, and through its deserted buildings, shouting as they went, but their search was in vain. Nothing was seen of the lost ones, nor had they left a trace to show that they had ever been on the island.

"It's no use," said Sumner at length; "they evidently are not here, and must have gone on in the boat that brought them when they failed to find me. Now I don't know of anything to do but to go out to the light-house after the canoes, and then come back here and wait. If Worth has gone on up the reef, he must pass here on his

way back, while if he has gone the other way, he will hear of me at Key West and come back here again. I'm awfully sorry that I can't go with you to the mainland, but I don't see how I possibly can under the circumstances."

Although the boy tried to speak cheerfully, and to take the brightest possible view of the disappearance of his young comrade, he was filled with anxiety, and it was with a very heavy heart that he turned into his berth on board the schooner *Transit* that night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A BED OF ROSES.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.



LL the beds in the garden must yield the palm for beauty to the bed of roses. There is so much variety in its lovely tints of red and pink and salmon and buff and golden yellow, its whites and creams and shades of copper, its foliage and stages of leaf and bud and blossom, with its never-failing fund of bloom and sweetness, that it seems like a little garden of itself. Such a tiny space, too, can be made so beautiful, and, with proper care, will yield such a harvest of flowers, that it is the best possible investment for a very young gardener.

We all know of roses that bloom but once in the season, and after two or three weeks of beauty, show "nothing but leaves" all the rest of the year; but this is not the kind we want in our rose bed. Some, too, have not the least perfume, as though their pretty looks were quite enough. We want several things in our roses—beautiful flowers and buds, and plenty of them; delicious fragrance and constant bloom. We also want them at a moderate price, not having much money to spend; and if we had, we could not get many for want of space to plant them in.

A rose bed, like other beds, can be varied in size according to the requirements and means of those who want it. A round one, measuring three feet across, will give twelve rose-bushes enough room to grow in and cover themselves with blossoms, and the whole twelve can be bought for about \$1 50. A bed nearly double that size, holding twenty-five plants, would cost \$2 50 or \$3; and so on, up to a great bed of a hundred rose-bushes, costing from \$5 to \$10. Even this does not seem so very much, considering all the beauty and fragrance to be had from it out-of-doors, and the jars and bowls of roses all over the house; yet when the most that one can spend in this direction is about \$1 50, there is no use in talking of \$5 and \$10 beds. The best thing to be done is to see what we can get out of our small one.

First, the spot must be selected where the bed is to be made; and roses, like many other plants, have their own notions of what is desirable in the way of a situation. They want plenty of sunshine, but not too much of it; and as the summer sun is always most broiling in the afternoon, they prefer a place that is shaded then. They also like a somewhat moist but not a wet soil; a sandy residence is their abomination; and they insist on its being enriched with plenty of old well-rotted barnyard manure and equally ancient chips. Old bones, too, are acceptable, and very thin shavings of horn, etc.; but the earth should be dug up to the depth of nearly two feet, and the manure of all kinds made very fine and mixed with it. If the plants are in good condition when they are put in, they will thrive in almost any kind of reasonably rich ground; it is only that they will do a great deal better when they have just what they like.

It is very easy to mark out a round bed by planting a stick in the middle of the space allotted; then fasten to it

four strings of equal length just half the diameter of the bed. Short sticks are tied to the other end of these strings, and thrust into the ground at even distances as far away from the centre as the strings will reach; the bed is then traced out from stick to stick. When all is in perfect order, and the ground as soft and fine as possible, it will be time enough to get the plants.

This important matter has, of course, all been arranged beforehand, and prices and merits weighed, and lists made and remade, until it seemed as if nothing less than all the collections of all the florists would furnish that three-foot bed satisfactorily. The ever-blooming tea-roses will probably yield the most delight in so small a space, besides displaying all the colors in which roses can be had. As the deepest and richest color should be in the middle of the bed as a central point, we will place there "the true tea Jacqueminot," that bears very large full roses of a brilliant glowing scarlet shading to crimson, that are wonderfully fragrant, and lovely pointed buds.

Next on the list comes *Bon Silène*, which almost every one knows and loves for its delicate odor and its long beautiful buds. It is sweet, too, to look at, and seems to be in a constant blush, with its changes from the palest of pinks to deep rose-color and bright crimson. We cannot do without *Cornelia Cook*, with her pure creamy complexion and buds of immense size and perfect shape. The full-blown rose is very double and beautiful, often tinged with a faint blush. *Catharine Mermet* is an exquisite pink, with long beautifully shaped buds, and flowers like large globes. *Étoile de Lyon* has magnificent roses of rich golden yellow, and is never without buds and flowers all through the season. It is very fragrant and very ornamental. *Mlle. Elizabeth de Gramont* bears large full flowers of bright carmine, with a darker centre, quite uncommon-looking, and very sweet.

Sofrano is of a soft apricot-color tinted with rose, and its buds are greatly admired. It has also a very rich and delicate perfume. *Aurore* is very double and pretty, of the true rose-color, shaded and veined with a deeper tint. It is good to look at and good to smell. *Anna Oliver* has very large double roses of a creamy blush color shaded with carmine, and full of fragrance. *Beauty of Stapleford* is bright pink, with darker shadings, very large flowers, with a delicious scent. *Camoens*, pale yellow and carmine, large full roses, very fragrant. The *Bride* is a beautiful pure white rose, with very large and delightfully perfumed flowers and buds, blooming freely and constantly, and very ornamental in a bed or a vase. This completes our list of twelve roses; and that so much beauty and sweetness can be had for \$1 50 seems little short of a marvel.

It is best to purchase of a florist who makes a specialty of rose-growing, and the best time to do so is when the frost is fully out of the ground, and there is no danger of having the tender plants nipped by biting winds. Then, having collected so charming a family together, the next thing is to care for them properly, and learn when to water them and how to protect them against their natural enemies. It is a great mistake to water too much, and to keep the soil around them wet; but if the ground is dry when they are planted, it should be made moderately wet below the roots of the roses. These roots must be spread out in planting, and covered with very fine moist earth, which should be pressed down firmly around the stem. It is very important not to let the earth around the roses get dry and hard after planting. A small hoe or rake will keep it in order, and keep out grass and weeds at the same time.

A bed of roses is not to be had for only the money it costs. Its price is eternal vigilance as well, and it is anything but a pleasant surprise when things seem to be going on finely to discover some morning that a perfect army of unprincipled green bugs have actually gone to



GIANT SPRINGS, GREAT FALLS, MONTANA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. C. COWLES.

housekeeping on the very choicest plants. You would like to kill them, and you try to accomplish this desire; but they persist in living, just as though they had a right to life, freedom, and the pursuit of happiness in your rose bed. There is no use, however, in losing heart, as good and inexpensive remedies can be bought of all florists, and if the plants are kept in a strong healthy condition they will seldom be attacked by insects. But with only a few roses to take care of, it will not be much work to give plants and leaves a thorough washing every two weeks with tobacco-soap water, made with half a pound of soap and two quarts of water, using a fine syringe to wet every minute spot, and especially the *under* part of the leaves. This will keep the undesirable visitors away, which is far better than getting rid of them after they come.

A CURIOUS STREAM.

THE freak of nature of which a view is given above was recently visited by Mr. Julian Ralph, who thus describes it in a recent article in *HARPER'S WEEKLY*:

"It is, apparently, a river bursting up through the earth alongside of the Missouri. The spot is called the Giant Springs, but one wishes he could know what the Indians used to call it, for they were the happiest of all folk at such christenings. It is a Devil's Caldron, if you please, or a Spouting River, or a Big Fountain. Over a great space the water of these springs forms a pocket at one side and close to the river. It looks at the first glance as if it were a big pool that has been held apart

from the river by a chain of rocks, over which it has risen and is leaping; but a second longer glance shows that the middle of the surface of the pool is very much higher than the water around it; a still closer look makes it clear that the water is bubbling up not only there, but in many places, in many aqueous mounds made by many streams of water that spring with force and volume from under the pool they create. Piers or bridges have been built out over this extraordinary fountain, and one may walk far out upon them, and see not only the powerful disturbances of the water and the majestic body of it that pours over the rocks to add another and nameless river to the Missouri's bulk, but something besides, and far more beautiful. That is the vegetable life under the water. The water is as clear as any that was ever seen, as colorless as that in Lake Superior's bays, and far down on the rough rocky bottom are weeds and plants that lift their slender many-shaped leaves to be swayed ceaselessly to and fro by the commotion of the water. All the vegetation is green, but none is so vividly and brightly green as the water-cress plants. There are millions of these, fields of them. They are the largest, tenderest, most succulent cresses I ever tasted, and are always as cold as the water, which is the next thing to ice, whether it be tasted in midwinter or in July. Like everything else pertaining to this playground of nature, the spring was discovered by the first white men who visited it. They said of it that 'the water of this fountain is of the most perfect clearness and of rather a bluish cast, and even after falling into the Missouri it preserves its color for half a mile.' I did not notice this peculiarity, and cannot say whether it continues to-day or not."



WATCHING THE SUN DANCE ON AN EASTER MORNING. DRAWN BY FRANK O. SMALL.

EASTER CUSTOMS.

ALL the festivals of the Church since the earliest days have been observed by many curious customs, and a number of strange beliefs have risen in connection with these observances. One of the most curious has been the belief that when the sun rose on Easter morning it danced in the heavens for joy. In Ireland, according to an old account, the people used to rise at four o'clock in the morning, in order to be on hand to witness the celebration. The sun must rise particularly early in that country, or else the people took a long while to make their morning toilet; but it is certain that they rose early enough. The dancing reflection of the sun in running water was called "lamb-playing" by the English, and this is probably all the dancing any one ever saw the sun in-

dulge in. A custom that was in vogue in Paris at one time was not so poetical by any means, but downright cruelty. There they used to stone Jews on Easter day, and take them to the church in order to punish them for the deeds of their ancestors.

Easter is a movable feast, falling upon the Sunday following the full moon of the vernal equinox. The 21st of March is called the vernal equinox, for on that date the day and the night are nearly equal, each being twelve hours long. This is the beginning of spring, as the equal day which falls on the 21st of September is the beginning of autumn. If the full moon should happen to be identical with the equinox, which in turn should be Saturday, then Easter would be celebrated upon Sunday, March 22d, which is the earliest possible date that it can occur, the latest being the 25th of April.

The custom of Easter eggs is too well known to be spoken of at length, but it is interesting to learn that the custom originated in Germany, where the eggs are hidden in the grass, and hunted for by the children, who believe that they have been laid by rabbits. That is why you sometimes see a candy rabbit carrying around an egg nearly as big as himself. In olden times tableaux and plays of a religious nature were given in the churches at Easter, similar to the Christmas mystery-plays, in which the priests and monks were the actors. Some of these plays would seem rather strange and irreverent to us to-day, but when they were in vogue the people regarded them with all seriousness and reverence.

It was also the habit in Roman Catholic countries, according to a writer on the subject, for the priest to tell some funny story from the pulpit, at which the congregation would laugh. As Easter was the proper time for joyous mirth, it was thought proper for them to begin in church with what was called "Easter laughter." This practice, however, did not continue much beyond the beginning of the eighteenth century. In some parishes in England it was the custom for the clerk to carry around to the different houses of the parishioners small white cakes, having a taste that is bitter and sweet mingled. For this service a reward is given, according to the wealth and standing of the recipient. In another parish, at Biddenden, about a hundred years ago, cakes and loaves of bread, together with a pound and a half of cheese, were distributed among the poor on Easter day. These cakes were stamped with the figures of two women.

In the city of Chester, the Mayor and corporation of the city used to assemble on Easter day to indulge in a game of football. This ball was presented by the guild of shoemakers; but the younger people of the city got into so many fights over the game that in the time of Henry the Eighth another custom was devised, and prizes were given for horse and foot races. Chester was also noted for a number of other customs, all of which promoted fun and jollity, although the fun was sometimes a little rough, and the customs decidedly curious to us to-day.

In the Tyrol, bands of musicians and singers travel through the beautiful valleys of that region, and celebrate the Resurrection by song and music. They stop at every door, and call the people forth to join with them in chorus, and as night comes on the children carry torches to light the way of the singers. All along the way the musicians are feasted with cakes and wine; and here, too, the children make merry with colored eggs.

All these customs had a religious significance at first, which has generally been forgotten by those who take part; but wherever any old customs are still observed, they are characterized by a spirit of happiness and joy that is in keeping with the day.

TALES OF A MAGICIAN.

"WHERE did that orange go?"

This is what the dealer asked, and he looked on the floor of the store, under the counter, and up at the ceiling. But this particular orange was not in sight.

Dr. William Kelly Otis was telling some stories about the fun he gets out of his skill as an amateur magician, and this was one of them. He was in the Catskills one summer, near his country place, and he had gone to the fruit seller in the village to buy some oranges. There was a large assortment of boxes, all filled with great yellow oranges from Florida and Italy. The dealer did not know that the doctor knew anything about magic. All that he knew about him was that he was a famous physician, and had a summer place near the village, so he was unprepared for the trick that was played upon him.

Those of you who have read the two articles that Dr. Otis has helped to contribute to *YOUNG PEOPLE*, explaining simple tricks in magic, will understand how this trick that the doctor played upon the dealer was done. It was simply the vanishing lemon trick. The doctor stepped into the store, and asked for some oranges. The dealer showed him all the oranges he had. The doctor selected two that were very small and hard.

"Here are some better ones, doctor," said the dealer, as he picked out two fine ones, large and juicy.

"Oh no," replied the doctor; "if you only knew how to treat oranges, the small ones are the best;" and he began rubbing one of the little oranges, and presently he threw it up in the air, and when it came down he caught it, and to the dealer's surprise it had changed into one of the largest and finest oranges he had in his store. Of course the doctor had taken a big orange when the dealer was not looking and put it in his pocket, so that when he tossed the little one up he could substitute the big one for it. It was a simple trick, but it puzzled the dealer greatly.

"How did you do it?" he asked.

"Easily enough," the doctor replied; "watch me."

He threw the orange up into the air. He repeated this several times, and the last time he made it vanish just as the lemon vanishes in the trick.

"Where did the orange go?" asked the dealer.

Not finding it on the floor, the doctor gravely advised him to look in the room upstairs. But it was not there either. Just as soon, though, as he came back, the doctor set his mind at rest by pretending to pick it out of his coat pocket.

When a boy can do the vanishing lemon and egg-swallowing tricks, he has learned the principles of palming, and when he becomes expert at palming, he can do almost any sleight-of-hand trick with ease. When magicians play tricks upon persons by picking silver dollars out of chickens' mouths in the market, and drawing dimes and quarters out of fishes, they resort to palming to deceive. The money is concealed in the palm of the hand. No one sees it, and no one suspects that it is there. What they do see is the money apparently leaving the chicken's bill.

Dr. Otis once had an experience that came from a palming trick—an experience that he will never repeat. This was several years ago. The doctor was one of a party of young men and women who were going somewhere up the Connecticut coast for a week's holiday. The doctor bought the steamboat tickets, and had a handful of them. Some of his friends suggested to him that it would be rare fun to play a trick on the Captain. But it didn't turn out to be quite so funny as was expected.

The Captain was a big man, with a fierce beard and a great sense of personal dignity. Perhaps he had only been a Captain a short time, and had not got thoroughly accustomed to it. At all events, he didn't like to have a joke played on him, and the doctor came very near to serious trouble before the trip was ended. When the Captain asked for the tickets, the doctor, holding his bundle in the palm of his hand, pretended to pick a ticket off the edge of the Captain's coat. The Captain promptly and firmly refused to take it.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the doctor. "Well, here's another," and he caught one as it was dropping from the Captain's elbow.

The Captain also refused this, and began to grow a trifle angry at the laughter the doctor's pranks were causing. But the doctor went on picking up tickets from the deck, where there were none a second before; finding tickets on the rail, and taking them off the side of the pilot-house, until finally the Captain's patience was exhausted.

"I don't want any of your tickets, young man," he

said. "It is not me you are defrauding with your bogus tickets, it's the steamboat company, and you go off the boat the next stop we make."

This was more than the doctor bargained for. He offered to pay his fare in money, but the Captain was firm. He would take no money from a man who could play such tricks with the company's tickets. As the next stopping-place was miles away from the doctor's destination, and four miles from the railroad, the magician appealed to a friend who was not of the party. He was a young lawyer, and knew the Captain well. After he had pleaded and urged the doctor's case in vain, he told the Captain to go ahead and put the doctor off if he wanted to, but he would have to take the risk.

"What risk?" asked the Captain.

"He will sue the company, and that will cost a lot of money, and you may lose your place."

"All right," replied the Captain, regretfully; "I'll let him ride this time. He may be an honest young man, after all; but just the same, I'm mighty glad I didn't have my diamond ring on when he was fooling with those tickets."

I was told the other day about a youth, and a certain trick that he performed in a street car. It was not one of Dr. Otis's tricks, but it was funny. The car was crowded. In one corner sat a young man about twenty years old. After he had been on the car a few minutes he put his hand to his face, and when he took it away he was smoking a cigarette. The conductor at once stepped up to him, and told him that smoking on the car was forbidden.

"All right," said the youth, and he removed the cigarette from his lips, and, putting it between his teeth with the lighted end toward him, apparently swallowed it. The conductor held on to a strap, and opened his mouth in amazement. Presently, a small cloud of blue smoke came out of the boy's nose.

"Hey!" exclaimed the fare-taker, "you'll hurt yourself."

"All right," said the smoker, and with his tongue he forced the cigarette out, and put it in his mouth in the ordinary fashion, and began puffing.

"Hold on," said the conductor, "that won't do; you can't smoke here."

"All right," said the other, promptly, and again the cigarette disappeared, and the smoke rolled out of his nose.

A stout woman on the opposite side of the car nearly fell off the seat with surprise, and the conductor was too much astonished to say anything. When the youth got up to leave the car at the next corner the conductor stopped the car, as a mark of respect that street-car conductors only show to distinguished passengers, and most of the passengers looked out of the window until the object of their interest was out of sight.

This is an old but a dangerous trick. I do not know how it is done, but those of you who have seen men smoke cigars and pipes under the water in circuses may recall it.

A KING'S SUPERSTITIONS.

TWO stories are told of Louis XI. that illustrate his great superstition, and one of them is used by Sir Walter Scott as a scene in *Quentin Durward*. This story, as explained by the author, is also told of Tiberius, and has been used in other ways.

A soothsayer in the service of Louis happened once to foretell the death of a favorite, which came true. Being so lucky in his art did not help the prophet, for the King was enraged, and invited the soothsayer to the palace, intending that a party should lie in wait and kill the astrologer as he went forth. The latter was suspicious, and when he saw the King told him that some danger was at hand, and also remarked that he had discovered that the King would survive him but three days after his (the soothsayer's) death. This frightened the King so much that the soothsayer was saved, and ever after protected by Louis

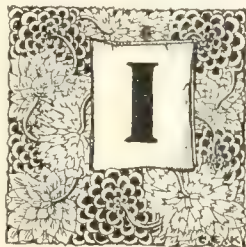
At another time when an astrologer had predicted clear weather for a certain day the King went hunting, and while going forth, a charcoal-burner remarked to the royal servants that a storm was coming. Sure enough, a storm did come, and the King was well soaked. Having heard of the fellow's prediction, the King had him summoned, and asked the dealer in charcoal why he knew so much more than the learned astrologer.

The man replied that he was poor and could neither read nor write, "but," he went on to say, "I have an astrologer of my own who can do as well as any of them. It is the ass that carries my charcoal. When bad weather is nigh his ears point forward, his walk is slow, and he tries to rub against walls. By these signs I knew of the coming storm."

This amused the King, and a pension was given to the man to maintain the ass that knew more than the royal astrologers.

A SEAL HUNT IN NEW YORK BAY.

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES



IT was the first week in spring after an exceptionally cold winter. The ice from the upper Hudson had broken up and journeyed down to New York Bay, where it floated to and fro with the tide, and impeded the progress of the various craft. But the battering and hammering of the vessels soon broke the large cakes up, and a few days of genial sunshine honeycombed them so effectually that they softened and sank. Then came other fields of ice up the coast—some said they had journeyed even from Newfoundland—and the rising tide sometimes brought these floes in through the Narrows as far up the bay as Liberty Island or Robyn's Reef Light.

Dick Barlow, who had come to live on the south shore of Staten Island, close to the fort that was supposed to guard one side of the Narrows, was much interested in this light-house that stood on the rocky ledge in the bay. He had been told that "robyn" was the old Dutch name for seal, and had been called so by the early settlers on account of the number of seals that used to live there. Dick laughed at the idea of seals being in New York Bay; it seemed very funny.

"Just wait, sonny, until the ice comes some spring," retorted Captain Bob, an old-time pilot, "and you'll see the seals yourself."

So Dick watched and waited until the ice came down the Hudson, and when it had gone he laughed again at the idea. He was certain that the Captain was fooling him, for he had not seen anything that even suggested a seal.

The Captain took it as a very good joke when Dick communicated his suspicions to him.

"Where do you think they come from?" asked the Captain. "S'pose that Troy an' Albany manufacture seals, an' ship 'em down here on ice? No, no, sonny. Them seals come from down East, an' the ice breaks up later there than it does here."

One day the rising tide brought in a few bits of ice, and carried them out again; but a day later brought quite a large floe, and on the white surface were two black spots that moved now and then.

"Seals!" shouted Dick, as he ran for his rifle and carried it down to the boat. The ice-field was quite a distance out, and none of the cakes seemed very large. The field was just inside the Narrows when Dick got his boat headed seaward.

It was a long, long row, for he was going against the incoming tide; but after a while it grew easier, and his boat went along quite rapidly. Dick did not realize then that the tide had changed, and never thought of being obliged to row back against it.

Thump! A piece of ice hit the boat such a rousing whack that Dick almost lost his balance. He turned and saw the seals just beyond him, and guiding the boat between the pieces of ice, he drew steadily nearer. Then he reached for his rifle; but as he turned again, he saw the two seals dive into the water.

"They'll come right up," thought Dick, who was not familiar with the habits of the seal family, "and maybe they'll be nearer."

His boat was caught between two large pieces of ice, and carried steadily along. For fifteen minutes he waited, rifle in hand, but no seal showed himself above the top of the water, and he began to feel chilled.

"I'm afraid they're gone for good," said Dick to himself, laying the rifle down and reaching for the oars.

Then he gave a cry of horror. On all sides he was surrounded by ice that swept seaward with the outgoing tide. He tried to push the cakes of ice away so that he could use his oars, but the ice was so tightly wedged that he could not move it. The Narrows had been left behind. To one side, but too far away, were the islands where Quarantine patients were kept. Ahead of him stretched the long low line of Sandy Hook, but whether the tide would land him there he knew not. Beyond it was the wide ocean.

Then he turned toward Coney Island, sick and faint at heart. The seals were forgotten; he only thought of escaping from the awful plight. The field of ice seemed to have grown larger, and he was directly in the centre of it. The tall observatory and the elephant at Coney Island met his view, and then he stood up and yelled. Oh, how he yelled and waved his arms! About a mile away were two great tugs, headed for the Narrows, with a long line of coal barges in tow.

Would they see him? Dick yelled louder than ever, and took off his coat to wave it in the air. Then a tiny puff of steam rose from the tugs, another and another, and in a minute three cheering whistles sounded.

One of the tugs cast off the lines of the barges, turned abruptly aside, and headed for the ice-field. Nearer and nearer she came, then struck the ice, ploughing her way through it with the greatest ease. She was an enormous sea-going tug, and Dick saw that her name was the *Ice Princess*. Then she slowed up until only a few feet away, when she turned sideways and drifted down on the little boat.

A rope suddenly shot out, which Dick caught, and, obedient to instructions, he fastened it in the bow of his boat, and the men on the tug dragged it to them. A moment more Dick climbed on deck, and after him was lifted his light skiff.

"Going to sea in that thing?" cried one of the men. "You wouldn't have got very far."

Then Dick went up to the pilot-house to thank the Captain, and when he told his story the weather-beaten old man laughed loud and long.

"Goin' to make a muff out o' ther seal-skin?" he cried. "Why, yer might as well kill a cow for her fur. These seals are what's called hair seals."

The *Ice Princess* rejoined the other tug, and the pilots had several laughs over Dick's idea. But Dick didn't care, and in a couple of hours he was landed near to where he started from. Then he and his father went down that evening to further interview the Captain, which pleased everybody concerned, the Captain especially.

"I'd 'a' done it for nothin'," he remarked, in an apologetic manner as he pocketed a bill.

Captain Bob enjoyed it too. Whenever he met Dick for some time, he would ask, the first thing,

"Ain't disbelievin' in seals any more, is you?"

But Dick had forgotten to think anything at all about them. He was too thankful for his escape to be worried by any teasing.

NATTY BARTON'S MAGIC.

BY E. H. HOUSE,

AUTHOR OF "GRACE'S GARDEN," ETC.

I.



N the very front row of seats in Fenlowe Hall sat Natty Barton, eagerly waiting for the wonders to begin. He thought he had never before been so happy. Fenlowe was a small country town, and, so far as he could recollect, this was the first real magician that had ever come there. It was the first public

entertainment of any sort that he had attended, although he was fully twelve years old. He was too poor to have money for such pleasant purposes. But by a happy chance, quite as marvellous, Natty believed, as anything he was about to witness, he had been standing in front of the exhibition building that afternoon just when the conjurer needed help in arranging his materials on the stage. Natty was called in from the street, and, being found quick and willing, was rewarded with a ticket for the evening's performance. He had no difficulty in getting permission to be present, and now, dressed for the occasion in his best clothes, he watched for the wizard's appearance in a glow of delightful expectation.

Presently the wonder-worker walked upon the platform, leading a little girl about ten years of age, who, Natty said to himself, was the prettiest child he had ever beheld. The audience seemed to be of the same opinion, and the loud applause was evidently intended more as a greeting to her than to her companion. But the magician had no reason to be dissatisfied with his reception as soon as he began to unfold the mysteries in store. To the populace of Fenlowe his exploits were bewildering. Natty was lost in amazement. Up to that point of his life he had thought his eyes could be trusted, but now they were capable of nothing but playing him tricks. Such funny tricks, too, that his face ached with the fits of laughter into which he was thrown. When the magician strolled up to old Mullins, the lessee of the hall, and pulled a live rabbit out of his waistcoat pocket, the people shrieked with glee, and Natty nearly fell off his seat. But the cross-tempered lessee did not like it so well. He muttered something disagreeable, whereat the magician instantly drew a big goose from the back of his neck, saying, with a roguish smile,

"Why, sir, do you carry your family about with you in this way?"

Mullins looked very savage, but he was disliked by the whole town, and nobody cared except his son, Ned Mullins, who was sitting near Natty, and who glared about him with as fierce an air as a boy of fourteen could put on. The magician was somewhat disturbed by the old man's resentment. Turning toward him, he said, pleasantly:

"No offence, I hope, sir. My little girl shall make it up to you when the sweetmeats are passed around."

"Perhaps I'll make it up to *you*, my man, before the night is out," growled old Mullins. Then the people hissed at him, and young Mullins grew as red as a lobster, and twice as ugly.

The magician soon went back to his place, and announced that he was about to perform an exceedingly difficult trick, in which he desired the assistance of one or two young gentlemen from the audience, if they would favor him by coming upon the stage. Natty felt himself tingling all over. He would have given worlds to go and stand near that bewitching little lady, but he did not dare. He was not sure that the term "young gentleman" was meant for a boy like him. To his astonish-

ment, however, Ned Mullins left his seat and clambered up to the platform without the least sign of embarrassment. Natty thought he was as much of a young gentleman as Ned Mullins any day; but still he did not stir, although he half fancied that he saw a shade of disappointment in the pretty girl's countenance.

"Another, please," said the magician; and as he spoke he glanced right down into Natty's eyes. This was as good as a direct invitation; so Natty, very much agitated, hastened to respond. He was as red as Ned Mullins when he reached the stage, but not so ugly, by many degrees. The little girl nodded to him, and that made him more comfortable, for he was sure she had not done anything of the kind when Ned Mullins approached her.

The magician began his feat by handing a leaden bullet to Natty, and asking him to carry it down among the spectators, so that some one could make a secret mark upon it with a knife. Then he took a large pistol from a table, and held it while Natty, under instructions, put in a lot of powder, and afterward the ball, covering it all the while, so that the mark should not be detected by the performer. Every one saw that this was done fairly enough.

The magician next carried the pistol across to where Ned Mullins stood, and gave it into his hands, telling him to watch it carefully, and keep it in a particular position. Ned said he would do so, but as soon as the conjurer turned away, Natty observed that the other boy drew something swiftly from his pocket and passed his hand over the muzzle of the weapon. What to say or do Natty did not know, and before he could collect his thoughts the magician again came forward, followed by the child, who carried a great globe filled with goldfish. As she took her position in the middle of the stage, a dreadful chill came over Natty. He could not foresee what was to happen, but he was suddenly stricken with a fear that some calamity was at hand. Without exactly understanding why he did it, he ran toward the girl, exclaiming:

"Let me hold it, please. It is—it is too heavy for you."

The magician was surprised.

"Thank you, my young friend," he said; "you are very polite, but it is not so heavy as it seems, and Adela is used to it."

"I wish you would let me," pleaded Natty.

Once more the magician looked inquiringly at him, whereupon he lowered his voice, and whispered:

"Don't—don't use the pistol, sir; Ned Mullins did something to it."



"COME AND GIVE ME YOUR HAND, MY DEAR BOY."

The magician started, but quickly recovered himself, and, addressing the audience, said: "The young gentleman is more considerate than many of his years would be. There; no one need hold the vase; we will set it on the table."

Having done this, he walked across to Ned Mullins and relieved him of his charge. Natty was in dire apprehension until the magician returned and said, in a murmur, as he passed, "Be not alarmed, my good lad; all is safe."

A minute after, the pistol was pointed directly at the vase and fired at short range, without injuring the glass, although the fish began swimming about in wild disorder. Natty's anxiety was happily dispelled. Having read descriptions of a trick similar to this one, he had been terrified by the idea that the weapon was to be turned upon the little girl.

"Now Adela will carry the globe to the gentleman who marked the bullet," said the magician. "I do not wish to touch it at all."

The child obeyed the direction, and as she moved through the throng a large goldfish was seen dragging a heavy object attached by a cord to its tail. This was taken out, and pronounced to be the very ball on which the private mark had been cut.

In the midst of the applause which followed, the magician spoke thus to Natty: "Will you come to us at the hotel to-night after the performance? Do, if you can."

"Oh yes," answered Natty, highly elated. "I am sure mother will let me."

Turning to Ned Mullins, the magician added, in a severe tone: "I do not ask you to come, and you know the

reason why. It would serve you well if I exposed you before the people. Leave the stage, and come near us no more!"

II.

An hour later Natty was led by the magician, whose name was Ross, into a private parlor of the hotel, where he found Adela and her mother, a lady about thirty years of age, whose delicate appearance indicated that she was unwell.

"My wife has been ailing for many weeks," said Mr. Ross; "but this fine country air will do her great good. We shall stay here till she is stronger."

"We hope to," the lady remarked.

"Mamma, we *must*," exclaimed Adela, "if it will help you."

"We must if we can," said Mr. Ross. "Sit down, Master Natty, and give me a little information, if you please. How many of our exhibitions do you think your townspeople will endure without getting tired of us?"

"How could they ever get tired?" cried Natty, impulsively. "I could go a hundred times."

"You are very complimentary," said the conjurer; "but if the hall can be filled seven or eight times we shall be satisfied. Perhaps my wife will be well enough to give some assistance toward the end. Then you shall have a performance worth seeing."*

"Everything to-night was as beautiful as it could be," Natty declared.

"Except the pistol trick," said Mr. Ross, laughing. "That would have gone wrong but for your help."

"Did I really help?" asked Natty, vastly pleased. "I am so glad. I was afraid—"

"You were afraid I was going to shoot at Adela. Oh no, I never do that, although there would be no danger at all if nobody meddled with the pistol. Many conjurers do fire at people, but I dislike the practice. Do you know what that mischievous fellow did?"

"He would do anything bad," Natty replied. "He is the meanest boy in town."

"Of course you understand," said Mr. Ross, "as everybody does, that my wonderful exploits are simply ingenious deceptions. You need not tell your friends, but I have a way of taking out the bullet without appearing to. After I had done this, the young scamp dropped a couple of marbles into the pistol-barrel. It would have been very awkward if you had not warned me. The globe would have been broken, the fishes killed, and the entertainment spoiled. Our little girl might have been badly hurt by the broken glass, for she usually holds the vase. So you see we have good reason to thank you."

"Indeed we have," exclaimed Mrs. Ross, warmly. "Come and give me your hand, my dear boy."

"And let me have the other," said Adela, going quickly to him. "Papa did not tell me this before."

Natty had never felt prouder or more contented. He tried to say something in acknowledgment of these kind speeches and actions, but before he could think of the proper words a loud knock was heard, and Mr. Ross left the group to open the door.

"Ah, the lessee," he said. "Come in, sir."

"Not I," answered Mullins, roughly. "My business is short. You thought it mighty smart to make me ridiculous and get me hissed awhile ago. I know a trick as good as any of yours, my fine fellow. You can't have my hall after this week."

"Mr. Mullins," said Ross, "I had no intention of hurting your feelings. Nobody takes offence at my harmless jests."

"Then I'm nobody," retorted Mullins, "for *I* take offence. You have the hall for two more shows—one evening and one afternoon. I have signed to that, but nothing beyond. Take your rubbish out before Saturday night. That's all I have to say."

"Let me tell you," said Ross, mildly, "why I wish to remain a few weeks. My wife has had a long fit of sickness, and she needs rest and pure air. Her illness has prevented many of our performances this season, and we have made very little money. We cannot afford to stay here unless I give a series of entertainments. That is the absolute truth. Yours is the only hall in the place, and if you close it against us, we must go away. I trust you will consider the position I am in, and accept my apology if I annoyed you."

"I'm thinking of the position *I* was in when you made a fool of me before the crowd," snarled Mullins. "Out you go at the end of the week, and the town will be well rid of you."

The angry old man stalked away, and the conjurer rejoined his family with a downcast face. Tears were in little Adela's eyes, and Natty himself was ready to cry. He felt that he ought to leave, but could not go without expressing his indignation, and trying to assure his new friends that they had his sympathy in their unexpected trouble.

"Old Mullins is worse than his boy Ned," he cried. "Everybody hates and despises him. I wish I dared to tell Mr. Huntington about this."

"Who is Mr. Huntington?" asked Mrs. Ross, smiling at the lad's vehemence.

"He lives in the big house opposite the old church," Natty replied. "I guess he is the richest man in town. He is a lawyer, but he doesn't do any law work now. Most persons are afraid of him, just as I am. I don't know why; he isn't cross a bit. My mother is his house-keeper, and I live there too with her; but he never talks much to me. Indeed, he never talks much to anybody. They say he can do whatever he pleases in Fenlowe, and I don't believe he would let old Mullins behave so if he knew."

"Never mind, my lad," said Mr. Ross. "Who can tell what will happen? We have still two performances to give, and they may be more profitable than we expect. Take these tickets; we shall look for you Wednesday night and Saturday afternoon."

"Yes, do come," cried Adela. "I want you ever so much. Come up and help us again if papa calls for anybody."

"I'd do anything to help you," vowed Natty—"anything in the world if I only knew how."

"You are a good boy," chirped Adela; "so I shall kiss you for good-night."

Natty went home in a very unsettled state of mind. He wished something would happen by which he could prove in a manly grown-up way how much he liked the whole Ross family, and how determined he was to stand by them. A beginning might be made, he thought, by picking a healthy quarrel with Ned Mullins; but there were reasons why he could not immediately carry out that plan. Ned Mullins was inconveniently handy with his fists, and capable of playing such tricks of legerdemain with Natty's features as would make it disagreeable for their owner to occupy a front seat in Fenlowe Hall, and prevent him from offering his humble service in any part of the expected performances. He concluded that he would trust to luck for the desired opportunity, and postpone the affair with young Mullins until after the retirement of the conjuring party from Fenlowe, when a black eye more or less would be of trifling consequence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EXPLAINED AT LAST.

TEACHER. "Can anybody tell me why the multiplication table stops with twelve?"

SON OF SUPERSTITIOUS PARENT. "'Cause ma says it's unlucky to have thirteen at table."

TRAINING MICE TO ACT.

BY BENJAMIN NORTHROP.



WHAT do you say to having a mouse circus, with white mice as performers? It is great sport, and it can easily be got up if you once have learned how to train your four-footed actors. You can have acts upon the tight rope and upon the slack

rope. You can make your performers climb poles, and carry down flags between their teeth. You can even enjoy a chariot-race, and with a little patience you can make fortune-tellers out of your pets, who will doubtless read the future just as well as any of the men or women who earn their living by that means.

I spent an evening last week with Mr. Thomas Moody, who has already given to you valuable information regarding the training of birds. Ten white mice were nestled together in the bottom of a big square box. Outside of the box there was a small flag-staff, a little step-ladder, a toy flag, a cane, and a miniature wagon. Besides these things, which are part of a mouse circus properties, there was a small box filled with oats and a bowl of bread and milk, which contained much more bread than milk.

"Certainly you can have a mouse circus. Why not?" said Mr. Moody. "It can be done, only it is not so easy as to get up a performance of trained birds. White mice are gentle and easily tamed. In bird-training, as I once told you, there are certain tricks which the bird cannot avoid doing. A bird that is properly laid on its back finds it difficult to get up.

Birds can also be forced to hold straws in their claws, and to hang from a straw by their necks. With mice, however, this is altogether different. There is not one trick that a mouse can be



HANDLING.

forced to do without training. Place a mouse upon its back, and it instantly rolls over upon its feet unless it is trained to lie still. And as for holding a straw in its feet, that is absolutely impossible even with training.

"You pick up a mouse very much in the same way as you pick up a bird," continued Mr. Moody. "Take it up in either the right or left hand very tenderly, and put the disengaged hand in front of the animal's face so as to shut out the light, and also to prevent its escape. Then softly smooth down its fur until it ceases to fear you. White mice are timid, but they are accustomed to men, and they are easily tamed."

"Do they bite?" I asked.

"Sometimes a mouse will bite. It is well to be cautious. When a white mouse is hurt, it will fight; but, as a rule, if it is tenderly handled, there is no danger. The best food for white mice, to my mind, is oats, varied by a little bread and milk. This diet should be known by all boys who intend to train white mice, because no animal can be properly trained unless it is properly fed.

"After you have succeeded in robbing your pet of its fear, which ought not to take longer than a few hours at the most, begin its training by teaching it to come to you for its food, and to eat from between your fingers or from some spot on your shoulder, we will say. Always make the mouse travel some little distance to get its food. By this means it learns that a journey is necessary to earn a reward. You will see the value of this advice later on, when I take up the rope-walking and chariot-racing tricks."

Of all the tricks that can be taught to mice, the flag-pole trick is the easiest. This is the way that Mr. Moody did it: he took one of the untrained mice from the box.

and put it upon his cane. Of course the animal started to run down the stick, which was held upright a short distance above the floor. The moment the mouse got almost to the lower end of the cane the ends were reversed, and he started to run down again, finding himself at the upper instead of the lower end of the stick. This operation was repeated at least a score of times till the mouse was thoroughly tired out. After this had been accomplished, and the mouse had reached the point where it refused from sheer weariness either to go up or to come down, Mr. Moody took a small stick about the size of a lead-pencil and touched the mouse about the hind legs, not hurting it, but, to use his own words, "simply bothering it behind." This caused the animal to ascend slowly to the top of the stick. There it was rewarded with a mouthful of oats.

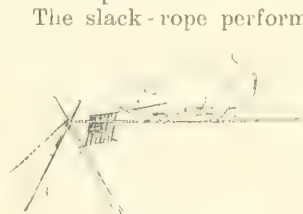


FLAG-POLE TRICK.

Then it was taken from the top and put down to the bottom of the stick, and forced by the same tiresome method to repeat the feat. I did not wait to see the mouse thoroughly trained to perform this trick, but Mr. Moody assured me that three hours would be sufficient to teach the mouse to climb the pole satisfactorily every time.

This trick is made attractive by making the mouse carry down between its teeth a miniature flag, which is fastened in the upper end of the stick. After the mouse has climbed to the top, the flag is put into its mouth. At first it will immediately drop it, and scurry down the pole. It must then be forced to go up again, and the flag must be put into its mouth until it has learned by sad experience that the only way it can come down that pole without being forced to go up again is by bringing the flag down with it. It only takes hours to train birds, but it requires days of patient work to teach mice.

Rig up a tight rope. Make the supports about six inches high, and let them be two feet apart. Fasten each end of the rope upon the table or board upon which it is rigged six inches at least from the outer end of the supports. Let the rope be a stout piece of twine about the thickness of a chalk line such as builders use. This trick should not be taught until the mouse has thoroughly mastered the flag-pole act. Force the mouse by "bothering it behind" to climb up the inclined rope to the top of the first support. It is then comparatively easy to make it walk back and forth at the word of command. This is the tight-rope trick, and it is very effective if it is neatly executed. Some trainers have three mice upon the rope at the same time. After one mouse has been trained to walk across the rope, it aids its untaught companions by its example.



TIGHT-ROPE WALKING.

The slack-rope performance is equally simple. The cord is not drawn tightly as it is in the former trick; it is allowed to sag in the middle. The mouse can be persuaded to stand upon this rope, and after its foothold is once secure, the rope may be made to swing backward and forward. This is a very neat trick, and is particularly effective when it is well done.

It is not at all difficult to teach a mouse to draw a wagon, provided that the harness be rightly adjusted and properly constructed. The vehicle should be similar in design to that used in the corresponding bird trick. It should have two or four wheels, as your taste may dictate, and it should be light, small, and easily moved. At the end of the two shafts there should be a circular yoke or collar

into which the mouse's head is placed. This contrivance answers the same purpose as the collar does in a heavy set of harness such as is used in hauling farm wagons. Near the end of the shafts there should be a little strap which rests upon the mouse's back to support the shafts. When your harness and carriage are finished, get the mouse accustomed to them. Don't start out by making the animal draw his new load at once. That would only frighten it, and put your experiment back several days, if it did not ruin it altogether. After Mr. Mouse will stand still in harness and exhibit no fear, you are ready to begin your motion lesson. Set the wagon and steed upon a slightly inclined plane, so that the vehicle will start down-hill of its own accord. As the wagon moves, it must necessarily push the mouse forward. That push, however gentle it may be, will not start the animal without exciting its fear. If the mouse attempts to run away, all you have to do is to put your hand in front of it, just as you did when you first learned how to pick it up, and then gently take it to your hands and smooth its soft fur soothingly. After it has lost its fright, try the experiment over again.

That is how one mouse is taught to draw a chariot. But one mouse cannot race very well unless it races against time, which in this case is not expedient. After one steed has been broken to harness, as the horsemen say, train another. At first train them separately until they are thoroughly trustworthy. When this has been



CHARIOT RACE.

done, start them side by side along a given course. Let the mouse that reaches the goal first be rewarded with some oats or a bite of bread and milk. Never reward the laggard, and in a few

days you will see that your white mice are as anxious for the sport as you are to see it.

"I have never seen white mice ride in chariots which have been drawn by other mice," said Mr. Moody; "but I have no doubt that they can be taught to do so with patience and skill. A mouse can learn to do anything that it is physically and mentally capable of performing, and it ought to be no harder for a mouse to sit still in a wagon than to draw one. I will offer this suggestion: Why not dress your mice up so that they look like coachmen, and so that they cannot jump out of the wagons and run away. That might answer at first."

It is very easy to teach mice to tell fortunes by cards. Of course the mice must already be well trained in other tricks, and thoroughly tamed. Put between the edge of a card, half disclosed, some grains of oats. Put this card in the pack, and the mouse will pick it out after a few trials. Continue the experiment until it will pick out some card at random every time, hoping to get its reward.

"I do not advise experiments with ordinary mice and rats," said Mr. Moody, in conclusion. "I can tame and train them, but they are disagreeable creatures, and the white mouse is just as intelligent and is much prettier and more gentle."

POINTING TO THE SKY.

THE highest church spire in the world is that of the cathedral at Ulm, in Württemberg, which is 530 feet high. The next highest are the twin spires of Cologne Cathedral, that wonderful architectural design and construction that was six centuries in building. Next come Strasburg Cathedral, 480 feet; St. Martin's, at Landshut, in Germany, 454 feet; St. Stephen's, Vienna, 435 feet; St. Peter's, Rome, 434 feet; Salisbury Cathedral, England, 411 feet; Antwerp Cathedral, 403 feet. The dome of St. Paul's, in London, is only 355 feet. The great pyramid, in Egypt, is 450 feet high, and the Washington Monument, in Washington, 555 feet.

"IS BEL READY?"



HEARD this question asked, in a clear but childish treble, every morning during a certain winter when a tedious illness confined me to my room—sometimes to my bed, sometimes to my sofa. The words floated up to me from the narrow corner of our street. It was at so early an hour that other street sounds were silenced, and I could clearly hear the little voice. To me, as to most invalids, trifles were of interest, and I used to wonder not only who was the owner of the sweet voice, but who Bel was, and why she should be "ready." One day I contrived to get to the window in time to hear the voice and see the speaker, a small boy, perhaps eight years old, who, with his school-bag slung over his shoulder, was looking up at the windows of my next-door neighbor's house. At the risk of a scolding from my dear attendant, I watched, waiting to see Bel if possible. Very soon the front door of the shabby little house next door was opened, and with a "Yes, yes, we'll be careful," spoken to some one just inside, Bel tripped out. She was a thin but rosy-looking little girl, about ten years old, comfortably but very plainly dressed. Like the boy, she carried a school bag, and she glanced back at an upper window with a happy smile and nod of her head, and then said, gravely,

"Now, Billy, you've forgotten something."

Billy looked decidedly uncomfortable for an instant, but soon recovered himself to say: "I left it at Jonas's; Bel. We'll find it all right when we get there."

And away the pair trudged, and were soon lost to my view.

I can hardly say why or how my interest in these children grew day by day, since I saw so little of them, and I am not naturally a curious person; but lying on my couch, I wished I knew more of Bel and Billy, and why, books in hand, they should start out long before the usual hour for going to school. Presently came a day when I was well again; when the English spring-time seemed rejoicing with me, and never were scents and sounds of the outer world sweeter to me; I had of late felt so closely imprisoned. Meanwhile the children, whom I felt as if I knew, so many had been my fancies about them, continued their early morning walk together, and at last a funny impulse came over me to follow them. I said nothing of it to my mother and sister, but waited for the first fine morning when I dared venture out. Fine! Shall I ever forget it? Italian skies may be fair, Italian winds balmy, but give me a genuine spring morning in London! Not the city portion, but that lovely region lying so spaciouly between Hammersmith and Kew. I was just a trifle shamefaced about following the children; but when they joined each other they took no more notice of me than the wall of the house, and leisurely I directed my steps after theirs.

Not far from where we lodged was a street of old houses. Wide gardens were attached to most of these—even such as from age, and no doubt the moderate incomes of the tenants, were by no means in good repair—and various were the histories connected with them. In one, the Pretender had been hidden for days; in another, George III. had rested during one of his sad journeys when insane; in another, to come nearer our own time, Benjamin West, the painter, had resided. I knew all about these old dwellings, so going by them my mind was not diverted from the object of my walk; but when I saw Billy push open the iron gateway of a place my sister and I had so often "romanced" about, I hesitated about following them further. It was so early that not a creature seemed to be stirring, and the little bodies went quietly up a long gravelled walk, undisturbed except by the friendly greetings of a lazy old dog. He shook himself out of his

morning sleep to say, in his own fashion, a "How do you do?" and just then I saw that by skirting around a privet-hedge I could watch the tiny pair, and see the object of these early walks. Near by was an old greenhouse—old, that is, so far as externals went, for within there were fresh bloom and verdure enough. Bel opened the door, and Billy followed her in, while the voice of some man reached me.

"Your violets be doing well, miss," said the man, and he came forward, a grizzled kindly-faced old fellow, who was working among the plants and ferns in his shirt sleeves.

"I am so glad, Jonas," said Bel, in her sedate fashion; and in another moment she and Billy were well at work under the old man's direction.

And let me tell you there was no idling, and a great deal of skill. They inspected the roses, evidently their own property; they watered callas; they picked dead leaves off geraniums; and on one particular sheaf looked carefully into the condition of certain ferns. I watched the busy little fingers and anxious, important faces, and wondered until "the wonder grew!" Then, a trifle chilled by this early exercise, I made my way home. One thing I now understood—it was for this gardening that Bel was to be "ready."

The shabby little house where she lived, after this became daily more interesting. As I grew stronger, I would walk past it, watching the windows where were so many children's faces; where I saw from time to time a sweet elderly woman moving about setting this, that, and the other, I thought, to rights, pausing to smooth some little one's hair or pinafore, or bending to kiss a readily upturned face. I found out from our land-

lady that Bel and her sisters and brothers were orphans, the children of an officer who, with his wife, had died in India; that the lady was their aunt. Just who Billy was I did not at that time find out.

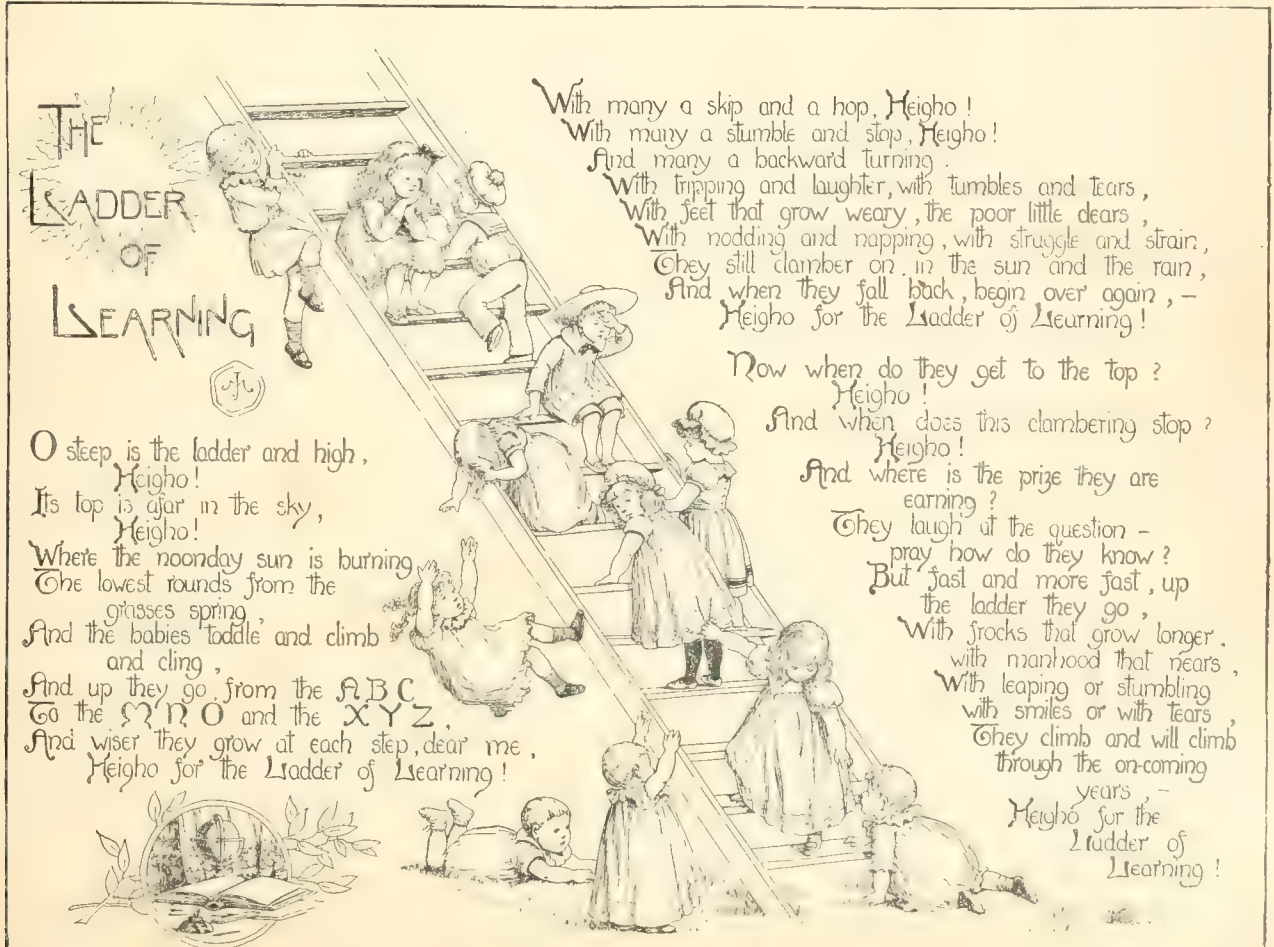
We were invited to spend part of Easter day that year at a children's hospital in Hammersmith, a pet charity of one of our friends, and I was glad the day dawned with such triumphant colors in the sky, such a wonderful glory even in the atmosphere it seemed to me. At the hospital the little ones looked relieved from their sufferings, because so many tokens were brought to the tiring bedsides. After some carols had been sung, to my surprise I beheld Bel and Billy carrying from bed to bed the most beautiful flowers in full bloom. To one they gave a calla; to another, violets, pansies, and maiden-hair-ferns—every little pot in paper.

"Oh, I want you to look at the little Adairs," said my friend, Mrs. R—. "Those children have worked hard all winter in a greenhouse belonging to Jonas Thomson, just for the joy of bringing these flowers here on Easter day to the sick children. They could not otherwise have afforded them, their aunt was telling me. Of course it has been excellent horticultural training, but all they have thought of—"

Mrs. R— broke off, for as Bel and her cousin were going about with their "earnings," a new carol was begun:

"Christ has arisen,
For us His life was given."

I listened. I caught Bel's eye, and held out my hand to her. Now I understood for what she was to be "ready," and I think the Lord, whose Resurrection day she so sweetly worked for, knew it too.



THE BEST AND THE WORST.

"NOW for the story, grandfather," said Flossie, as she drew her chair close to her grandfather's knees. "You know you promised us a brand-new story to-night if we were good to-day; mamma will tell you I haven't been at all naughty this day."

"And I have not missed a word in any of my lessons to-day," chimed in Rob. "I know grandfather will say that is good." "Quite right," replied grandfather: "and now you shall hear the story:

"A philosopher named Xanthus desired to have a feast for some of his friends, and he ordered his chief servant to provide the best things in the market.

"The servant thereupon bought a great number of *tongues*, and instructed the cook to serve them up with different sauces. When the feast was ready, the first, second, and third courses, the side dishes, and the desserts were all tongues.

"Xanthus was greatly enraged. 'Did I not order you,' said he, 'to buy the best things the market afforded?'

"'And,' replied the servant, 'have I not obeyed your orders, Master Xanthus? Is there anything better than tongues? Is not the tongue the bond of civil society, the key of sciences, and the organ of truth and reason? By means of the tongue cities are built, governments established and instructed; with the tongue men persuade, instruct, and preside in assemblies.'

"'Well, then,' said Xanthus, thinking to catch him, 'this same company will dine with me to-morrow; and as I wish to diversify my entertainment, go to market again and buy the *worst* things you can find.'

"The next day his servant again provided nothing but tongues.

"Xanthus, in a violent passion, demanded an explanation.

"'Master,' said the servant, 'is there anything worse than tongues? Is not the tongue the instrument of all strife and contention, the fomentor of lawsuits, and the source of divisions and wars? Is it not the organ of error, of lies, of calumny, and of blasphemy?'

"Xanthus said no more. The servant had convinced him that the tongue, when used aright, could be truthfully considered the best thing in the world, and the worst of all things when put to a wrong use."

"That is what I call a capital story," said Rob, as soon as his grandfather had finished, "and I would like to know the name of that servant."

"You have often read his writings, my boy," said grandfather, "for the servant was none other than *Æsop*, the renowned writer of fables. He was a Phrygian by birth, and for many years a slave."

V. F.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

APOLLO was the old god of music, and his favorite instrument, the lyre, was invented by Mercury. When the latter was four hours old he found the shell of a tortoise, and made it into a lyre with nine strings, in honor of the nine Muses. This instrument Mercury gave to Apollo, who became a wonderful player upon it. The lyre was used by the Greeks in olden times, and from it was fashioned the harp.

The old-time viol was the first instrument of its kind, and furnished the plan for the modern violin, which, however, is seven hundred years old. It is said that Charles II. introduced it into England. One of the finest makers of violins was Stradivarius, of Cremona, who existed in the early part of the eighteenth century. Violins made by him are worth thousands of dollars now, and highly esteemed by collectors and performers.

The flute is very old in its origin, but the flute of to-day is different from that of the ancients. It has been improved upon from time to time, and the old people would probably fail to recognize it now. The flageolet, which is somewhat similar, is credited to Juvigny about 1581.

The first trumpet was a sea-shell, and was used by very old nations. Trumpets were well known in the days when Homer lived, and a Jewish feast of trumpets is spoken of in the Bible, nearly 1500 B.C. Alexander the Great is said to have used a speaking trumpet 335 B.C.

The harp, which was suggested by the lute, is ascribed to Jubal, 3875 B.C., and was King David's favorite instrument. The harp was used by the Welsh and Saxons, and also by the ancient peoples of Ireland. One of the oldest harps in existence is in the Dublin College Museum, and originally belonged to Brian Boroihme, King of Ireland.

From the pipes of Pan the organ was evolved, and the invention is credited to several persons; some say it was first made by Ctesibius, a barber of Alexandria, about 250 B.C. The organ came to Europe from Greece, and was used in church worship in the seventh century. The Harlem organ is one of the largest and best known, having 60 stops and 8600 pipes. Barrel-organs are of much later invention, but there are some people who wish that such things had never been thought of.

To-day musical instruments are numbered by hundreds, and to speak of all kinds would take up several numbers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, but it is interesting to know that people enjoyed music thousands of years ago, although it was then in a very crude state.

NATIONAL SALUTATIONS.

BY ZITLLA COCKE

EACH nation believes itself to be the most interesting if not the greatest nation of the world, and naturally considers its own ceremonies and modes of salutation the most reasonable, while the ceremonies of other nations are laughed at as ridiculous. For instance, the Greenlanders laugh when they see Europeans uncover their heads as a mark of respect; the bow, which we esteem as the outward sign of an inward grace, and the very expression of courtesy, is to them a ridiculous contortion.

Tribes living on an island near the Philippines take the hand or foot of the person whom they salute, and gently rub their faces with it, while the Philippines use a most ridiculous and startling attitude—first bending their bodies very low to the earth, they place their hands on their cheeks, and at the same time raise one foot in the air. Perhaps this grand salaam surpasses any that was dreamed of in the *Arabian Nights*.

The Laplanders apply their noses to the persons they mean to salute. The Ethiopians take the robe or part of the dress of the person to whom they intend to be very polite, and tie it about their own persons. The Japanese take off a slipper, and no country in the world is so exacting of ceremony. Manner and words are always in the superlative degree. The "most honorable traveller" is presented with his "most honorable bill"; "his most honorable cup of tea" is brought to him, and he is asked to confer "everlasting dignity" upon the bearer by accepting it. The writer is acquainted with a Japanese lady who was sent to America by the Japanese government to be educated. Upon her return to Japan she became the companion of the Princess for a year, and finding it necessary to come back to America in order to complete her studies, she remarked that her long residence in the United States had rendered her careless of the innumerable and punctilious ceremonies of her native land, and that in spite of the graciousness of the Princess, who was exceedingly amiable, she saw that her forgetfulness of these ceremonies was a constant source of annoyance.

The Chinese are less graceful than the Japanese, but even more rigid in their adherence to rules of etiquette. Answers, numbers of bows, genuflections, and inclinations to the right hand and the left hand, are all prescribed by the Chinese ritual, or Academy of Compliments, as it is called. Everything is done in the most unnatural and affected manner. Artificial ceremony takes the place of all natural action. In reply to the simple question which asks after the health of a person, he says, "Very well, thanks to your abundant felicity." To a person who looks to be in health, "Prosperity is painted on your face." If a service is performed, "My thanks shall be immortal." After an interview with them, their almost invariable remark is, "We have not treated you with sufficient distinction," and the various titles which they give to visitors and to each other are simply untranslatable.

We, as well as the Europeans, sit with hats off in houses of worship, while the Turks consider the uncovering of the head an indecent familiarity, and doubtless the Hebrew custom of wearing hats in the synagogue is an Oriental law.

A traveller in Africa relates that he saw a meeting of two negro chiefs, who embraced each other, and pulled their middle fingers until they snapped, each trying to vie with the other in the loudness of the sound, and a French traveller mentions his meeting with a tribe in New Guinea, whose mode of salutation was to stand before him with leaves on their heads, as a symbol of friendship and peace. This mode certainly seems most significant as well as most picturesque.

The custom of kissing hands as a mark of respect is said to be the most ancient and the most universal. From the remotest

times, through the ages of Greece and Rome to the present day it has existed. Another famous custom is more provincial—the salute after sneezing. A writer gives an amusing account of ceremonies attending the sneezing of the King of Menomotapa. When his Majesty sneezes those nearest his person salute him in so loud a tone that persons in the next chamber hear and join in the acclamation, and so the salute goes on from adjoining apartments until it reaches the street, and is propagated through the city, and thus thousands of people are excited by a single sneeze! So we see that there are not only men of many minds, but of many manners.

A MARSH-MALLOW RABBIT FOR EASTER.

BY ALICE BEARD.

A LARGE goose-egg, plain or decorated according to the taste of the maker, has about it a broad band of satin ribbon. When this is unloosed, the egg can be opened without injuring the shell, and within it, packed in pink cotton, is a funny little baby rabbit made of marsh-mallow.

The device is very pretty, very quaint, and, best of all, very easy to make. The materials, too, are as inexpensive as the result is dainty and amusing. A goose-egg is boiled hard, and cut in two equal parts with a sharp knife, the contents removed, and pink cotton substituted.

The rabbit is made of one of the squares or parallelograms of marsh-mallow sold by confectioners. The marsh-mallow is first cut into two parts as seen in the diagrams 3 and 4. A corner is then sliced off one, and set or grafted in the other as in 4, which is set in a saucer in



the oven until sufficiently soft and plastic to model into something more or less like the body and head of a rabbit as in Fig 5.

Any one with sufficient artistic ability to model a fish-cake or a biscuit can do this. The ears are simply strips of paper cut into the form shown in Fig. 6. They may be painted pink on the inside, or left white if desired. The eyes are pink sugared caraway seeds stuck in endways, and the feet and tail are white sugared caraway seeds.

After the rabbit is put in its pink cotton nest, the two portions of the egg shell are joined together with a strip of paper well coated with mucilage, or else joined with a band of court-plaster, and the ribbon tied about it to conceal the joining.

"Alice behind the looking-glass" might add to her list of unnatural history objects of "the bread-and-butter fly, the snap-dragon fly," etc., the marsh-mallow rabbit that lives in an Easter-egg and feeds on pink cotton.

CHERRY PUDDING FOREVER.

"NO cherry pudding?"
 "No cherry pudding!"
 "No cherry pudding!!!"
 "No sob cherry (sob) p pud dun!!!!" (perfect howl of despair).

This last mourner was, of course, Archie, who always cried when he did not know what else to do; but then Archie was only five, and no one expected much of him.

"I'm just tired of it," said Hannah, the cook: "and I'm glad it rains; it's cherry puddin' forever."

She was addressing a row of small boys, who looked at her in a dreadfully disappointed way, and then set up this melancholy refrain. There were four of them, and they ran straight to mamma, the solace of all their woes.

It looked very pleasant and peaceful in the cheery sitting-room, and Mamma Rexford was engaged on some pretty embroidery in the bay-window, glancing out now and then at the summer rain that was doing so much good—except to the little pudding-lovers, who thought it a dreadful evil.

"Mamma!" three of them burst forth, excitedly, while Archie continued to howl, "can't any cherries be picked in the rain for pudding? Hannah says so."

They looked wretched enough for much worse news than this, with their mouths all drawn down at the corners; and mamma could not help smiling as she replied to the forlorn deputation.

"Why, of course not, children, any one who tried it would be perfectly drenched in such a rain as this. You have had cherry pudding steadily for a week, and I am sure that you can do very well without it for one day. So get out your Battle of Waterloo, like good boys, and try to put your minds on that."

But the wonderful toy which papa had lately given them, and which required half an hour or so to get it in working, or rather, in fighting order, had no charms for the doleful complainants just then.

Meanwhile, however, though the rain seemed to be coming down in small waterfalls, the internal skies at least were clearing without their knowing it. Big brother Wynne, who was home from school for the summer vacation, was having it out with cook on the very same subject.

"Now, Hannah, how could you set those infants off in that way? You couldn't have the heart not to give us cherry pudding to-day when cherry-time will soon be over?"

"Indeed, then, I could!" replied Hannah, with emphasis. "I ain't one to make puddin' without straw."

"Cherries you mean, I think," corrected Wynne, politely.

"Nobody can't get at cherries in this rain"—Hannah's grammar was not above reproach—"and I'm just tired of makin' the same everlastin' puddin' every day. It's cherry puddin' forever."

"But we're not tired of it," said Wynne, very sweetly; "and when you make such extra nice cherry pudding, what can you expect? Don't be hard-hearted, Hannah."

The much-besieged woman could scarcely ever resist "Mr. Wynne's beguiling ways"; but presently a happy thought struck her as she replied: "Very well, sir. If you'll provide the cherries, I'll make the puddin'. That's a fair bargain."

And with the comfortable feeling that she was now safely entrenched in her castle, Hannah bustled about among the pans and kettles with a great show of occupation. But Wynne walked away so quietly that in her secret heart she feared that he was "up to something."

Her partner went up stairs into a side pantry, and looked out of the small window that opened on a shed. It was just as he had thought, that tree of black ox-hearts reared its stately proportions within a reasonable distance; and seizing a brand-new broom that happened to be handy, Master Wynne ingeniously tied an umbrella with a crook at the end of the handle fast to it, and his fruit-gatherer was complete. By thrusting this apparatus out of the window, a cherry-laden branch was easily drawn within reach and stripped of its treasures.

"Cherry pudding forever!" shouted Wynne, with a laughing face, as he deposited his well-filled basket on the kitchen table. And Hannah declared that he had given her "such a turn!"

"I meant to give you a turn—to cherry pudding," was the reply.

The small boys were delighted both with the pudding and with brother Wynne's prowess in cherry-hunting; and mamma, while proceeding to eat a generous slice from the inviting roll, said that she thought it *was* "cherry pudding forever."

E. R. C.



CATCHING UP.

ALICE. "DOES TOTTIE OR ME HAVE A BIRTH DAY FIRST?"
MAMMA. "TOTTIE HAS ONE NEXT WEEK—YOURS WILL NOT BE FOR SIX MONTHS."

ALICE (*resigned*). "I s'pose TOTTIE NEEDS 'EM MORE 'N I DO, SO SHE CAN GROW."

A PLAN.

"I KNOW what I'd do if I was a kitten," said Willie.

"What?" asked grandma.

"I'd bark like a doggie, and then somebody 'd buy me for a circus."

NOT TO BLAME.

"TOMMY," said his mother, "did you bring all this mud in the house?"

"I didn't *bring* it," was the answer; "it just stuck to my shoes, and came itself."

A FUNNY THING.

It seems very strange that the fire-dogs should be so called, while it is logs of wood that have all the bark.

THE PROPER TIME.

"PAPA," asked Tommy, "when does the kite season begin?"

"In fly-time, I guess," answered papa, after a moment's thought.

A DIFFICULT BIRD TO FIND.

"SHALL I buy you a bird, Harry?"

"Yes, please."

"What kind of a bird would you like?"

"One with a bweast like a wobin, a tail like a peacock, a voice like a wooster that can talk like a parwot."

DREADFUL.

"OH dear!" sighed Henry, whose clothes are all made of his papa's old ones, and who does not like it. "Papa's had his mustache shaved off, an' I suppose I got to wear it now."

HE MEANT ALL RIGHT.

"WILLIE," said mamma, "tell Mary Ann not to forget to order sweetbread for lunch."

"Very well," said Willie, and then he went down stairs and told cook that his mamma wanted plenty of cake at the mid-day meal.

A GREAT SLEEPER.

"YOU look sleepy," called out the chipmunk as the bear came from his winter-quarters.

"I am," replied the bear, yawning; "I only had a three months' nap this season."

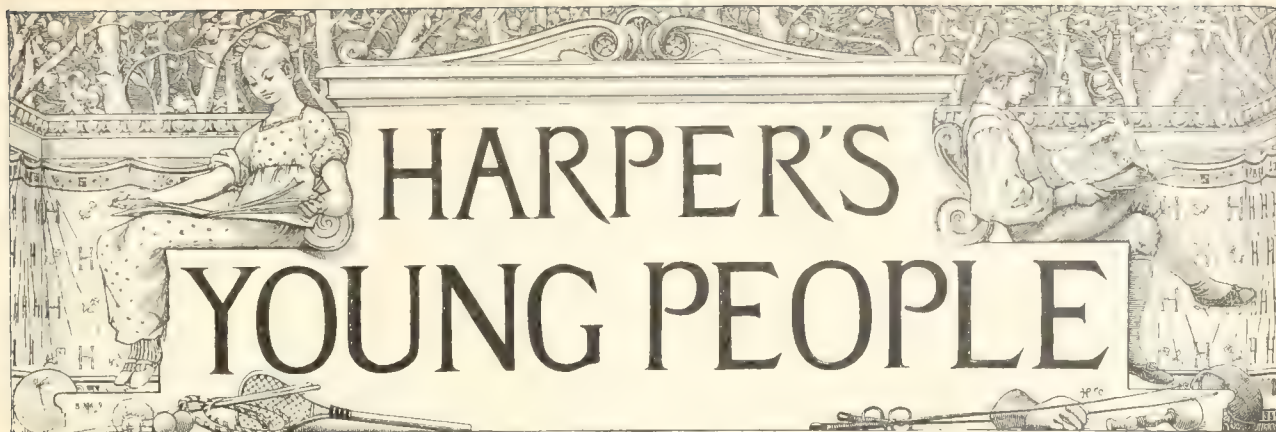
HAD STUDIED TO ADVANTAGE.

MAMMA. "How many sisters did your new playmate tell you he had?"

WILLIS. "He's got *one*. He tried to catch me by saying he had two half-sisters, but he'll find out I've studied fractions."



THE YOUNG BOTANIST AND THE ANIMATED LILY—A TRAGEDY OF THE NILE



HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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A VISIT TO A DAY NURSERY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THERE is nothing that the little ones at home, as a rule, dislike so much as being left by themselves. I do not quite know what prompts the feeling, but all young things—the birds in the nests, the lambs in the field, the little kittens beside the grave mother cat, the brood of fluffy chicks following the steady old hen—are fond of the protecting care and presence of the next bigger, older thing which in the universe really belongs to them. How often, when mamma wants a quiet half-hour to talk with auntie or sister Lou, she arranges the dolls and the tea

things, the building blocks and the Noah's arks, in a far-away corner of the room or in the pleasant chamber across the hall, and begs the babies to stay there and play, only to see them gradually edging nearer and nearer, until they set up their noisy encampment at her very feet.

"We like to be where you are," they plead, with such desire in their eyes that the matter usually ends in their remaining as close to the mother as possible.

But the children of the poor while still very young are com-

pelled to do without their mothers, not now and then for a half hour, but often for a whole day at a time. Locked in cheerless rooms, stifling in summer or chilly in winter, or else left to the guardianship of some busy neighbor who can occasionally glance at them, and who has enough to do with cares of her own, the poor little creatures are very forlorn when their mothers are away at work in some richer woman's kitchen. Often when the caresses of the mothers are sorely needed, they have to be foregone, simply because the mothers dare not leave their babies to the peril of falling out of the window, or else upon the stove, or burning themselves up by the aid of a stray match. As for poor mothers with babies in arms, their case is pitiable, except where the practical benevolence of our day has found out a happy way of helping them. In nearly all our large cities the existence of day nurseries, carried on under the supervision of charitable organizations, renders it possible for mothers to leave their little ones in safe hands while they go forth to their day's labor.

It was on a sunny morning in April several years ago that I stood with my friend, the Lady Bonnet, on the steps of the Jane D. Kent Day Nursery, Philadelphia. The house itself, in its modest red brick and white marble, with the steps scrubbed to snowy spotlessness, is like many another home in the good City of Brotherly Love, and its name commemorates a woman dear to all who knew her, and especially noted for her self-denying care of motherless children.

A bright-faced little girl, smiling and dimpling, answered the bell, and ushered us into a pleasant reception room, where we were presently joined by the matron, who gave us a warm welcome.

"Our older little people are just at dinner," she said. "Come and look at them."

Leading the way into a sunny dining-room, we found the children seated at a long low table, each in his or her own little chair, the table spread as daintily as in any ordinary home. Little heads were bowed and little hands folded, while together the children, their ages ranging from three to nine years, said a simple grace. Then behaving quite as prettily and properly as well-bred children at our own tables do, the little ones did justice to the ample fare provided for them. The institution requires the children who are of sufficient age to attend the nearest public school, so that when dinner was over, a number of the little boys and girls trooped merrily off to school, to return when dismissed for exercise in the ample yard or in the pleasant play-room until six o'clock should end the mother's day and bring her home.

When babies are brought in, they are carried at once to the nursery, a charming room on the upper floor, where the assistant matron receives them, bathing, dressing, and feeding the little things with the nicest, tenderest care. The sixteen babies whom I saw on the day of my visit—woe-rolly-poly creatures sucking their fists, blinking at the world with sleepy eyes, or gazing, wide-eyed and comfortable, at the other occupants of the room—were every one of them pretty enough to please any baby-loving woman. They were all so clean and sweet, and looked so well-fed and happy, that my heart was thrilled with gladness. Little toddlers who had learned to walk and were beginning to prattle were amusing themselves in the room adjoining the one in which the cradles were standing, and nothing struck me so much as the expression of goodness in every face. There was not a fretful child in the nursery that day.

"Are they better behaved than usual?" I asked.

"Oh no!" was the cheery reply. "Our babies are always good when they are well."

The experience of most mothers will confirm this statement. The poor little sick baby may be querulous; it has no other mode of expressing pain and discomfort than the wail and moan which tell the story of suffering; but a healthy child is usually happy, and laughs more than it cries.

In this nursery the assistant matron is always ready at 6.30 A.M. to receive her infant visitors. She at once proceeds to bathe each baby, dressing it in clothing provided by and kept in the nursery, unless its own is sufficiently clean, soft, and dainty to be suitable for a baby. At night, when the mother calls for her infant, it is brought down stairs to her wrapped in blankets, and she dresses it in its own clothing herself before taking it away.

There are kindergarten exercises for the older little ones, and building blocks, toys, and picture-books are provided in abundance.

At Thanksgiving and Christmas they have their special dinners and fêtes, and during the summer arrangements are fre-

quently made for excursions to the country or for an outing of a day or a week, as may be practicable, when mothers and babies, a few at a time, are taken to the blessed life-giving sea-side.

NATTY BARTON'S MAGIC.

BY E. H. HOUSE,

AUTHOR OF "GRACIE'S GODSON," ETC.

III.

TWO evenings later, as Natty was crossing the hall of the large house in which he lived, just before starting for the exhibition, he saw Mr. Huntington standing near the front door, examining the pockets of his coat, which hung on a rack.

"Will you do me a favor, Natty?" said the lawyer. "I have left a paper which I need on my office table. Please run across the street and get it. Take a lantern with you. The document is tied with blue tape, and has a number on it—111. You can't forget that—one, one, one. Give it to your mother, and tell her to bring it to me. Here is my key."

Natty hurried over to the little office, and had no difficulty in finding what he had been sent for. The number was plain enough—"111"—and he noticed the word "lease" on the back, and the names of Huntington and Mullins. He delivered the paper to his mother, according to instructions.

"Yes, I suppose this is what Mr. Mullins is waiting for," she said. "He is in the library now."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Natty, "I wish Mr. Huntington had nothing to do with that old sinner."

He made his way quickly to Fenlowe Hall, and entered just as the performance began. Adela recognized him as he went to his seat, and during the evening he had the unspeakable delight of being summoned once or twice to the platform to take part in some complicated piece of necromancy. The entertainment was cordially applauded throughout, and toward the end a great impression was produced by an exhibition of what was called "second sight," in which Adela, standing blindfold on the stage, accurately described various objects which her father borrowed from strangers in the audience. He would take a watch, or a ring, or any article that was offered him, ask the girl questions about it, and she would invariably answer with as much exactness as if her eyes were uncovered and she held it in her own hand.

When this was concluded, Adela was sent forward to distribute the contents of a basket of candies, while the magician made a little speech. He told the people that he had hoped to offer them an extended series of entertainments, but could now have the pleasure of meeting them only once more, on Saturday afternoon, permission to occupy the hall after that date having been positively denied him. He added that those who had been present on Monday evening would need no explanation of Mr. Mullins's hostility. He (Mr. Ross) had frankly expressed his regret at having wounded the lessee's delicacy, but that sensitive gentleman had declined to be pacified.

Mullins was standing, as usual, at the back of the hall. He now marched down the aisle, and when he had reached the centre, said, with a malicious grin: "You are not wanted in this place because I believe you are a humbug and a fraud. But I won't be too hard on you or anybody. You shall have a chance." He threw open his overcoat, and after fumbling a few seconds, drew a folded paper from the inside pocket. "Look here, Mr. Jugger," he continued, "if you or your girl can, tell the endorsement on this sheet, or give the number and the names, I'll make it easy for you. No, you sha'n't come near me, either of you. The paper goes straight into my pocket again. If you can do what I propose without

looking at it, you may have the hall as often as you like. If not, that's the end of it."

Chuckling at the idea of inflicting annoyance and mortification, he thrust the document back into his coat, which he buttoned tight. Many persons, clearly perceiving how absurd and unreasonable his demand was, looked angrily at him, but Natty Barton was trembling with excitement. He had recognized the paper by the blue tape with which it was bound. It was the same lease which he had held in his hands two hours before. He beckoned to Adela, who stood quite near him, and pretended to pick some candies from her basket. Everybody was giving attention to Mr. Ross, and Natty could speak softly without fear of being overheard.

"I know all about that paper," he whispered; "I know everything that is on the outside. Go tell your father—quick, quick! Let him blindfold me, and I will settle old Mullins."

Adela stared at him in amazement. "Are you sure?" she asked. "It seems so strange!"

"Of course I am sure. Do you think I would make a mistake about a thing like this? Don't lose a minute. Go tell your father."

Adela mounted hastily to the platform, from which Mr. Ross was again addressing the spectators.

"The worthy lessee," he remarked, "is pleased to call me a humbug. The word is not politely chosen, but I shall not find fault with it. In a certain way it is my business to be a humbug, at your service, ladies and gentlemen. But he says also that I am a fraud. I protest against the untruthfulness of that epithet. I do not deceive you by pretending to possess supernatural power. I endeavor to amuse you by seeming to accomplish impossible things. As for Mr. Mullins's proposal, he is well aware that I undertake no miracles."

"That's your affair," retorted Mullins. "I give you a chance; you can take it or not, as you like."

The conjurer was about to respond, when his daughter approached him and hastily repeated what Natty had told her. Mr. Ross paused and gazed searchingly at the boy, who sat immediately below, and whose eager and determined expression of face was abundantly calculated to inspire confidence. After an instant's hesitation, the magician turned once more to the audience, most of whom were deeply indignant at Mullins's behavior.

"I do not think it is true," he said, "that the lessee has any intention of giving me a chance as he asserts. But we will see what can be done. This is a most unusual thing to attempt, and if I fail, I shall throw myself on your forbearance. I am sure you will not think any the worse of me."

Loud applause followed this modest avowal, at the end of which Mr. Ross bowed, and proceeded with his speech.

"If I succeed at all, I mean to succeed in a way that will be more surprising than anything I have yet done. In this matter I will not rely upon my little daughter for aid. I will request some young gentleman who is known to you all to take her place."

The general feeling was warmly in Mr. Ross's favor, and nearly a score of lads of various ages started toward the platform, Natty among them. It surprised him that he was not particularly called upon. He was not familiar with the cunning practices by which conjurers are accustomed to magnify the importance of their exploits.

"Thanks to you all," said the magician, "but I need only one. I think," he added, with an air of doubt, as if his mind were not already made up—"I think—yes, I will choose the youngest among you. That will be best. How old are you, my young friend?" he inquired, turning to a lad who was evidently Natty's senior.

"Fourteen, sir," was the answer.

"Fourteen. And you?" demanded Mr. Ross, looking at Natty.

"A little over twelve," said Natty, much relieved. He was beginning to comprehend Mr. Ross's methods.

"Very good," said the conjurer; "come hither, if you please."

Natty ascended, and was seated in a chair, with his back to the spectators. Adela bound his eyes with a



PRETENDED TO PICK SOME CANDIES FROM HER BASKET.

handkerchief, and he was left alone. In the body of the hall everybody was keenly interested, and some showed not a little anxiety as Ross stepped into the aisle and slowly advanced to the spot where old Mullins had planted himself.

"Keep back!" cried the ugly-tempered lessee. "I won't let you see the paper."

"I have no wish to see it," said the conjurer, coolly, "and it gives me no especial pleasure to be near you. But if I perform this feat at all, I must do it according to my own plan."

"All right," growled Mullins; "but you don't play any more low games on me."

There was a murmur of irritation at this, and several persons cried "Shame!" but the object of their reproach laughed coarsely, and told the magician to make haste and get through with his mummery.

Ross moved on until he stood within five or six feet of his opponent. Then, looking him full in the face, he called out to Natty,

"Are you ready, my boy?"

"Quite ready, sir."

"Look into your mind. Can you recognize the paper which this individual has in his coat pocket?"

"I can, sir; it is tied with a blue string."

"Anybody could see that," said Mullins, scornfully, "when I held it up."

"Are there," continued Ross, without heeding the interruption, "any names on the back of the paper?"

"Yes, sir; there are two."

"Can you read them?"

"I can, sir; the first is Huntington."

Mullins gave a start of astonishment. He could hardly believe his ears.

"And the other?" pursued the wizard.

"The other is Mullins," replied Natty, pronouncing it in such a prolonged and comical tone of contempt that a burst of laughter echoed through the hall.

Mullins's countenance was a sight to behold. He was an ignorant man, and the unexpected result of the experiment gave him a very queer feeling. But he pulled himself together, and muttered, "There's the number yet to be told."

"True," said Ross; "the number."

Then Natty thought he would do something on his own account, to make the trick more effective. He raised his right hand in the air, and moved the forefinger up and down three times.

"The number?" he repeated. "Wait one moment, please. I see three lines. It might be—I don't say it is, yet—but it might be three."

"It isn't three," shouted Mullins. "Nothing of the sort. You have failed. I knew you would."

"I don't say it is three," Natty ran on, hastily. "Just wait a bit." Again he moved his finger up and down as before. "No, it is not three, yet there are three lines. I see—I have it now; it is one hundred and eleven."

No confirmation in words was needed from Mullins. His face was black with rage as he swung himself about fiercely and left the hall. The gentlemen in the audience cheered till the windows rattled, and the ladies shook their handkerchiefs so that the lights flickered. Mr. Ross thanked them heartily, and led Natty forward to receive his share of the demonstration. Adela was enthusiastic in her gratitude.

"You dear boy," she said, after the people had dispersed; "how beautifully you managed it! Didn't he, papa? It was just as if he had been on the stage all his life. You puzzled me, sir, with your 'three lines.' I did not know what was coming. How delighted mamma will be!"

"It was a capital performance," Mr. Ross assented. "You have helped me immensely, Master Natty. Will you go with us to the hotel? Not to-night? Then come to-morrow. My wife will be glad to add her thanks to ours. This is the second good turn you have done us, and I'm sure I don't know how to repay you."

IV.

When Natty went to make his call on the following day he found bad news awaiting him. Mullins had broken his pledge. He had just notified Mr. Ross that in consequence of information privately received, he had concluded that the exhibitions were dangerous, and that he was bound in duty to suppress them. The astonished conjurer demanded an explanation, and was told that Mullins's son had discovered the secret of the pistol trick, which was of a nature to imperil human life. Such risks, he declared, should not be permitted in Fenlowe Hall. Ross retorted that there never had been anything wrong with the pistol until that mischievous boy had meddled with it, and that if any mishap had ensued, it would have been due solely to the malicious prank of Mullins junior. But the old man continued to rail, and held to his resolution to drive the unfortunate family out of town.

This was too much for Natty, who straightway announced his intention to acquaint Mr. Huntington with the facts, and seek his intercession. He did not precisely know what that gentleman would be able to do, but had a vague conviction that nobody could stand against so much dignity, importance, and wealth as were united in his mother's patron. He trotted home, and summoning all his courage, presented himself, not without anxious misgivings, at the door of the library, in which the lawyer passed most of his afternoons.

"Come in," said Mr. Huntington, in response to Nat-

ty's timid knock. He was not a very old man, and there was never any harshness in his manner, but his unchanging gravity and stateliness of demeanor always impressed Natty with a sense of awe. The lad did not believe that any person alive had seen Mr. Huntington smile. His face was careworn, and he seemed to take no satisfaction in anything, at least not in anything that boys could understand. Yet his speech was not severe, and his actions were often kind. Only last Independence day he had enriched Natty with a prodigious box of fireworks, the possession of which would have filled the youngster's heart with perfect rapture if he had not been compelled to promise that none of the crackers or bombs should be exploded near the house. This spoiled a great part of Natty's enjoyment, whose filial wish had been to enliven his affectionate mother's nerves with a series of first-class Fourth of July sensations.

After much hesitation and a great deal of stammering, he succeeded in telling his story. Mr. Huntington listened silently, and when the recital was ended, began to ask questions.

"You say that Mr. Mullins first refused because he was angry with the conjurer, and afterward on the ground of danger to the public?"

"Yes, sir."

"But there was no danger apart from that which young Mullins might have caused?"

"No, sir; none."

"Your idea about the lease was timely and ingenious; but did it not occur to you that as you had seen the names and the number while you were on an errand for me, it might be improper to disclose them?"

"I did think of that, sir; but I said to myself, if old Mullins—Mr. Mullins, I mean—was willing to talk about them, it wouldn't be wrong for me to do so too."

"Very well; I do not blame you. Your motive was a good one. But by-and-by, perhaps after this Mr. Ross has gone away, I advise you to explain to your friends how the trick was performed, and why. You should not give any one the chance to say that you had deceived people, or even misled them, without a worthy purpose."

"I understand that, sir; and I told mother last night how it happened."

"That is right. And as to the hall, I will inquire into that matter. If you have made no mistake, and Mr. Mullins has no other reason for excluding Mr. Ross, I think we will set aside his objections."

"Oh, can you, sir?" cried Natty, overjoyed at the success of his pleading.

"Why, I suppose so. You know that Fenlowe Hall belongs to me."

"No, sir, I did not know it; but I am so glad. May I tell Adela—and her father?"

"Not yet. Let me see Mullins first. Why do you wish to tell them?"

"It will please them so much, sir. Mrs. Ross is sick, and they want to stay here till she gets well. They thought they would be driven away by old Mullins—by Mr. Mullins—but if they could know at once—"

"I see. Well, you may say that if Mr. Ross can satisfy the owner of the hall, he may continue to occupy it. But you will not mention my name, and he must not speak to the lessee upon the subject. If these conditions are not observed, I shall not interfere. Is that all, Natty?"

"Thank you; yes, sir. But— Yes, sir; that is all."

"You speak as if there was something more. What is it?"

Natty looked down at the floor, then up at the ceiling, and then out of the window, greatly embarrassed.

"Go on, my boy. Have you any reason to be afraid of me?"

"No, sir; oh no! Perhaps—perhaps I am afraid with-

out any reason. Good-afternoon, sir." And Natty started to run away.

"Wait," said Mr. Huntington. "I am very sorry you are afraid of me. I don't think there is any need. Oblige me by saying what was on your mind."

"It was nothing," Natty persisted.

"Exactly; then it is all the easier to tell. Out with it."

"Well, sir; only this. The little girl does not look very well, either, and I thought—if I might—just for a few minutes—the river garden is so beautiful now—and the weather is not too cold—but no matter; good-afternoon, sir."

"You need not go yet," said Mr. Huntington; and he looked at Natty so curiously and so long that the lad began to be afraid he had been guilty of some frightful act of presumption. "You know," proceeded the lawyer, "that visitors rarely come here. I am not in the best of health myself, and I prefer to be alone. But I think you will not disturb me. Yes, you may bring your young friend to-morrow. Let her come about noon, and tell your mother that I shall be pleased if she will prepare some luncheon for you both. That is all now, I presume."

"Yes, indeed, sir," Natty replied, quite unable to express his delight in formal words. "I hope you will excuse me for being afraid. I wish I wasn't. Sometimes I can't help it. I will try—but I don't know."

"Do so," said Mr. Huntington, gently enough, but still without a smile. "Good-day."

Natty flew to his mother, and delivered his news so breathlessly and in such broken and disconnected sentences that the excellent housekeeper was in great concern lest her child had strayed out of his senses.

"It can't be," she exclaimed, after he had contrived to unburden himself. "A strange girl to come here? How did you dare to propose it?"

"Is it wrong, mother?"

"Wrong? No, not wrong; but I should not have dreamt of such a thing. There has not been a child in the house except you for years and years. I thought there never would be. It is a great event, Natty, though you cannot understand my reason for saying so."

"Why is it that nobody comes here, mother, and that Mr. Huntington seems to have no friends? Did he never like to know people?"

"Ah, Natty, I cannot tell you the whole now. Mr. Huntington had a heavy grief a long time ago. It was soon after you were born. He had an only sister whom he loved devotedly; but she married against his wish, and they parted in anger. He never saw her again."

"Where is she?" asked Natty, much impressed by his mother's gravity.

"She died soon after. It was a great blow to her brother, though he was right about the marriage. Helen's husband was not a fit man for her to wed. But Mr. Huntington could not forgive himself for his severity to her, and he has suffered ever since. He tried to do something to repair a part of his fault, but failed; and that made him more gloomy than he otherwise would have been. You shall hear it all some time, Natty, and then,



HE MOVED HIS FINGER UP AND DOWN THREE TIMES.

young as you are, you will be sorry for him. I am glad he has broken the habit of closing the house to everybody. Perhaps brighter days will follow."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FLOWER OF THE BONAPARTES.

SPRING-TIME and the scent of violets never come without my recalling an incident in my childhood. The Empress Eugénie was then very beautiful, and the "mirror of fashion." French dolls were a comparative novelty, and when one arrived for a charity fair dressed precisely as the Empress had been dressed at a ball, and modelled as nearly like her as possible, you can fancy our delight.

The doll's costume was violet gauze over silk of the same color. Her golden hair was wreathed in violets. She held a bouquet of the same flowers, and in a girdle had violets studded with tiny brilliants. The fair delicate outline of the Empress's face was very perfect in the wax doll, and the child who finally was its possessor felt very proud indeed. Now she has other thoughts connected with the flower of the Bonapartes. Years later there came a day in London when no one could think or speak of anything but the fact that the young Prince Imperial had been killed in Zululand. Everywhere were to be seen violets. The flower-venders in Covent Garden Market could not supply the demand for them. I question if on that sad day there were many people who did not wear a touch of the purple color of France. The Empress Eugénie had brooches made as souvenirs—three violets, with a small diamond in the centre—and it was what is called "the order of the day" to wear violets for three weeks.

It is hard to say whence spring these flower customs, but they have their value, and certainly they increase our love of nature. There are various kinds of violets—some hardy, and some tenderly to be used in growth. Those which Shakespeare mentions—"violets dim, but sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes"—are the tiny scented ones. Their leaves are large and downy, very bright green, and in their perfume seems a sort of

warmth. They are more difficult to cultivate than the dog-violet, which has no perfume, but grows boldly and gayly, holding its heart to from widely separated sepals, defying you, as it were, to criticise its lack of scent. It is light blue, large in leaf, and easily found in early spring. The May-apple violet is the charming white one, dainty in every curve, with a scent something like that of the yellow violet. The Neapolitans are the best for little gardeners. Plant best in May, and transplant in August, but be very sure there is no stagnant water near them. The deeper the purplish hue, the sweeter the fragrance of the violet. In the south of England, not far from Torquay, we used to find sweet-scented violets as early as February, but it is rare in America to get the fragrance in the wild flower.

Violets are still laid on the tomb of the Napoleons. The ex-empress to-day is a broken-hearted woman and a great sufferer physically. When I first saw her, she seemed to me far lovelier than the waxen doll made so like her; and when I saw her last, at Chisellhurst, she looked as though she had indeed passed through the "baptism of fire." In her belt she wore a bunch of violets; and those in England who remember the brave lad who earned his laurels young, could tell you how on a certain anniversary the very air about Chisellhurst seems to breathe violets, and the tomb is freshly laden with them daily.

OUR HERO.

BY WILDER GRAHAME.



NOW the boys all laughed slyly the morning this green young giant first came on the road! Here was a rare subject on which to work their jokes. He was a tall, handsome fellow, strong as an ox, and fresh from "way back."

But, fortunately for him, there was little opportunity for mischief during the "run," and as he succeeded in doing his own part well, and showed a disposition to accommodate others, he had plenty of friends at the end of his first trip. Still, no amount of friendship could entirely save him from the pranks of his mates. Impossibilities by the score were left for him to attempt, and the number of false errands he was sent on would have ruffled the temper of almost any one but this good-natured Irishman.

"Pat," said some one, "take this bolt to the shop, and tell them to draw it out;" at the same time handing him a bit of iron that a blacksmith would as soon have bothered with as with a broken nail.

"Did you get it fixed?" asked the joker, as the verdant youth returned a few minutes later.

"Faith, an' it's fixed, me friend! Now ye only has to fix the car to fit it."

"Pat," called another, "go down and tell the boss to send up a left-handed crowbar."

"All right, me hearty," was the answer. But the laugh was soon turned on the tormentor when Pat was heard to shout, "Boss, there is a left-handed galoot up here that wants a crowbar."

Such was his daily life, being often laughed at for his ignorance, and quite as often getting the laugh on his persecutors.

But Pat could fight when aroused, and more than once the boys found this out to their sorrow. There was not his match on the entire division. But after this was fully understood and his reputation for courage thoroughly established, it was his big heart, not his big fists, that won him friends. He was never too tired to do a little more than his share, and if one of the boys was sick, Pat was a constant attendant when off duty.

Is it any wonder that we all rejoiced as step by step he advanced to head-light brakeman and then into the fireman's box? With one exception, everybody rejoiced at

his good fortune, even though he did climb over our own heads. However, Charlie Ryan, a big brakeman, never forgave his rival's promotion over himself, and, like most of those unreasonable people who brood revenge, laid all the blame on Pat himself.

But the latter was not injured in the least by this jealousy, and by close application to his duty it was not long till he was called to take the place of engineer. I believe that all of us but Ryan were as proud and happy when Pat was given an engine as he was himself.

About this time a change came over his ways which the boys were not slow to notice. From the gay Irishman, he became silent and thoughtful. His manner was at all times as gentle as a woman's. All the old roughness had disappeared.

Some of us suspected what the reason was, and were not greatly surprised when a "supply" took his place for a few days. While we were glad of his success, it was very lonesome for us now without our old friend. He never came back among us again except for the runs. You see, he had a little cottage of his own now, just back a little on the hill, and he didn't care to leave it while off duty. Sometimes we used to go and visit him, and I well know that the evenings we spent there with the music and all the young wife's refining influences made better men of us.

It seemed as if every upward turn of Pat's wheel of good fortune only made a more bitter enemy of Ryan. He never lost a chance to do his noble-hearted mate an injury or make some cutting remark. One day in particular his insults made my blood boil just from the friendship that I had for Pat. It seemed as if his victim's patience exasperated him, and not content with abusing the man, he turned his remarks against the young wife.

For an instant the old fire came flashing up, and we felt that the scoundrel would pay dearly for that attack; but the angry eyes happened to rest a moment on that little white cottage; then they softened.

"No; I promised not to fight any more, and if I did, it would hurt the little woman up yonder more than he can injure her."

No one could injure her in that crowd, and while we respected Pat more for that victory over himself than for any he could have won over Ryan, some of us with less self-control warned the latter on the sly what he could expect from the rest of us for a repetition of his abuse of our friend. After that he was not quite so bold, but his hate was stronger than ever.

I was Pat's fireman now, and would not have been half as well contented had I been given an engine of my own. With him I learned to watch for the white handkerchief back on the hill, waved in reply to his great red one. I do not think it was ever absent, rain or shine, as we swept by.

On Monday (I remember the day so well because I can't forget how proud and handsome Pat and his young wife looked at church the day before, the handsomest couple I ever saw, I think) we had to wait ten minutes for an extra passenger train to pull out ahead of us. Nothing annoyed Pat so much as being behind time, so as soon as we started, he tried his best to make up what he had lost in waiting. However, the grade was rather heavy and against us, and we could barely hold our own to the next station with our long and heavy train of lumber. I think we lost a little on that part of our run. But the next stretch was down grade, with a clear run of eighteen miles, so we prepared to do our best.

"Bill," he said at last, "do you think me a coward? I know you don't, but would you if I did something that might make others think so?"

"No, Pat," I answered; "I wouldn't, because I couldn't."

He sat for a long time looking out on the track ahead

without a word. Finally he said: "Bill, this is my last run. I am going to leave the road to-night. I know the little woman at home worries a good deal when I am away, and I have been thinking as I came along how awful she would feel if anything should happen to me. I do not mind it for myself, but it ain't worth the risk, Bill, and I quit to-night."

Somehow, as he spoke, it came upon me with a flash of horror that he would never live to quit—would die at the throttle. But for that, much as I should miss him, I would have been glad to have him quit for just the reason he had given. I could not answer him at once, but just looked about me at the landscape. How beautiful it all was that day—the river shining like silver below us, the hill around the base of which we were sweeping stretching up above, the green trees venturing to the very edge of the track! Yes, it was all so beautiful, so quiet—and then shriek upon shriek burst from a whistle just ahead of us, and we saw, as we rounded the curve, so near we *could* not stop that heavy train in time on such a grade, the passenger standing with a broken drive-wheel. We could easily have stopped the engine in a quarter of the distance, but not with that heavy train behind it. Oh, why had they not flagged us? A confused picture of excited, frenzied men and women, screaming, shouting, vainly signalling us to stop comes back to me now. I knew that all of their efforts were useless—they were doomed.

Unable to stand the sight, I looked away, at Pat. His face was white and set, but I think his hand was never quite as firm and steady before. The brakes were called, the air-brakes on, the lever reversed—all that human power could do was done almost before the first shriek of that whistle had ceased to sound. Need we stay longer? Our best—but oh, how little!—had been done.

"Yes, Bill, go," Pat said. "We can do no more here."

Boys, I swear I thought he meant to follow, or I never would have left him. I saw him look up the hill toward where the cottage stood miles back, up at the blue sky, and then I jumped. Quick as lightning he opened the throttle wide, and the liberated engine, wrenching itself loose from the somewhat slackened train, with a sudden plunge dashed down the hill. Down to the very edge of that confused and struggling mass of humanity; then, with that same lightning-like motion, the lever is reversed, and the faithful locomotive thunders back to meet that mass of rolling death. Ah, yes! we saw his plan now. Pat had climbed up one step farther, from the engineer's seat to the hero's throne.

The passenger was saved, but as the man who was offering up his life for theirs dashed into that mass of descending timber with a crash that fairly shook the hills and piled the wreck full twenty feet in the air, the rescued mortals below forgot their recent danger, and were swayed by one emotion only—an overwhelming awe before that act of superhuman valor. An instant of this, then one wild rush for that great pile of broken timbers. Ah, well indeed I knew that Pat had made his last trip!

Still living, although crushed beyond the possibilities of life, we found him, and bore him back on the wrecking-train (he would not have it otherwise) to the cottage.

"Bill," he whispered, "won't you go and break the news to her? Be gentle, gentle, Bill."

Gentle! I wondered if an angel's ways could seem gentle to one used to his.

I never could recall how I told her. Let it be sacred to that hour of sorrow.

I do not think he felt the pain as we carried him up the hill. He only realized that he was going home. She was there to meet him, her hero, and helped us lay him on the bed. Then we went out, and left them alone.

"Won't they let me see him?" said a voice in our midst.

It was Charlie Ryan. We would have turned him away, but Pat heard, and sent out for us all, Charlie among the rest.

"Pat," he said, bursting into tears, "I didn't mean to do this. I truly didn't. They sent me back to flag you, and when I saw you coming, I thought what a grand chance it would be to let you pass, and claim you were not on the lookout and did not see me. I did not know a heavy train would make so much difference in stopping. I never dreamed of an accident more than your passing me and getting discharged for carelessness. I was certain you could stop in time after you came in sight of them."

"Well, never mind, Charlie," said Pat, in a whisper; "I did stop in time."

"Did! Yes; and I hope they will hang me for it. They must. I murdered you, and I want to die."

The old sweet spirit of forgiveness, of trying to make some one happy, prevailed over the weakness of almost death.

"Charlie, it only makes a very little difference in my life, anyway—just a few years, maybe. I know you did not mean to have this happen. It's all right. But don't you think you might try to make somebody else better? Boys, we all know he is reaping the bitterest fruits of all, except"—and the tears came to his own eyes as he looked toward his wife—"one. I know she will forgive him as freely as I do. Won't *you* stand by him?"

There is little more to tell. Do you see that little white house up there on the hill? That is Pat's cottage. And his grave? Well, it seemed as if those two people—his little wife and Charlie—just dragged him out of it by force. The doctors all said there was no possible hope; but the wife said he would get well, and Charlie said nothing, only worked; but they conquered. He was helpless, though, for months, and Charlie's funds and his own savings melted away under the heavy expenses; but somehow—well, none of them ever knew it till long afterwards.

But you can see his monument if you wish. Up at the company's office, in a room built for that purpose, is a battered mass of iron and brass that once was the locomotive he stopped a train with.

And Pat himself, finding that he could never do hard physical work again, became a lawyer. He lives in the city now, but Charlie keeps the little white house in shape for him, and every summer he comes back and lives among us again. They call him "Judge" now, and have tacked a whole alphabet of letters to his name; but among the boys he is and always will be "Pat," our comrade and our hero.

QUEEN MAB AND HER FAIRY COURT.

A Tableau.

BY LYDIA FIELD EMMET.

THIS matter of fairies is one that occupies a good deal of most people's attention while they still belong to the realm of childhood. The fact is, fairies were invented when the world was young; and the best of the whole thing is that people may think just as they please about the subject, and there is no authority to gainsay them. The tiniest child in the nursery has an equal right with Chaucer and Shakespeare to wander at will in the paths of fairyland, and choose what manner of people he shall meet there: any kind, from a Queen who sleeps in a walnut shell with a rose petal for counterpane, to a giant whose chin rests on top of the clouds, and who uses huge oak-trees for toothpicks. It is, however, rather erroneous, except as a matter of comparison, to mention the latter as belonging to fairyland.

Giants can hardly be said to be intimates; they are usually looked upon with awe, except when they happen to be good. A good giant is a rare but very agreeable character, though generally too simple-minded to carry as much weight and influence as the bad ones. It is the very littleness of fairies which makes them so convenient and get-at-able. "He loves to be little and hates to be big," as Stevenson says of that unseen companion who is always ready to play with children when they are happy and good. Was anything ever written down in black and white before more original and delightful than that very little book, *The Child's Garden of Verses*? and how did any one ever succeed in growing

them all in white unless the very faintest and softest shades can be had. They might all, except the Queen, be in light katydid green, with silver girdles. That would really be the most effective arrangement. Their wings may be managed in various ways. One plan would be to bend bonnet wire in the right shapes, and then cover these slight frames with thin gauze, on which could be painted or pasted tinsel spots and lines. Another plan would be to make the wings of crinkled tissue-paper, like the lamp shades and butterfly screens so much in vogue. After the sheets are crinkled and glued together, they can be cut in any shape round the edges, and decorated with water-colors and gilt paint. The



TABLEAU OF QUEEN MAE AND HER FAIRY COURT. DRAWN BY LADY FILD EMMET

up to be a man and remembering exactly how it used to feel to be little?

The fairy Queen in this tableau is clad in a wispy little dress of white and gold gauze. There are so many of such things to be had, in such endless variety of stripes or spangles. This dress must be soft and easily draped. It is made perfectly straight, like a Greek dress, without shaping or gathers, and is girdled with bright gilt bands. On her yellow curls perches a little gilt paper crown with points of huge glass pearls. In one hand is a gilt wand, at the top of which glitters a star.

The other fairies' dresses are obviously very simple affairs. They are not made at all, but consist of long wide pieces of material, which are passed under one arm and fastened over the other shoulder, and then girdled in some cases round the waist, in others under the arms. The little figure sitting on the ground wears no girdle at all. The material used for their draperies may be either cheese-cloth or thin crêpe, or any sort of soft gauze. They are all in the palest shades, and each one should be different—one in violet, one in green, others in pink, blue, and primrose. It would look better to have

wings may be fastened to the shoulders with strips of white court-plaster. The stars on their heads are Christmas-tree stars, the kind which have different-colored centres, and look like priceless gems.

Poor little Puck had almost been forgotten, but his dress is too slight to require much description. He is of such a very tender age that he will not mind exposing his plump little legs. His garment may be of old-rose or dull yellow, and on his head is a brilliant scarlet or cardinal pointed cap. He holds in his hand the red flower which "maids call love-in-idleness."

The Queen is swinging in a little hammock made of a long wreath of some soft dull greenish stuff, which should not be much noticed under its rich festoons of wild-grape vine. This tableau is especially designed to be given in the open air on a summer's day. It would be very simple, however, to arrange it in-doors, with soft green hangings behind. It would also gain very much by having a red or green light thrown a little on one side. The lights might be varied, and the curtain raised first on a sunset glow, and then again on pale fairylike moonlight.

THE CHOICE

BY Margaret Johnson

FIVE bonnie maidens, side by side,
Their brows with rognish rapture lit,
"Which do you love the best?" they cried.

My favor, it
For once appeared a worthy prize!
They scanned me with their eager eyes,
Besieged my heart with smiles and sighs,
And each, demure, self-satisfied,
Believed herself—the saucy chit—
My favorite.



Blue ribbons in the golden hair
Whose curls across her forehead strayed,
Serene and thoughtful, grave and fair,

My Adelaide
Took from her breast a love-knot sweet;
I thought her victory complete,
My heart was hers, when at my feet,
With bended knee and graceful air,
Her gift, half daring, half afraid,
My Addie laid.

Dark eyes whose pure and gentle rays
Shine through their lashes' dusky screen,
Soft hands and tender, tranquil ways
Has Ernestine.

Her thoughts are mirrored in her look
Like blossoms in a limpid brook.
All other loves my heart forsook
When, with their clear and trustful gaze,
I met, 'neath level brows serene,
Her earnest e'en.

Forth, laughing, from her sunny bower,
Red roses in her bright hair twined,
With flower-filled arms, herself a flower,
Came Rosalind.

The blossoms' hues were in her face,
Her form had caught their airy grace,
She ruled my heart a little space,
While scattering sweetness in a shower
My path with bloom, before, behind,
Fair Rosa lined.



Her smile just trembling on the brink
Of tears, an April look she wore;
With wavering color, white and pink,
Shy Eleanor
Gazed in my face and did not speak.
I watched the dimple in her cheek,
And felt my foolish heart grow weak.
I loved her best of all, I think,
When roved my tender glance once more
Shy Ellen o'er.

A kiss across her finger-tips,
With eyes that all their armor lent,
She blew me from her rosy lips,
Sweet Millicent.
She smiled, she sparkled, full of glee,
She won me with the witchery
Of girlish charms. The wandering bee
Might steal, amid his honey sips,
That kiss—whichever way it went—
Sweet Milly sent.



Now can I choose, bewildered sore,
On one to waste my tenderless,
And let the other darling four
Go loverless?

Nay, be my constancy confessed!
Each little lass I love the best,
And all the charms of all the rest,
Though they were doubled o'er and o'er,
Could not provoke me, I profess,
To love her less.

THE STORY OF MY FLORIDA CHAMELEON.

BY ANNA B. GEISTON.

WHILE spending a winter in Florida, I was much interested in the whimsical and beautiful little creature which is called there the chameleon, although he is not the chameleon of India and Africa. I would often while swinging idly in the hammock on the veranda, thinking myself absolutely alone in that deliciously still air, suddenly become conscious of the little head-like blinking eyes watching me from out the ivy on the pillars, or from a joint of the wood. The body would not be noticeable, so nearly was it like what it was on, but the eyes were bright and watchful. And how the little thing could run! Spring as quickly as I could to catch him, he was several feet away before I could lay hands on him.

I saw many of these little animals. They seem to be found all through the State, and are considered quite harmless, although I suppose they belong to the family of lizards, of which some are poisonous. They are generally from three to six inches long, and in shape are like miniature alligators. The head is about one-third of the whole body, while the slender tapering tail is even longer than head and body together.

The eyes are prominent and quite far apart, with a little spot in the middle of the head, which a scientific friend told me was a rudimentary third eye. A hole seems to go quite through the head back of the eyes, which, I suppose, is the hearing apparatus. Its weblike clinging feet are to me one of the three uncanny things about it. Another is the red sac which can be let down like a knife blade from its throat, for what purpose I could not make out, as I saw the process but twice, and the third is the fact that a thin gray outer skin is shed from the whole body once in a few weeks, and this the animal eats.

The color is the one thing that has made the chameleon of interest, and that renders him beautiful. He has been celebrated in poetry and fable because of his power to change his color according to what he is in contact with. Many insects and small creatures have this power to a less degree, that is, they gradually grow to resemble what they live upon; but the chameleon in a very few moments will entirely change his color. The range of his capacities, however, is not as great as many suppose. I have seen him a tolerably good black, a bright green, several shades of brown, and light or dark gray.

I had all winter been wishing to capture one of the sly little fellows to bring North to the children. The Florida children consider them fine pets, and often tame them quite surprisingly. They are very amenable to the taming process of one who likes animals. I did not care to put one to the use which some Northern ladies fancied, attaching it to a cord and wearing it about the neck. As it crawled around it assumed the color of the dress or trimming, but that I consider ornamentation of a poor kind. So worn, they become very tame, as they have to be fed from the hand.

Unsuccessful in my attempts at catching one, I enlisted the services of a carpenter working on the place. They are not fond of open sunshine, but crawl and lie protected by some vine or board, so that the carpenter would often scare them up. A few days before I started for the North he brought me a fine specimen.

The question then was how to transport him. The first difficulty was to get one of the negro servants to help me tie a silk thread around one leg. The blacks are nothing if not superstitious, and this innocent little creature is always shunned by them. The colored porter in the Pullman car drew back when he saw what I had, and with some other horrified exclamations declared that he "would not touch one of those things for fifty dollars."

My souvenir of the South was tied in a box in which I had pricked a multitude of pin-holes so that he should not smother. They are said by Shakespeare to live on air. Speed, the clownish servant of Valentine, in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, tells his master, "Though the cameleon I love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat"; and Hamlet answers the King's question, "How fares our cousin Hamlet?" with "Excellent, i' faith; of the cameleon's dish: I eat the air."

I think my prisoner would have come safely through the long journey with no food except air and water, but for fear of starving him I would occasionally regale him with a live fly which I had managed to secure. Flies, and they must be live flies, are all the chameleon eats, as far as I could discover. He would turn quickly from a dead fly. He did not enjoy his confinement, and would pant pitifully with fear at any disturbance. He arrived

at his new home in pretty good condition, though the string had hurt his delicate leg in his struggles, but my scientific friend had fine instruments with which he cut away the string, and the wound soon healed. Another time I should not tie the string so tightly.

I made a cage for my pet out of an old-fashioned wire cake cover fastened down on a board. Under it I could push leaves and things of different colors, so that he could show off his peculiar gifts. I noticed that he would change his color more quickly if his cage was in a bright sunny place. His favorite spot was the sunny end of the veranda, where the changing shadows of the vines gave him an agreeable variety. If the sun shone on him directly he would soon take refuge under the leaves in the cage, letting perhaps his long tail stick out, and then when he became a vivid green like the leaves we would sometimes look for him in vain for a long time. I had named him Johann, after Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, the comparison of whom to a chameleon by his biographer Lewes has always remained in my memory as a very bright saying.

One day Johann escaped from his thralldom, and how he must have frolicked in the grass and enjoyed himself even in this strange country! We searched the veranda, and under the veranda, the lawn, and the garden, but had to give him up as lost. Although it was early in June, we were having some really cold nights, and we mourned that Johann was suffering. But after three weeks a joyful exclamation one day from a member of the family, as she stood beside the honeysuckle over the porch, told us that the lost was found.

This sweet yellow honeysuckle is very abundant and luxuriant in Florida, as any one who has been in St. Augustine will well remember. Long, high verandas are entirely draped with the thick, fragrant tangle. Johann must have thought he had returned to his native land. Again he was caged, and we took good care that he should not escape again.

Alas! I must end my story with a confession. Perhaps it will make me liable to prosecution by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. But the truth must be told. We left poor Johann's cage on the veranda too long one hot summer day; the pitiless shadows kept moving away from him; he was helpless to get out of the burning sun, and fainted away and died! We mourned for the loss of him, and still reproach ourselves for such criminal forgetfulness. We buried him under his beloved honeysuckle.

CANOE MATES:*

A STORY OF THE EVERGLADES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER," "CRYSTAL, JACK, & CO.," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

WORTH AND QUORUM IN SEARCH OF SUMNER.

ON the evening that Sumner left Worth and Quorum, and started on his adventurous voyage toward Indian Key, they watched him until distance and the approaching twilight hid him from their view. Quorum was the first to turn away and begin preparations for supper, while Worth still remained on the point straining his eyes toward the key, on which he fondly hoped that his friend was safely landed. At length it too disappeared in the gathering darkness, and he reluctantly turned his steps toward the camp. He was heavy-hearted, and had but little appetite for the bountiful supper that Quorum had so skilfully prepared. Noticing this, the old man tried to cheer him, saying:

"Don't yo' be so down in the mouf, Marse Worf. Dey hain't no 'casion fur worriment. I know Marse Summer Rankin fur a long time, an' I nebber know him in a fix yit what he don't slip outen, de same as er eel. I see him git in er plenty scrapes, but I don't see him git stuck. Him all right, and yo' no need to go er frettin' an' er mo'ning. He be back ter-morrer bright an' smilin'. Now

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 644.

eat your suppah, honey, 'kase if yo' don't, ole Quor'm t'ink he cookin' no good."

In spite of the negro's consoling words, Worth's sleep that night was broken, and he started at every sound. Toward morning a crash and a smothered cry from the edge of the forest behind the camp caused him to start to his feet in alarm, and wake his companion. Although no further sound was heard, the boy was not satisfied until Quorum, taking a torch, discovered a thieving 'coon, caught and killed by the dead-fall that he had prepared for it. This was a simple figure 4 trap, set under a bit of board that was weighted with a heavy rock.

As soon as breakfast was over the next morning, Worth returned to his outlook station on the point, and remained there, with his eyes fixed on Indian Key, for several hours. It was nearly noon when he was startled by a shout from Quorum, who called out:

"Here him come, honey! Here him come in er big schooner!"

Running back to the cove, which was not visible from where he had been sitting, Worth saw the schooner at which Quorum was gazing so eagerly. She was not more than a mile from them, and was bearing rapidly down toward the island, though from a direction opposite to that in which Indian Key lay. Still that did not dispel their hope that Sumner might be on board and coming to their relief. They could see that the schooner's deck was crowded with men, most of whom, as she approached more closely, proved to be negroes. Among them Worth's keen eyes distinguished, besides the whites composing her crew, a young white man who for a few minutes he was certain must be Sumner. As the schooner dropped anchor, and this person was sculled ashore in a small boat by one of the negroes, they saw, to their great disappointment, that he was a stranger.

He seemed surprised at seeing them on the key, and still more so when a glance at their camp showed the use they had been making of the stores they had so unexpectedly found there two days before.

"Oh, sir," exclaimed Worth, as the stranger landed, "have you seen anything of Sumner Rankin? I mean of a boy on a raft?"

"No, I have not," was the answer. "But I see that some one, and I expect it is the boy before me, has been making a free use of my stores."

"Are they yours?" asked Worth, flushing. "We didn't know whose they were or who left them here, and as we were almost starving, we ventured to take what we needed; but I shall be glad to pay for whatever we have used." With this the boy produced a roll of bills, and looked inquiringly at the stranger.

"That's all right," laughed the other. "If you were starving, and had need of them, of course you acted rightly in taking them. I am only too glad that they were of use to you. I see, too, that you have sheltered them from the weather."

"Yes," replied Worth, "and it rained so hard night before last, that if they had not been under cover some of them would have been spoiled."

"Then we are quits," said the stranger; "and you have already more than paid for what you can have used in so short a time. I have bought this key, and intended to get here as soon as those things, which I sent up on the mail-boat, but was unexpectedly delayed. My name is Haines; and yours is—"

"Worth Manton," answered the boy; "and I was cruising up the reef in a canoe with my friend Sumner Rankin. When we got here, some one stole our canoes, or they got lost in some way, and so we were obliged to stay. We found this old negro Quorum here. Yesterday Sumner went over to Indian Key on a raft, to see if he could find the canoes, or get a vessel to take us off. We haven't seen anything of him since he left, and I

am awfully afraid that something has happened to him."

"Oh, I guess not!" said the new-comer; "but if you like you can go over there on this schooner and look for him. The Captain is in a great hurry to go on up the reef, as he is already two days late; but I guess he will drop you at the key, and stop there for you on his way back to Key West, if you want him to. But what is it that smells so good?" Here the speaker sniffed at an appetizing odor that was wafted to them from the direction of the little camp.

"I expect it is Quorum's 'coon that he is roasting for dinner," replied Worth.

"'Coon? That is something I have never tasted; but I should be most happy to experiment with it if it is half as good as it smells. Don't you want to invite me to dine with you?"

"Of course I do," laughed Worth; "especially as most of the dinner will consist of your own provisions."

A few minutes later they sat down to dinner together, and Mr. Haines declared it to be the best he had eaten since coming to that part of the country. He also praised the construction of the hut in which they ate, and thanked Worth for having provided him with such comfortable quarters.

While they were occupied with the meal, the black passengers of the schooner landed. Among them Quorum discovered friends who confirmed Sumner's statement that he was no longer suspected of the death of the sponging Captain.

After dinner several hours were spent in landing the lumber and other freight with which the schooner was loaded. During this time Mr. Haines learned all the details of Worth's experience in canoeing up the reef, to which he listened with the greatest interest. He advised the boy to remain patiently where he was until Sumner's return, or at least until some word should be received from him. He was also anxious to engage the services



QUORUM RESIGNS HIMSELF TO FATE.

of such a capital cook as Quorum had proved himself by the preparation of the dinner they had just eaten.

But the boy was so heart-sick with anxiety that he could not bear the thought of a further period of inaction, and Quorum declared he could not think of deserting the lad whom Sumner had left in his care.

So when the schooner was again ready to sail, they went on board, taking with them their guns and a supply of provisions with which Mr. Haines kindly provided them. He also insisted upon their taking a couple of blankets, which, he said, they could return whenever they had no further use for them, and he begged them to come back to the island in case they should be disappointed in their search. Thus they parted with an interchange of good wishes, and an hour later Worth and Quorum were set ashore on Indian Key. Although they had seen no sign of Sumner as they approached it, and the Captain of the schooner had advised them to keep on with him up the reef, they could not make up their minds to do so until they had made a thorough examination of the key for traces of their lost comrade. Nor were they inclined to leave those parts so long as there was the faintest hope of hearing from him. So they were hurriedly set ashore, and the schooner continued on her way, the Captain promising to stop there for them on his return trip.

Of course their search over the key was fruitless, and it was with heavy hearts that they made themselves comfortable for the night in one of its old buildings.

The next morning they wandered aimlessly over the narrow limits of the little island, or sat in the rickety porch of their house watching the column of smoke that, rising above Lignum Vitæ, marked the beginning of the cocoa-nut planter's operations. Turning from this, they would gaze longingly out to sea without knowing what they hoped to discover. Several schooners, bound both up and down the reef, passed during the morning, but none of them came within hailing distance of the key. At length Worth called out excitedly that he saw a canoe approaching from the direction of Alligator Light. At that distance the sail that he was watching certainly looked small enough to belong to a canoe; but as it came closer it grew larger, until it resolved itself into that of a good-sized cat-boat.

As it finally rounded to and came to anchor under the lee of the key, a man who was its sole occupant sculled ashore in a dingy containing several empty barrels. He was Assistant Keeper Albury, of Alligator Light, who had come to the key for a supply of water from its old cistern, the one belonging to the light having sprung a leak, and being nearly empty. He was surprised to find strangers on the key, and inquired at once what had become of their boat. After listening to their story and eager questions he said:

"Well, if that doesn't beat all! No, we haven't seen anything out at the light of any young fellow floating on a raft; but we have got two canoes out there that answer pretty well the description of them you say you lost. What did you say their names were?"

"*Cupid and Psyche*," replied Worth.

"Then they are yours, for them's the very names. If you want to go out there with me after I fill my barrels, I've no doubt Mr. Spencer will give them up to you."

This they decided to do. So, after helping the man fill his water-barrels, they set sail with him for the light-house, which they reached late that afternoon after some hours of tedious drifting in a calm.

CHAPTER XVI.

A NIGHT IN ALLIGATOR LIGHT.

WHILE taking Worth and Quorum out to the light, Assistant Keeper Albury told them how the canoes had been

towed out to sea by a Jew-fish, and described the difficulty he had had in capturing them. Although Worth listened to all this with interest, his pleasure in having the mystery cleared up, and at the prospect of recovering the canoes, was sadly dampened by his increasing anxiety concerning Sumner's fate. What can have become of him? was the question that he asked over and over again, but to which neither of the men could give an answer.

They were cordially welcomed to the light by the keeper, who was always glad to have visitors to his lonely domain, and Worth easily proved his ownership of the canoes by describing their contents.

The light-house was a skeleton framework of iron, with its lower platform about twelve feet above the water that surrounded it on all sides. On this platform lay the two canoes, side by side, looking as fresh and unharmed as when Worth had last seen them at anchor off Lignum Vitæ. If Sumner had only been there, how he would have rejoiced over them! As it was, he gave them but a hurried examination to assure himself that they were all right, and then followed the keeper up the flight of iron steps leading to the house. The portion of this in which the men lived was a huge iron cylinder, surrounded by a balcony, and divided into an upper and a lower story, each of which contained several rooms. Above it rose a slender iron shaft, in which was a circular stairway leading to the lantern at its top. Worth ascended this with the keeper to witness the lighting of the great lamp, and the movements of the revolving machinery by which the red and white flashes were produced.

From this elevation a long line of keys was visible, while the one they had so recently left seemed quite close at hand. While gazing at it, Worth saw a schooner come down the channel from the direction of Lignum Vitæ, and lower her sails, as if for the night, under its lee.

"Oh, Mr. Spencer!" he cried, "there's a schooner come to anchor close to Indian Key. Perhaps her people are looking for us, and perhaps they have brought news of Sumner. Can't we take the canoes now and sail over there?"

"Bless you, no, lad! I wouldn't for anything have it on my conscience that I'd let you go sailing around these waters at night in those cockle-shells. There's no doubt but what she'll stay there till morning, and if the weather is good, you can make a start as soon after daylight as ever you like; but you'll have to content yourself here till then. I couldn't think of letting you go before."

To this decision Worth was forced to submit, and after the lamp was lighted he followed the keeper to the living-rooms below. Here he found Quorum hard at work at his favorite occupation of cooking. He was preparing a most savory fish chowder, and when they sat down to supper both the keepers declared that in all their experience they had never tasted its equal. The second assistant keeper was then absent on the two weeks' vacation to which each of them was entitled after four weeks of service in the light. They only regretted that Quorum could not remain until his return, that he too might learn the possibilities of a fish chowder.

Worth was so charmed with his novel surroundings, and by the quaint bits of light-house experience related by the keepers, that until bedtime he almost forgot his anxiety. When he had gone to bed in the scrupulously neat and clean guest-chamber, after charging the keepers to waken him at the earliest dawn, it returned in full force, and for a long time drove sleep from his eyes. As he lay listening to the keeper on watch making his half-hourly trips up to the lantern, and to the lapping of the waves about the iron piling of the foundation, he imagined all sorts of dreadful things as having happened to Sumner, and even after he fell asleep his dreams were of the same character.

From this unhappy dreaming he was awakened while it still seemed intensely dark, but the keeper, who was standing beside his bed, assured him that day was breaking. At this, and remembering his cause for haste, the boy sprang out of bed, and quickly dressed himself. In the outer room he found Quorum already up and waiting for him, and he also found a steaming pot of coffee. Fortified by a cup of this and a biscuit, he declared himself ready for the voyage back to Indian Key.

As they stepped outside, the light was sufficiently strong for them to dimly discern the distant line of keys, and preparations were at once made to place the canoes in the water. Worth's was the first swung from the platform davits and lowered, while he, climbing down a rope-ladder, one end of which touched the water, was ready to cast off the falls and step into her. Then Quorum was invited to do the same thing with the *Psyche*; but the old negro drew back apprehensively, exclaiming:

"No, sah, genlmen. De ole niggah am a big fool, but him no sich fool dat him t'ink hese'f er monkey, an' go climbin' down er rope wha' don' lead nowhar, 'cep' to er tickly egg-shell wha' done copsize de berry instink he tetch foot to um. No, sah, genlmen; ole Quor'm too smart fo' dat."

"Well, then, sit in the canoe where she is, and we'll lower you down in her."

To this plan the old man was finally induced to agree, and with great trepidation seated himself in the frail craft. The moment the men began to sway away on the falls, he would have jumped out if he could. As he was already swinging in mid-air, it was too late to do aught save remain where he was. Clutching the sides of the cockpit tightly with both hands, he closed his eyes, and resigned himself to his fate. His face assumed an ashen tinge, and his lips moved as though he were praying. He gave a convulsive start as the canoe dropped into the water, but he did not open his eyes nor relax his clutch of the coamings.

"Come, Quorum, get out your paddle. I'll show you how to use it," shouted Worth, after he had cast off the falls.

But he might as well have addressed the light-house for all the notice the old man took of him. Finally, realizing that Quorum was utterly helpless and incapable of action from fright, Worth took the *Psyche* in tow, and paddling out from the light-house, bade the friendly keepers a cheery good-by, and started out on his laborious trip to Indian Key.

Although the sea was perfectly smooth, paddling two deeply laden canoes proved heavy work for one person, and Worth would have doubtless become exhausted long before reaching his destination had not a light breeze sprung up at sunrise. Aided by this, he made such good progress that in less than an hour he was rounding the point of Indian Key, behind which the *Transit* lay at anchor.

Sumner, who had just turned out, was gazing wistfully back at Lignum Vitæ, as though it still held the young comrade whose loss caused him to feel so heavy-hearted, when he started as though he had been shot, at the sound of his own name uttered with a joyous shout but a short distance from him.

He could hardly credit his senses, or believe that he saw sailing merrily toward him the long-lost canoes, bearing the very friend on whose account he had been so anxious but a moment before. At the same time Worth was equally bewildered and overcome with joyful emotions.

"Hurrah! Glory hallelujah!" shouted Sumner, in the fulness of rejoicing.

And at the sound Quorum started as though from a trance, and opened his eyes for the first time since leaving the light. Whether he tumbled out of the canoe ac-

cidental or on purpose, no one, not even himself, ever found out; but the next instant he was in the water, puffing like a porpoise, and swimming toward the land. Fortunately the distance was short, so that in a few minutes he reached the rocks and pulled himself out on them. There, scrambling to his feet, and with the water pouring from him, he shook his fist at the craft he had so unceremoniously deserted, exclaiming:

"Dat's de fustes an' de lastes time ole Quor'm ebber go sailin' in er baby cradle. Yes, sah, de fustes an' de lastes."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MOONSHINE.

BY HELEN CROMBIE.

A PRINCESS, three dragons, a little "rid hin,"
All danced by the side of the sea;
In and out and round about
They tripped so mazily.

The dragons were most amiable ones
As ever have been seen,
With sparkling eyes and golden scales
And curling tails of green.

Oh, could you have
seen them twist
and turn
And lightly, airily
prance!

As they balanced their scales and
twirled their tails
In this very remarkable dance.

The Princess wore a gay yellow
gown,
A jewelled crown she wore;

She held her skirts in her tiny hands,
As she tripped on the sandy shore.

The little "rid hin" was from foreign parts.
She wore a white cap with a frill,
'Twas tied in a perfectly "illigant shtoyle,"
Just underneath her bill.

The cap frill flapped in
the evening breeze,
And so did her wings;
each toe

Was spread in a dignified, high-bred
way
As she footed it to and fro.

The moon lady smiled a silvery smile;
Her golden boat launched she,
And floated down the shining stream
Toward the goodlie company.

And what came after? Why, only this
Is all that I do know;
They sailed away in the golden boat,
And didn't ask me to go.



TWO CURIOUS OLD TALES.

NOMAN AL AOFAR, an Arabian King who reigned long, long ago, had a Harem, commanded the architect Sennemar to build him a wondrous palace. This the architect did, and when it was once a single stone fastened the whole structure, and the colors of the walls changed frequently during the day. The King was greatly pleased, and showered all kinds of rich gifts upon the builder with the lavishness of Oriental kings. But monarchs were treacherous in those old days, and it occurred to the King that Sennemar might build a palace equal in beauty, or even superior, for some rival ruler. The more he thought over it the more jealous he became, until one day he ordered the architect to be thrown from the top of the palace, to make certain that no duplicate palace would be made. After this the King was satisfied that his palace was the only one, and the Arabians regarded it as one of the wonders of the world.

This old story is told by the historian D'Herbelst, but another and similar one is related by an Irish writer. If they are both true, it proves that kings were equally treacherous all the world over.

Ever so long ago an African colony resided in the north of Ireland, and Neimheidh, a ruler who came there with his people, selected four of them to build for him. This potentate was rather extravagant, for he wanted two palaces. However, these were built, and magnificent buildings they were too. Neimheidh, being twice as lavish in palaces as the Arabian King, was twice as jealous for fear some one else would equal him, and so upon the day after the African artisans had completed the palaces, the poor men were disposed of in as cruel a manner as Sennemar. It is to be hoped that other architects firmly but positively refused after these incidents to work for the kings, and managed to make their escape without trouble. Lessons like these should have been taken to heart.

THE THREE P'S.

THE importance of a knowledge of the three R's—"Reading," "Writing," and "Rithmetic"—has long been universally recognized, but the three P's—"Patience," "Perseverance," and "Pluck"—have received less consideration. They are, however, the means of success in every direction.

"The barriers are not erected that can say to patient perseverance 'thus far and no farther,'" Beethoven declared. And who more competent to know the truth of the assertion than he who, despite his deafness, reached an eminence in the musical world to which few others have attained.

A spirit of indomitable perseverance influenced General Grant to write: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," as it influenced Napoleon, when informed that the Alps would impede the progress of his army, to exclaim: "There shall be no Alps!"

Nothing is so well calculated to discourage one as physical defects that cannot be remedied. But, as aforesaid, Beethoven was deaf, while Milton was blind, as was our own historian, Prescott.

When Demosthenes spoke for the first time in a public assembly, owing to his weak voice, his imperfect articulation, and inappropriate gestures, he was hooted from the stage. He shut himself up in an underground chamber for three months in order to study the laws and politics of Greece, and practise composition and declamation. He eventually became the most perfect orator the world has known.

The lack of an opportunity to acquire an education during one's earlier years is also discouraging. Yet John Bunyan "worked his way from ignorance and obscurity to immortal fame"; Sir Isaac Newton "when twelve years of age stood the lowest in his class"; Elihu Burritt, "the learned blacksmith," placed his books on the forge and studied while at work; the Duke of Wellington, who defeated Napoleon at Waterloo, when he entered the army was deemed "only fit to be food for powder."

Alexander the Great, before he was twenty-five years of age, having only fifty thousand men at his command, by his intrepidity and perseverance gained a complete victory over the Persians, whose numbers are variously estimated between five hundred thousand and a million. Just prior to the battle he was awakened from a sound sleep by his chief lieutenant, who said, "You seem as calm as if you had already gained the vic-

tory." "I consider the whole work done when we have reached the enemy and found it ready to give us battle," he replied.

A peculiar aptitude for certain vocations—denominated "talent" or "genius"—is the birthright of many. If undeveloped by its possessor it amounts to nothing.

In the nature of things everybody cannot become "famous." Any one possessed of ordinary ability can, by persistent effort, win an honorable position.

If there is any end which you, reader, desire to accomplish—any commendable end, we mean—never wait for "circumstances" to become "more favorable." Either change the circumstances or break through their environment, one of which "the three P's" will enable you to do. Indeed, they will render everything but the impossible possible for you.

HOW TO REMEMBER DATES.

BY JAMES C. MOFFET.

PERHAPS one of the hardest things for boys and girls to do is to remember dates. Every one knows it is easy enough not to forget things we are interested in, but to keep a firm hold upon figures seems sometimes almost impossible. Now by patient, well-directed effort any intelligent boy or girl can develop his or her memory, however poor it may be, so as to be able to remember all the dry details of history and biography that are required of them at school or, later on, at college if they will pay attention to the following simple hints.

The secret of a good memory for dates and figures, as for anything else, lies in connecting what you wish to learn with what you already know. For instance, if you want to remember when the battle of Lexington was fought you can easily do so by recalling its date, April 19, 1775, whenever you think of the battle. If you will stop to think a moment you will see that those dates you never forget, such as 1492, the discovery of America, and the 4th of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence, are so readily recalled because the date and the event are always recalled together.

In the same way English boys and girls never forget 1066, the date of the Norman conquest, when King Harold fell at the battle of Hastings, or the 18th day of June, 1815, when Napoleon Bonaparte was routed at Waterloo by the combined forces of Wellington and Blücher.

The difference between a boy who is said to have a good memory and another who is said to have a bad one is usually only a difference of methods of thinking. Those who remember readily are generally those who think orderly—what they already know and what they want to remember are placed side by side in their mental store-rooms, so that they can find the one when they have the other. If you wish to remember the year in which Washington was born, 1732, you will easily recall it if you think of it whenever you think of his name. You never forget the 22d of February as the day of the year, because that day is always spoken of as Washington's birthday.

However tiresome you may find it at first to commit dates to memory, you will soon discover that the more of them you learn the easier becomes their mastery. This is not only because a thing that is done repeatedly is done easier, but because one date often connects two or more facts that will help you to recall it. For example: Haydn, the great composer, died in 1809, the same year in which another famous German composer, Mendelssohn, was born. This was also the birth year of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Abraham Lincoln, and Charles Darwin, the latter two on the same day, February 12th. The astronomer Galileo died in the same year in which Sir Isaac Newton was born, 1642.

Other dates can be remembered because they are so much alike, as, for instance, the patriarch Abraham died in 1821 B.C., and Napoleon Bonaparte 1821 A.D. History is full of such coincidences (as they are called), and the more you learn the easier it is to connect one date with another.

Not only dates, but figures and facts can be committed to memory without much effort, by making it a rule never to think of one thing without recalling what you want to remember with it. Suppose you wish to remember a school friend's address; if you think of the number of the house and the name of the street whenever you think of his home you will never forget it. It is this habit of tying one idea or fact to another that enables some persons to remember quickly, and any one can acquire this habit who will perseveringly follow this simple rule.

One word here about reviewing what you learn. There is no surer way of finding out how much you don't know of what you

think you know than by mentally "taking stock" every now and then. Once or twice a year merchants go carefully over their stock of goods and learn just how much they have on hand. They know then not only what they have in stock, but what they have sold and what they need. The next best thing to knowing what you perfectly remember is to find out what you have forgotten or never knew.

A peculiarity of memory is that the more it is used the stronger it becomes. Whoever makes proper use of his memory seldom has occasion to find fault with it. Youth is the time when it is most plastic, and when the most lasting impressions can be made upon it. For this reason care should be taken that it is trained and strengthened in a sensible way so that it will prove a ready help in after-life.

NOTES OF RECENT INVENTIONS.

THE man who observed that he would not go abroad until he could cross the ocean in a car may not have to wait so very long after all for the realization of his hopes. There comes from Sweden news of the construction at Christianstad of what is called a locomotive steamboat. It was built for use on a chain of small lakes in Sweden which are separated by waterfalls, and to get around these the steamboat has been fitted with wheels like those of a locomotive, and on leaving the water runs smoothly along on the land on tracks built for its accommodation. A canoe built on this same principle for use in the Adirondack lakes would be delightful. It could be paddled on the water and propelled after the fashion of the bicycle on the land, so saving the tourist a great deal of time and many wearisome "carries."

An ingenious resident of Bridgeport has worked out an invention which should become a great boon to unfortunates afflicted with deafness. It is briefly a device which makes the deaf hear. It is the same to the ears as glasses are to the eyes, and consists of a soft rubber disc and spring, so shaped that when inserted in the ear it will focus the waves of sound on the natural drum of the ear with such intensity, that the afflicted person receives impressions from the outside that Nature had seemingly desired to withhold.

A patent bowling machine has just been tested in England for the use of cricketers in practice. It is found to be more unerring in its aim than most mortal bowlers, and takes the middle stump of expert batsmen as easily as though the batsman used a feather instead of his bat. The machine is sighted just as a gun is sighted, and the revolving iron hand from which the ball is thrown can bowl overhand or underhand according to the desires of the manipulator. It is not entirely beyond the possibilities that a mechanical batsman will soon be devised, so that in the next century boys and girls, and we ourselves, who will probably be the grandfathers of those boys and girls, may expect to be invited to witness a cricket game played entirely by automations.

Some remarkably clever person in St. Petersburg has arranged and placed on exhibition a clock with a phonograph attachment that will repeat at an hour set, according to the possessor's desire, such orders or announcements as may be committed to it. This the New York *Tribune* rightly calls a great boon to the tired house-mother, and adds that in the nursery the solemn time-piece could be made to say: "Children, it is time to get up; dress quickly, and do not dawdle." In the kitchen, at an early hour, it would be ready with, "Breakfast at eight sharp, Mary; don't forget," and in the breakfast-room, "You must start in ten minutes or you will lose your train." The dial of this clock of the future is, we are told, a human face, from whose uncanny mouth comes the announcement of the hours, as well as any directions that may be left with it.

INTERESTING ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE.

THERE is a church in the town of Bergen, Norway, that is built entirely of paper. It can seat one thousand persons in comfort, and has been rendered water-proof by a solution of quicklime, curdled milk, and white of eggs. Save your newspapers, boys, and build yourselves a house.

A pneumatic tube connects Paris with Berlin. It is used for postal purposes, and makes it possible for a letter mailed in Paris to be delivered in Berlin in thirty-five minutes. If the

tube could be enlarged sufficiently, it might be used by either France or Germany to surprise the other with an army, and so settle the quarrel that has existed between the two nations for so many years.

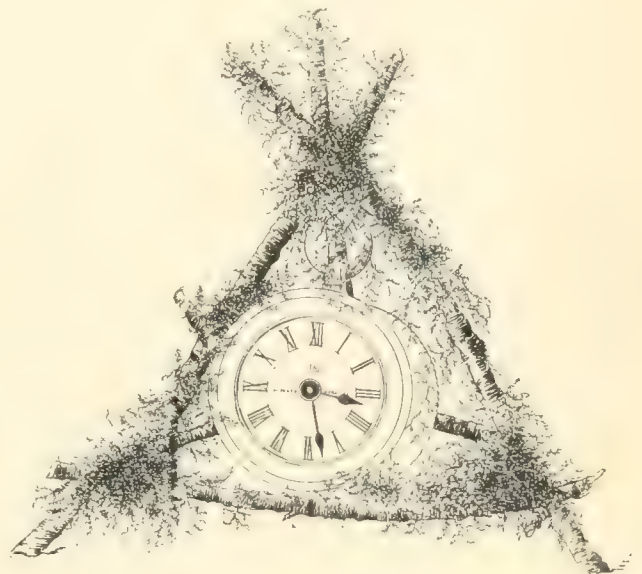
A gold brick recently shipped from Yuma, Arizona, to San Francisco is said to be worth \$90,000. A residence constructed of bricks like this would cost several dollars more than most people can afford to pay.

In a hail-storm in West Virginia recently the hailstones were like great chunks of ice, and smashed windows and made large holes in the tin roofs of houses that got in their way. If these storms would be more accommodating and come along in summer-time, the ice bills of the fathers of some of us would be very largely reduced.

Clocks are regarded as curiosities by the Hindoos, and for this reason half a dozen or more timepieces are often found in the apartments of the wealthy Hindustanees. They are not used as timepieces, but simply for ornament, since the old-fashioned way of telling the hour of the day in India, by calculating the number of bamboo lengths the sun has travelled above the horizon, is entirely satisfactory to the natives. It is said that in the country police stations in India, where the European division of the hours is observed, time is measured by placing in a tub of water a copper pot in which a small hole has been bored. It is supposed that it will take one hour for the water to leak into the pot so as to fill it and sink it. When the policeman sees that the pot has disappeared he strikes the hour on a bell-like gong. If he is smoking or dozing, the copper pot may have disappeared several minutes before he discovers the fact; but the hour is officially up when he strikes the gong.

RUSTIC CLOCK.

AS this little rustic affair is within the reach of all who live in the country, we will describe it for their benefit. It is made of eight twigs or branches, which are almost covered with moss. Two pieces 8 inches long, two 6 inches, and two 4 inches are needed for the easel shown here, which was made to fit the ordinary small-sized clock. These are tied together with black thread,



using the two 8-inch pieces and one of the 6-inch pieces for the upright ones; the remaining three are used for the triangle at the base. After they are all tied in position, saturate the parts tied with a strong solution of glue, thus making it firm and solid.

A small brass hook is screwed in the top to suspend the clock from. Bits of extra moss, taken from other pieces of the wood, can be glued on where needed to cover bare spaces.



SHE BELIEVED IN PIECING THEM.

"SOME PEOPLE DOAN' BELIEVE IN PIECIN' CHILL'N, BUT I 'OLARE I DOES!"

CHANGING COLOR.

ON rainy days I get so blue,
I don't know really what to do—
But when the sun beams on my head,
My! don't my cheeks get fine and red!

IN THE SWIM.

A SERIOUS accident happened at the supper table. Somebody—it is always "somebody" who is to blame—upset a pitcher of water over the cloth. There was a general scampering, and a calling for some other somebody to remedy the mischief.

"How could you be so careless, Sam?" cried Will, indignantly.

"Never mind, my boy," replied Sam, in his airy way. "It's all right. We're all *in the swim* now!"

CAUTIOUS.

"BE very careful," said Willie to his nurse just before his bath: "mamma doesn't want me to get my feet wet."

AN ACCOMPLISHED BABY.

"I HAVE a doll that speaks French," remarked Grace.

"That's nothing," answered May; "my little brother talks all day in a language that nobody can understand."

A GREAT TIME.

"WHY do people like summer so much, Tommy?"

"'Cause it's vacation," replied Tommy, "and it's too hot to do anything except to play."

TOMMY'S EXPLANATION.

"I WONDER why that dog barked at the moon all night?" remarked papa at breakfast.

"I guess the man in the moon was making faces at him," answered Tommy, "'cause I know Ponto doesn't like that."

AN EXCUSE.

"DID you destroy this feather duster?" asked Freddie's mother.

"Yes'm," answered Freddie; "I wanted to be an Indian chief."

"But don't you know that they cost money?" queried his mother.

"I did," said Freddie, "but Indian chiefs don't think of such things."

HALF UNDERSTOOD.

"WHAT are you reading, Marian?" asked mamma of a little girl who sat with her head bent down over a heavy volume in her lap.

"*The Wide, Wide World*, mamma."

"Gracious, child!" interrupted a big sister; "you can't understand more than half of that book."

Marian looked at the speaker with dignity. "I read it for the half I *do* understand!" she said.

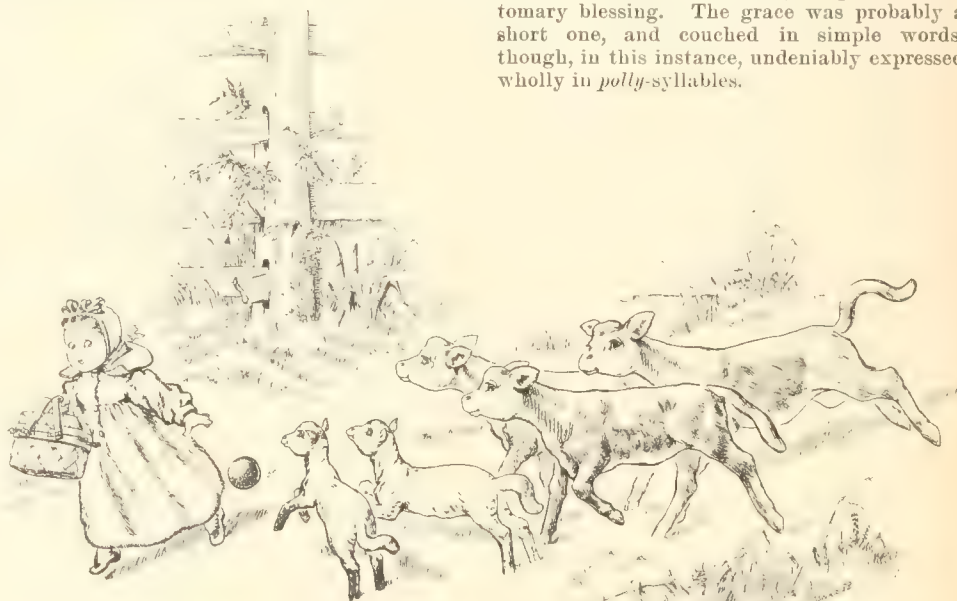
TEN LITTLE INDIANS.

How would you like to go to school where the roll-call is like this: "Sophia Little Bear, Annie Red Crane, Lizzie Spider, Kistoe, Gray Cloud, Laughing Face, Delay Ankle, Joseph White Plume, Frank Yellowbird, Porcupine Creek."

All these are real names taken from the catalogue of a very famous school for Indians at Hampton, Virginia. I am told that sometimes the little redmen become dissatisfied with their picturesque titles, and try to "Americanize" their names. And it is on record that one Shawnee lad, who entered the Institute as Tommy Wildcat, appeared afterward in the catalogue as "Thomas W. Catt!"

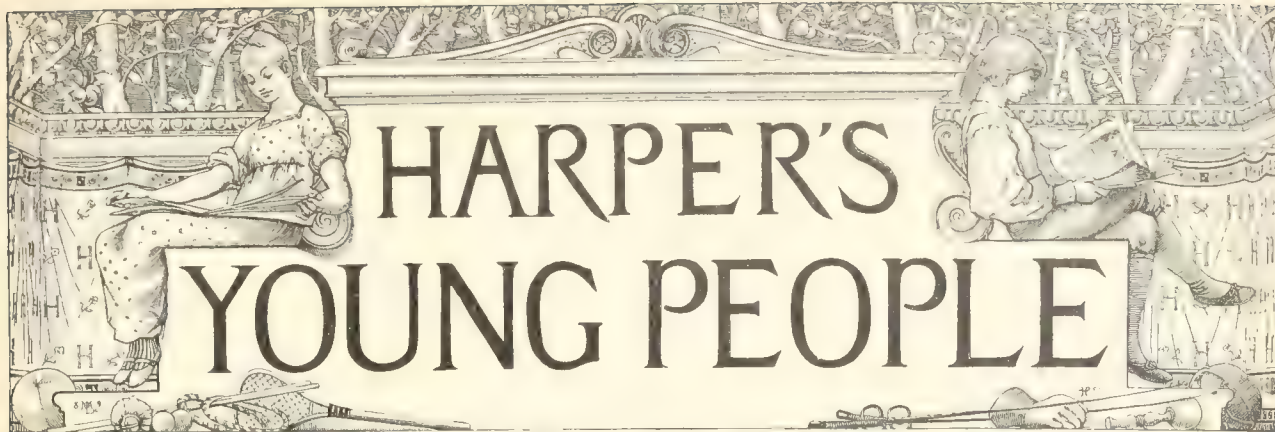
POLYSYLLABLES.

SOME years ago a well-known Methodist clergyman had a parrot which was an accomplished linguist. Being summoned from home, the minister left his pet in care of a neighbor, who gave Polly a sunny corner of her dining-room. At dinner-time the family gathered about the table, and were beginning the meal unceremoniously, when, to their great astonishment, Polly gravely repeated, without mistake or hesitation, and in tones ludicrously like her master's, the parson's customary blessing. The grace was probably a short one, and couched in simple words, though, in this instance, undeniably expressed wholly in *polly-syllables*.



ACROSS LOTS TO GRANDMA'S.

"HAVEN'T you SOMETHING GOOD FOR US IN THAT BASKET?"



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

HUNTING THE WHITE WHALE.

BY PARKER NEWTON.

WHEN the winters of the far North are more severe than usual, and the dreary waters of Baffin's Bay and Davis Strait become lower and lower in temperature, then the white whales move south, as if they had become afraid of the awful stillness that reigns over that

trap, this was made known to those on the beach by the men in two boats in the offing. A dozen boats put off from the shore to form a chain across the mouth of the kraal, and there the chase soon became one of bustle and anxiety on the part of both man and whale. The boats were arranged by their crews in the form of a crescent, in the bend of which the whales were collected, and where they had to encounter tremendous showers of



vast white trackless land known as the arctic region. As far south they come as the Gulf and river St. Lawrence, where they are often seen in great numbers.

The plan of capturing one of these monsters is to plant off the shore in a shallow place a kraal composed of stakes driven down in the form of a V, leaving the broad end open for the whales to enter. This was the method adopted by the fishermen of the Isle aux Coudres, at the mouth of the river St. Lawrence, where I went to see the capture of one of these whales. The point of the kraal was toward the shore, and when one or more entered the

stones and splashing of oars, whilst the din made by the shouts of the men in the boats was enough to stun and stupefy the bottle-nosed monsters to surrender. On more than one occasion, however, the floating crescent of boats was broken, and it required the greatest activity and tact to repair the breach and recapture the fugitives. The shore was neared by degrees, the boats advancing and retreating till they succeeded in driving the captive monsters on to the beach.

The gambols of the whales were now highly diverting, and except when one became unmanageable and en-

raged, in which case a noose was put around his tail, they were not dangerous to approach. A box lined with sea-weed and partially filled with salt water lay on the shore, for two of these whales were to be shipped for exhibition through the West, where the good people never see any fish larger than the ordinary fish of the market.

An attendant supplied with a barrel of salt water and a sponge was to constantly keep the mouth and blow-hole wet, that being all the care necessary for the time occupied in transporting the monsters a considerable distance by land.

Of all the whales, the white whale is the most beautiful, not in regard to color alone, but in shape, its head being small and long, eyes blue, and the skin of a milk white; in length it averages about twenty feet. That so beautiful a creature should be gentle and fearless—and its curiosity sometimes takes it to the side of a ship—seems only in keeping with its appearance, but its lack of fear is due to the fact that whalemens rarely take it, as it is the least profitable of all whales.

The white whale is a very fast swimmer, and propels itself through the water by doubling its tail inwards in the same manner as the crawfish. From the time the baby whale is born the care and devotion of the mother are untiring for her little gray or almost black offspring, which gets white as it grows older.

HUSHABY.

BY MARGARET DOUGLAS.

HUSHABY, my baby, 'tis time that thou wert sleeping.
Thy mother holds thee to her breast,
And woos thee gently to thy rest;
Then hush thy childish weeping.

Hushaby, my darling, the birdies long have slumbered,
I heard their mother softly sing,
While safe they nestled 'neath her wing,
And each wee bird she numbered.

Hushaby, my dear one, the kitties too are sleeping,
Their mother to them gently purled—
In pussy talk these words I heard,
"Sleep, dears, while watch I'm keeping."

Hushaby, my loved one, the bossy cow is mooing;
Her little calf sleeps by her side,
And fears no ill that may betide,
But happy dreams is wooing.

Hush, my baby darling, the pony low is neighing;
Her little colt is dreaming too
Of grassy fields all wet with dew,
Where happy colts are playing.

Hushaby, my baby, all these their rest are taking;
So close thy little sleepy eyes,
And sleep until they all arise
To greet thee at thy waking.

A VERY BRIGHT PONY.

BY C. H. CRANDALL.

THERE was something akin to the human in Jen, even in her little tricks and faults. We all "took to her" immediately; not merely because she was fleet and pretty and sound and true, but she knew so much and had such amusing ways of her own. If she led us a half-hour's chase around the pasture when we were in a hurry to catch her to drive, it was not out of pure mischief; it was because we had forgotten to bring her an apple, or an ear of corn, or a handful of oats. She always considered herself worthy of a little extra attention.

It was all by accident that we discovered that we had only to point a finger at her to make her rear and stand on her hind legs like a circus horse. We wondered where she learned that trick. She had the most inquisitive nose. It was a proboscis that could ferret out an apple in your deepest pocket; and how she

did tickle you in the operation! Then she had such a pretty trick of begging for oats. She would not paw the ground or floor noisily, like many horses, but lifted up her foreleg in silent appeal, curving her neck, and glancing at you with soft brown eyes that spoke volumes.

She was a bright bay, with a little white star in the forehead, and limbs as fine-boned and muscular as were ever seen. She seemed a thorough-bred trotter condensed, for she was only about fourteen hands high. She was of the Vermont Morgan blood. When we overtook people, she took the greatest delight in passing them. She just ached to get by, and she would show greater bursts of speed than of her own accord than could be got out of her otherwise. She thought nothing of pulling the peg out of the stable door, and walking in when she pleased.

She was a little particular about some things. Her sense of smell was fastidious. If one had bone-flour or other suspicious fertilizer on his hands or clothes, he could not harness her. She would prance about and snort like a steam-engine. She once kicked a wagon into kindling-wood because she was hitched near where a farmer had killed a bullock. She would snuff and snort at a slaughter-house a half-mile away. Tin-peddlers' carts were her *bête noire*. She did not shy badly at anything else.

One of the pony's peculiar tricks was to stretch like a cat when standing in her stall. She would settle away back until her belly touched the floor, and then spring forward. Old horse-men say that only very supple horses ever do this. Then she would yawn, and wink and blink her eyes so ludicrously that we never failed to laugh at the performance. On the road she was continually tossing her head with a quick saucy movement, except when she was trotting fast, when she would elevate her nose and seem to drink the wind.

When we brought her to the city she took offence at the junk-carts with their noisy bells. She would try her best to go around a block rather than through a street where a junk-cart was. Under the elevated roads she would squat until she touched the ground, and then spring forward. But she liked the Park roads, the boulevards, and the Coney Island parkway. The great waves of the sea seemed to frighten her, and she would not go near them. She was also fearfully frightened on the shore of Saratoga Lake, when the waves were breaking four feet high over the roadway. I remember an amusing experience with her on the Brooklyn Bridge. The great height, the water and vessels beneath her, the cable-cars passing her, excited her until it seemed she could hardly keep from flying. I concluded it was best to let her go. She struck a tremendous trot, a great rolling gait, lifting her feet as high as possible. Policeman after policeman tried to stop her, but I shouted, "I can't hold her," and let her go. She was not going as fast as she appeared to be, but she did "put on a heap of style about it." Once I was crossing Lake Champlain with her on a sail ferry-boat. The big boom and flapping sail swung around close to her head, and I had my hands full to prevent her jumping into the lake. She looked around as if to say, "Do have some regard for sensitive nerves." She could not bear abuse or swearing; it made her ugly. We found out on the farm that we could not safely lend her to profane persons.

Perhaps I have not told of any bright ideas of hers. Once she was running at pasture with her two-year-old colt in a number of fields that opened into each other and stretched away in L shape to a little-travelled cross-road. One day Jen came tearing up to the house in great excitement, neighing and making a great fuss to attract my attention. I said at once, "That colt is in trouble; it probably has got out." Jen led me down, with much apparent pleasure, for nearly half a mile through the fields to where the colt had knocked down some bars and got into the cross-road. Jen had come to tell me of it. Many men would not have done so much.

The little mare had a great memory. When I only saw her once a year—in the summer—she seemed to recognize me every time. I have approached her unseen, when she has been tied in a crowded street, and spoken her name softly, when she would at once whinny. One summer she was separated from her two-year-old colt for several months, while the latter was being broken to drive. She happened to see it in the street one day, six miles from home, in a large village; she immediately neighed to it. She never did that to a strange horse.

A feat of memory that pleased me greatly was shown one summer when I drove her back to her native place. She had been in Brooklyn all winter, had gone up the Hudson on the Troy steamer, had been driven to Saratoga Springs and kept there all summer, and now in September we were driving across to Washington County—our native soil. It was all strange to her until

she crossed the Hudson. Then she began to prick up her ears and observe the road, and for eight miles I did not pull an ounce on either rein until she stopped before my uncle's gate. At one point she paused to deliberate. One road led to the house of a gentleman who had kept her for two years, and always used her kindly. The other road led to my uncle's. Both places were equally well known to her, and liked by her. But the distance to my uncle's was shorter, and she was tired, and she chose that road, but turned her head toward the other in sign of recognition. One would have thought that nearly a year's absence in the confusion of city streets and 500 miles of travel would have obliterated all recollection of her native place.

One hardly needs a copy of *Black Beauty* in order to appreciate such a horse. To be sure, so intelligent an animal is likely to be humored. She stops and goes on when she pleases in climbing a hard hill. She has a first mortgage on the cores of all apples eaten in her presence, and frequently gets the whole apple. If she stops at the foot of a big hill, cramps the wagon and looks around, we appreciate the situation, get out, and walk up behind or beside or ahead of her. She simply wishes to live to be as old as her mother was—thirty-five years—and we hope she may.

NATTY BARTON'S MAGIC.

BY E. H. HOUSE,

AUTHOR OF "GRACIE'S GODSON," ETC.

V.

MR. ROSS'S first two performances had been given on Monday and Wednesday evenings. The third was to take place Saturday afternoon. It was on Friday, a little before one o'clock, that Adela sat beside Natty at Mrs. Barton's table, enjoying the appetizing luncheon which the housekeeper had provided for the occasion. Adela had been almost speechlessly happy while roaming through the fine grounds under Natty's guidance. She had lived mostly in cities, and had never before been brought into such delightful contact with trees and flowers. Her zealous escort had taken her out on the river in a big boat, and had shown her the barn, the orchard, the duck-pond, the hen-house, the pigsty, and all the glories of the place. She looked a little tired, but very beaming and contented, as she chatted confidentially about the unfamiliar charms of the country. Once in a while, however, a shade passed over her countenance, and she seemed ill at ease.

Mrs. Barton did not fail to observe these signs of discomposure, but she made no remark or inquiry. Suddenly, however, she left the dining-room and went to the library, where her employer was seated, as usual.

"I beg pardon for disturbing you, sir," she began, "but I feel that you ought to know something this little girl has said. She told Natty she didn't think it would be right to go away without thanking you for letting her come here. She is a very intelligent child. Are you willing to see her?"

"No, Mrs. Barton," Mr. Huntington answered, quietly. "I am glad she has had some diversion, but her thanks are due to you and Natty."

"She does not think so, sir; and I believe it will trouble her very much if she cannot speak to you. She says her mother would reprove her if she neglected it. And, to tell you the truth, she is a little beauty. I do want to bring her to you, just for a moment."

"You are asking a very uncommon thing," said Mr. Huntington. "If she supposes she must make an acknowledgment, she can surely do so through you."

"If you could see her, sir, you would not say that. It is uncommon, I know, but I do not often try to put you out of your way. Let it be a favor to me."

"You shall have your wish, Mrs. Barton," the lawyer

said, slowly, and still somewhat reluctantly. "But the child need not come here. If she is at luncheon I will look in casually. That will be less ceremonious and more agreeable to me."

"As you please, sir; and I am obliged to you for consenting."

A few minutes later Mr. Huntington walked into the dining-room, much to the surprise of Natty, who knew his habits of seclusion. Adela, divining who it was, laid down her knife and fork and rose from her seat. Her face flushed brightly as she waited for the master of the house to speak, but he was silent. He glanced hastily and strangely at Mrs. Barton, and then fixed his gaze upon the young visitor with an intentness that deepened the color in her cheeks.

"What is your name, my little friend?" he finally inquired, in so peculiar a tone that Natty hardly recognized his voice.

"Adela Ross, sir," the child replied.

"You are the daughter of the lady and gentleman who have come to perform at Feulowe Hall?"

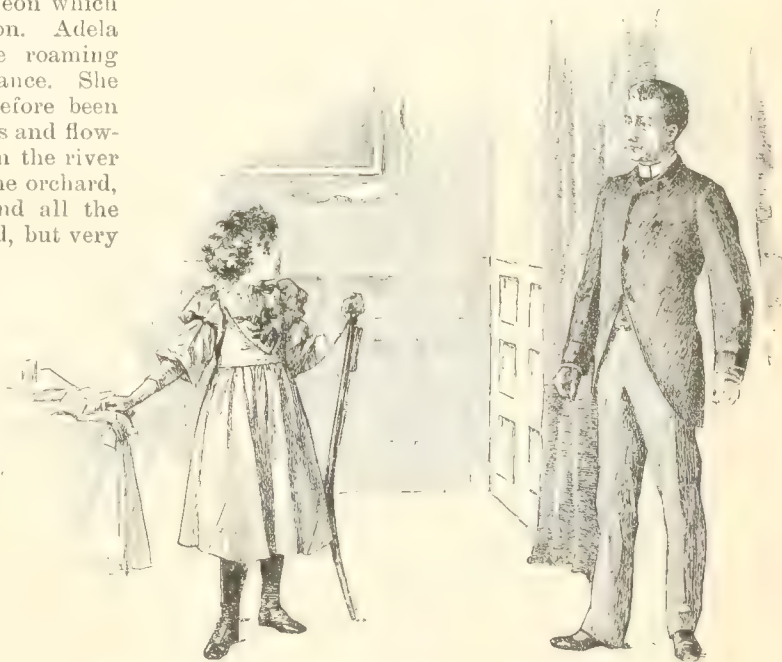
"Yes, sir; but mamma has not appeared yet. She is not strong enough. Papa and I do everything."

The girl's lips quivered as she answered, and her eyes were cast down, as if to hide a painful emotion.

"Is she so ill that it grieves you to speak of her?" asked Mr. Huntington.

"Oh, no, sir; I hope she is not very ill. It is not that. Please excuse me."

"Sit down, my dear. What is it that disturbs you? I



SHE LAID DOWN HER KNIFE AND FORK AND ROSE FROM HER SEAT.

thought Natty was to make everything pleasant during your call. Do you know what the matter is, Natty?"

"Yes, sir, I do," said the boy, stoutly, although Adela looked at him with beseeching eyes.

"Oh, Natty!" she murmured, ruefully.

"But I mustn't tell if she is not willing," the boy added, promptly.

"I am sure there is nothing," said Mr. Huntington, "that she should be unwilling to let us hear. Perhaps we can help her, Mrs. Barton and I."

The housekeeper's kind heart was beating fast. She had not seen her employer in so gracious a mood for many a year.

"I think we may be told," the lawyer continued; and

as Adela made no further attempt to remonstrate, Natty hastened to explain.

"See was saying, out in the river garden, that she felt as if it was wicked to have such a beautiful holiday all to herself when her mother could not enjoy it too."

"Oh, Natty!" repeated Adela, dismayed and confused.

"There is no harm in that," said Mr. Huntington. "Do you understand what she means, Natty?"

"No, sir; not exactly. Yes, sir; I do a little."

"Is your mother fond of gardens?" the lawyer inquired of Adela.

"I don't think she has been in many, sir—not many like yours. We go about a good deal, but mostly in large cities. We never were in such a pretty town as this before. And, oh, the lovely river, and the flowers!"

"And the pigsty," suggested Natty.

"Yes," assented Adela, cautiously. "It is all so interesting."

"Fortunately we can do something to relieve your anxiety," said Mr. Huntington. "Mrs. Barton, you will oblige me by inviting this little lady's mother and father to pass next Sunday with you. Natty, my lad, you shall invite the daughter. You can ramble around all day long, as you like, and take tea in the arbor on the river-bank if the air is mild enough. Tell your parents, my child, that they must pardon me if I do not join the party. I am not used to company, and you will amuse yourselves much better without me. And look here, Natty; before your friend goes to-day, you might gather a basket of flowers for her to carry to Mrs. Ross."

The unlooked-for turn of events made Mrs. Barton almost dizzy; and as for Natty, his eyes and mouth were widening to an alarming extent. Adela had no means of knowing how contrary to his ordinary conduct the lawyer's present behavior was, but she was deeply touched, and leaving the table, she ran to him and grasped one of his hands in both of her own. Tears were upon her cheeks as she cried:

"How good you are! Nobody else has been so good. Papa and mamma are sure, though Natty would not tell, that it is you who let us stay and perform in Fenlowe, and when they hear that they may come to the garden and enjoy themselves on Sunday, I don't know what they will say. I wish I could thank you properly, Mr. Huntington, but I can't. Papa will do that, and mamma too, for me and for themselves."

The stern lawyer lifted the child in his arms, and held her close to him while he peered into her large brown eyes. Then, wonder of wonders, he bent his head and kissed her on the forehead, after which he set her down hurriedly, and abruptly left the room.

"Ah, my dear," said Mrs. Barton, "it is natural that he should be moved. I cannot tell you how much you look like some one he knew and cared for very much when he was younger."

"Do I, really, Mrs. Barton?"

"Indeed you do."

Adela would have asked more, but footsteps were heard, and Mr. Huntington again came before them.

"You take part in your father's performances," he said, "do you not, my child?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I do a great many things."

"Tell your father that I shall give myself the pleasure of looking in to-morrow. I wish to see for myself what his exhibition is."

"He will be very glad. So will you, Mr. Huntington. It will make you laugh. I *think* it will make you laugh. It ought to. Everybody laughs—except that rude Mr. Mullins."

"I may not laugh, but I don't doubt I shall be pleased. And if your father desires to use me for the trick which disagreed with Mullins, he is quite welcome to do so."

"Oh, no, sir; he would not think of that."

"Why not? It will show that a sensible man is not offended by it, whatever Mullins may say."

"You don't mean the rabbit, sir?"

"If the rabbit does not object, certainly."

"And the goose?"

"The goose, by all means."

"I will tell papa what you say," said Adela, dubiously; "but I don't believe he would ever do it—not to you. It wouldn't look at all natural," she added, with an air of grave reflection, "to see a goose come out of your neck."

"Tell him, and let him do as he chooses," were Mr. Huntington's last words as he again left them.

"He's sorry about something," said Adela, after he had gone. "He did not smile once, not even when we talked about the goose. But he will to-morrow afternoon. Nobody can help being merry when papa does his best, and he will do his very *best* best for Mr. Huntington. How happy we shall be!"

"I don't know whether I am awake or asleep," exclaimed Mrs. Barton. "When he came and told us he was going to see the magic, I had to put my hand over my mouth to keep from screaming out loud. My little girl, you can't realize what you have done. You will not stay in Fenlowe long, and when you go I suppose we shall never see you again, but I believe your coming to-day has brought a blessing on this sad house, and if it lasts I will be thankful to you, my dear, all the days of my life."

VI

On Saturday afternoon Fenlowe Hall was filled with the largest audience ever gathered within its walls. The report that Mr. Huntington was to be present had flown about, and the community were one and all on the alert to witness so remarkable an event as the reappearance of their most distinguished townsman in a public place of amusement. Many who could not gain admittance to the building stood about the doorway, determined to behold at least the entrance of the recluse, if, indeed, the extraordinary rumor should be verified. On this point there was still considerable doubt, and one individual did not hesitate to declare his opinion that the story was an utter fabrication, unworthy of a moment's credence. This was Mr. Mullins, the surly lessee, who amused himself in the vestibule by scoffing at the credulity of the populace.

"Lawyer Huntington patronize this miserable show?" he cried. "Not he. Do you think that after shutting himself up for ten whole years he would choose an occasion like this to come out of his shell? Get along with you! It's nothing but a trick of this juggling fellow to make folks curious and draw a big house."

The words had scarcely passed his lips when the tall form of Mr. Huntington was seen moving slowly down the street in the direction of the hall. Every tongue was hushed, and a silence fell upon the multitude, although, but for the universal deference to the lawyer's feelings, and the knowledge that a noisy demonstration would be distasteful to him, the majority would have been disposed to cheer. He gravely acknowledged the salutations offered him from all sides, and carefully made his way through the throng which nearly blocked the porch. As he crossed the threshold, Mr. Mullins, greatly disconcerted, but preserving a good share of his natural audacity, drew near and addressed him thus:

"Glad to see you out and among us, sir; uncommon glad. But sorry you've been misled into coming to this stupid exhibition. There's nothing in it, I assure you, sir."

"Let me pass, if you please, Mr. Mullins," answered Mr. Huntington. "You are obstructing the passage."

Mullins stood aside, and watched the lawyer with a slight sense of uneasiness as he walked down the aisle

and took the seat reserved for him. The gruff lessee did not exactly like it, and resolved to keep his eye on the unexpected visitor.

The entertainment began in due course, but it was a question for a time whether the performances on the stage or the stately figure in the centre of the audience claimed the greater degree of attention from those present. Little Adela's gentle charm soon asserted itself, however, and when she stepped into the body of the hall, followed by her father, and tripped lightly toward Mr. Huntington, the excitement rose to the highest possible pitch.

"Your own request, sir," said Mr. Ross, in an undertone, bending toward the lawyer; "but I will stop whenever you bid me."

"Go on," replied Mr. Huntington. "I am entirely at your service."

Whereupon the magician passed a hand over Mr. Huntington's head, and drew, or appeared to draw, from his neck a basket of assorted fruits, which Adela took and offered to the ladies who sat near.

"Here! here! that won't do!" was heard in rough tones from the back of the hall, while Mullins's burly shape was seen pushing forward. "I won't allow it. What do you mean by playing your impudent pranks upon Lawyer Huntington?"

"Do not interfere, Mullins," ordered Mr. Huntington, sharply. "I am glad to testify that there is nothing objectionable in this kind of amusement. Continue, Mr. Conjurer."

"But, sir—" urged Mullins.

"Be quiet, and make no further disturbance," said Mr. Huntington, so emphatically that the mischief-maker was subdued for the moment, and turned, discomfited, to resume his post of observation at the rear. As he did so, the conjurer caught at his coat pocket, and extracted therefrom a little live pig, kicking its legs, twisting its corkscrew of a tail, and squealing vigorously as it was held high in the air. The spectators were wild with delight, while Mullins, in a fury, rushed out of sight. Of all the witnesses, Mr. Huntington was the only one that was not convulsed with laughter.

The wizard fell to his work again, and began taking out flowers and toys in profusion from the favored visitor's sleeves and pockets, producing finally a large bundle of cornucopiæ, or "horns of plenty," overflowing with candies and tiny cakes.

"A fitting emblem, sir—generosity and bounty," said Mr. Ross, proceeding to distribute the confections.

Mr. Huntington beckoned to Adela, who was close at hand.

"I miss something," he said, so that only she could hear. "This is not what you promised me."

"Oh, sir," she answered, in the same low voice, "not the goose. I couldn't let papa do that. No, nor even the rabbit. But—"

She went nearer to him, and looked playfully in his

face. Still he did not smile, but he returned her gaze in a manner that made those who watched him wonder at its earnestness. Suddenly Adela raised her hands and pulled apart the upper folds of his waistcoat.

"Why, Mr. Huntington, what can this be?" she exclaimed, drawing forth two white doves, which, as she threw them into the air, fluttered toward Mr. Ross, and presently perched upon his arm. This was the first display of sleight-of-hand that the child had attempted without aid, and the applause was unbounded.

"Tell your father," the lawyer whispered, when Adela was about returning to the stage, "to show us the pistol trick."

She obeyed, and after calling two lads to assist him—one of whom, you may be sure, was Natty—the conjurer produced his weapon and the vase of goldfish. Their appearance was the signal for another outburst on the part of Mullins.

"This can't go on!" roared the obstreperous lessee. "I told you I wouldn't have the thing repeated. Stop it!"

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Ross, advancing to the edge of the platform, "you have heard the lessee's prohibition; but a person of higher authority in Fenslowe Hall than the lessee has called for this particular performance. I shall therefore not desist."

"I forbid it! I'll prosecute you!" shouted Mullins.

The necromancer cast a glance of inquiry at his supporter, who nodded affirmatively.

"But it is dangerous, Mr. Huntington," protested Mullins, as soon as he noticed the signal. "You will risk our lives if you let him keep on."

"That is sheer nonsense," said the lawyer, turning upon Mullins, "although I believe the same accusation has been freely made elsewhere, to Mr. Ross's injury. The pistol has always been a perfectly harmless toy, except once, when a reckless boy tampered with it. That was a piece of wilful and malicious mischief, and it would be unlucky for the perpetrator if

his misdeed were forced too strongly upon my attention. Finish your performance, Mr. Conjurer; I think you will not be interrupted again."

It was now evident that Mr. Huntington had taken the magician under his protection, and though no one could guess at his motive, a prolonged clapping of hands gave assurance that his intercession was warmly approved and indorsed. Mullins fled from the room, followed by jeers and cries of mockery. The entertainment proceeded agreeably; and when, just before the end, the lawyer rose to his feet and asked to be heard in explanation of his presence on this particular afternoon, every eye was bent on him, and the silence was profound as he uttered these words:

"My friends and fellow-townsmen, I have departed from my customary course of life, and come hither to-day to overrule and if possible to repair an act of injustice.



ADELA'S DOVE TRICK.

The gentleman to whom we are indebted for our present diversion came to Fenlowe with the intention of remaining several weeks. He had strong reasons, with which I heartily sympathize, for desiring to give in this hall a series of exhibitions; but the lessee, choosing to be affronted at a trifling pleasantry, took it upon himself to deny the stranger that privilege, and to deprive you all of several excellent entertainments. These facts came to my knowledge through a youthful member of our community, who could not bear to see such a wrong done without striving hard to avert it. I am obliged to him for reminding me of my duty in this instance, and I shall take care hereafter that personal spite shall not be a reason for refusing the accommodations of Fenlowe Hall to any applicant. I have endeavored to make it apparent that I approve Mr. Ross's performances, and that the charge spread about to his discredit—of carelessness in using weapons—is without foundation. Unless Mr. Mullins is prepared to give up the lease of this building, he will reverse his decision and place no obstacles in this gentleman's course. I wish our visitor every success, and you, ladies and gentlemen, a cordial good-afternoon."

Having spoken thus, Mr. Huntington went rapidly out, while the listeners unitedly signified their satisfaction with his remarks, and their determination to uphold the object of them. Mr. Ross was deeply grateful, and his voice was unsteady when he next attempted to use it. He said, frankly, that he was not accustomed to such kindness, and felt unable to express his obligation becomingly; but he hoped to find some effective means of proving before he left Fenlowe that he was not wholly unworthy of the interest and good-will bestowed upon him and his family.

The opportunity was nearer than he thought.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BITS ABOUT BIRDS AND BEES.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

UNLESS we take the trouble to study closely for ourselves the ways and manners of the furred and feathered creatures that help so much to make our world attractive and interesting, we are apt to have the idea that everything "comes natural" to them—that they do not have to learn things in the laborious way we have. For my own part, I must confess that Mr. Ingersoll's delightful paper on gray squirrels in the March number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE was full of instructive surprises for me, particularly the account of the trouble the little mother always had to teach her tiny youngster to run fearlessly along the tree boughs, and to leap from limb to limb. And now we have another observer describing for us how birds are taught to sing.

It seems that a pretty little wren built a nest for herself on a New Jersey farm in such a position that the occupants of the house could watch what was going on without disturbing the proceedings. When her downy brood had arrived at the proper age, they did not take to singing of their own accord, so she set about teaching them.

Placing herself in front of them, as any other music-teacher would do, she sang her whole song slowly and distinctly. One of the little fellows immediately attempted to imitate her, but after getting out a few notes, its voice broke, and it lost the tune. The little mother thereupon commenced where the learner had failed, and went very carefully through the remainder. The young one tried again, beginning where it had left off, and continuing as long as it could, and when the notes were once more lost, the mother patiently took up the tune and finished it. Then the other resumed where it had broken down, and persevered, until in its turn it reached the

end. This accomplished, the mother sang over the whole series of notes from the start with great precision, her pupil following her carefully, and so they kept it up until the little thing had the whole song by heart. The same course was followed with the other occupants of the nest until each of them had become a perfect songster, and the proud mother's task was finished.

Now that little incident shows clearly how patient and persevering even a bird can be, and the same point is illustrated by what another observer saw on the sea-shore one summer afternoon. It was a lovely day, and the tide was gently making its way up the beach, sending glistening wavelets on ahead that advanced and retired with musical murmurings. Presently a party of callow ducklings came waddling soberly into sight. They were evidently very young, but they had a mind for a swim, and made no doubt of being able to enjoy it on a body of water so large and tempting as the Atlantic Ocean.

With all the dignity of ducks this party went down the beach. They were in no haste. The whole afternoon was before them, the sun was warm, they had just had dinner, and they were ready to enjoy themselves. Just as they reached the water, a gentle wave ran in, lifted the pretty yellow birdlings off their feet, carried them all far up the sand, and then as suddenly retreated, leaving them there high and dry, while it rejoined the sea.

The ducklings, not a whit disconcerted by this shabby joke of old Neptune, gathered themselves together, and again started down the beach in as good order as before. Again the saucy wavelet came up to meet them, and again they were carefully set down far up on the shore.

Were they discouraged by this, or did they go off in a huff at the ocean's aggravating behavior? Not a bit of it! They wanted a swim, and a swim they would have. So once more they made the attempt, just as dignified, just as amiable, just as earnest about it, as if they had not hitherto been provokingly thwarted. Of course they met the same fate, but as long as the observer had time to watch them, this amusing game went on—the wavelets carrying the ducklings back, and the ducklings renewing the charge patiently and persistently during the long lovely afternoon.

What a lesson may be learned from them, if we will only take it!

An even more curious performance, and one that we would like to have the opinion of Sir John Lubbock upon, was witnessed near Falkirk in Scotland on a Sunday morning not long ago. While walking near a beehive, a gentleman observed two bees coming out bearing between them the body of a dead comrade, with which they flew a distance of about ten yards. He followed them closely, and noted the care with which they selected a convenient hole at the side of the gravel-walk, the tenderness with which they committed the body, head downward, to the earth, and the solicitude with which they put over it two little stones, apparently "*in memoriam*." Their task ended, they buzzed about the tiny grave for a minute, as if reluctant to leave, and then flew back to the hive to report what they had done.

Have any of my readers met with similar experiences to these? There is much yet to be learned about both birds and bees.

THE WEARING OF BEARDS.

IT is strange to note the various fashions and fancies men have in wearing beards, but it is a thing governed altogether by personal taste. Not long ago the manager of a restaurant in Boston desired all his waiters to be cleanly shaven, whereupon the waiters rebelled, and refused to obey the order. This calls to mind an edict of Peter the Great enjoining the Russians to shave; but so much opposition was aroused that the Emperor appointed

certain officers to see that the edict was properly enforced, and to use force, if necessary.

It is only within the last forty years that Englishmen have taken generally to wearing beards, although from the thirteenth century until the Restoration they were more or less in vogue.

Many curious complications have risen over beards, and what was customary in one state was declared wrong in another in olden times. The Assyrians wore very curious beards, but the Egyptians wore none. It has long been the habit for Jews to have beards, and in Leviticus they are forbidden to wear them. Because the Persians wore beards, and the Tartars did not, the latter declared war upon the Persians, calling them infidels. The Greeks wore beards until the reign of Alexander, when that warlike monarch ordered them to be shaved, because the beards afforded their enemies a handle by which they might be seized. So the fashions have changed from time to time, until to-day one may do as he pleases.

CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

THERE is an organization in New York city, called the Fresh Air Club, which should be copied in every town and county in America. It owes its existence to the sound judgment and sportsmanship of Mr. W. B. Curtis, who is known to his intimates as "Father Bill," because of his early association with athletics. Mr. Curtis is president of the Metropolitan Association of the Amateur Athletic Union, and although now well past fifty, is as vigorous and active as any man twenty years younger. The Fresh Air Club's reason for being is cross-country walking. Regular programmes are laid out, and every Sunday during the season, rain or shine, the club takes its outing. Sometimes their walk starts from the city; again, the train is taken to a given rendezvous, from which the tramp begins. The routes are invariably chosen with the idea of making the walk instructive and interesting as well as beneficial, and in the several years the club has been in existence the members have footed it wellnigh all over the State. To say that such exercise is healthful is to express its benefits very mildly.

Nothing, absolutely nothing, is so beneficial to the human system--and especially to the growing boy--as cross-country walking. It is infinitely superior to riding, driving, boating, baseball, football, or any other form of athletics, and it is both an economical and instructive way of seeing one's country. But, somehow or another, only a few boys appear to take to it; though I have always noted that the ones who did try it invariably repeated the experiment. I suppose walking seems to the average boy too much like what he may do every day, and he feels his outing must take on uncommon features to be the genuine eagerly anticipated summer holiday. Well, that is only human nature. Every day of our lives most of us are neglectful of the trifles from which much good could be derived, and that are passed over because of their very familiarity.

Next to cross-country walking, cross-country running is probably the most beneficial of all athletic exercise, chiefly because it is the most natural method of working the muscles.

Sprinters are, more or less, born; *i. e.*, I do not mean to say great speed comes to some boys without effort, for no unusual attainments, physical or otherwise, are given to us without work on our part; but sprinting is more easily developed in some than in others, because of their superior nervous energy or natural physique. Distance running, on the other hand, is possible to every lad who has sound limbs and a stout heart. He may not become a champion; we cannot all expect to reach the top; but he can, with

application and good care of himself, jog over a stretch of six, eight, or ten miles in very good time. The real benefits of cross-country running come from the vastly improved physical condition in which a boy must keep himself if he hopes to stay near the leaders in the club runs. I should advise him to keep out of races until he has been running a couple of seasons; and when he does compete, he must not be discouraged if he finds the pace he has been accustomed to set much too slow to take him across the tape in the first flight. He will always have



THE WATER JUMP.

the consolation of knowing that some of the best cross-country runners in America did no better in their early days of competition.

Sidney Thomas, the Englishman, who was here a year or so ago, was a very ordinary performer when he began cross-country work; but he stuck to it, and to-day is not only the champion of England, but holds some of the fastest long-distance records as well. A. B. George, M. A. C., who is probably one of the strongest distance men in this country, and a born runner, made so ordinary a display on his first attempts that he despaired of ever reaching top form. Willie Day, N. J. A. C., in his first efforts at distance running, was so disheartened at the result that he came near giving it up altogether; but his friends persuaded him to train on, and he eventually made the fastest time in America. He retired last year, but there is a possibility of his coming out again this season, and if he does, he will surely win the championship to be decided April 30th; for, in condition, no man in this country to-day, and probably not in England, can defeat him at any distance from four miles up to ten. Ernest Hjertberg, N. J. A. C., is another whose perseverance has brought him up from a very ordinary performer to the first class. His case at the beginning was the most discouraging; no one believed he would ever become formidable; but he has continued his practice, until to-day he ranks as one of the best.

T. P. Conneff, M. A. C., differs somewhat from the other distance runners, inasmuch as he sprang into notice in Ireland, almost a full-fledged distance runner. He, however, was one of those Irish lads who, teeming with energy, romped over his native county, living out-of-doors, and acquiring speed and endurance as a second nature. There are many, and among them myself, who believe that, properly trained, Conneff is unbeatable from a mile up to ten. His style is the ideal of grace and ease. Recently he went back to his home in Ireland for the purpose of turning professional, but it was lately reported that he had changed his mind, and intended returning to the United States.

There are two things I would impress on the boy who goes in for cross-country running--be very careful not to do too much work, and don't tamper with yourself in



THE START.

the matter of diet. Do not pick up and try every one's ridiculous idea on the subject of training. You will find quite as many quacks in athletics as out of them. A few years ago all manner of absurd formulas, that prescribed a mouthful of this and a mouthful of that, were followed religiously by athletes, and the wonder is it did not ruin them; it did, as a matter of fact, result in many breakdowns. We have grown more sensible of late years. All a boy need consider is to have wholesome food and a good appetite. He should eat a little fruit and green vegetables regularly, and avoid grease as much as he can, and pastry to a large extent. But this is a precept he should follow all his life, whether he is cross-country running or not. I find from experience that I can keep myself in the pink of condition always by a little exercise and avoiding grease and pastry. Of course you must not smoke cigarettes; they will absolutely kill your chances.

Now as to the training. Take all the walking you can spare time to get; it is the greatest possible developer, and it builds you up gradually and solidly. In England, where they are much in advance of us in cross-country running, a great point is made of walking, and where men are in special preparation as much as 15 to 20 miles is covered daily. It is the out-of-door life of walking and cross-country running that makes the English athlete so hardy; indeed, the average son of old England, who, the world over, is considered the type of vigorous physical manhood, owes his ruggedness to the out-of-door life which has characterized the race time out of mind. In all the United States just two men have run ten miles under 54 minutes. In England there are at least a dozen men who can do it under that time. I do not mean to say we have not such good timber over here, but we are more inclined to sprinting and distances of one or two miles. We have not yet developed the common-sense of the English athlete. We do not show the same appreciation of the benefits of cross-country running, and appear to have a mind for the winning of medals rather than the winning of improved health and strength. However, we are growing to it, although our cross-country championship is not so important and popular an event by half as it should be, yet small clubs devoted to cross-country running are increasing, and at the colleges the effort to maintain

such teams is meeting with much success. If our large and wealthy athletic clubs are wise they will devote to the cross-country department a larger share than heretofore of the money annually expended on athletics.

Do not try to get into condition too fast; you can't hurry nature, and if you make an attempt to do so it will result harmfully to yourself. The greatest difficulty with the novice is that he wants to put himself into the finest fettle in a few weeks, and gives himself so much work that he is stale more than half the time.

If you are just beginning cross-country work, do more walking than running, and let your runs be easy jogs, and

be sure you stop before you are fatigued. Keep this up until you are well hardened and can run four or five miles at a fairly easy pace without feeling, when you stop, that each shoe had ten pounds of lead in it.

Don't attempt to copy any one's style; look to the improvement of your own, always running naturally, and remember style in this particular is as individual as in any other act we perform.

If you are training for a race, you should practise a little sprinting to enable you to hold your own, or more, possibly, in case of a close finish. See that you toe the mark on the day of the race strong and with plenty of force in reserve, and not trained down so fine that you look gaunt and run like a machine, with no additional life to call on in case you need it. The usual week's programme laid out by experienced men is—Monday, three-quarters of a mile at mile speed; Tuesday, sprints of 50 to 100 yards and a fairly fast 600 yards; Wednesday, a good steady mile; Thursday, a half-mile at almost racing speed; Friday, an easy three-quarters; Saturday, sprinting up to 440 yards. If you are to race on a Saturday, do not do any work whatever after Thursday, and do not, like most greenhorns, keep constantly practising trials; it is very prejudicial to your best work in the race.

Confine your attention first to getting strength; second, to judgment of pace; and third, to a little sprinting; but in practice never finish a long run with a sprint just to show your clubmates how fresh you are. Save your energy for the day of competition. I should not advise daily shower-baths when you are in strict training. Take a sponge bath after your work, and try salt water (rock salt); it is very invigorating. See that you are well rubbed down with a coarse towel, and if your muscles are sore or stiff, use equal portions compound camphor and compound soap liniments. Above all things, never stand around out-doors at the finish of your work, when you are heated; and do not except sparingly drink water. Get to bed early, and on the day of the race eat lamb chops, dry toast, and a little tea three hours before you run. If you don't win, remember there are many more chances, and in the mean time you are building up a healthy, vigorous body that will serve you nobly when you are older and have entered the race of life.



STREET PERFORMERS IN LONDON.

THE scene that the artist has pictured here is unmistakably London; not the London that so many travellers know—the gay bustle of Trafalgar Square and Piccadilly, the Vanity Fair of the Park and the “court end of town”—but the London of the teeming, struggling millions. There is the familiar mechanical piano on wheels, with the patient ass between the shafts; the slatternly working-girls, just released for the noonday recess; younger girls, awkward and ill-dressed, yet happy—for in youth it does not require much music, nor good, to set the feet a-dancing. There, too, is the familiar omnibus with crowded roof, and another institution, the “Cocoa Rooms,” which, unfortunately, one does not see so often in walks about London as its rival, the “gin palace.”

For some reason the people of European cities seem to take to street entertainments more kindly than Americans do. The hurdy-gurdy and the fearful German band we know, and the occasional solo cornetist, in the abundance of our charity, we have more than once forgiven, though we cannot forget. In London the Punch and Judy show is a time-honored institution, as it is also in Paris, and it is not an uncommon thing to see a couple of strolling acrobats spread a thick carpet on the smooth pavement, throw off their seedy ulsters, and give a fairly good ten-minute tumbling show.

Last summer the writer was dining in the front room of a lodging-house in the West End of London, when the sound of pandean-pipes being played in the street called one of the party to the window. “Come, quick, and see this boy dancing on high stilts!” cried the young lady who had been attracted by the music; whereupon we arose from our seats and went out on the little balcony. In the smooth asphalted street we saw a boy about twelve years of age performing most extraordinary antics upon stilts that could not have been less than six feet high.

He danced and spun round on one leg, kicked higher than his head, and caused nervous tremors to run through the lady members of our party lest the little performer should come to grief. However, he did not do so, and we rewarded his very interesting performance with generous largess of copper coin, which, owing to the height of his stilts, we could put into his hand from our balcony.

I said he was a boy, and so we thought he was, for he was dressed like one, but the ladies detected certain feminine characteristics in his manner, and I myself suspected him when I threw him a coin and he could not catch “for a cent”—perhaps I should say “for a penny,” as it was English money. So we decided that the clever and daring little stilt-dancer was a girl, and we rather suspected that she, and the older girl who accompanied her dance on the pandean-pipes, were the sole support of an aged grandparent or an invalid brother or sister.

Another interesting street performance was one that I witnessed at Scarborough, the beautiful sea-side resort on the Yorkshire coast. I was attracted by the notes of a piano and a manly voice, heard distinctly across the quiet garden of a square. When I reached the other side of the square, I saw a piano set on an uncovered wagon, which also held a piano chair, a driving seat, and the two performers—a baritone singer and a pianist. When I came up to where they were, I found that, so far as appearances went, they were by no means of the usual class of street musicians. The singer had a good and well-trained voice; the pianist played with considerable facility. Their clothes were good and of a somewhat fashionable cut. When they thought that they had exhausted the capacity for musical enjoyment of the dwellers on that side of the square, the baritone singer took his place on the driver's seat and drove to another street. The whole “outfit,” as they say in the West, was neat and serviceable, and I thought that the performers might have obtained an engagement of greater dignity, if not profit.

CANOE MATES:*

A STORY OF THE EVERGLADES.

BY KIRK MUNROE

AUTHOR OF "CANOE MATES," "THE FLAMINGO FEATHER,"
"CRUISE OF THE 'SUNSHINE,'" ETC.

CHAPTER XVII

AN ENTERTAINMENT ON THE KEY.

HOW Quorum managed to tumble out of the *Psyche* without upsetting her is a mystery, but he did it somehow. Seeing that he was easily making his way to the land, Worth continued on his course to the *Transit*, which he reached a minute later. The moment he stepped aboard, Sumner threw his arms about the boy with what was intended for a joyful hug. Worth returned it with interest. For a few seconds the two staggered about the deck in what looked decidedly like a wrestling match to the amused spectators of the scene, who had been attracted from below by Sumner's shout. Finally, they tripped, and rolled with a crash into the cockpit, where they scrambled to their feet, greeted by shouts of laughter from Lieutenant Carey and Ensign Sloe, while even the men forward were chuckling with ill-suppressed mirth.

"But how did you know the canoes were out at the light, Worth?" inquired Sumner, after the first boisterous greeting was over. "Excuse me! Let me introduce you to Lieutenant Carey and Ensign Sloe. And how did you get there? And how did you know that we were here?" exclaimed Sumner, in a breath, as soon as he had regained his feet.

"The keeper told us," answered Worth, shaking hands with those to whom he had just been introduced. "And I didn't know you were here. How did you get here, and what became of the raft? Did you ever see anything so absurd as Quorum? I don't believe he has opened his eyes once since we left the light, and I actually thought he was turning white, he was so scared. Oh, Sumner, I never was so happy in my life!"

"Nor I," answered Sumner; "and if I ever leave you again, you young scamp, before delivering you safe and sound to your lawful guardians, you'll know it."

"And you may be mighty sure I won't be left again," answered Worth. "No, siree! From this time on, you'll think I'm your shadow, I'll stick to you so close."

By this time Quorum had been brought aboard, and Sumner, shaking hands with him, gravely congratulated him upon having formed the habit of taking a plunge-bath before breakfast. With a reproachful look at the lad, and without deigning to reply to his banter, Quorum turned away, and dived into the little forward galley. Here he quickly made himself at home, and all the time he was drying by the galley stove he could be heard entertaining the colored cook of the *Transit* with a thrilling description of his recent voyage in "dat ar tickly nutshell. Mo' like er wash-basin dan er 'spectible boat; an' ef I don't hole her down wif bofe han's till dey done achin', she flop ober like er flapjack. I tell yo', chile, hit's er spience sich as I don't want no mo' ob in all my sailin'."

Around the breakfast table in the tiny after-saloon Sumner and Worth were comparing experiences, and discussing their plans for the future.

"I tell you what it is, Sumner," exclaimed Worth, "I don't know about cruising any further up this reef, where we are likely at any time to be seized and carried off to sea by some Jew-fish or other marine monster. Seems to me it's taking a big risk."

"Then why not come with us through the 'Glades?" laughed Lieutenant Carey. "There aren't any Jew-fish there. It will be almost the same as cruising on dry land all the way, and we'll bring you out at Cape Florida, the very point you are aiming for."

"I think that would be fine," answered Worth, who had no more idea of the nature of the Everglades than he had of the moon. "What do you say, Sumner?"

"It's the very thing I should most love to do," replied Sumner.

"Then you will go with us?" asked the Lieutenant.

"Yes, sir, we will," answered both the boys.

"Good! That settles it. Now do you suppose we can persuade your old darky to go along as cook? I think you said he was a good one, Sumner?"

"Indeed he is!" exclaimed Worth; "the very best I ever knew. Oh yes, we must have Quorum along by all means."

When the plan was laid before him, Quorum shook his head doubtfully, and said:

"I lallus hear dem Ebberglades is a terrible place. Dey's full ob lions an' tigers, sayin' nuffin' ob wild Injuns an' cannon-balls" (probably Quorum meant cannibals). "But ef dem two chilluns boun' ter go, I spec' ole Quor'm hab ter go 'long ter look after um, an' see dat dey's kep' outen danger. Hit's er mighty howdacious undertaking fer de ole man; but dish yere er peart-looking wessel, an' may-be she take us troo all right."

"But we are not going in this vessel," laughed Sumner. "We couldn't take her through the 'Glades."

"How you go, den?" asked the negro, looking up quickly. "Not in dem tickly li'l' cooners?"

"Yes, some of us will go in the canoes, but you will have a much larger boat; one that you can't possibly upset."

"When I see him, den I tell yo' ef I er gwine." And this was the only promise that Quorum could be induced to give.

"Very well," said Lieutenant Carey, when this was reported to him; "we will rig up the cruisers, and let Quorum sail one of them in to Lignum Vitæ. One of the men shall take the other, you two will sail your own canoes, and I will sail mine, while Mr. Sloe shall follow with the *Transit*. When Mr. Haines sees us coming, he'll think he is looking at a regatta of the Reef Yacht Club."

This plan suited the boys perfectly, and the next two hours were spent in getting all the boats into the water, overhauling sails, spars, etc. When Quorum saw the Harnegat cruiser that was assigned to him, he declared, "Bit done look like er punkin seed, an' I don't believe hit fit fer sailin' nohow." It was only with the greatest difficulty that he could be persuaded to try the strange-looking craft. When he finally did so, his eyes opened wide with astonishment at her speed and stiffness, and the ease with which she was handled.

Each of the cruisers carried a large sprit-sail, and was fitted with a pair of oars. They were provided with centre boards, were fair sailers, easy to row, practically non-capsizable, and capable of carrying heavy loads without materially increasing their draught.

Quorum was a good sailor, and as soon as he became somewhat accustomed to his craft he began to handle her in a way that showed an appreciation of her qualities. When he shot ahead, after a little brush with the other cruiser, the *Melon Seed*—as he termed her—his black face fairly beamed with delight.

"Your man is as tickled with that boat as a child with a new toy," remarked Lieutenant Carey to Sumner, "and I guess there is no doubt now but what he will go with us."

The Lieutenant's open paddling canoe was fitted with a leg-of-mutton sail, but no centre board. Thus the sail

was only available for running before the wind, which on this occasion happened to be fair. The three canoes and the two cruisers starting on their race to Lignum Vitæ formed a very pretty sight. As they were followed by the *Transit*, and by the schooner that had carried Worth and Quorum to Indian Key, which came along on her return trip just then, it is no wonder that Mr. Haines regarded the approaching fleet with astonishment.

The race was won by Sumner in the *Psyche*, with Quorum in his *Punkin Seed* and wildly excited, close behind. The other three were well bunched, and the two schooners were worked under foresails only, to keep from running them down.

shed a cheerful light on the circle of expectant faces, and cast wavering shadows over the platform.

The first number on the programme was an overture by the Lignum Vitæ Band, which consisted of Mr. Haines's banjo, Lieutenant Carey's guitar, Ensign Sloe's violin, and a flute played by one of the *Transit's* men. Then Worth danced a clog, and was received with immense applause. He was followed by Sumner, who performed a number of sleight-of-hand tricks that drew forth exclamations of astonishment from the negroes. A mouth-organ quartet by four of the negro hands was followed by Mr. Haines's banjo solo. This was of such an inspiring character that all the negroes patted time to it, and finally Quorum sprang upon the platform, and laying



QUORUM DANCES A BREAK-DOWN.

All hands were made heartily welcome by the proprietor of Lignum Vitæ, who was made happy by the information that they proposed to stay there that night. On hearing this, he immediately began to plan a grand dinner, to which everybody was invited, and an entertainment for the evening. He and Lieutenant Carey spent the afternoon in arranging for the entertainment; the four cooks, with Quorum at their head, spent it in preparing a most elaborate dinner; and the others spent it fishing and sailing match races between the various boats.

The dinner, which was served shortly before sunset, was a veritable feast. On its bill of fare appeared oysters, green turtle soup, fish chowder, turtle steaks, baked kingfish, stewed ducks, roasted 'possum, a variety of canned vegetables, an immense plum duff, canned fruits, crackers, cheese, and coffee; while the whole was seasoned with the sauce of hearty appetites and capital digestions. It was a substantial meal, as well as a merry one, and it gave Worth Manton a new insight into the possibilities of life on the Florida Keys.

By hard work Mr. Haines had succeeded in raising the frame of the little one-story house that he intended to occupy, and in getting the floor laid. This was to be the scene of the entertainment, and an hour or so after dinner all hands were collected here. Several large bonfires

aside his beloved pipe, began to shuffle a break-down in such a comical manner that it was received with tumultuous applause and roars of laughter. Solo and chorus singing followed, and the entertainment wound up with the singing of "Annie Laurie" by a quartet of sailors.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OFF FOR THE EVERGLADES.

BOTH Sumner and Worth were by this time quite used to being turned out of bed while it was still dark, and told that it was morning and time to make a start. So, when the familiar summons was heard, a few hours after their evening of fun, they obeyed them, though not without some sleepy grumblings and protests. The stars were still shining when they went on deck for a look at the weather, and they shivered with the chill of the damp night air.

There were faint evidences of daylight, however, and the welcome fragrance of coffee was issuing from the galley. They felt better after drinking a cup of it, but did not consider themselves fairly awake until the sails were hoisted, the anchor lifted, and the *Transit* began to move slowly out from under Lignum Vitæ.

Just as they were getting fairly under way a sleepy

hail of "Good by, and good luck to you" came from the edge of the forest on the key, where the night shadows still lingered.

Then, with answering shouts of "Good by, Mr. Haines! Good by to Lignum Vitæ!" they were off.

The reason for such an early start was that, with four boats in tow, even the *Transit* could not be expected to make very good speed, and Lieutenant Carey was anxious to cover the sixty-mile run to Cape Sable before dark.

For the first three hours Sumner was kept constantly at the helm, directing the course of the schooner through a multiplicity of tortuous channels, between coral reefs, oyster bars, and a score of low-lying mangrove keys. All this time Lieutenant Carey stood beside him, keeping track of the courses steered, and noting on his chart the position of the channels, together with the names of the keys, so far as Sumner was able to give them. The knowledge that the lad displayed of these uncharted waters, and the skill with which he handled the schooner, so excited the Lieutenant's admiration that he finally said:

"I declare, Sumner, I don't believe there is a better pilot in the whole Key West sponging fleet than you! How on earth do you remember it all?"

"I don't know," laughed Sumner. "I expect it comes natural, as the man said when asked what made him so lazy."

"Well," said the Lieutenant, "I am mighty glad to have you along instead of that fellow Rust Norris, though he did intimate that your ignorance of the reef would get us into trouble. He was greatly cut up when I told him that as you were going with me, I should not require his services, and tried to say some mean things about you; but I shut him up very quickly. He doesn't seem to be a friend of yours, though."

"I don't know why he shouldn't be," replied Sumner. "I am sure I feel friendly enough toward him. I suppose it must be because I wouldn't let him try my canoe the other day, and left him on the buoy that night. I only meant that as a joke, though, and was just about to start out for him when I saw a fisherman pick him up."

Here Sumner related the incident referred to, and the Lieutenant said, as Mr. Manton had, that the fellow was rightly served. Then the subject was dropped, and they thought of it no more.

As they were now in open water, with all traces of land rapidly fading in the distance behind them, Sumner laid a course for Sandy Key, the only one they would see before reaching Cape Sable, resigned the tiller, and invited Worth to try his hand at trolling. The *Transit* being well provided with fishing tackle, they soon had two long trolling lines towing astern. Worth said he was going in for big fish, and so attached to the end of his line a bright leaden squid, terminating in a heavy, finely tempered hook.

Sumner, believing that there would be as much sport and more profit in trying for those that were smaller but more plentiful, used a much lighter hook, baited with a bit of white rag. Worth would not believe that any fish could be so foolish as to bite at such a bait. His incredulity quickly vanished, however, as Sumner began to pull in, almost as fast as he could throw his line overboard, numbers of crevallé, or "Jack"—beautiful fellows, tinted with amber, silver, and blue—and Spanish mackerel, one of the finest fish in Southern waters. Seeing that Sumner was having all the fun, while he could not get a bite, Worth began to haul in his line, with a view of putting on a smaller hook, and baiting it with a bit of rag. Suddenly there was a swish through the water, a bar of silver gleamed for an instant in the air, a hundred feet astern, and Worth's line began to whiz through his hands with lightninglike rapidity. With a howl of pain he dropped it as though it had been a red-hot coal,

and began dancing about the cockpit, wringing his hands and blowing his fingers.

"Snub him, Worth, quick! or he'll have your line," cried Sumner, springing to his friend's assistance. "It's a barracuda, and a big one!"

He got a turn around the rudder post just in time to save the line, and then began a fight that set the young fisherman's blood to tingling with excitement. In spite of his smarting fingers, Worth insisted upon pulling in his own fish, while the barracuda seemed equally intent upon pulling his captor overboard. Such leaping and splashing, such vicious tugs and wild rushes ahead, astern, and off to one side as that barracuda made were far beyond anything in the way of fishing that Worth had ever experienced. For ten minutes the fight was maintained with equal vigor on both sides. Every inch of slack was carefully taken in. With the stout rudder post to aid him, Worth was slowly but surely gaining the victory, and the great steely blue fish was drawn closer and closer to the schooner.

At length he was within fifty feet, and Worth's flushed face was lighting with triumph, when all at once there came a rush of some vast white object astern. A huge pair of open jaws, lined with glistening rows of teeth, closed with a vicious snap, and a moment later Worth, whose face was a picture of bewildered amazement, pulled in the head of his fish minus its body.

"Was it a whale, do you think?" he asked, soberly, turning to Sumner.

"No," replied the other, laughing at his companion's crestfallen appearance; "but it was the biggest kind of a shark, and he would have snapped you in two as easily as he did that barracuda, if you had been at that end of the line."

By noon they had left Sandy Key astern, and before sunset they had passed the stately cocoanut groves on Cape Sable and Palm Point, and were rounding North-west Cape. Just at dusk they rounded into a creek, not more than twenty feet wide, and directly afterwards came to anchor in the deep roomy basin to which it was the entrance. The basin was already occupied by a small sloop, and as Sumner's knowledge of those waters did not extend beyond that point, Lieutenant Carey anticipated being able to gain some information from her crew. With this in view, he anchored but a short distance from her, and after everything was made snug for the night, he hailed her with:

"Hello on board the sloop!"

"Hello yourself! What schooner is that?"

"The government schooner *Transit*, and I should be very glad to see any of you aboard."

"Where are you bound?"

"Into the 'Glades. Will you come over after a while, or shall I go aboard the sloop? I want to have a talk with you."

"I reckon we'll come over."

"Those fellows don't seem inclined to be very sociable," remarked the Lieutenant to Ensign Sloe, as they went down into the cabin to supper. At the same time Sumner was saying to Worth: "I wonder who that fellow is? His voice sounds very familiar."

When they again came on deck after supper the night was so dark that they could not see the sloop, though they supposed her to be lying close to them.

"Hello aboard the sloop!" hailed Lieutenant Carey.

There was no answer, nor did several hails serve to bring a reply of any kind.

"Let's take my canoe, and go for a look at those fellows, Sumner," said the Lieutenant. "They have quite excited my curiosity."

In a few minutes the canoe was afloat, and its occupants were paddling in the direction of where the sloop was thought to lie. For half an hour they paddled back

and forth and in circles, being guided in their movements by the bright riding light of the *Transit*. Once they struck a floating oar that seemed to be attached to a cable; but they could discover no trace of the sloop, nor did their repeated hailings bring forth a single answer.

At length, greatly perplexed by such unaccountable behavior on the part of the sloop's crew, and nearly devoured by the cloud of mosquitoes that swarmed above the lagoon, they returned to the schooner, and thankfully sought the shelter of her wire-screened cabin.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JIMMIEBOY IN THE LIBRARY.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

"I'M going to sit in this comfortable arm-chair by the fire," said Jimmieboy, climbing up into the capacious easy-chair in his father's library, and settling down upon its soft cushioned seat. "I've had my supper, and it was all of cold things, and I think I ought to get 'em warmed up before I go to bed."

"Very well," said his papa. "Only be careful, and keep your feet awake. It wouldn't be comfortable if your feet should go to sleep just about the time your mamma wanted you to go to bed. I'd have to carry you up stairs if that should happen, and the doctor says if I carry you much longer I'll have a back like a dromedary."

"Oh, that would be lovely!" said Jimmieboy. "I'd just like to see you with two humps on your back—one for me, and one for little brother."

"Dear me!" said a gruff voice at Jimmieboy's side—"Dear me! The idea of a boy of four, with two sets of alphabet picture blocks and a dictionary right in the house, not knowing that a dromedary has only one hump! Ridiculous! Next thing you'll be trying to say that the one-eyed catteraugus has two eyes."

Jimmieboy leaned over the arm of the chair to see who it could be that spoke. It wasn't his father, that much was certain, because his father had often said that it wasn't possible to do more than three things at once, and he was now doing that many—smoking a cigar, reading a book, and playing with the locket on the end of his watch chain.

"Who are you, anyhow?" said Jimmieboy, as he peered over the arm, and saw nothing but the Dictionary.

"I'm myself—that's who," was the answer, and then Jimmieboy was interested to see that it was nothing less than the Dictionary itself that had addressed him. "You ought to be more careful about the way you talk," added the Dictionary. "Your diction is airy without being dictionary, if you know what that means, which you don't, as the Rose remarked to the Cauliflower, when the Cauliflower said he'd be a finer Rose than the Rose if he smelled as sweet."

"I'm very sorry," Jimmieboy replied, meekly, "I forgot that the dromedary only had one hump."

"I don't believe you'd know a dromedary from a milk dairy if they both stood before you," retorted the Dictionary. "Now would you?"

"Yes, I think I would," said Jimmieboy. "The milk dairy would have cream in bottles in its windows, and the dromedary wouldn't."

"Ah, but you don't know why!" sang the Dictionary. "You don't even begin to know why the dromedary wouldn't have cream in bottles in its windows."

"No," said Jimmieboy, "I don't. Why wouldn't he?" "Because he has no windows," laughed the Dictionary; "and between you and me, that's one of the respects in which the dromedary is like a base-drum—there isn't a solitary window in either of 'em."

"You know a terrible lot, don't you?" said Jimmieboy, patronizingly.

"Terrible isn't the word. I'm simply hideously learned," said the Dictionary. "Why, I've been called a vocabulary, I know so many words."

"I wish you'd tell me all you know," said Jimmieboy, resting his elbows on the arms of the chair, and putting his chin on the palms of his two hands. "I'd like to know more than papa does—just for once. Do you know enough to tell me anything *he* doesn't know?"

"Do I?" laughed the Dictionary. "Well, don't I? Rather. Why, I'm telling him things all the time. He came and asked me the other night what raucous meant, and how to spell macrobiotic."

"And did you really know?" asked Jimmieboy, full of admiration for this wonderful creature.

"Yes; and a good deal more besides. Why, if he had asked me, I could have told him what a zygonatic zoophagan is; but he never asked me. Queer, wasn't it?"



JIMMIEBOY LEANED OVER THE ARM OF THE CHAIR.

"Yes," said Jimmieboy. "What is one of those things?"

"A zygonatic zoophagan? Why, that's a—er—let me see. I like to search myself pretty thoroughly before I commit myself to a definition. A zygonatic zoophagan is a sort of cheeky animal that eats other animals. You are one, though I wouldn't brag about it if I were you. You are an animal, and at times a very cheeky animal, and I've seen you eat beef. That's what makes you a zygonatic zoophagan."

"Do I bite?" asked Jimmieboy, a little afraid of himself since he had learned what a fearful creature he was.

"Only at dinner-time, and unless you are very careless about it and eat too hastily you need not be afraid. Very few zygonatic zoophagans ever bite themselves. In fact, it never happened really but once that I know of. That was the time the zoophagan got the best of the eight-winged tallahassee. Ever hear about that?"

"No, I never did," said Jimmieboy. "How did it happen?"

"This way," said the Dictionary, as he stood up and made a bow to Jimmieboy. And then he recited these lines:

"THE CALIPEE AND THE ZOOPHAGAN.

"The slight and slender Zoophagan
Was strolling near the sea,
When the Calipee, of ocean
Sprang forth that dread amphibian,
The seawater Calipee.

"The Tallahassee bird sometimes
The Calipee is called;
His eyes are round and big as dimes,
He has great wings, compasses for wings,
His head is very bald.

"Now if there are two creatures in
This world who disagree—
Two creatures full of woe and sin—
They are the Zo-oph pale and thin,
And that bad Calipee.

"Whene'er they meet, they're sure to fight,
No matter where they are;
Nor do they stop by day or night
Till one is beaten out of sight,
Or safety seeks afar.



Rather a wonderful tale that," continued the Dictionary. "I don't know that I really believe it. It's too great a tale for any dog to wag, eh?"

"Yes," said Jimmieboy. "I don't think I believe it either. If the zoophagan bit himself in two, I should think he'd have died. I know I would."

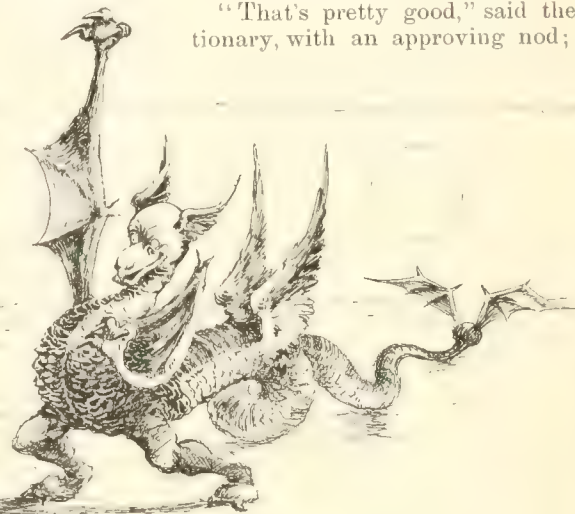
"No, you wouldn't," said the Dictionary; "because you couldn't. It isn't a question of would and could, but of wouldn't and couldn't. By-the-way, here's a chance for you to learn something. What's the longest letter in the alphabet?"

"They're all about the same, ain't they?" asked Jimmieboy.

"They look so, but they aren't. L is the longest. An English ell is forty-five inches long. Here's another. What letter does a Chinaman wear on his head?"

"Double eye!" cried Jimmieboy.

"That's pretty good," said the Dictionary, with an approving nod; "but



THE CALIPEE AND THE ZOOPHAGAN

"And, sad to say, the Calipee
Is stronger of the two;
And so he'd won the victory
At all times from his enemy,
The slight and slender Zoo.

"But this time it went otherwise,
For, so the story goes,
As yonder sun set in the skies,
The Calipee, to his surprise,
Was whacked square on the nose.

"Which is the fatal, mortal part
Of all the Calipees,
Much more important than the heart,
For life is certain to depart
When Cal cannot sneeze.

"The world, surprised, asked, 'How was it?
How did he do it so?
Where did the Zoo get so much wit?
How did he learn so well to hit
So fatally his foe?"

"'Twas but his strategy," then cried
The friends of little Zoo
'As Cal placed on hero's head,
Ran twenty feet off to one side,
And bit himself in two.

"And then the Calipee, you see,
Was certainly undone,
The Zo-os beat him easily,
As it must nearly always be
When there are two to one."

you're wrong. He wears a Q. And I'll tell you why a Q is like a Chinaman. Chinamen don't amount to a row of beans, and a Q is nothing but a zero with a pig-tail. Do you know why they put A at the head of the alphabet?"

"No."

"Because Alphabet begins with an A."

"Then why don't they put T at the end of it?" asked Jimmieboy.

"They do," said the Dictionary. "I-T—it."

Jimmieboy laughed to himself. He had no idea there was so much fun in the Dictionary. "Tell me something more," he said.

"Let me see. Oh yes," said the Dictionary, complacently. "How's this?"

"Oh, what is a yak, sir?" the young man said.

"I really much wish to hear."

'A queer looking cat with a bushy head,
A buffalo-robe all over him spread,
And whiskers upon his ear.'

"And tell me, I pray," said the boy in drab,

'Just what's a Thelphusian?'

'A great big crab with nippers that nab
Whatever the owner desires to grab—
A crusty crustacean.'

"I'm obliged," said the boy, with a wide, wide smirk,
As he slowly moved away.

'Will you tell me, sir, ere I go to work—
To toil till the night brings along its murr—
How high peanuts are to-day?'

"And I had to give in,
For I couldn't say;
And the boy, with a grin,
Moved off on his way."

That was my own personal experience," said the Dictionary. "The boy was a very mean boy, too. He went about telling people that there were a great many things I didn't know, which was very true, only he never said what they were, and his friends thought they were important things, like the meaning of sagaciousness, and how many jays are there in geranium, and others. If he'd told 'em that it was things like the price of peanuts, and how are the fish biting to-day, and is your mother's seal-skin sack plush or velvet that I didn't know, they'd not have thought it disgraceful. Oh, it was awfully mean!"

"Particularly after you had told him what those things were," said Jimmieboy.

"Yes; but I got even with him. He came to me one day to find out what an episode was, and I told him it was a poem in hysterical hexameters, with a refrain repeated every eighteenth line, to be sung to slow music."

"And what happened?" asked Jimmieboy.

"He told his teacher that, and he was kept in for two months, and made to subtract two apples from one lunch every recess."

"Oh my, how awful!"

"But it served him right. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, I do," said Jimmieboy. "But tell me. What'll I tell papa that he doesn't know?"

"Tell him that a sassipedon is a barrel with four sides, and is open at both ends, and is a much better place for cigar ashes than his lap, because they pass through it to the floor, and so do not soil his clothes."

"Good!" said Jimmieboy, peering across the room to where his father still sat smoking. "I think I'll tell him now. Say, papa," he cried, sitting up, "what is a sassipedon?"

"I don't know. What?" answered Jimmieboy's father, laying his paper down, and coming over to where the little boy sat.

"It's a—it's a—it's an ash barrel," said the little fellow, trying to remember what the Dictionary had said.

"Who said so?" asked papa.

"The Dictionary," answered Jimmieboy.

And when Jimmieboy's father came to examine the Dictionary on the subject, the disagreeable old book hadn't a thing to say about the sassipedon, and Jimmieboy went up to bed wondering what on earth it all meant, anyhow.

AN UNINVITED GUEST.

WELL-VENTILATED sleeping-rooms are very desirable; but a bamboo hut with an opening instead of a door, and not far off from an Indian jungle, is not exactly an alluring bed-chamber. It was in just such a place, however, that a brave boy awoke suddenly one moonlight night, his companion, an experienced hunter, being fast asleep quite near him. For beds, each had a blanket spread on the ground, and the boy had drawn his up over his feet as far as the knees.

He wondered what made him wake up so suddenly, and as he looked around in the moonlight a fold of the blanket near his feet had a curiously heavy feeling, and there was a queer smell around like that of raw potatoes. The boy gazed at the blanket with an apprehensive loathing, and was scarcely surprised when the fold began to move, and one of the most venomous of Indian serpents, a cobra-de-capello, slowly reared itself up after the fashion of its species. It had been startled by some involuntary movement of the boy, and the latter knew now that if he stirred or made any noise his life would be the forfeit. Cobras do not like to be disturbed, as they prefer to do all that themselves. So, not daring even to call his companion, our hero lay thinking

with lightning-like speed over all the things he had ever heard about managing dangerous serpents. Nothing feasible occurred to him, except that his revolver was in his pocket, and, fortunately, on the side that he was not lying on. Could he not cautiously draw it out and send a bullet through that horrid head, which was adorned in front with a pair of spectacles? No, answered commonsense, you can't. Look at that swaying movement on the first guarded attempt, and whatever you do, do not stir.

It was not a pleasant predicament, and there seemed to be no way out of it. If there were only a snake-charmer at hand to lure the ugly reptile out of the hut! An idea at last. He'd try the charming himself, as the creatures liked poor music, and forthwith he began a low humming. It was a brave attempt, and the boy's voice faltered at first, for his dangerous tyrant was moving its head back and forth and from side to side in apparent disapproval. But presently he saw that the creature was keeping time to his humming, and this encouraged him to sing louder.

The cobra rose higher, until it almost seemed to stand on end, and moved off the blanket. It crawled slowly away to the opening, and then performed a series of gymnastics to show his delight in the music, the boy keeping steadily on without taking his eyes from the serpent. But all the time he was grasping the butt of his revolver, and drawing it slowly forth. His snakeship, however, was getting so near the doorway in his delighted antics that he might roll himself outside and disappear without the necessity of shooting him, when back again came the tormenting creature, and took up his first position on the blanket.

Evidently he could not leave so charming a musician, but the weary performer had had quite enough of him, and aiming directly at the reared head, he sent three bullets as near it as possible. The convulsive movements of the twisting and untwisting snake took it quite through the opening which it had declined to pass before, and there it lay as motionless as a stone.

Meanwhile the reports had awakened the sleeping hunter, who wished to know what his young companion was making all that racket for. But when he was escorted to the ugly-looking mass of snake outside in the moonlight, he was filled with admiration of the boy's coolness and courage, while he shuddered at his narrow escape. The creature was now, however, as its conqueror said, "considered strictly as a cobra-de-capello of no further account."

INTERESTING NOTES ABOUT COLORS.

A DOG belonging to Hercules Tyrius was one day walking along the sea-shore, when he found and ate a *murex*, a species of shell-fish. Returning to his master, the latter noticed that the dog's lips were tinged with color, and in this manner Tyrian purple was discovered. The color was used in the robes of emperors and nobles, and the expression "born to the purple" meant that the person was of high birth. It is strange to think that the favorite color of royalty can be traced to the curiosity or hunger of the dog of Tyre.

In the seventeenth century the favorite color of the Scotch Covenanters was blue, and blue and orange or yellow became the Whig colors after the revolution of 1688. Green is the color of the Irish Roman Catholics, while opposed to it is the orange of the Orangemen or Protestants of the north of Ireland.

Ecclesiastical colors include all the primary colors and black and white, which are used at various Church offices. The cardinals of the Roman Church have adopted scarlet as their color, which was originally red. In ancient Rome the occupation and rank of many people were made known by the colors of the garments which they wore. Black is in common use among us for mourning, but the Chinese wear white, the Turks wear violet, and in Ethiopia brown is the proper hue. White was originally the mourning color in some European countries, but black is generally accepted now. Different colors have frequently been adopted by opposing parties, and the colors of various nations are incorporated in their flags, for instance, the "red, white, and blue" of the United States.

JIMMIE'S AMBITION.

"Wish I was a rose," said Jimmie.

"What would you do if you were?"

"I'd be a bouquet for mamma, and never, never fade."



HARE AND HOUNDS.

A WARNING.

"WHAT 'll I be when I grow up, mamma?" asked Tommy.

"I don't know, my boy; but if you don't stop crying over everything, I think they'll make you the town-cryer," said mamma.

KENNIBOY ASKS A QUESTION.

"PAPA," said Kenniboy, "did mamma use to make you stop doing things you wanted to do when you were as little as me?"

THE BETTER PLAN.

"PAPA, why don't you do like Mr. Parker does?" asked Harry.

"How is that?"

"Why, you go down town to make bread and butter, but I heard him say he was makin' money as fast as he could breathe."

Miss BRUCE was telling the children in the physiology class how to preserve the teeth.

Maudie could not talk plain. She pronounced her "th's" as if they were "f's." This little girl wanted to know what the teacher thought of the old saying that it hurts the teeth to bite thread with them; so she raised her hand, and asked: "Does it hurt your teef to bite fred with them?"

"Fred who?" asked the amused teacher.

AN OPINION.

"I DON'T believe my mamma ever was a little girl," said Billie. "She's too nice to have been anything but a boy like me."

BLAMELESS

"Now, Johnny, look at your boots—just covered all over with mud."

"Tain't my fault, mamma. I wanted to take my shoes and stockin's off, but Mary wouldn't let me."

"How is your papa to-day?" asked Mr. Price.

"He is better," answered Tom.

"What are his symptoms?" asked Mr. Price.

"Oh, he hasn't the symptoms; he has the fever," said Tom.

EVIDENCE

"THIS milk tastes as if it was watered," said Mr. Bronson.

"I know it is, papa," said Tommy. "I saw the cow takin' a drink myself."

BRAG.

ARNOLD (*proudly*). "My father fought in the war."

MARVIN. "Pooh! that's nothing; our coachman did that, and lost an eye, too."

A VAIN HOPE

"ANDREW," said his new teacher, "I hope you are a good boy."

"Yessum," answered Andrew; "that's what mamma hopes every day."

SPRING COURTESIES.

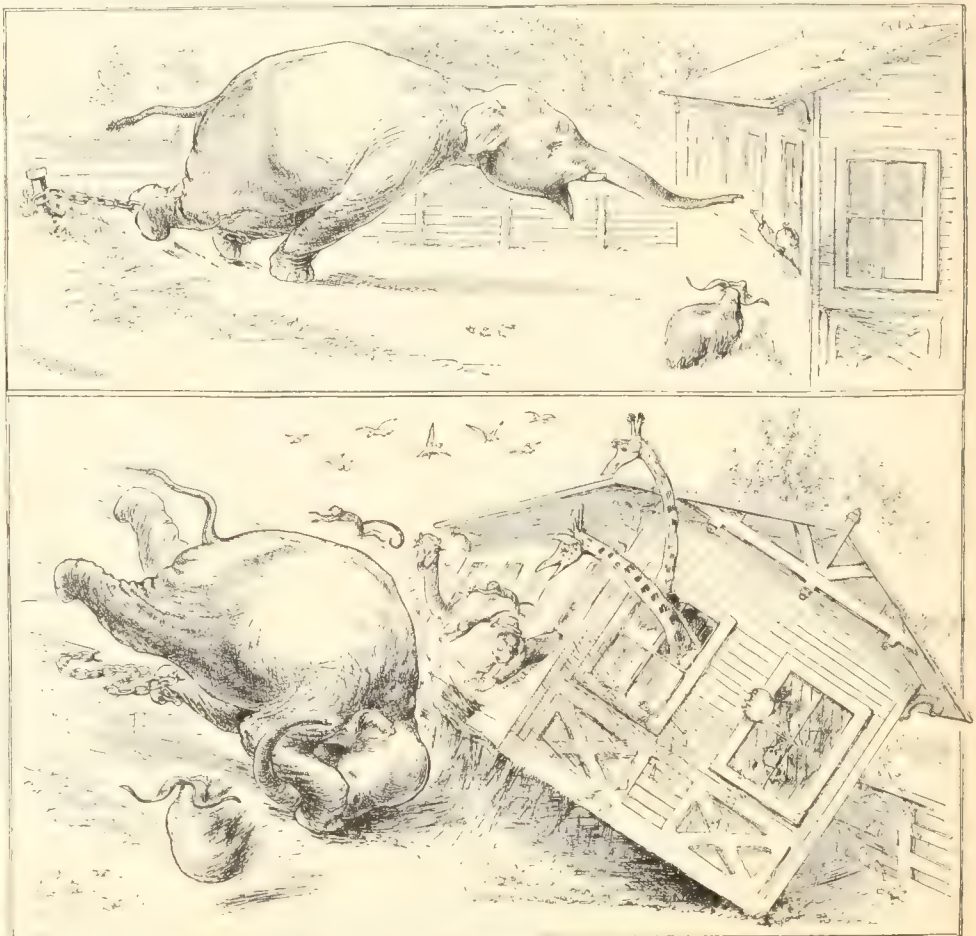
"How are you?" asked the Sunbeam of the Rose-bush.

"Pretty well, thanks; I'll soon be able to be out," replied the Bush, shaking its swelling buds proudly.

A GENTLE HINT.

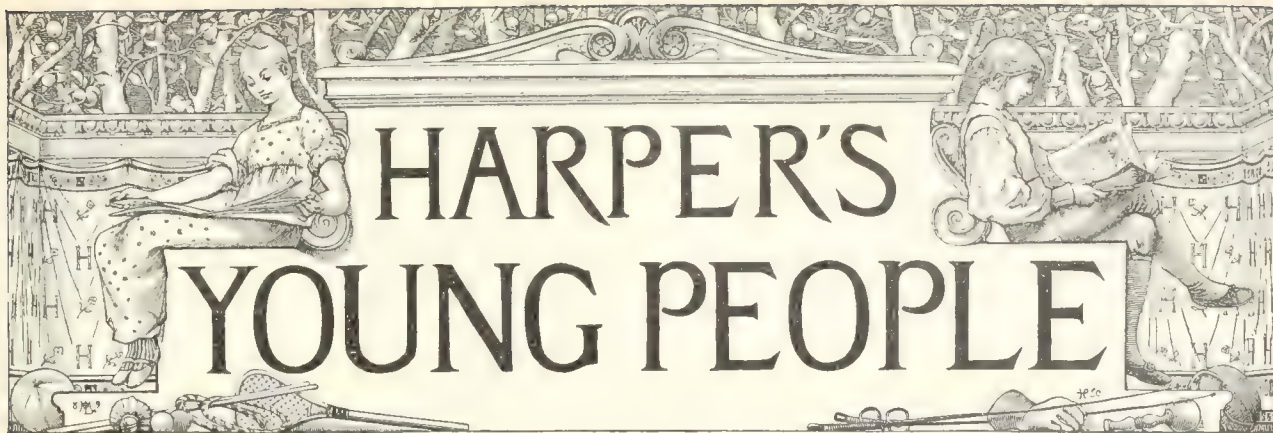
UNCLE JACK. "What will you do when you get to be a man?"

LITTLE JACK. "I'll give all the little boys I know a baseball."



THE PACHYDERM AND THE PEANUT.

THE STRENGTH OF A CHAIN IS EQUAL TO THE STRENGTH OF ITS WEAKEST LINK.



HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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CANOEMATES:*

A STORY OF THE EVERGLADES.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," "DERRICK STERLING," "CRYSTAL, JACK, & CO.," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CANOES ARE AGAIN LOST, AND AGAIN FOUND.

IN that snug harbor there was so little chance of danger that no watch was kept, and after a pleasant evening spent in smoking and discussing plans all hands turned in, and slept soundly until morning. Although the sun had gone down in a blaze of ominous glory the evening before, and the breeze had died out in an absolute calm, no one was prepared for the wonderful change of

scene disclosed by the morning. While their land-locked harbor was still as placid as a mill-pond where they were anchored, it was blackened and roughened by the gusts of fierce squalls but a short distance from them. The continuous roar of breakers outside denoted a furious sea, the cause of which was shown by the lashing tree-tops and the howlings of a gale overhead. The sky was hidden behind masses of whirling clouds, while after the tropical weather to which they had been accustomed the air seemed bitterly cold, though the mercury had not fallen below 50°. The gale was a typical Norther that, sweeping down from Texas prairies, had gathered strength

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 644.

in its unchecked progress across the Gulf, and was now hurling itself with furious energy against the low Florida coast.

"Whew! What a day!" cried Sumner, as he emerged from the warm cabin, and stood shivering in the cockpit. "I tell you what, old man, I'm glad we are in this snug haven, instead of outside."

"So am I," said Worth, who had followed Sumner, and to whom these remarks were addressed. "I'm afraid canoes would stand a pretty sorry chance out there just now."

"Canoes! Well, I should say so! They'd be— Great Scott! where are the canoes and the cruisers?"

Sumner had just taken his first glance astern, and as he uttered this exclamation he sprang to the little after-deck, and stared about him. The three canoes and the two cruisers had been left for the night attached to a single stout line, which was made fast to the *Transit's* rudder post. Now they were gone, and not a sign of them was to be seen as far as the eye could look.

"If that doesn't beat anything I ever heard of!" exclaimed Sumner, in bewilderment.

"I should think a Jew-fish big enough to take them all might just as well have taken the schooner too," said Worth.

"Yes; I expect she will be stolen from under us the next thing we know," replied Sumner; "and I expect if we ever get our canoes again, we'd better put them into a burglar-proof safe, and hire a man with a dog to watch them nights. I never heard of anybody losing canoes as easily as we do. Where do you suppose they can have gone to, sir?"

This question was addressed to Lieutenant Carey, who, together with Ensign Sloe, had been attracted to the deck by Sumner's first dismayed exclamation.

"I've no more idea than you have," replied the Lieutenant, gravely. "The Jew-fish is not to blame this time, at any rate, for there was no anchor down that he could get hold of, and this rope has evidently been cut." Here the speaker displayed the end of the rope that hung over the stern, and pointed to the clean cut by which it had been severed. "It is evident that some human agency has been at work," he continued, "and I am inclined to connect it with the strange behavior of the fellows on that sloop; though what their object in stealing our boats was, I can't imagine. It is a very serious matter to us, however, and one that calls for prompt investigation. As this wind must have sprung up early in the night, it is hardly probable that the boats can have been taken out to sea, and if they were not, they must be somewhere in this lagoon, perhaps concealed in the mangroves, or in one of the sloughs that empty into it. It is lucky that we have the canvas boat left, for I should hate to try and navigate the *Transit* in these unknown waters with such a gale blowing."

The canvas boat, of which the Lieutenant spoke, was a folding affair that was stowed under the cockpit floor, and was a part of the schooner's regular outfit. Although it was very light, it could easily accommodate three persons, and was a capital thing to fall back on in an emergency like the present.

Lieutenant Carey ordered it to be got out and put in shape. After breakfast he and Sumner, with one of the crew to row, stepped into it and started on their search. They skirted the shore as closely as possible, both to escape the force of the wind, and that they might the more carefully examine the dense mangrove thickets that with occasional stretches of white beach formed the coast line.

The mangrove, which here attains the size of an oak, is one of the most curious of trees, and in one particular closely resembles the banyan. Its small yellow blossom, which is eagerly sought by honey-bees, bears a long brown seed about the size and shape of a cigar.

This, falling off, readily takes root in mud flats, beneath shallow salt or brackish water, and shoots up a straight slender stem having numerous branches. Some of these branches bend downward to the water, sending their tips into the mud, where they in turn take root. At length the tree is thus surrounded by a circle of woody arches that soon become strong enough to support the weight of a man. As the tree increases in height, the upper branches send down long straight shoots that also take root and form independent trunks. Mangroves grow with marvellous rapidity, and quickly cover large areas, where their thickly interlaced arching roots hold all manner of drift and sea-weed, until finally it forms a soil in which the seeds of coarse grasses and other vegetation may sprout and flourish. Thus in the course of time an island of dry land is formed and lifted above the water. In this way the coral reefs of the Florida coast are gradually transformed into verdant keys, the mangrove taking up and continuing the work of island-building just below the surface of the water, where the coral insect leaves off. The mangrove is covered with a thick foliage of small glossy leaves that is such a favorite haunt for mosquitoes, that wherever mangroves grow there mosquitoes are found in countless millions.

Skirting this wonderful mangrove forest, and occasionally penetrating shallow bays, in which herons, cranes, ibises, pelicans, and curlews swam and waded, the occupants of the canvas boat searched for several hours in vain. Finally, as they were on the opposite side of the broad lagoon from their starting-point, and exposed to the full force of the wind, Sumner called out that he saw something that looked like masts on the edge of a distant clump of mangroves. It was no easy task to navigate successfully through the heavy sea running at this point; but when they had accomplished it, they were rewarded by seeing the entire fleet piled up in the greatest confusion among the mangroves, which at this place extended far out into the water. Before they reached them, both the Lieutenant and Sumner were obliged to jump overboard in water above their waists to prevent the canvas boat from swamping in the breakers.

The picture presented by their stranded fleet looked like one of utter ruin. Sumner trembled for the fate of his precious canoe, and the Lieutenant wondered if his expedition had thus been brought to an untimely end. There was a small beach a short distance away, to which the sailor took the canvas boat, and then returned to help them clear the wrecks. One by one the several craft, all of them full of water, were extricated from the tangled mass, and dragged to the beach for examination. The three canoes were found to be badly scratched and damaged so far as looks went, but still sound and seaworthy. This was undoubtedly owing to their lightness and the exceeding care with which canoes are built. In their construction the question of expense is not considered, consequently, being built of the best material by the most skillful workmen, they are stronger than ordinary craft many times their size.

Their sails were muddied and torn, and some of their slender spars were broken; but as most of their cargoes had been transferred to the *Transit* before leaving Lignum Vitæ, this was the extent of their injury. Sumner was jubilant when a careful examination of every part of them revealed this fact; but Lieutenant Carey, who was devoting his attention to the cruisers, looked very grave. Both of them were badly stove, and it was evident that only extensive repairs could render them again fit for service.

"Who could have done this thing, and why was it done?" he repeated over and over again, in deep perplexity; while Sumner, equally at fault, tried to recall whose voice it was that had seemed so familiar when they exchanged hails with the sloop.

After emptying the canoes and hauling the cruisers high up on the beach, where they were to be left for the present, the party set forth on their return trip. The Lieutenant went in his own canoe, Sumner in his, while the sailor in the canvas boat towed the *Cupid*.

As they neared the schooner they saw her people pointing eagerly toward a bit of beach near the head of the creek, through which they had entered the lagoon the evening before. Looking in that direction, they saw a white man beckoning to them and shouting, though they could not distinguish his words.

Readily understanding that he was in distress of some kind, the Lieutenant and Sumner headed their canoes in his direction. As they neared him, they saw that he was hatless, and clad only in a shirt and trousers that were torn and water-soaked. The first words that they could distinguish were:

"Our boat is going to pieces outside, and Rust Norris is in her with a broken arm."

"Rust Norris!" That was the name Sumner had been racking his memory for, and his was the voice that had come to them from the sloop on the preceding evening.

CHAPTER XX.

THE "PSYCHE" AS A LIFE-BOAT.

"JUST where does the sloop lie?" asked Sumner, as the bow of his canoe ran on to the beach where the man stood.

The latter explained the position of the stranded vessel so clearly that the boy, who was familiar with the locality, comprehended it in a moment.

"She's about a mile from the mouth of the creek, and about a quarter off shore," said the man. "When the tide went down, I partly swum and partly waded to the beach. I don't know how I ever got ashore alive, but the thought of poor Rust out there kinder nerved me on, and so I made it at last. I wouldn't do it again, though, for all the money in Key West. Now I've been here so long waiting for help, and the tide's rising again so fast, that I'm afraid it's all day with poor Rust. If he ain't swept off the wrack by this time, he soon will be, and I don't know as there is anything can be done for him. It wouldn't be possible for the schooner to get anywhere near the wrack, she's dragged in so far over the reefs, and the small boat isn't built that could live in them seas."

"Yes, she is," said Sumner, quietly, but with a very pale face. "This boat that I am sitting in can live out there, and she's got to do it too." So saying, he set his double-bladed paddle into the sand, and with a vigorous shove sent the light craft gliding backward into deep water.

The man stared at him in speechless amazement, while the Lieutenant called out:

"Don't try it, Sumner! You must be crazy to think of such a thing! You'll only be throwing away your own life for nothing. Come back, and we'll think of some other plan."

"There isn't time to think of another plan," Sumner called back over his shoulder. "I must go, and I know I can do it. If you will have some of the men out there on the beach ready to help us land, we'll make it easy enough. Good-by."

Impelled by vigorous strokes of Sumner's paddle, the *Psyche* was already gliding down the smooth waters of the sheltered creek, and it was too late to restrain the impetuous young canoeeman from carrying out his project. Realizing this, and also that Sumner's plan, hazardous as it seemed, was the only feasible one, Lieutenant Carey set about doing his own share of the work in hand. He took the stranger off to the schooner, and after swallowing a cup of hot coffee, of which he stood greatly in need, the

man declared himself ready to guide a party to the beach opposite the place where the sloop lay.

Dinner was ready and waiting on board the *Transit*, but nobody thought of stopping to eat a mouthful after learning the news of what was taking place. The sole anxiety was to reach the beach as quickly as possible. The instant the stranger said he was ready, all hands, except those ordered to remain by the schooner, began to tumble into the available canoes, eager to be set ashore.

Poor Worth was sadly distressed when he heard of the terrible task undertaken by his friend, but he tried to cheer himself and the others by declaring that if any boat could live outside, it was the canoe *Psyche*, and if any living sailor could carry her through the seas, whose angry roar filled the air, it was Sumner Rankin.

In the mean time the brave young fellow who was the object of all this anxiety had reached the mouth of the creek. There, in a sheltered spot, he paused for a few minutes to take breath, and make his final preparations for a plunge into the roaring breakers outside.

He set taut the foot steering-gear, took double reefs in both his sails, saw that the halyards were clear and ready for instant service, adjusted the rubber apron so that the least possible water should enter the cockpit, and then, with a firm grasp of his paddle, he shoved off.

In another minute he was breasting the huge combing breakers of the outer bar, and working with desperate energy to force his frail craft through or over them. The roar of waters was deafening, while the fierce gusts rendered breathing difficult. At one moment the sharp bow of the canoe would point vaguely toward the sky, while the next would see it directed into a watery abyss, and plunging downward as though never to rise again. At such moments the rudder would be lifted from the water, and only the most skilful use of the paddle prevented the canoe from broaching to, and being rolled over and over, to be finally dashed in fragments on the beach. Again and again the wave crests broke on her deck, sweeping her fore and aft with a blinding mass of hissing water.

Still the boy's strength held out, still his paddle was wielded with regular strokes, and finally he came off victorious in this first bout of his fierce single-handed struggle. The line of breakers was passed, and riding over the comparatively regular seas beyond, he began working dead to windward for an offing.

Not until he was a good half-mile off shore, and very nearly exhausted by his tremendous efforts, did he push back the rubber apron, drop his centre board, and then, steadying the canoe with his paddle, seize a favorable opportunity for hoisting the tiny after-sail that should keep her momentarily headed into the wind. Then, quickly unjointing his paddle and thrusting its parts into the cockpit, he grasped the fore halyard, and with a single pull set the double-reefed mainsail.

Now was a most critical moment, for as he pulled in on the main-sheet and the sail began to feel the full force of the wind, the little craft heeled over gunwale under. Only by promptly scrambling to the weather deck, and sitting with his feet braced under the lee coaming, while his whole body was thrown far out over the side, did he prevent her from capsizing. Then she gathered headway and dashed forward. With one hand on the deck tiller and holding the main-sheet in the other, the boy peered anxiously ahead.

Yes; there was the wreck—oh, so far away!—with clouds of white spray dashing high above it. Could he ever reach it through those tumultuous seas? Lifting him high in the air, where he was exposed to the full force of the wind at one moment, they towered above the deep trough into which he sank at the next, and left his bits of sails shaking as if in a calm. With full confidence in himself and his boat, he believed he could reach it, and he did.

He had no time to look at the anxious watchers on the beach, but they noted his every movement with painful eagerness. They almost held their breath as some huge wave tossed him high aloft, and again as he was completely hidden from them behind its foam-capped crest. At length they saw him reach a point abreast the wreck, round sharply to under its lee, and seize his paddle. In another minute he was on board, with the first half of his task accomplished.

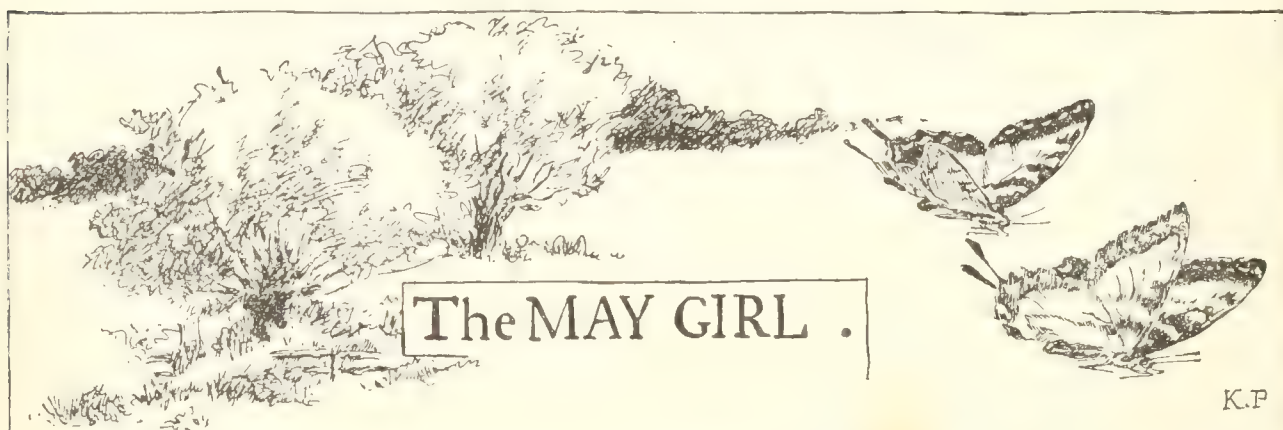
He found Rust Norris crouching in the lee of the little deck-house, nearly exhausted with pain, hours of cold drenching, and the terror of his position. The wreck was trembling so violently with each shock of the seas that it seemed as though she must break up beneath their feet.

Rust's left arm was supported in a rude sling made from a strip of his shirt knotted about his neck. He did not speak as the boy bent over him, but an expression of glad surprise and renewed hope lighted his haggard face.

"Come, Rust!" shouted Sumner. "With one big effort you'll be all right. They are waiting for you on the beach, and the canoe will carry you that far easy enough, if you can only manage to get into her. You will have to sit low down, and steer with your feet while you hold the sheet in your hand. All you'll have to do is to run her in dead before the wind head on for the beach."

With infinite difficulty the wounded man was finally seated in the narrow cockpit of the frail craft. A moment later it was shoved off from the trembling wreck, and was racing with fearful speed toward the beach. It seemed to leap from the top of one huge wave to the next without sinking into the intervening hollow. Not until it was dragged safely ashore by those who rushed into the breakers to meet the flying craft, did Rust Norris realize that he was the *Psyche's* sole occupant.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



Words and Music by J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB.

Allegretto.

1. The A - pril Girl has her smiles and tears, Her bright young hopes, her
 2. Ah! April wept when the black clouds swept O'er the sky t'wards the close of a

mf *mp*

sor - row - ful fears, But I'm the girl that was born in May, With nev - er a cloud to o'er - cast the day. Would - n't
 - un - - ny day, But the sky stays blue and hearts are true For the girl that is born on a day in May. Now..

you be me With a heart as free As the birds that twit - ter in the ma - ple tree? As the birds that twit ter in the ma - ple tree?
 just let's see, Wouldn't you be me With the day all.. sun - shine and a heart care free? With the day all sun - shine and a heart care free?

"COME, LET US GO A-MAYING."

BY E. A. MATTHEWS.

THE month of May has always been the favorite of poet and painter. Centuries ago the lads and lasses of Merry England were wont to rise early on May day and spend its long hours in gay frolic and light-hearted games and sports. On every village green stood the May-pole, beneath whose gay flowers and ribbons the Queen o' the May held her Court of Love and Beauty. One of the prettiest of all the ancient customs was that of dancing round the May-pole. Several parishes would unite in turns to set up the pole, until each had its own special shrine for the merrymakers. An old writer thus describes the bringing of the May-pole:

"So into the forest they went; each rustic farmer driving hither his oxen yoked. Choosing the straightest and handsomest tree, with sturdy axes they soon laid it low; and while the young men trimmed the limbs off smoothly, and peeled the bark, the women and maidens gathered wild flowers, which they wove into garlands for the oxen. Then the maidens tied nosegays to the horns of the oxen, and hung garlands upon their yokes. When the May-pole was thus made ready and the last garland woven, all covered with flowers, it was carried to the village green, sometimes forty or fifty pairs of oxen drawing it, and two or three hundred men, women, and children following it. Then it was raised with shout and song, while ribbons and flags were flying from its top. The ground beneath it was strewn with flowers, and there the Queen of May received her loyal subjects." Surely the climate of England has changed since then. At least we know it is rarely warm enough in our country to have an out-door festival as early as on the first day of May.

But we have many pretty customs of our own for celebrating the historic day. The hanging of May baskets is now a beautiful fashion, and many a heart is made happy by receiving these pretty tokens of spring and friendship.

In country towns where it is not easy to obtain hot-house blossoms the little children go out the day before and seek the shy first flowers of the season. Early on May-day morning they fill dainty baskets with these flowers, and hide some little gift or love-token under green leaves. While it is still almost dark they flit from house to house like wee fairies, and hang the baskets on the door-knob of the favored friend. The handles of the baskets are twined about with gay ribbons and tied in long loops and bows. In cities these May baskets are filled with choicest hot-house blossoms and fine candies, and sent any time in the morning.

If the day happens to be warm and bright, teachers and scholars often go together to the nearest grove or park, and there crown the Queen of May. The favorite girl is chosen, and on her head is placed a wreath of flowers. All join hands and sing gay songs as they dance about her.

But the prettiest of all our May-day customs is that of the kindergarten children dancing around the May-pole. This may be done even if the day is "cold and dark and dreary." The modern May-pole is not more than ten or twelve feet tall, tapers toward the top, and is painted white. The best size is about eight inches in diameter at base, and four at the top. The ribbons with which it is to be twined should be three or four feet longer than the pole, and the colors, scarlet, orange, purple, yellow, green, and blue, fastened in order, two of each kind upon opposite sides of the top, so that each color will come opposite its mate. The smallest number of children that can engage in the May-pole dance is twelve—six boys and six girls—and several more would improve it. Each child must be dressed to match the color of its chosen ribbon, the boys wearing flannel blouses and stockings, the girls with hair ribbons and stockings to match,

but in white dresses. It is difficult to tell just how to wind the May-pole, but a good leader would have no trouble to show them in person. The music must be lively and in marked time, and the children must have correct ear for it, or there will be constant mistakes. The kindergarten teacher gives these plain rules:

"Describe a circle around the base of the pole, five feet from the centre or staff. Divide this into twelve equal sections, marking each with the name of the ribbon which starts there. Each child must be taught to remember its color. The following movements are suggested:

"1. All join hands and dance around the pole, going twice toward the left, and then twice back toward the right.

"2. Place ribbon above the head, turn in place eight steps to the right. Repeat. Then turn eight steps to the left. Repeat.

"3. Boys hold their ribbons high, girls dance under them four times around the pole, going toward the right. Then go four times toward the left. Then girls hold the ribbons high, and boys do the same.

"4. Winding the barber's pole is a pretty fancy. Each child takes its ribbon in its right hand, all join hands, still holding the ribbons, then dance about the pole toward the right until the ribbons are all wound up. Then by dancing toward the left the ribbons are again unwound.

"5. The last and hardest of all is to braid the ribbons about the May-pole. To do this the boys take their ribbons and dance toward the right, while the girls take their ribbons and dance toward the left in a continuous round, lifting the ribbons as each one passes under, so that the heads do not get caught. They go round and round, and if the little ones are careful the May-pole will be smoothly covered with the braided ribbons as far down from the top as their lengths will admit, and it will be as perfect as though one pair of hands had done the work. Of course to do this well requires practice, but the effect is so fine, and the children enjoy the charming pastime so heartily that they do not grow weary. It is just like marching to good music."

All the pretty May-day traditions, like those of St. Valentine and many similar seasons, were once a part of the social life of young men and women. But as time passed, they have lost their "grown-up" character, and only linger among us as fanciful amusement for the little ones.

THE BLUEBIRD.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

'Tis thine the earliest song to sing
Of welcome to the wakening spring,
Who round thee, as a blossom, weaves
The fragrance of her sheltering leaves.





THIS IS WHAT THEY ARE LAUGHING AT.

NATTY BARTON'S MAGIC.

BY E. H. HOUSE,

AUTHOR OF "GRACIE'S GODSON," ETC.

IV.

"SHE is a dear little creature," said Mrs. Barton, while conversing alone with Mr. Huntington on the following morning. "I wish some good person would adopt her, and take her out of those unsettled, rambling ways."

"I understand you," the lawyer replied; "but I should be unequal to so hard a trial. Her face would be a constant reproach to me."

"Don't say that, sir. I am sure you did everything that man could do to find Miss Helen—Mrs. Greaves, I mean."

"When it was too late," said Mr. Huntington, mournfully. "No; the child is closely attached to her parents, and they would probably refuse to part with her for any consideration. They could not be expected to submit to such a sacrifice. But I hope to see her many times while she remains here. Make her visit as pleasant as you can, Mrs. Barton, so that she will wish to come again."

He had quite forgotten his statement to Adela, two days before, that he could not personally receive any of the guests on Sunday; but Mrs. Barton remembered it, and drew hopeful conclusions from his change of mind.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross, with Adela, were ushered by Natty, about eleven o'clock, into the stately Huntington mansion. Their entrance produced an effect upon those of the neighbors who witnessed it not less remarkable than that created by the lawyer's appearance in Fenlowe Hall. For more than ten years he had admitted no visitors to his residence, except for necessary business purposes, and nobody comprehended why the first relaxation of the rule should be for the benefit of an unknown family whose vocation assuredly could not serve as a powerful recommendation to favor. But Mrs. Barton was in no uncertainty upon the subject. She did her best to make the strangers contented and comfortable, and her success was such that Mrs. Ross's usually pale face glowed with animation, while every trace of uneasiness vanished from her husband's features. Adela, for her part, danced about and sang so cheerfully as to cause all the party to forget that there was such a thing as care in the world.

Early in the afternoon, as they were sitting in the ar-

bor on the bank of the river, they saw Mr. Huntington approaching through the orchard. Adela ran to meet him.

"I knew you would come," she cried, taking his hand to lead him to the others. "Natty was afraid you could not, but I told him you were too good to stay away when mamma wanted so much to thank you. Mamma would have been distressed if she had not seen you."

"And you, my child?" asked Mr. Huntington.

"Oh, I am a little girl, and can go anywhere and do anything. I should have tried to find you. I hope you would not have been angry; would you?"

"No, my dear; but that is because you are good, not I."

"Ah, no; I am not too little to know who is good. Anybody that is kind to mamma is good, and you have been the kindest of all. It made me—you mustn't say anything about it, but it made me cry, yesterday, when papa told her what you had done to help us to stay here, and get her well."

"Why, how can a person be good who makes you cry?"

"It doesn't hurt to cry like that," she explained, laughing joyously. "Now here are my papa and mamma, ever so glad to see you."

In a few simple and sincere words the invalid conveyed her acknowledgment of the important service which the lawyer had rendered. Mr. Huntington was struck by the refinement and delicacy of her manner. He knew very little about the class to which wizards and conjurers belong, but his first thought was that if Adela's destiny bound her to a career of publicity, it was fortunate that she was under the guidance of so well-bred a gentlewoman.

"To tell you the truth, sir," said Mr. Ross, whose manner was less reserved than his wife's, "we haven't been able to account for the consideration you have shown us. It is not a common experience with us, and, indeed, people in our line of occupation do not look for it; but it is none the less gratifying for that, you can well believe."

"If you are indebted to anybody," said Mr. Huntington, seating himself in the arbor, "it is to Master Natty, in the first place. He told me about Mullins's freak of ill-humor, and as I am the owner of the hall, it seemed proper that I should interfere. Yet I am not sure that I should have gone to the entertainment if I had not seen your daughter while she was here as Natty's guest. It needs a strong persuasion to entice an old hermit out of his solitude, but I could not resist her."

"She has been a blessing to us," exclaimed Mr. Ross, "ever since we—"

"All her life," interposed Mrs. Ross, breaking in upon her husband's sentence.

"I do not doubt it," said Mr. Huntington. "I have known one who was not unlike her, and who at her age was the joy and brightness of all around her."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Ross; "may I ask if she was your child?"

"My child? No; it was my sister Helen."

"Helen!" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Ross together, with a look of surprise.

"That was her name," said the lawyer, quietly.

"Would you kindly tell me her full name?" inquired Mr. Ross. "Believe me, I do not ask in idle curiosity."

"Helen Huntington," was the reply. "Or, if you mean her name after marriage, it was Helen Greaves."

Mrs. Ross drew a quick breath, and folding her arms tightly about Adela, pressed the child to her breast. Mr. Ross, after a moment's pause, spoke hurriedly to his wife, with an effort at composure which was far from successful.

"Do not hold her, my love," he said; "she must leave us for a little while." Turning to Adela, he added: "Go with Natty, dear; he will entertain you somewhere else."

I have something to tell Mr. Huntington which you need not hear—not yet—not yet."

Adela's eyes grew big and round with wonder, but she kissed Mrs. Ross, and obeyed in silence, taking Natty's hand, and seeming to direct rather than follow him.

"It is a very serious matter," continued the magician. "I have no right—and no desire—to make suggestions in this place, but perhaps we ought to speak with Mr. Huntington entirely alone."

"Mrs. Barton has been in my family twenty years," said the lawyer, greatly astonished. "I can think of nothing that should be withheld from her."

"Then, sir, it is a hard thing for me to say, but my duty requires me to tell you that Adela is not our daughter—"

"Not yours?" exclaimed Mr. Huntington.

"And that her true name is Helen Greaves."

"Are you trifling with me?" cried the lawyer, springing to his feet.

"Heaven forbid, sir! I would give everything I own in the world to keep the secret forever, if I could do so justly; but I am bound in honor to let you hear the truth. Ten years ago, when we were travelling in South Carolina, we passed through a small town called Greensborough. We stopped at a hotel in which a Northern lady had just died. We never saw her, but the landlord's wife, one of the best and tenderest of women, told us she had been brought there for her health, and then deserted by her husband—a brilliant but worthless adventurer named Greaves. She left a little girl, who was then only a few months old. The landlady was full of compassion, but she was not prosperous, and after we had been there some days she yielded to our proposal that we should adopt the child. We did so, and— I need not say any more, sir. You can tell better than I who she really is, but it will almost break our hearts if we must lose her."

Mr. Huntington had dropped into his seat again, and he now leaned forward, resting his elbows on a table, and his face fell upon his hands.

"Answer me honorably," he said, in a broken voice.

"You don't know what this means to me. Have you any papers or other articles connected with the birth of the child?"

"Several letters, sir, a few pieces of clothing, and some trinkets. We always keep them by us."

"Why have you made no effort to discover her relations?"

"We have made all in our power, but the indications were very imperfect. The letters were dated from Washington, and were not fully signed. They were evidently from the lady's brother. The only name at the end was Robert."

"It is mine; but why did you change that of the child?"

"We were led to believe it was the mother's wish. She had been in terror lest her husband should get possession of the infant, and use it as a means—"

"I understand; as a means of extorting money."

"Precisely, sir. The landlady, who had been in the poor sufferer's confidence, begged us to conceal everything until we could trace the child's family. So we called her Adela Ross—Adela being my wife's name, also—and for a long time we spared no effort to find the brother who wrote the letters in our possession. Our means were limited, and we failed. The search was discontinued years ago. But I may say without fear of contradiction that the little one has been tenderly reared, and you can learn from her own lips if she has ever been unhappy."

"God bless you! I am sure she has not. You will let me examine the relics of which you speak? I wish the identification to be complete, and then—"

"Oh, Mr. Huntington," interrupted Mrs. Barton, "what more can you want than a single look at the dear child's face? She is your sister Helen alive again."

"Indeed it seems so, Mrs. Barton; and now I have the explanation of the singular influence her gentle voice and sweet smile have had upon me. It was a happy day when your son brought her to my lonely house."

"For you, sir, but not for us," said Mr. Ross, dejectedly.

Before an answer could be given, Adela's voice was heard at a short distance.

"May I come now, papa? Natty has caught me a funny turtle, that shuts up its head and tail, and makes a box of itself. I'll give it to you, papa, and if Mr. Mullins is disagreeable again, you can take it out of his mouth some evening."

She ran into the arbor, full of gay vivacity; but the mirth faded from her face when she saw that Mrs. Ross was weeping. Dropping her new prize, she sprang to her protectress, crying:

"Mamma, mamma, what is the matter? What has happened?"

"Something strange has happened," said the sorrowing lady, endeavoring to control herself. "Something fortunate for you, Adela, but very sad for me. We have just learned that Mr. Huntington is your uncle."

"My uncle!" exclaimed the child, in amazement, and looking curiously at the lawyer. "Are you my uncle? Are you—are you my mamma's brother?"

"I am, my dear," he answered; "I am your mother's brother, but not this lady's. She—"

"What do you mean?" demanded Adela. "I cannot understand."

"Come hither, my love," he replied, drawing her to him. "I am truly your uncle, and I thank God that I have found you. You are the only one of my near kindred left. My home is yours, and you must never leave me."

"Mamma, what is he saying?" she cried, breaking from him, and rushing again to Mrs. Ross. "I am your little girl, and papa's, and nobody else's."

"My darling, we must think of what is right and just. Mr. Huntington will love you dearly, and will never separate us wholly, I believe. To-night I will tell you all that we have just learned. You will let her stay with us, sir, while we are in Fenlowe?"

"I will always stay with you," declared the child, in a passion of grief and fear. "Do not send me away, mamma. Oh, dear mamma, I shall die if you do!"

For a moment nothing more was heard than her piteous sobs, as she lay in Mrs. Ross's arms. Then the lawyer spoke again, in faltering accents.

"It would be hard indeed if the heart of my sister's child were turned against me on the very day of her restoration. Listen to me, dear. This must be your home, as I have said; but I have no wish to take you from her who has cherished and guarded you all your life. Your strong affection for her shows how worthily she has tried to fill the place of the mother whom you never knew. It is too early to speak decisively, but I am confident we can arrange a plan by which Mrs. Ross will consent to watch over you hereafter, as she has always done."

"You will not keep mamma away from me? She is my mamma, you know," said the trembling girl, still anxious and alarmed.

"Not for the world, if she will remain with us. Are you, Mr. Ross, much attached to your present calling?"

"Frankly, sir," answered the magician, "it was pleasant, when we were younger, to wander about the country, earning our humble livelihood by providing amusement for others; but the charm does not last forever, and the chances of success are uncertain, as you have seen."



"I WILL ALWAYS STAY WITH YOU," DECLARED THE CHILD.

Yet, at my age, it is not easy to strike into a new path."

"Leave that to me," said Mr. Huntington. "My interests are large, and I shall have no difficulty, I think, in offering you a satisfactory occupation. Nothing that I can do will ever repay what I owe you."

"Oh, Mr. Huntington," exclaimed the still bewildered child, "do you mean that mamma shall rest here, and get well and strong?"

"I hope so."

"And papa shall have no more trouble?"

"Not if you and I can prevent it."

"Then you are the best gentleman I ever knew, and I am willing to be your little girl, too. But it is so wonderful. More wonderful than anything I have seen you do, papa."

"Yes, dear," Mr. Ross acknowledged; "and it is all real, too, though I can hardly believe it yet. We are not the enchanters in this case. Natty Barton is the magician who has brought it all about."

So every one felt and said. Natty's honest face glowed as he listened to the praise and thanks lavished upon him, and his mother was proud of the happy consequences of her boy's kindly actions. As Mr. Huntington had assured them, there was no difficulty in finding a suitable field for Mr. Ross's activity, and his industry and fidelity made him a valuable agent in conducting portions of his wealthy patron's private business. He took charge of considerable property in Fenlowe, including the hall from which so unfair an attempt had been made to banish him; for the owner decided, after investigation, that it was not wise to lease that establishment again to a man of Mr. Mullins's unpleasant humors. Many persons were forward in expressing doubts as to the propriety of prolonging the connection between Robert Huntington's niece and her

who were brought together by the events here narrated, and with a never-fading recollection of the beneficent results of Natty Barton's magic.

THE END.

HOW FISHES EAT.

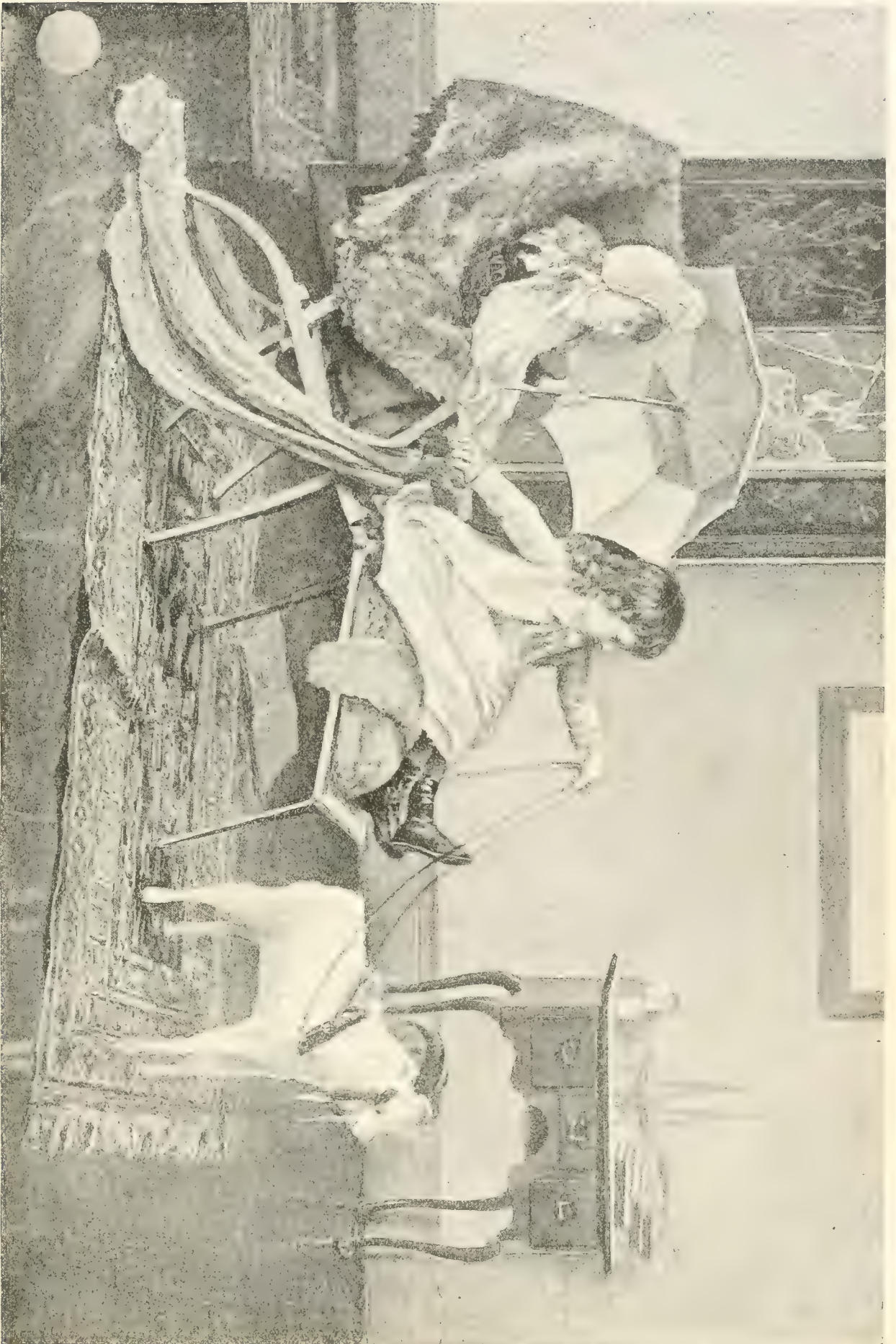
THE curious ways in which fishes eat form quite a study. Some fishes have teeth, and some have none at all. In some the teeth are found upon the tongue, in some in the throat, and in some in the stomach. Some draw in their food by suction; the sturgeon is one of this class. The jelly-fish absorbs its food by wrapping its body around the prey it covets. The starfish fastens itself to its victim, turns its stomach wrong side out, and engulfs its dinner without the formality of swallowing it through a mouth first, much less of asking permission.

Then there is a peculiar little crab—the horseshoe-crab—which chews up its food with its legs or claws before it passes the morsels over to its mouth. While other crabs and lobsters masticate their food with their jaws, and afterward complete the work with an extra set of teeth which they find conveniently located in their stomachs.

So there are all sorts of methods for those regularly toothless, and the fishes which have teeth show almost as great a diversity in the number, style, and arrangement of them. The ray or skate "has a mouth set transversely across its head, the jaws working with a rolling motion like two hands set back to back. In the jaws are three rows of flat teeth, set like a mosaic pavement, and between these rolling jaws the fish crushes oysters and other mollusks like so many nuts."

The carp's teeth are set back in the pharynx, so that it actually masticates its food in its throat; while the sea-urchin has five teeth surrounding its stomach, and working with a peculiar centralized motion, which makes them do as good service as if they numbered hundreds.

And these are only a very few of the odd methods in which fishes eat.



TAKING AN AIRING.—DRAWN BY C. D. WELTON.

FAMOUS AUTOMATA.

BY JOHN PAUL BOCK.

AUTOMATON means a self-moving machine, and is derived from the Greek words *autos*, "self," and *maō*, "to move." Curiously enough, considering how much more we think we know to-day, the Greeks more than two thousand years ago perfected some of the most wonderful automata ever made.

While "automaton" may mean anything which moves itself, the word is applied only to self-moving machines constructed on the pattern of man or beast. Homer, three thousand years ago, spoke of the automatic tripods Vulcan made; and Dædalus, who must have lived almost as long ago, and was a Greek of the royal house of Erechtheus, built a cow for Pasiphæ, Queen of Crete, tradition says, which looked so like others of its kind that they fed side by side with it. Dædalus made the first flying apparatus, and got away from Crete with his artificial wings. We glean from vague allusions to them that he also made statues which danced and walked through the meadows.

Before his time, however, the gigantic statue of Memnon, the son of Tithonus and Aurora, had been erected along the Nile near Thebes, an automaton in one respect only, that it saluted the rising sun and lamented the departure of the orb of day when his first and last rays fell upon the statue's lips. The perfect climate of Thebes may be inferred from the failure of Memnon's historians to speak of his silence in cloudy weather. He was reputed to utter his melodious sounds with unvarying regularity morning and evening, but only as his stony lips were warmed by the sun's rays.

Apollonius of Tyana, that wonderful man of Asia Minor, was believed to work miracles, to hold converse with fairies, and to be able to see events that were then happening thousands of miles away. The particular source of his inspiration was declared to be a wooden figure, which he had so artfully put together that it walked and talked and answered questions.

Virgil, one of the most famous of Latin poets, has, curiously enough, had attributed to him by writers in the Middle Ages the gifts of magic which enabled him to contrive images so lifelike that they moved. A fly of brass he put over one of the gates of the city of Naples lived there for eight years, and during that time kept out mosquitoes and noxious insects. He also made a brazen trumpeter, and set him upon a hill near Naples; whenever the north wind blew, the trumpeter emitted such a blast that it drove away all the smoke and cinders from the volcano near by. Virgil also built a magic fire along the road-side near Naples, which never needed fuel, and by which all travellers were welcome to warm themselves. A brazen archer, with an arrow drawn to the head on his bowstring, stood guard over the fire, with this inscription, "Whoever strikes me, I will let fly my arrow." There are always some foolish people who boast that they "won't take a dare," so a foolhardy Neapolitan struck Virgil's automatic archer one day, the arrow was immediately discharged into the fire, and the fire, which the automaton had so long tended, went out at once.

Another marvellous automatic group said to have been made by the poet consisted of a set of statues called "The Salvation of Rome." Each of these brazen figures corresponded to one of the various nations who at that time were subjects of the Roman government, and when signs of revolt appeared in that particular nation or tribe, the corresponding statue would instantly ring a bell and point with the forefinger in the direction of the danger. Friar Bacon's brazen head has been esteemed a prodigy of human skill, and will be described hereafter, but Virgil's automatic head of brass, made as a diversion by this gifted poet, whom his contemporaries never thought of other-

wise than as a man of letters, actually predicted the future, and kept its master, mediæval records say, well informed of all that was to happen for centuries after the poet died and was buried at Mantua.

Regiomontanus is another of the early artificers whose skill history merely mentions. Tradition says he made at least two automata—the one an eagle, which, whenever the Roman Emperor approached, would fly outside the city gates to meet him, circle about his head, and then return within; the other, an iron fly, which droned and walked along the ceiling after the manner of its kind.

A long interval comes now in the development of human ingenuity; and how much ingenuity, wasted in all these past ages, is now directed into shapes of usefulness to mankind, researches such as the study of automata demonstrate in a notable degree.

The problem of aerial navigation, which the Germans and French are said, in 1892, to have at last come near solving in their war balloons, must have been on the verge of solution in the time of Dædalus and Regiomontanus, and even as far back as that of Archytas, whose wooden dove so accurately counterfeited the motions of the real dove's wings.

It is not until the thirteenth century that any other famous automaton is heard of. Albertus Magnus, the great Dominican, who was born in 1205 A.D., made a servant of human size and features. Thirty years were required for the completion of this automatic man of brass—the material all these old-time artisans seem to have found most to their taste. Not motion alone, but actual speech itself, was his master's gift to this strange creature, which at last became so talkative that Thomas Aquinas, another very wise man, who was studying with Albertus, flew into a passion one day, and seizing a hammer, beat the automaton to pieces.

When Albertus saw the fragments of his thirty years of labor, he is said to have exclaimed, "Periit opus triginti annorum!" (the work of thirty years has perished).

All learned men talked in Latin in those times, and for hundreds of years thereafter, even when they were in great distress, and spoke on the spur of the moment.

One of the most interesting characters who ever lived was Roger Bacon, a contemporary of Albertus the Great. He was a Franciscan friar, wrote Latin, Greek, and Hebrew grammars, ascertained the true length of the solar year, and, some say, invented gunpowder.

Friar Bacon's brazen head may be set down as his greatest achievement. The arts of magic were not believed to have anything to do with it; its maker had mastered the principles of natural philosophy. One of the first books printed in England, as seen now in the British Museum, is the *Tale of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungy*, in which the construction of the brazen head is described. The devil is said to have informed these two wise men that if they would make a fac-simile without and within of the human head, it would eventually become an oracle and reveal to them the mysteries of nature. For seven years they toiled, and at last the head was finished, and set on a pedestal until the time should arrive when it would begin to talk. They waited and waited, but heard nothing. Then tired nature gave out, and they lay down to sleep, telling their servant to call them the instant the image began to speak.

The hour arrived, and the head opened its eyes and began to mumble. The clownish servant did nothing, but waited. The head spoke: "Time is!" The servant only stared. The head, after a while, spoke once again: "Time was!" The servant stared and waited. For the third time the brazen head opened its lips, and this time, in tones of agony, exclaimed, "Time shall be no more!" At that instant a frightful clap of thunder sounded, and the head was shattered into a thousand pieces.

A SILVER FRUIT KNIFE.

BY VALENTINE ADAMS.

I.—ACCUSATION.

ONE, two! The bell of the Oldtown Episcopal Church was ringing out the hour, a friendly warning to the Oldtown High-school that pupils leaving by the east-bound train had but three minutes' grace. Though school closed at half past one, there was always some last lingerer depending upon the good counsel of the Episcopal clock. Sometimes it was one of a group of girls, who, sustaining the spirit, if not the body, on pickles and ginger-snaps, had been working out the algebra problems for the morrow; and sometimes, as in the case at hand, it was a solitary boy, wrestling in the master's office with his Cæsar's Commentaries.

Until this year Hugh Raymond had been a bright particular star in Mr. Allwyse's select school, "an institution guaranteeing thorough preparation for Harvard and other universities." But a rumor ran that it was generally some Oldtown graduate who emerged an easy first in Harvard examinations, and Mr. Raymond decided to send his son to the Oldtown High-School.

At first the change was painful for Hugh; partly because, in general, your public-school boy looks askance at his private-school brother, and in the absence of positive proof to the contrary sets him down infallibly a "sissy," and partly because, for a time, Hugh really believed that to attend high-school at all was a certain condescension on his part. But he was strong and well grown for his thirteen years, and was at bottom a sensible lad; and these mistakes on both sides were soon rectified. By the middle of the year Hugh's high-school life had become a very pleasant one, the "declamation hour" and the "Latin hour" always excepted.

That day the class had been gingerly treading Cæsar's famous bridge, and Hugh, in particular, had scrambled across with so ill a grace that Mr. Homer had requested an interview after school. Hugh was just putting away the little wooden model used by Mr. Homer on such occasions, when the Episcopal bell sounded its warning; and with much joyous slam-bang the boy rushed into the dressing-room, seized his alligator satchel, hastened to his desk, snatched up half a dozen books, thrust them into the bag, and skipped down stairs three at a time. He did not observe that his silver fruit knife had lodged between the algebra and the chemistry, and had gone into the satchel in their august company.

This knife was a relic of his private-school elegance; in fact, it was a prize received for excellence in composition. As even the high-school boys acknowledged Hugh's literary prowess, he took an innocent pride in the trophy. His new mates had indeed rallied him on his use of this "emblem of an effete civilization," as they called it; and once a certain little red-haired wag, set down in the records as James B. Leslie, but known to all as "Jimblie," had, with a great air of humility, brought him an inkwell taken from the writing-room, and a grimy bit of chamois-skin furnished by a member of the drawing class.

"I thought," said Jimblie, with a seriousness that sat absurdly upon his bobbing curls—"I thought you might like a finger-bowl and a napkin."

Hugh joined in the laugh against him, and politely taking the articles, dyed Jimblie's fiery forelock in the

ink. Thus was a general good feeling promoted; and as, day after day, Hugh calmly continued to use his knife, the boys at last ceased to tease him about it, and would even upon occasion make shift to borrow it.

Hugh's school luncheon was always prepared by his good little grandmother, who could not think of intrusting to the cook so important a matter. On the morning after his detention, when, as usual, she slipped a dainty parcel into the alligator bag, she saw the knife, and being very orderly, she tucked it away all too securely into the remotest corner of the inside pocket. Now the dear grandmother was famous for her wonderful memory; she remembered what happened fifty years ago, and forgot



"I WILL NEVER TAKE THE HAND OF ANY ONE WHO BELIEVES ME A THIEF."

what happened yesterday. As Hugh said, her memory was dreadfully far-sighted. At any rate, she quite forgot about the knife till long, long afterward.

Nor did Hugh himself give any thought to it until the following Monday, which chanced to be Valentine's day. Toward the end of recess, as Hugh, apple in hand, went back to the school-room to get his knife, he saw just behind the raised lid of his own desk a shock of bright hair, which could belong to nobody but Jimblie. Before Hugh had time to shout across the room, the red curls had disappeared like lightning.

Hugh rushed to his desk, and opened it. Within lay a valentine of the kind commonly called comic; it was dedicated "To a Dude." Half laughing, half angry, he thrust it out of sight, and looked for the knife. In vain. He opened all his books, he slapped all his pockets. He went into the dressing-room, and searched the satchel, but without success. The slender silver toy had hidden itself between the lining and the leather, and refused to come forth.

After recess, Latin, and during the Latin hour Hugh's mind wandered more than usual. Being asked of what were the swords of Cæsar's army made, he replied, dreamily, but with a certain promptness, "Thilver." Poor Hugh had a slight defect in speech, a lisp which waylaid him when excited or taken off his guard. The titter that followed brought him to his senses. He rose, asked pardon, and gave an answer so clear and full that Mr. Homer said, "Bravo!" and the class listened with respect.

After recitation Hugh made yet another vain search. He had always kept the knife in his desk rather than in

his pocket. He thought of Jimblie's swift retreat at recess. What business had Jimblie at the desk anyway? To be sure, the valentine might explain all that. Still, what if this delicate attention had been merely a blind?

The more Hugh thought about the matter, the more probable it seemed to him that Jimblie had taken the knife. In the first place, Jimblie, though a merry, good-natured creature, and the youngest pupil in the whole high-school, was generally accounted a troublesome boy. Quick to learn, but slow to set about learning, tricky as a Newfoundland puppy, and restless as a young colt, he managed to score an alarming number of black marks. At this very time he was under a cloud, because at the urgent suggestion of a Senior he had placed a wad of chewing-gum in the chair of the teacher of mathematics. Suspension had been mentioned in connection with his name.

The teacher in charge was informed of Hugh's loss, and at the close of the session announced:

"Master Raymond misses from his desk a valuable silver fruit knife. Any one knowing anything of its whereabouts will please report at once."

During this speech Master Raymond glanced furtively at Jimblie. At the words "misses from his desk," Jimblie, thinking of the valentine, flushed hotly. His eye caught Hugh's fixed upon him in suspicion; he became redder yet. His face next took on a look of entreaty, and then, finding in Hugh's countenance nothing but coldness and distrust, it grew very pale. These signs served merely to strengthen Hugh's belief.

Two or three other lads had seen Jimblie's change of color, and during the next few days Hugh, consciously or unconsciously, sowed suspicion in their minds also.

Then everybody suddenly remembered many things much to the discredit of Jimblie. For instance, it was he who in grammar-school days had been leader in that famous enterprise of hiding the janitor's brooms, pails, and coal-hods in a vacant lot.

"If that wasn't stealing," remarked one very virtuous youth, "it came very near it."

Then somebody recalled an occasion when Jimblie, being caught trespassing by a town officer, and being asked his name, had answered at random, half in terror, half in boldness, "John Smith." At that time the boys thought it a small joke, but now, looking through the magnifying-glass of suspicion, they pronounced it a great lie.

Thus poor little Jimblie began to suffer for his former sins. Hitherto he had been popular with his mates if not with his teachers, but now, since the shadow of guilt was upon him, the boys shrank from his society. There was no open accusation; there was a private investigation, which proved nothing but the fact, in no wise denied by Jimblie, that he had put a comic valentine into Hugh's desk. Stung by the coldness of his former friends, the boy, in desperation, humbled himself before Hugh, and protested his innocence.

"I tell you, upon my word of honor, I didn't touch your knife! Why can't you believe me?" he cried.

But Hugh had answered, with a sneer, "Seems to me that for a fellow as innocent as you say you are, you turned pretty red when Mr. Sandford announced that my knife was gone."

From that moment a change came over Jimblie. Tricks lost their charm for him. His flashes of wit and merriment were things of the past. He became quiet—almost sullen—and at times had the half-defiant, half-shrinking air of a person who has borne one blow, and expects another. But in proportion as he withdrew from the boys and their sports, he applied himself to his books.

"I don't know what to make of little Leslie," said Mr. Sandford to Mr. Homer. "Since that wretched af-

fair of the knife, his face haunts me. All the brightness seems to have gone out of him—even out of his hair."

"Yes," replied Mr. Homer, "I've noticed the change, and I've tried to cheer him up a bit; but it's no use. And, strange to say, his recitations are very good. I shouldn't wonder if at the end of the year he came out Number 1."

Spring passed, summer came. Before the school year closed, Mr. Homer's prediction proved a true one. James Leslie stood at the head of his class. Next in order came Hugh Raymond, who had tried with all his might for the first place. Hugh was too manly and well-bred not to hold out a hand of congratulation to his successful rival.

"You beat me fair and square, Leslie," said he, laughingly. "I congratulate you."

But Jimblie drew back, proudly. "I will never take the hand of any one who believes me a thief," said he.

Hugh stared. By him that old affair was already wellnigh forgotten in the new excitement of final examinations and plans for the summer. As he looked at Jimblie, it seemed to him that a strange new dignity invested the boy. How tall he had grown! He was rather thin and pale, too; and certainly his hair looked less absurdly red, now that the curls were cropped.

"What if I made a mistake?" thought Hugh. "What if this boy were really innocent?" For many days he felt ill at ease whenever he thought of Jimblie's words.

II.—REFUTATION.

The long vacation brought changes. Hugh, accompanied by his parents, sailed from New York for a ten weeks' trip abroad. Jimblie, whose mother was a widow, and far from rich, set about doing what he could to help towards his next year's expenses; for it was settled that he should prepare for Harvard. His uncle, who had charge of a branch in a large importing house, needed rest; it was thought that during the summer his right-hand man might, with Jimblie's assistance, manage the department. The offer was a good one; and Jimblie began his new duties on the 1st of July. Mrs. Leslie's heart often ached when, after a long day's work in the city, the boy came home pale and languid. But he declared that he was happy in his work—far happier than he had been at school.

"You see, they trust me at the office," he explained, not without a touch of bitterness.

Nevertheless, in spite of Jimblie's cheerfulness and determination, there came a day—a fierce, blazing August day—when the columns of figures, instead of standing upright as had been their wont, began to perform strange movements before his astonished eyes; at first it was a march, then a quadrille, then a horrible wild waltz.

"There's something wrong somewhere," gasped Jimblie. But after that he remembered nothing, and that summer he added no more columns of figures in the book.

Meanwhile Hugh and his parents, landing at Antwerp, had strolled pleasantly through many Old World countries—through Belgium, with its mediæval palaces and modern factories; through Holland, with its waters and its windmills; through the Rhine country, with its gray castles and green vineyards; and even through northern Italy, or, at least, through those cities which the traveller may safely visit in summer. The Raymonds were people of means and sense, and went their ways without hurry or worry. Sight-seeing was a delight to Hugh; and when, in September, he found himself once more listening to the Antwerp chimes, which seemed now to say, "Homeward bound! Homeward bound!" he realized that he was turning a very bright page in his life's history. He thought of the school, his friends, his daily duties; he felt more than ever a manly desire to live up to his opportunities.

The steamship moved majestically out of the busy harbor into the lazy river, leaving behind her a thousand little bright-winged boats darting about in the morning sun. The weather, like most of the weather in Hugh's existence, was charming. It continued thus for several days. In mid-ocean, however, a gale sprang up, and nearly all the passengers were forced to go below. Hugh's roommate, a lad of fifteen, was a good sailor, and Hugh, in a frame of body far from enviable, had the cabin to himself. All day the pitching and rolling and creaking continued. At times a sea heavier than usual would strike the ship, and then would follow an indescribable din of broken dishes in the pantry, falling coppers in the galley, wails from the steerage, and shouts everywhere. Hugh, opening his eyes on one of these occasions, became feebly aware that his alligator bag, left open on the sofa, had been flung violently to the floor, and that with each motion of the ship its scattered contents were seesawing from one side of the state-room to the other.

"It doesn't matter," he muttered, miserably; "nothing matters, anyway." And he closed his eyes, and braced himself for the next shock. But as the afternoon wore on, the sea became calmer. Hugh sank into a doze, from which he was awakened by the voice of his roommate, Ned.

"Anything I can do for you, old man?" asked Ned. "Hallo! what's up? Your whole wardrobe is wallowing all over the floor. Been throwing things round for exercise?"

"Bag fell off sofa," said Hugh, weakly.

"I guess I'd better pick up a few of your socks and things," rejoined Ned.

"The floor's rather damp. This collar doesn't look very perky, does it? 'The pride has gone out of it,' as our laundress used to say. But wasn't that last roller a terror, though? The steward says it broke over a hundred dishes."

"Is that all?" said Hugh. "I thought 'twas at least a thousand."

"What a jolly fruit knife!" cried Ned, pursuing his labors. "You are the greatest fellow I ever saw for having all sorts of swell belongings."

"Fruit knife?" asked Hugh, now roused. "What kind? Let's see."

Ned held out the knife. Hugh's face took on a number of colors besides those generally incident to seasickness.

"Why," he stammered, "I-I didn't know I had that knife. I thought— Why, where did it come from?"

"Out of the bag, I suppose," said Ned; "along with the rest."

Hugh sank back in misery. "Oh, I don't want to talk about it," he groaned. "It makes me feel sick."

III.—EXPLANATION.

A week later Hugh stood at the door of a little gray cottage in Oldtown. A delicate woman in mourning appeared in answer to his ring.

"May I see James Leslie, please?" he asked, timidly.

"Well, yes," answered the lady; "for a few minutes, perhaps. The doctor said this morning that he might soon begin to see people, if it didn't excite him too much. Of course he can't sit up yet."

"Can't sit up yet?" echoed Hugh, in a dazed way. "Is—has Jimblie been sick?"

"Didn't you know?" asked Mrs. Leslie. "I thought perhaps you were a school friend of his. Jimmy has

been very ill with typhoid fever. Until last week the doctors gave us very little hope. He is getting better now; but, oh, so slowly!" Tears filled her eyes.

Hugh, already bowed down with shame, was cut to the heart by her distress. But that decision of character which was one of his redeeming points came to his aid.

"You said you thought perhaps I was one of Jimmy's friends," said he, brokenly. "I ought to have been, but I was not. I must tell you about it, though I know you will hate me." And he related the whole wretched story, humbly asking forgiveness.



"YOU'VE MADE IT ALL RIGHT NOW, HUGH," SAID HE.

Poor Mrs. Leslie had long cherished a natural resentment against the author of her son's sorrow; but this handsome lad's distress was so evident, and his repentance so sincere, that—well, she even wept a little for Hugh's sake too, and promised to intercede for him if necessary.

But it was not necessary. Malice had no part in Jimblie's soul.

"You've made it all right now, Hugh," said he, in a weak little far-off voice. "I always thought 'twould be cleared up somehow before any of us died."

Jimblie said this last by way of joke, and smiled brightly, but his white face took away the fun of it for Hugh.

"Oh, Jimblie!" he said, struggling to keep back his tears. "I never can make it all right—never. But tell me something I can do to make it nearer right."

There was a pause.

"Perhaps," said Jimblie, softly, "if you could somehow let the fellows know that I wasn't really—a—*thief*"—he winced even as he spoke the word—"and that it was a natural little mistake that might happen to any one—"

"Jimblie," said Hugh, earnestly, "I promise you that every fellow in school shall know the truth. And if they all turn against me, will you have me for a friend still?"

IV.—REPARATION.

They say that Monday is a hard day in every school; and on Monday morning the teachers in the Oldtown High-school were wont to ease the difficult part by assembling all the classes in the great hall, to begin the week with singing. Sometimes the principal then addressed the school on any subject of general importance.

Now when on the second Monday of the fall term Mr.

Hawley arose, begging the attention of all, nobody was surprised. But when Mr. Hawley withdrew, and Hugh Raymond stepped forward, everybody felt that something unusual was coming. Hugh Raymond, too! Why, he was the poorest speaker in school.

Decidedly declamation was not Hugh's forte. His ease of manner deserted him on the platform; at times his defect in speech caused him such terror that every syllable of his "piece" failed him.

It was not strange then that Hugh, in standing before that sea of faces, many of them quite unknown to him, turned very pale. His knees trembled. A cold sweat covered him. Nevertheless he spoke bravely:

"I have athked Mr. Hawley if I might have the chanthe to thand up here before you all, and try to right a great wrong I did laht year." The school listened. Hugh moistened his lips, and with a mighty effort swallowed his lisp. "I lost a silver knife, and I accused James Leslie of taking it. But it was all a mistake of mine. The knife was in my school bag all the time, hidden under the lining. One day on board ship, when I was coming home from my long vacation, a great wave struck the ship, and threw my bag off the sofa, *and the knife fell out*. I had been carrying it about with me all the time that I was accusing an innocent fellow of stealing it. I promised Jimblie I'd tell everybody, and this is the best way I can think of. But I know I can never undo the wrong I did, for I spoiled a half-year of a boy's life by making people think him a thief. I—I suppose you all think I was mean, but I didn't mean to be ath mean ath it lookth. But whatever you think about *me*, I want you all to *know* that *Jameth Lethlie ith all right*."

Poor Hugh sat down trembling, overcome by his feelings and the letter s.

Oh, what a clapping then went up from five hundred pairs of vigorous young hands! Most of it was for Jimblie, of course, but there was a little left for Hugh. Even the teachers joined. The principal rang a bell, and requested that "further demonstrations be postponed till a more fitting season." He meant recess; and at recess the boys said,

"We treated Jimblie shamefully."

"There's something we can do to make amends," suggested one of the most thoughtful. "We can elect him Class President. He has a ready tongue and a good mind, and the teachers will approve, surely."

"We'll have to see what the girls say first," replied another.

"Oh," said a third, "that will be all right! Girls always stand up for the injured."

Now when a mass-meeting was called, the girls fulfilled this good report, and James Leslie was unanimously elected President of the Class. Nay, more; the manner of this election, and the flattering circumstances attendant thereupon, were duly set forth in a remarkable document, composed by an executive committee, approved by the principal of the school, copied in a fine Spencerian hand by the most brilliant pupil in the Mercantile Department, signed by every member of the class, and addressed to James Leslie; and, strange to say, the doctor declares that this document did more toward putting Jimblie on his feet than all the drugs prescribed by the profession, and all the dainties sent in by the neighbors.

JACK.

BY MARY SELDEN MCCOBB.

I AM proud of my thirteen-year-old friend. I think he showed real pluck. And all this story is true, excepting the name by which I call my boy.

Of course Jack was "skylarking." But, unless some care is taken, a boy may "skylark" himself into trouble. That is what

Jack came near doing when he steered his sled between the fore and hind legs of a horse.

"But the 'cop'" (by which I understand a policeman was meant) "said that the boys had a perfect right to slide on that hill."

So if horses came in the way, they did so at their own risk. However, that is not what this story is about.

They were playing "Tag," my Jack and the doctor's son. Playing with all their might and main, I suspect. Jack's sturdy knickerbockers look as if they could make good time when it comes to a run.

He rushed after the doctor's son, and the doctor's son "went for" him.

"Round about and round about
And round about they spun."

and Jack was "It."

Close to the big front door they sped. Up the steps and into the vestibule they tumbled. Jack would have seized the doctor's son had not that youngster burst open the inner door and whisked into the hall, slamming the door in his pursuer's face, and shouting, "*Tagged you last!*"

Jack thrust out an eager arm just as the portal closed. Bang! through the long glass panel crashed his hand. Clatter, clatter, clatter, rattled the broken glass. Its sharp edges—oh, its cruel edges—"tagged" Jack's wrist unmercifully.

The blood spurted. You may believe there was a commotion.

Then Jack was led, keeping tight hold of his wrist, into the doctor's office.

Scream? No, he did *not* scream. Cry? Not he. He stood up as straight as a ramrod and let the doctor examine the wound.

"This must be sewed up," remarked the physician, gravely.

Indeed the cut looked serious.

"I will give you ether, Jack, to deaden the pain of the operation."

But Jack refused ether. "I've tried that before, and I don't like it."

"We will send for your mother."

Ah! that would be a comfort. What boy, in such a scrape, would not like his mother to sympathize, to console, and to sustain?

But Jack bethought himself. The father is away, cruising in Southern seas. It has been Jack's business to care for his mother, not to worry and distress her.

"She has gone to an afternoon tea. I won't have her bothered," decided Jack.

So he held out his wrist, and made no moan while one, two, three, *seven* stitches drew the gaping flesh together.

He went home when the wound was bound up. It was not till the mother reached her house that she heard of the accident. She flew up stairs, with her heart in her mouth.

But she found Jack as cheerful and smiling as a June morning.

"Don't be frightened," he told her. "It didn't hurt much."

For days the wrist has been bandaged, but not once has Jack whined. I think that shows good nerve and spirit, don't you?

THE DOG CAME LAST.

IN an ancient Hindoo poem there is a parable in brief outline that might be turned into prose with instruction and some profit. And so, with many changes and additions, the story may be made to read as follows:

Once upon a time there was a King in Ceylon named Udisthera. He succeeded to the throne when he was very young, but he grew amazingly in stature and in wisdom until he became the most powerful monarch in the world. By his skill and bravery he had subdued all his enemies; by his liberality and kindness he had won the gratitude of his faithful subjects; by his prudence and temperance in living he enjoyed all the good things of life.

The King had three brothers and one sister. They loved him with all their hearts; they were never tired of singing his praises, and their affection was nearly equalled by the devotion of his faithful dog, which would never leave the side of the King.

Udisthera was now at the height of his power and fame. But still he was not satisfied. He began to ponder over the vanity of all earthly things.

One day the King called his brothers and his sister to him, and told them that this world was but a fleeting show; that there was but one thing worth living for, and that was Hindra, the paradise.

And, to their great surprise, Udisthera proclaimed that he would surrender his throne, and set off on his journey to the

gardens of Hindra, where the angel kept the door. In vain his brothers and his sister tried to induce him to change his mind.

Said the King, "I start for Hindra to-morrow morning; you can remain or follow me, as you may choose."

The brothers replied, "If thou art determined to go, Udisthera, we will follow after thee."

"I will not remain behind," said the sister; "where thou goest, I will go."

And so early the next morning the pilgrims started on their journey. The King led the way, then the three brothers, followed by the sister, and the faithful dog came last.

For many weary, weary days they pressed on through barren tracts and tangled forests full of wild beasts. All went well until the fourth day, when suddenly the elder brother cried out in pain: "Help, help! A tiger has seized me!"

But Udisthera answered, coldly, "Farewell; the victory is to the strong, and thou art conquered." And he went on his way; two brothers and his sister followed, and the dog came last.

The next day the travellers came to a swift-running river. Udisthera had no trouble in swimming across to the opposite shore; but his second brother cried out,

"Help, Udisthera, the whirlpool has caught me, and I drown!"

But the King answered only: "I cannot save thee now. Sleep thou beneath the bright waters."

The youngest brother and the sister followed, and the dog came last.

After a while the hills became mountains, steep and rocky, and as Udisthera reached the summit of the highest one, he heard his brother behind him cry out,

"Help, Udisthera, my foot has slipped, and I am rolling towards a precipice."

But the King answered, "To think that the feet that came so far should fall at this time!"

The sister followed still, and the dog came last.

The gardens and palaces of Hindra were now in sight. The golden gate was wide open, and the King was pressing onward with more hope and enthusiasm than ever, when his sister, so long patient and enduring, cried aloud,

"Help! my brother, I faint; let me rest on thy arm."

But the King folded his arms, and answered, "Alas, my poor sister! those who faint by the way enter not into the joys of Hindra."

Udisthera hurried forward, and the dog followed.

At last the two travellers reached the golden gate.

The angel said: "Welcome, Udisthera; thy journey is ended. Enter and abide forever; but let not thy dog come in, for the joys of Hindra are not for dogs."

Thereupon Udisthera said to the angel: "Either the dog enters, or I do not come in. I thought Hindra was the home of courage and perseverance, of devotion and love."

"And so it is," replied the angel.

Here the poem ends, and we do not know whether, after all, the dog was allowed to enter, or whether the objection of the angel was the last obstacle for Udisthera to overcome.

L. J. V.

A FISH OUT OF WATER.

"A FISH out of water" is a synonyme for any creature that is strangely out of its element. Yet fishes do sometimes get out of the water, and they do it from choice, and seem to enjoy the change.

It would be more exact to say that some fishes do this, and not that fishes sometimes do it. Most fish live in the water, and die if kept out of it for any length of time, but it is well known that a few species sometimes come out of the water, and move themselves in various ways about upon the land; sometimes travel upon it for long distances; sometimes even climb trees, and sit upon rocks—perhaps to gaze at the prospect; who can say?

By these facts is destroyed one of the fondest traditions of our childhood. The oldest of us can recall the days when we solemnly asked each other, "Why is a fish like a stone?" and solemnly "told" the answer: "Because it can't climb a tree!" Science has discovered that a fish can climb a tree. Who knows but we shall some day be told that a stone is equally agile?

It is common, I believe, for eels to leave the water and roam about in the mud; but eels are vulgar creatures, and goodness knows whether they even bear a Latin name to bless themselves with.

But the most remarkable dry-land fish has a name as long as his body. It is *Periophthalmus*. Very kindly, naturalists allow ordinary mortals to speak of him as the "goby." The little creature is about four or five inches long, with a big head, prominent eyes, and side or pectoral fins, which are more like legs than anything else. The goby comes on shore, and scrambles along the banks in search of food. One ardent naturalist tells us that he took a shot-gun and "picked off his gobies, as they hopped along the muddy shore, as if they were snipe."

These gobies are common in New Zealand, where the natives call them the "running fishes." On our own shores we have a goby of a somewhat similar habit. This inoffensive creature has been called by naturalists the *Gobius soporator*.

"Recently a party of naturalists travelling in Mexico and Texas found some of these little fishes and confined them in a pail. They remained in it a short time; then, to the astonishment of the observers, several of them were seen clambering over the side of the pail, and dropping down upon the ground, when they proceeded to wriggle their way to the water, not far distant. They used the fins as legs, and made very good progress. When replaced in the pail, they tumbled out again, and could only be kept there by placing a board over the top of their prison."

Fishes that hibernate and fishes that migrate have been observed and written about; and the curious facts about these odd little creatures would fill many pages.

A LAMENT.

BY LYDIA BRAWNER.

MY brother Will he used to be
The nicest kind of girl;
He wore a little dress like me,
And had his hair in curl.
We played with dolls and tea sets then,
And every kind of toy;
But all those good old times are gone—
Will's turned into a boy.

Mamma has made him little suits,
With pockets in the pants,
And cut off all his yellow curls
And sent them to my aunts;
And Will he was so pleased, I b'lieve
He almost jumped for joy;
But I declared I didn't like
Will turned into a boy.

And now he plays with horrid tops
I don't know how to spin,
And marbles that I try to shoot,
But never hit or win;
And leap-frog—I can't give a "back"
Like Charley, Frank, or Roy.
Oh! no one knows how bad I feel,
Since Will has turned a boy.

I have to wear the frocks he left,
And, oh! they're awful tight;
I have to sit and just be good,
While he can climb and fight;
I have to keep my dresses nice,
And wear my hair in curl,
And worst—oh, *worst* thing of all!—
I have to *stay* a girl.

And maybe he'll be President
Or Emperor or King;
For boys can be just what they please,
But girls can't be a thing.
It's awful dull to sit and play
With Nelly, Lill, and Floy.
Why was I choosed to be a girl,
And Will to be a boy?



A CASE THAT SHOULD BE BROUGHT TO THE NOTICE OF THE "SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN."

HIS PRINCIPLES.

AN old war story shows curiously how a man is sometimes made to tell the truth in spite of himself.

There was at that time a cautious old man living in a certain part of Tennessee who was very anxious not to be mixed up in any quarrel, but to keep on the right side of both parties, and so eventually to come out on the winning side. Principles were of no consequence to him. When a Northerner stopped at his gate, he declared for the Union. When a Southerner called, he was a rabid "secesh."

One day a squad of Confederates rode up to his house, and called out the old man to chaff him, as his non-committal policy was well known.

When Old Caution came out to his visitors, he was puzzled.

The Confederates had been on a raid, and each wore a captured blue overcoat over his gray trousers. They greeted him derisively, "Well, old man, what are you now, Reb or Yank?"

The old man scratched his head a minute, and then in an outburst of confidence, cried:

"Well, gentlemen, I'm nothin' nothin' at all, and very little of that."

BITS OF WISDOM.

It is hard luck to fish all day and catch nothing, but it is downright bad luck to hook a big fish and have him get away.

It is not always the largest things that are the best. Look at the sunflower and violet, for instance.

If there was no "if" in the English language how easy it would be to do lots of things. Yet, on the other hand, it would be rather hard to explain a lot of other things that we couldn't do.

PART OF THE GAME.

HAROLD. "I'm going to join our baseball nine at school."

FATHER. "Why, what can you do?"

HAROLD (*proudly*). "I can yell louder than lots of the other boys."

BETTER STILL.

MATTHEW. "We've got a stuffed eagle at home."

FRANK. "That's nothing; there's a real live hawk that comes and stuffs himself with our chickens every week."

SUPPER FOR TWO.

BILLY, napkin-muffled, sat upon my knee;
Billy, all unruffled, drank hot-water tea.

Billy ate his supper,
Billy drank his tea,
Billy picked a berry seed
From off his spoon for me.

Billy sucked his teacup till it left a rim;
Then he scraped the sugar up *that* was for him.

Billy ate his supper,
Billy drank his tea,
Billy took a dampsome crumb
From out his mouth for me.

LOUISE HERRICK WALL.

DOUBTFUL.

MAY. "Do you believe in real live fairies?"

ANGES (*whispering*). "No; but I don't want to say so out loud, 'cause one might be listening."

THE DIFFERENCE.

FRANK. "How can you tell a sunflower from a daisy?"

OLIVER. "A daisy is yellow and white, just like the sun, while a sunflower isn't."

SCHOOL GOSSIP.

FELIX. "I guess that new boy's pretty smart—he knew all his lessons to-day."

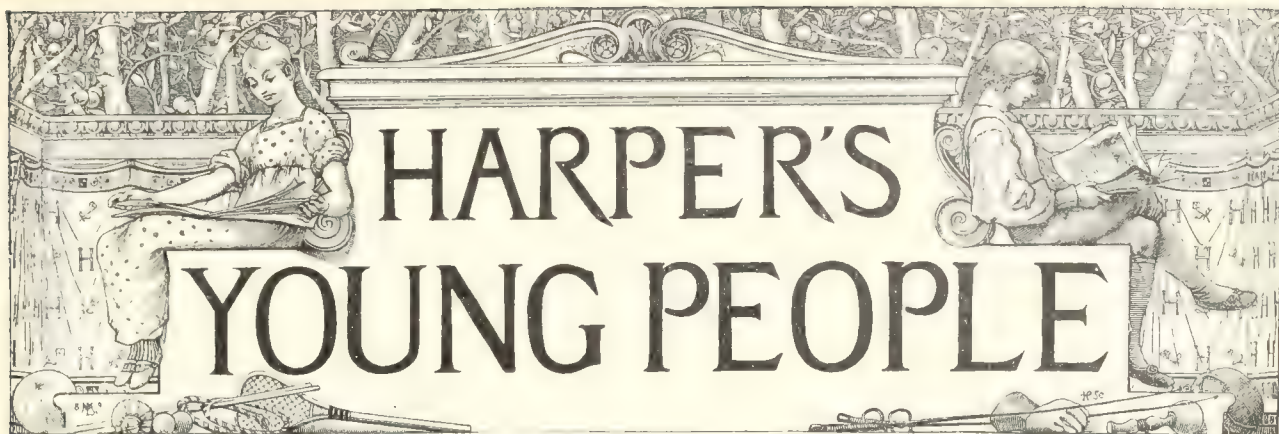
DONALD. "That's nothing; but you should see him run. A fellow that runs like he does is somebody."



A STRANGE MISTAKE.

WHEN WE SAW THE POLICEMAN COMING OVER THE HILL, WE THOUGHT WE HAD NEVER SEEN A PERSON WITH SUCH LARGE HANDS.

HOWEVER, WHEN HE CAME NEARER WE DISCOVERED OUR MISTAKE.



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

MR. SEWARD'S EXPERIMENT.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

THE new teacher's period of probation had expired, and he was unanimously condemned. He may have had some few admirers among the scholars, but they were carried off their feet by the irresistible undertow, and went with the popular tide.

The new teacher was not a failure so far as the school trustees were concerned. On the contrary, at their last meeting they had told him that he might consider himself permanently engaged; and this had made him very happy, for he needed even the small salary paid by the Bartonville trustees. But his happiness was not unalloyed, for he was aware that the scholars, to put it very mildly, did not "love their teacher."

There had so far been no teacher in the Bartonville school who had succeeded in governing that unruly kingdom. Some had done as they could, which only resulted in the boys doing as they would. Some had tried to rule with an iron hand, and had been ignominiously defeated. The Bartonville school was not one of the old-fashioned rough-and-tumble sort—the sort in which authority was only a question of strength; nor was it one of the new style, in which, if a boy misbehaves, he is expelled, and that ends it. This was in the transitional state; a species of cunning took the place of brute force, and while expulsion was

a possible weapon, resort to it was deemed a confession of inability to fill the master's place.

During his walk home on this Saturday afternoon, Mr. Seward, the teacher, was recalling the incidents of the morning. They were certainly far from being a subject of amusement to him, though the boys had found them exceedingly comical.

When he had entered the school-room that forenoon, he had been confronted by a blackboard exhibiting a well-executed caricature of himself, under which was printed, with painful frankness, the statement, "Old Seward is a

bald-headed fraud." He could not doubt that there was some faint evidence behind the adjective, but he felt wronged by the noun.

Until that day he had hoped that the scholars found him fair and reasonable; but when the caricature had been followed by the discovery that the pages of his text-book were torn out at the lesson for the day and replaced by a pair of very cheap valentines, and when the fire refused to burn, and sent volumes of choking smoke into the room, he was inclined to believe that the fate of former teachers was threatening to overwhelm him also. He had kept his temper, rubbed out the caricature, borrowed a book from one of the pupils, and put out the fire; but he felt that



THE DOOR OPENED QUICKLY AND A UNIFORMED POLICEMAN CAME IN.

though he had won the first skirmish, he was opening a sharp campaign.

Such was the situation of affairs when he arrived at his desk at half past eight the following Monday. The rule of the school was that scholars who were late must

stay after school for a time equal to that they had lost, yet not a scholar was there. Quarter to nine; still no scholars. Nine o'clock came, the door swung open with a bang against the wall, and the truant pupils entered in a long single file. The boys would enter one by one, and each would take his seat, the others meanwhile waiting at the door. By this ingenious fooling another quarter of an hour was wasted.

To their surprise, the boys' curiosity to see what the new teacher would do was not gratified. He did nothing. In fact, he was decidedly bored by their silliness, and it pained him to think that valuable hours should be fooled away by children—for they were little more—whose time for schooling was short at best.

As soon as all were seated, Mr. Seward called up the senior history class. It consisted of boys about fourteen years old. They arose, came forward, and took their places in good order. The lesson was on the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

"When did Elizabeth come to the throne?" was the first question.

"I don't remember," said the head of the class.

"Next," said the teacher.

"I don't know."

"Next."

"I don't recollect."

"I can't tell."

And so it went on, until it came to the boy at the foot of the class, who said, calmly, "1587."

"Right," said Mr. Seward. "Go up head."

The next question was, "How long did she reign?"

This question began at number two, and went all the way down, but was answered at once by the foot of the class. After a few more questions, the class had succeeded in rearranging itself in precisely a reverse order. Then another strange happening appeared. Ask what he pleased, not a boy knew anything. Though their manners were outwardly respectful, it was evident all were in league to ridicule the teacher. Convinced that it was well to temporarily abandon the subject, Mr. Seward quietly dismissed the history class, and called up one in geography. These boys were younger, but apparently no less involved in the plot, for to his first question, "Where are the Canary Islands?" he received the following information:

"North of the Strait of Malacca."

"Next."

"South of Borneo."

"Next."

"East of the Strait of Malacca."

"Next."

"West of Borneo."

"Next."

"In Borneo."

"Next."

"In Malacca."

Here the master slowly closed the geography, and remarked, quietly, "The class is dismissed."

The next exercise was in arithmetic, and during the recitation it was necessary for Mr. Seward to perform some examples on the blackboard. As he turned his back to the scholars, he heard a slight rustling and whispering, but he paid no attention to it, for he was taken up with the task of making the chalk leave a mark. After a few moments, he found out that some one had put a greasy substance upon the board, and that the chalk would not take hold. Gently laying the crayon in the trough below the blackboard, the patient teacher said, quietly:

"I find I cannot use the chalk. It seems to be out of order."

Then he went to his desk and opened it, expecting to find a large piece of wrapping paper upon which he could finish the demonstration. As he opened the desk, there

was a slight explosion, and a mass of flour dust flew out into his face. Brushing it from his eyes as well as he could, amid roars of laughter from the pupils, he said, still in that quiet low tone.

"My desk seems to be out of order too."

Then he sat down and finished the arithmetic lesson orally.

The policy of non-resistance is far from being without effect, even as against thoughtless young boys; and at recess there were symptoms of reaction.

"It's a shame to bother old Seward. He hasn't any fight in him," said one of the smaller boys, rather uncertainly, it is true, for he was waiting to see whether public sentiment would support him.

"Well, then, he's a regular dough-head, and not fit to be a teacher at all," said one of the older ones, named Dick Fraser.

"I'd rather have that kind than the sort old Rogers was," said a third boy, wagging his head uneasily.

"Pooh! What could he do?" said the other boy again. "He raged around for a while, but he left after a week of it. It takes a mighty smart master to get ahead of the Bartonvillers, I can tell you."

"That's so," said a weak-minded small admirer of the last speaker.

"Well, I know one thing," said the boy who had spoken in the teacher's favor; "if this thing doesn't work pretty soon, I'm out of it."

"Who cares?" retorted Fraser. "We can get along without you, anyway. Just you keep your mouth shut, and we'll do the rest."

No more was said on the subject, and upon returning to the school-room the harassing of the teacher began again. "Old Seward" found it a very hard afternoon; and if his tormentors had been better judges of human nature, they would have found his self-control ominous. Excepting a flushed cheek and a limpid eye, there was nothing to show that anything unusual was noticed.

One would have supposed that after such an afternoon he would have spent the evening quietly in his boarding-house. But at half past seven he put on coat and hat, and walked down the street to the village doctor's. Now the doctor was one of the school trustees, and had helped to secure for the young teacher the doubtful favor of an engagement to teach the young denizens of Bartonville. Seward went to see the doctor because he thought the doctor the ablest and most influential of the trustees.

Fortunately the trustee was at home, and received the young teacher very cordially, but with some slight uneasiness of manner which was soon explained.

"Glad to see you, Seward. Sit down. I hope there's no trouble at the school. All quiet on the Potomac, eh?"

"I'm sorry I can't say that it's only 'now and then a stray picket,'" replied the young man, smiling; "but, to tell the truth, it looks as if the enemy were preparing for a vigorous campaign—if I can judge by the heavy firing I have been subjected to to-day."

"Well, well," answered the doctor, uneasily, for in spite of his professional training, the genial little trustee had a mortal antipathy to being bothered. "I'm sorry, but really we trustees make it an invariable rule to leave all such matters to the teacher in charge."

"But, doctor—" the young man began, only to be interrupted.

"I know, I know. You can always show a reason why we ought to interfere. Still, we can't do it. We can't provide a teacher and discipline too."

This was a set speech, and had been made to several of Seward's predecessors with crushing effect. But Seward, to the doctor's surprise, did not seem to wilt under it.

"I have no wish that the trustees should interfere. On the contrary, I have come to-night to ask whether I can have your assurance, on their behalf, that I shall not

be interfered with in a little experiment I thought of trying, on my own responsibility and at my own expense?"

"Ah," said the doctor, much relieved, "that's it, is it? That's a different matter entirely. If you can show me the need for such an experiment as you have in mind, and give me a fair idea of it, I will no doubt be able to tell you whether it is one that the trustees can properly sanction."

Thus invited, Mr. Seward proceeded to state in detail a plan which was to cause considerable surprise among the pupils of the Bartonville school. It is not necessary to give the discussion which the plan called forth, since the result of the conversation was to convert the doctor to a hearty adherent of the scheme, and eventually to secure from the other trustees full permission for the teacher to put his plan in operation.

While these and other needed arrangements were being made, to their great surprise and gratification the pupils enjoyed a vacation of three or four days. It was announced to them that the teacher had "business in the city," and that certain repairs were to be made in the school during his absence.

On Friday, however, school was to be resumed. The scholars, for lack of concert in mischief-making, came to school on time, and were not a little surprised to discover that a stranger had taken Mr. Seward's place.

The stranger was of dark complexion, wore a heavy black mustache and imperial, had curly dark hair, and very white handsome hands. His figure was slender, but seemed strong and graceful. He wore a black frock-coat buttoned high.

"My young friends," said he, gracefully waving a small round ruler which he held in one hand, "Mr. Seward, your teacher, has requested me to assume temporary charge of the school during his absence, which will be prolonged for possibly a day or two more—I hope for not more than two days. I shall try to fill his place to our mutual satisfaction, and shall expect you to aid me by every means in your power." He paused, and glanced at the scholars. Then he went on: "As I am not professionally a teacher, I hope you will excuse any errors I may make in trying not only to assist you in your lessons, but to preserve proper discipline in the school. The latter I shall insist upon at all hazards. My rules are simple. They are simple, or rather they do not exist, except that it is the rule of the school, so long as I am in this chair, that each boy shall do what he knows to be right and honorable toward both teacher and scholars. What lesson comes first? You answer," said the new teacher, pointing to one of the older ring-leaders.

"History," said the boy, sullenly.

"Very well," said the teacher, with that mechanical smile of his. "The first class in history will stand up."

Here he took the little wand into his hand, and turned back both coat cuffs in a rather mechanical manner. A subdued "Whew!" was heard, and one of the boys said to another in passing,

"Guess he's one of the fighting kind."

The class arranged itself in a row before the new teacher, and then all the boys sat down upon a long bench which stood facing the teacher's desk. The classes ordinarily occupied these seats when reciting.

Hardly were the boys settled upon the long bench before one end of the seat rose nearly three feet into the air. As a natural result, the row of boys went sliding down to the other end in a confused group, and tumbled thence to the floor. Having thus neatly dumped its burden, the long bench sank gently to its usual place.

Those who were not in the history class laughed heartily at the discomfiture of the boys on the floor. Only the teacher remained grave and sedate.

"I said 'stand up,'" he remarked, pleasantly. "Kindly notice what I say to you. I must have obedience."

The boys arose, and stood in a row before him.

The history lesson proceeded without anything more striking than the usual wild answers. No doubt Queen Elizabeth would have been astonished to discover that she was on the throne of England at the time of the French Revolution, and Sir Walter Raleigh would have been



THE END OF THE SEAT ROSE NEARLY THREE FEET INTO THE AIR.

flattered by the confident assertion that he defeated the Armada. But Sir Francis Bacon perhaps would have denied that he was beheaded, and Mary Queen of Scots certainly might well have resented the title "Bloody Mary" which one of the boys confidently bestowed upon her.

It was noticed that the new teacher seemed easily satisfied with the boys' recitations, and, thankful for so much, the boys were dismissed for the noon recess.

The events of the afternoon would justify the belief that the boys devoted their noon hour exclusively to the preparation of annoyances for this peculiar instructor. But the same events would also warrant the conclusion that the new teacher was able to hold his own.

While engaged with a reading class of the youngest boys, the teacher was suddenly made the target for a variety of small missiles. Bits of chalk, sticks of wood, balls of string and paper, descended on him from all sides. Then was heard a giggle of triumph from the scholars, followed without interruption by a universal chorus of the remark,

"Ow!"

For no sooner was the fusillade over than a small stream of water descended from the ceiling upon each of the scholars. It was startling to say the least. None of the boys enjoyed it, but it seemed almost to please their kind instructor, over whose rigid face spread a slightly amused smile.

Again there was a pause in the hostilities, while one of the small boys in the reading class continued to expound to his drowsy hearers as follows:

"The bee is a busy little insect. If you vex him, he will sting you. Do not vex the tiny bee. Let him make the sweet honey, and store it in the neat straw hive."

As he read very slowly, having no wish to make a

record for speed, he had not read more than this when Dick Fraser, one of the worst of the big boys, suddenly set off a small package of gunpowder. It had been prepared for some time, and Dick was keeping it until its explosion was sure to make a sensation. He thought it would do so now. And it did. Dick had run more than a mile to get that package, but he felt repaid for all his trouble when the small boys' reading class bounded into the air with all the unanimity of West Point cadets. Regulars could not have done better. Any stranger witnessing their exploit would have believed that it could not be improved upon. This only shows that the human mind is prone to err.

It *could* be improved upon, for it was. Hardly had the echoes of the explosion cleared away when it was followed by a far greater explosion. It was simply deafening. The whole school, excepting always the instructor, arose, and seemed impressed with a strong desire to have school dismissed at once.

"Please resume your places," said the quiet teacher. "We will reserve any further chemical experiments for the class in physics—that is, if you so decide."

His serenity quieted the boys, and they took their seats. Again the regular exercises filled the uneventful moments, and the school seemed destined to fall into the dull and stupid routine of an orderly and useful institution of learning.

Dick Fraser felt that something must be done, and, indeed, felt that he was the chosen champion of disorder. He had believed that the gunpowder would be effective; but now he recalled a well-known newspaper story of a stroke of lightning which came down with a rush and struck a modest-looking frame building—bang! Whereupon that modest structure, being the storage-place for some 50,000 pounds of gunpowder, replied with a BANG! that sent the stroke of lightning back much ashamed of itself. So it had been with Dick Fraser's mine.

But Dick, if strategy and surprises would not serve his purpose, was bold enough to resort to brute force. Believing that no other means would succeed with this extraordinary individual, who seemed ready for the boys at all points, Dick now advanced slowly up the aisle toward the teacher's desk. As he came, he threw off his coat, and rolled up the sleeves of his shirt.

"Well, sir, what do you want?" asked the teacher, raising his eyes from the book.

"I don't want anything. I'm just going to put you out of that door!" said Dick, with an ugly quiet. "We've had about enough of your style of keeping school." So saying, the brawny young fellow started in a leisurely, bullying sort of swagger toward the rather slight and small young teacher.

The teacher did not await the attack. He rang his call bell three times very sharply. The door of the school-room opened quickly, and a uniformed policeman—a big fellow with a long billy club—came in, touched his helmet to the teacher, and asked, "Well, sir?"

Dick had paused as the door opened, and now was staring with amazement at the policeman. Before he could realize what this sudden apparition meant, the new teacher said, sharply:

"Officer, arrest that lad, and have him put under heavy bonds to keep the peace. You have caught him red-handed. But a moment since he publicly declared his intention to commit an aggravated assault and battery upon me, entirely without provocation. I will appear against him, if necessary. At all events, arrest him now."

The officer advanced, and took a firm grip upon Dick's collar. Visions of an awful fate, of a dungeon cell, of bread and water (Dick had an excellent appetite), appalled the boy. He turned to the apparently impassive teacher, who seemed trying busily to find the lesson, as if anxious to make up for lost time.

"Teacher," said Dick, in a husky voice, "I was only in fun."

"Only in fun?" replied the teacher. "Did you intend to humorously pummel me, facetiously bundle me out of the door, and perhaps point the joke by a few laughable blows as I fled?"

"I didn't mean anything!" said Dick, with a slight choking, as he thought of how the Fraser family would never recover from the disgrace of having a criminal among their number.

"I should be glad to dismiss the officer," said the teacher, "if you could assure me that I shall neither be assaulted nor annoyed when again left alone with you."

"I'll be as good as gold," said Dick, earnestly. "I never meant to get into any such trouble as this."

"And how about the rest of you?" asked the teacher, with much serious dignity.

There was a chorus of promises, not only called forth by sympathy for Dick Fraser, but also springing from a sense that they had met their match.

"Very well," said the dignified little man, turning down his cuffs, and laying aside the small black ruler. "Officer, I will trust these young fellows. You may release your prisoner."

For a short time longer the lessons continued. Then the new teacher, seeing that there was to be no further trouble, dismissed the school an hour earlier than usual.

The next day Mr. Seward resumed his duties. After the school had been opened in the accustomed way, he made a short address to the boys to this effect:

"Just before I went away you may remember that the school was in anything but good order. Many things were done by you which could not be allowed if discipline was to be kept up—that is, if work was to be done, for discipline is only a means to make work a possibility. Seeing that there was a decided spirit of disorder and defiance to authority, I went to the trustees, and asked their permission to try a little experiment. After I had explained my purpose to them, they agreed.

"You have been the subjects of that experiment, which I hope will prove as permanently successful as it has been temporarily so. I have no reason for concealing from you the nature of that experiment, and will therefore explain it to you.

"During the two or three days that you were excused from school, I secured in the city the services of Signor Valentine, the magician, and with him arranged the school-room in such ways as we thought best fitted for our purposes. I also hired Officer O'Toole for a few hours.

"The rest you know, and I may say now that it is just as well you did not proceed further with your mischief, as they were very well prepared to deal with such forms of disorder as school-boy ingenuity would have suggested. You no doubt satisfied yourselves on that point."

The boys laughed a little, and Mr. Seward also smiled. Then, becoming serious, he went on:

"Now what I wished to teach you was this lesson: Neither men nor boys can live and work together without mutual regard for each other's rights and comfort. Boys often regard teachers as fair game. I wished you to see what it would be to have the teacher regard the boys as fair game also. I think you will not be inclined now to deny that if the teacher selfishly chooses to amuse himself at the boys' expense, he can have quite as much fun as the scholars.

"I hope you will all remember this. Indeed, I mean that you *shall* remember it, and that hereafter it is understood between us that if you amuse yourselves at my expense, I shall be at liberty to take the same course toward you. But I will also assure you that so long as you treat me as a gentleman should be treated, I will try to show myself worthy of your courtesy and confidence."

Then he went on with the regular school exercises.

A LITTLE PRINCE OF SWEDEN.

FEW countries are more interesting than the land of the Vikings, that region in the north whence set sail, centuries ago, men who landed on our own shores, and whose landmarks are to be traced to-day.

Not so very long ago Sweden was allied to Denmark. Now she is an independent country, and it is of the little boy destined, if the course of natural events runs smoothly, to be her future King that I wish to tell you.

He is known as the Duke of Scania—in Swedish, Hertigen Af Skane—and he is burdened by the following list of baptismal names: Oscar Frederik Vilhelm Olaf Gustaf Adolf, according to a custom popular among all royal families, the only reason for which is that a compliment is paid to those after whom the child is thus named. His father is the Crown-Prince of Sweden, and his mother, known popularly throughout the whole country as the "Sweet Princess," owing to her boundless charity and good-will towards all the people, is the granddaughter of the old Emperor Wilhelm I. of Germany. At the age of nineteen, in 1881, the Princess Victoria, who had another *sobriquet*—"the Rose of Germany"—was married to the Crown-Prince, and all the quaintest and at the same time splendid customs of the Swedish country into which she journeyed were revived to do honor to a marriage pleasing on all sides.

The little Duke of Scania was born in 1882, and is consequently now ten years old; but, like most of the young royalties, his mental and physical development is quite ahead of his years, since from the time he left his nurse's arms he has been trained with a view to the responsible position he must one day occupy. He is, as the picture shows you, a sturdy, fine-looking lad, with more of the Swedish cast of countenance than the German, but he has his mother's softness of expression in his eyes, and also a touch of her gay light-heartedness, which, close student and scholar that he is, his father encourages thoroughly, believing that wholesome good spirits and buoyancy are more necessary in his rank of life than in any other, especially if they be combined with a well-disciplined character.

The life of the little Duke is divided between the palace at Stockholm and the summer home of Drottningholm, seven miles from the capital. There are beautiful grounds, lawns, orchards, and wide grass-sown fields, where he and his younger brother enjoy themselves thoroughly. Strangers are chiefly impressed by the extreme simplicity of the lives of these royal boys; but this is due to their mother's theory on the subject. While they are taught to maintain their dignity as princes, their daily lives are conducted on the simplest possible method. They meet their parents at breakfast in the morning, which is as informal a meal as possible, and the Princess herself conducts them to the school-room, conversing with their tutor for a time, looking over the lessons of the day, and hearing the report of the day previous. Military exercises are given during the morning, and again in the afternoon, and the recreation they like best is the drive with their mother later in the day, or horseback exercise with their father.

The old custom of employing chimney-sweeps is still maintained in Stockholm, and one morning while the Duke chanced to be left alone for a few moments in his dressing-room, the sound familiar to all those who have heard the little sweep at work came from the chimney near which he stood, and suddenly there appeared, in scrambling fashion, the soot-covered figure of the boy, who, as it turned out, had started on the wrong chimney. Naturally he was overcome with fright on finding himself in the young Duke's apartments; but with the natural feeling of kinship all small boys, whatever their rank, seem to have for each other, these two were presently on the best of terms. But the Duke insisted upon being shown how the sweep climbed the chimney, and when his attendant returned, he beheld to his horror the two boys laughing wildly as they scrambled up the aperture, the Duke's dark blue trousers all blackened, and his fair head and rosy young face almost as sorry a sight as the sweep himself. Of course a severe reprimand was given to the poor little lad of the chimney, but the Duke insisted that he should not be punished for what he had done, and, in fact, would give his mother no rest until they sought the boy in his humble home, and not only assured him he was forgiven, but placed his family in more comfortable circumstances.

The little Duke's tastes lie strongly in the direction of art, fostered by his mother, who is exceedingly talented, and has done some fine modelling and sculpture. Her studio in the Stockholm palace is a beautiful room, where she is fond of entertaining her especial friends, and it is the little Duke's delight to

watch her at her work and to attempt something of the same kind himself. He enjoys nothing better than being present when his mother has a semi-formal reception, on which occasion he conducts himself with all the dignity of a young gentleman, yet with a sweet boyishness that makes his childhood so attractive to those about him.

Like his mother, he has the greatest consideration for the feelings of those about him, and will try to remember every face and every name. On one occasion two American boys were brought to see him by a gentleman in the diplomatic service. They remained but a short time, but were invited to renew the



OSCAR, DUKE OF SCANIA.

visit on their return from Denmark. Some months later they availed themselves of this invitation, and it so chanced that they met the Duke and his tutor in the grounds of the summer palace on their way thither. The little Prince looked at them smilingly for an instant, but with a certain hesitation in his manner. In fact, he had forgotten their names, and the meeting was so accidental that no formal introduction passed. His instinctive tact, however, came to his rescue, for, holding out his hand, he said, cordially:

"Oh, you are American! I know you are American. That is enough."

An old diplomat could hardly have managed the situation better.

When Charles Augustus, King of Sweden, died suddenly in 1809, Napoleon, whose word was law with the Swedes, was appealed to for a successor to the throne, and he chose his Marshal, General Bernadotte. The great kindness this officer had shown all Swedish prisoners during the Pomeranian war inclined the people to welcome him, and he reigned successfully as Charles John XIV., leaving the crown to his son Oscar, who married the granddaughter of the Empress Josephine.

The King is passionately fond of art, poetry, and music, and the talent displayed by his little grandson delights him. A frequent occurrence is the assembling of the family in the studio of the Crown-Princess, when the King, with one of her boys on his knee and the others near him—there are three lads now—will read aloud or recite some stirring verses, or he will accompany the Princess with his violin to her piano, the little Duke of Scania also performing quite creditably on an instrument presented to him—one of the few genuine Stradivari extant. Not long ago a society in Stockholm offered a prize for the best poem, to be submitted anonymously. Hundreds were sent in, and after due deliberation, the choice was made; but fancy the

surprise on all sides when the beautiful and classic verses were found to have been written by King Oscar! In this happy home life, well cared for, loved, tutored, and disciplined, the little great grandson of Bernadotte bids fair to make a wise and gentle ruler for the people, who love him dearly now.

CANOEMATES:*

A STORY OF THE EVERGLADES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "CAMPMATES," "DOYMATES," "DERRICK STERLING,"
"CRYSTAL, JACK, & CO.," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

SUMNER'S SELF SACRIFICE.

IF Rust Norris had not been rendered so nearly helpless by his broken arm, Sumner would have endeavored to make the *Psyche* bear them both safely to land, if not by carrying them, at least by supporting them while they swam alongside. On his way to the wrecked sloop he had thought that perhaps this might be done; but as soon as he discovered Rust's real condition, he knew that he might as well leave him there to drown as to attempt to burden the light craft with their double weight. At that moment the lad made up his mind that Rust should have the canoe to himself, and that he would take whatever chance of escape still remained. Thus he had resolutely shoved the canoe off, with its single occupant, while he staid behind, clinging to the leeward mast-stay, and watching with eager eyes the perilous passage to the beach of the man for whom he had risked so much. The act was a bit of that coolly planned self-sacrificing heroism that stamps true bravery, and distinguishes it from recklessness.

In his exhausted and partially dazed condition Rust did not realize the sacrifice made by his young deliverer until the canoe had been snatched from the breakers by a dozen willing hands, and drawn high on the beach beyond their cruel grasp. Then, on looking for the boy, and seeing that he had remained behind, he uttered a great cry, and sank down limp and helpless on the wet sand.

Those on shore had seen from the first that only one was coming in the canoe, while one was left behind; but they had not known which of the two was approaching them until the *Psyche* was dragged from the breakers.

Worth was in an agony of despair at his friend's peril. "Let me go to him!" he cried. "I would rather drown than stand here without trying to save him!"

"No. Let me go! Let me go!" cried the others; and they made frantic attempts to again launch the canoe through the breakers; but they might as well have tried to launch it through a stone wall. Again and again was it hurled back, while those who strove to launch it were torn from their footing and flung upon the beach.

Then there was a shout of: "Here he comes! He is in the water!" and then they strained their eyes in vain for another glimpse of their well-loved young comrade.

Sumner had indeed taken the plunge, but not voluntarily. He had determined to remain by the sloop until she broke up and he was compelled to swim, or until the falling tide should render the passage of that seething maelstrom less terrible. Thus thinking, he was about to seek the poor shelter in which he had found Rust, when a great wave, rushing over the wreck, swept him from it, and buried him beneath tons of its mighty volume.

As he came gasping to the surface, he was again almost immediately overwhelmed and borne under. Still he

had drawn a breath of air, and had noted the direction of the beach. He knew that sooner or later, alive or dead, the waves would cast him ashore. So, without trying to swim forward, he devoted all his energies to reaching the surface and breathing as often as possible. It seemed as though he were merely rising and sinking, without moving forward an inch, and it required all his self-control to keep from exhausting himself by violent struggles to make a perceptible headway. He retained his presence of mind, however, and after a half-hour of battle, the very waves seemed to acknowledge his victory, and tossed him up within sight of the watchers, who had given up all hope, except that of finding his lifeless body.

They uttered a glad shout; but it was checked as he was again buried from their sight. Again he appeared, and this time much nearer. Then Lieutenant Carey rushed into the water. Behind him Worth, Quorum, and the others formed a line, tightly grasping each other's hands, and at length the swimmer was within their reach.

With cries of exultant joy they bore him up the beach, and laid him on the sand; but their rejoicing was quickly succeeded by consternation. He lay with closed eyes, cold, and apparently lifeless.

"Hurry to the schooner, Worth, and tell them to have hot water, hot blankets, and a roaring fire ready by the time we get there," commanded the Lieutenant. "We will bring him as quickly as possible."

For hours they worked over the senseless form of the brave lad. So nearly had the sea accomplished its cruel purpose that but for the lessons learned by the workers years before, at Annapolis, Sumner Rankin's life would have been given in exchange for that of Rust Norris. At length a faint color tinged his cheeks, a faint breath came from between his lips, and they knew that their efforts had not been in vain. An hour later he was sleeping quietly, and it was certain that nature would complete the work of restoration. Then the same skill that had snatched life from apparent death was directed to the setting and proper bandaging of Rust's broken arm.

The Norther continued to blow all that night and the following day, and during this period of enforced idleness Sumner was not allowed to leave his berth. His every want was anticipated, and those who surrounded him vied with one another in their tender care of the lad who had so well won their regard and admiration. As for Rust Norris, his whole nature seemed to have undergone such a change that his former intimates would hardly have recognized him. He sat and watched constantly beside the boy to whom he owed so much, and could hardly be persuaded to leave him for the briefest intervals.

During that second day of storm he made a full confession of how and why he had attempted to thwart the objects of Lieutenant Carey's expedition. His enmity had been particularly directed toward Sumner, and when the latter instead of himself had been chosen to pilot the *Transit* up the reef, he had formed a plan of revenge that he immediately proceeded to carry out. This was to visit the Everglade Indians, and inform them that the expedition was for the purpose of spying out their lands, and preparing for their removal to a far-away country of cold and snow, where they would certainly die. To accomplish this, he had joined a Bahama smuggler, and, with a cask of rum as a cargo, they had sailed in the small sloop owned by the latter for Cape Sable. Here they had met a party of Indians who had come down from the 'Glades on a deer hunt, and after plying them with rum, had roused them to anger by their lying tale concerning the coming expedition. The Indians had departed to spread the report to the rest of their band, and to devise plans for frustrating the supposed purpose of the expedition. Their departure had taken place on the day of the

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 644.

Transit's arrival on the coast, and but for the signs of the approaching Norther Rust Norris and his companion would have left the lagoon in which they were so snugly anchored that very afternoon. Noting these signs, they decided to remain where they were until it should blow over. They had no idea when the *Transit* would reach the cape, nor did they suppose that Sumner was aware of the passage into the lagoon. It was therefore with surprise and consternation that they found those whom they had attempted to injure anchored close beside them. They at once determined to take advantage of the darkness to run out of the lagoon before the storm broke, and seek another shelter among the mangrove keys a short distance further inland.

They slipped their cable, not daring to lift the anchor, for fear the sound might be heard on board the schooner, and drifted down to the mouth of the creek with the last of the ebb-tide. Here, while waiting for a breeze, Rust conceived the idea of effectually crippling the expedition by stealing their boats, and went back up the creek for that purpose. He cut them loose from the schooner, and attempted to tow them silently down to where the sloop lay, but as the tide had turned and was flooding strongly up the creek, he found it impossible to do so. So he turned them adrift, in the belief that they would be driven to the farther side of the lagoon and dashed to pieces by the storm that was about to break. At any rate, the expedition would be so long delayed in recovering their boats, that the news of their coming would be spread over the length and breadth of the Everglades before they could enter them.

So much time had thus been wasted that before the sloop could be taken to the proposed place of safety the storm burst in all its fury. They were forced to seek refuge in another place that was partially exposed, but where with two anchors they could probably have ridden out the gale. With but one, they were dragged from their moorings soon after daylight, and driven on the reef where the sloop now lay. Rust's arm had been broken by the jibing of the main boom, and, left alone, exposed to the fury of those raging seas, he had given up all hope long before Sumner came to his rescue.

"And to think," said Rust, in conclusion, "that the fellow to whom I was doing all this meanness should have come after me, and offered to throw away his own life to save mine! I tell you, gentlemen, it makes me feel meaner 'n a toad-fish!"

CHAPTER XXII.

GOOD-BY TO THE "TRANSIT."

THAT night the Norther broke, and by the following morning the weather was of that absolutely perfect character that makes the winter the most delightful season of the year in southern Florida. The sun shone with unclouded splendor, fish leaped from the clear waters, gay-plumaged birds flitted among the mangroves, and made the air vocal with their happy songs. All nature was full of life and rejoicing.

Although Lieutenant Carey was much disturbed by learning that false reports had been spread among the Indians concerning the nature of his expedition, and realized that its difficulties would be greatly increased thereby, he had no thought of abandoning it. Therefore by the earliest daylight preparations were made for repairing the damaged cruisers, and putting them in condition for a new start. The stanch little *Psyche* had been brought down the beach the day before. There was a good supply of tools aboard the schooner, and Sumner, who had fully recovered his strength, was found to be so expert a shipwright that he was intrusted with planning and directing the repairs to the cruisers, while the Lieutenant, with

several men, went to examine into the condition of the wrecked sloop, and see what could be done with her.

They found her injuries so much less than was expected, that within three days she had been hauled off the reef and rendered sufficiently seaworthy for the voyage back to Key West. In this time also Sumner finished his job on the cruisers, and they were again in thorough order for the work required of them.

Rust Norris was able to render them one service, by guiding them to some cisterns from which they obtained the supply of fresh water, without which they would not have dared proceed on their cruise. His companion, who was a good hunter and well acquainted with the game resorts of that vicinity, provided them with plenty of fresh venison. He also won Worth's regard by giving him a turkey call, or whistle made from one of the wing bones of a wild turkey, and taking him off before daylight one morning on a turkey hunt. From this the boy returned fully as proud as the fine gobbler he had shot had been a short time before. So elated was he by this success that he declared himself to be the hunter of the expedition from that time forth, and promised to provide it with all necessary meat.

By the close of the third day after the storm everything was in readiness for a new start. That evening was spent in writing letters to be sent back by the sloop, and daylight of the following morning saw both vessels standing out of the lagoon. Once outside, the sloop bore away to the westward, its occupants waving their hats and shouting good wishes to those whom but a few days before they had tried their best to injure.

"I declare!" said Sumner to Worth, "I don't know of anything that makes a fellow feel better than to succeed in turning an enemy into a friend. Now I shall always like Rust Norris, and he will always like me, while if no difficulty had arisen between us we might have been on speaking terms all our lives without caring particularly for each other."

"But, Sumner," exclaimed Worth, in a grieved tone, "aren't you ever going to care particularly for me because we have never been enemies?"

"Care for you, old man! After all we have gone through with together, and after all the anxiety we have had on account of each other? Why, Worth, if I cared any more for you than I do, I'd pack you up in cotton and send you home by express, for fear you might get hurt."

"Then please don't," laughed the boy, "for I want to see the Everglades, and do some more hunting before I am sent home."

Although Worth was so impatient to see the 'Glades, and though the *Transit* was headed directly for them, he was obliged to content himself with seeing other things for some days to come. For a whole week the little schooner threaded her way through the most bewildering maze of islands, reefs, and channels known to this continent. There were thousands of keys of all sizes and shapes, and all covered with the mangroves that had built them. As for the oyster bars, sand bars, and reefs, they were so numerous that in finding her way through them the *Transit* was headed to every point, half-point, and quarter-point of the compass during each hour of her sailing-time. The number of times that she ran aground were innumerable, as were those that she was compelled to turn back from some blind channel and seek a new one.

Through all this bewildering maze of keys and channels great tide rivers of crystal water continually ebbed and flowed. In them uncounted millions of fish, from huge silvery tarpon, vampirelike devil-fish, and ravenous sharks, down to tiny fellows, striped, spotted, or mottled with every hue of the rainbow, rushed and sported, chased and being chased, devouring and being devoured, but always affording a fascinating kaleidoscope of darting forms and flashing colors.

Nor was the bird life of these Ten Thousand Islands less interesting. It seemed as though the numbers of the great Wader and Soarer families collected here were almost as many as the fish on which they feasted. Whole regiments of stately flamingoes, clad in their pink hunting-coats, stood solemnly on the mud flats. Squadrons of snow-white pelicans sailed in company with fleets of their more soberly plumaged comrades. Great snowy herons, little white herons, great blue herons, little blue herons, green herons, and yellow-legged herons mingled with cranes and curlews on the oyster bars. Ducks of infinite variety, together with multitudes of coots and cormorants, floated serenely on the placid waters. Overhead, clouds of snowy

sent back by the schooner, and again all hands were ordered to turn out by daylight.

Lieutenant Carey had decided to send one of the cruisers back, and to take but one besides the three canoes into the 'Glades. The recent difficulties of navigation had shown him that a full crew would be needed to carry the schooner back to deep water, and he also imagined that the fewer boats the explorers had to force through the 'Glades the easier they would get along. The Indians, too, would be less suspicious of a small party than of a large one. Thus he decided to limit the party to himself and the two boys in the canoes, with Quorum and one other man in the cruiser, or five in all.



REPAIRING THE "PUNKIN SEED."

ibises, outlined in pink by edgings of roseate spoon-bills, rose and fell and glinted in the bright sunlight. Gannets, gulls, and ospreys hovered above the fishing-grounds. Bald-headed eagles watched them from the tops of tall mangroves, ready at a moment's notice to pounce down and rob them of their prey. Far overhead, black specks against the brilliant blue of the sky, sailed, on motionless pinions, stately men-of-war hawks or frigate-birds—most graceful of all the soarers. All these, and many more, the mere naming of which would fill a chapter, flocked to these teeming fishing-grounds, and afforded a never-ending source of wonder and amusement to our young canoemates and their companions.

Still, with all these, besides the unending difficulties of the navigation to occupy their minds, the end of a week found the boys heartily tired of mangrove keys and blind channels, and anxious for a change of scene. It was, therefore, with a feeling of decided relief that a dark unbroken line, stretching north and south as far as the eye could reach, was finally sighted and pronounced to be the pine woods of the mainland. Approaching it with infinite difficulty on account of the rapidly shoaling water, they at length discovered a large stream the water of which was brackish. It was evidently one of the numerous waterways draining the vast reservoirs of the 'Glades into the sea. Here the exploring party was to leave the *Transit* and take to the smaller craft, in which they proposed to penetrate the interior.

Again an evening was devoted to writing letters to be

With a breakfast by lamp-light, and the final preparations hurried as much as possible, the sun was just rising when the little fleet shoved off from the *Transit*, and with flashing paddles entered the mouth of the dark-looking river, the waters of which, in all probability, the keels of white men's boats were now to furrow for the first time.

"Good-by, Mr. Sloe. You want to hurry round to Cape Florida, or we'll be there first!"

"Good-by, Quorum! Look out for that woolly scalp of yours!" came from the schooner.

"Good-by! Good luck! Good-by!" and then the canoes rounded a wooded point, and were lost to sight of those who watched their first plunge into the trackless wilderness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

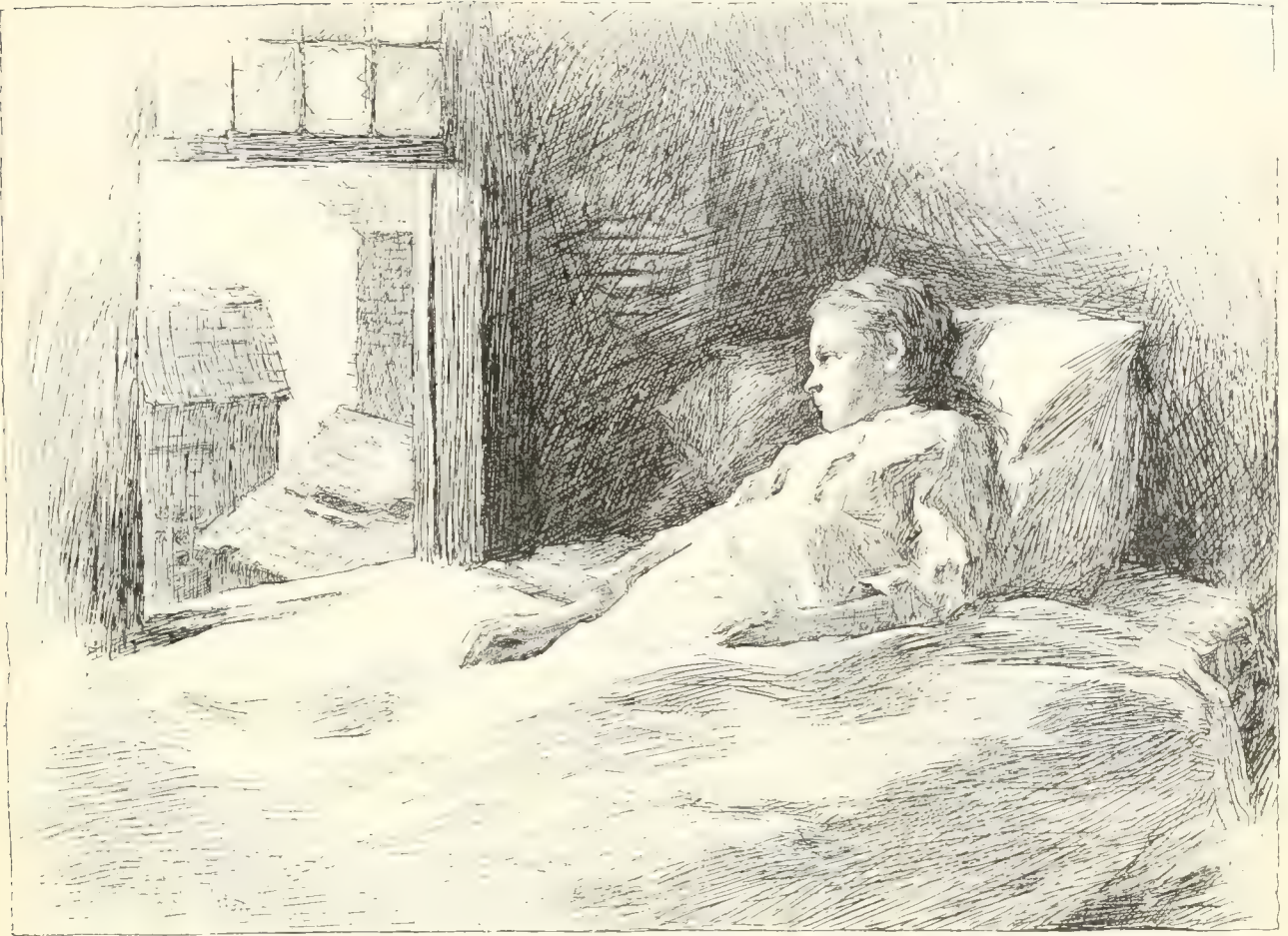
DIMPLES.

THE wavelets of the sea
O'er the lonely strand
Leave the airy dimples
On the golden sand.

The ripples of the air,
Where the garden glows,
Make the shining dimples
On the dewy rose.

The kisses of the mother,
When her babe she seeks,
Print the smiling dimples
On the baby's cheeks.

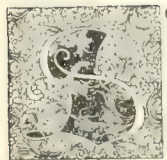
R. K. M.



TWO PRISONERS.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

AUTHOR OF "TWO LITTLE CONFEDERATES," "AMONG THE CAMPS," ETC.



I
QUEEZED in between other old dingy houses down a dirty, narrow street paved with cobble-stones, and having, in place of sidewalks, gutters filled with gray slop-water, stood a house older and dingier than the rest. It had a battered and knock-kneed look, and it leant

on the houses on either side of it, as if it were unable to stand up alone. The door was just on a level with the street, and in rainy weather the water poured in and ran through the narrow little passage. The windows were broken in many places, and were stuffed with old rags, or in some places had bits of oil-cloth nailed over the holes. It looked black and disreputable even in that quarter, and it was. Only the poorest and most unfortunate would stay in such a hovel. It seemed to be in charge of a woman named Mrs. O'Meath, who had once been a washer-woman, but who had long given up a profession which required such constant use of water, and who now, so far as could be seen, used no liquid in any way except whiskey or beer.

The dingiest room in this house was, perhaps, that at the head of the second flight of rickety stairs. It was small and dim. Its single window looked out over the tops of wretched little shingled houses to the backs of some large warehouses beyond. The only break in the view of squalor was the blue sky over the top of the great elm shading the back portico of a large house several squares off. In this miserable room, unfurnished except with a

bed and chair, lived a person—a little girl. You could hardly tell her age, for the face looked much older than the little crooked body. There were lines around the mouth and about the white face which might have been worn by years, or only by suffering. The bed-ridden body was that of a child of ten or twelve. The arms and thin hands looked as the face did—older; and as she lay in her narrow bed she might have been any moderate age. Her sandy hair was straight and faded; her eyes were large and sad. She was known to Mrs. O'Meath and the few people who knew her at all as "Molly." If she had any other name, it was not known. She had no father nor mother. She never knew her father. Her mother she remembered dimly, or thought she did; she was not sure. It was a dim memory of a young woman who was good to her, and who seemed very beautiful, and it was all connected with green trees and grass, and a little house, and birds flying about. At least that was her belief; she was not sure that it was not a dream.

Ever since she remembered clearly she had been lying there, a prisoner in bed, in that room. She did not know how she got there. She must belong in some way to Mrs. O'Meath, for Mrs. O'Meath looked after her. It was not much looking after at best. Mrs. O'Meath used to bring her her food, such as it was—it was not very much—and attend to her wants. Molly suffered sometimes; for she could not walk—she had never walked—and sometimes when Mrs. O'Meath got drunk she did not come up-stairs at all during the day. She was always kinder to her next day, however, and explained,

with much regret, that she had been sick, too sick to get a mouthful for herself even; but other people who lived in the house told Molly that she was just drunk, and Molly soon got to know the signs. Mrs. O'Meath would be cross and ugly. Sometimes she used to threaten her with the poorhouse. Molly did not know what that was; she just knew it was something dreadful (like a prison, she thought). She could not complain, however, for she knew very well what Mrs. O'Meath did was out of charity for her, and because she had promised some one to look after her. The little sewing Molly did for her was not anything, she knew. The rest of the people in the house were as bad as or worse than Mrs. O'Meath, and did not trouble themselves about the child.

Molly's companions were two old books or parts of books: one a torn copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, the other a copy of the *Arabian Nights Entertainment*. These she knew by heart. She used to question the women in the house, when they would stop at the door, about things outside; but they knew only about their neighbors and their quarrels and misfortunes—who got drunk, who had a new sofa or frock, who had been threatened by the police, and who had been refused a drink at the bar. Molly's questions about the fairies and great ladies simply set her down with them as a half-crazy thing. So Molly was left to her own thoughts, and they stood her in good stead. Her little bed was fortunately right by the window, and she could look out over the houses. The pigeons which circled about or walked upon the roofs, and the little brown sparrows which flew around and quarrelled and complained, were her chief companions, and she used to make up stories about them. She soon learned to know them even at a distance, and knew where they belonged. She learned their habits, and observed their life. She gave them names, and made up stories about them to herself.

They were fairies or genii, and lived under spells; they saw things hidden from the eyes of men, and heard strange music which the ears of men could not catch. One thing which interested her most was a bird in a cage which used to hang outside of the back window of a house not far from hers. Over this bird Molly watched more closely than all the others, and had more feeling for it. Shut up in the wire bars, whilst all the other birds were flying about so free and joyous, it reminded her of herself. It was a mocking-bird, and sometimes it used to sing so that she could hear its notes clear and ringing. She felt how miserable it was, confined behind its bars, when there was the whole sky outside for it to spread its wings under. Shortly after it first came it sang a great deal; but Molly knew it was not for joy, but only to the sky and the birds outside; for it used to flutter and look frightened or angry whenever the woman (Mrs. Jones, Mrs. O'Meath said her name was) leaned out of the window; and sometimes the birds would come and look at it in a curious, half-pitying way, and it would try to fly, and would strike against the cage and fall down, and then it would stop singing for a while. Molly would have loved to pet it, and then to have turned it loose, and seen it fly away singing. She knew what joy would have filled its little heart to see the woods and the green fields and pastures and streams, for she knew how she would have felt to see them. She had never seen them in all her life—unless she had not dreamed that dream. Maybe if it were set free, it would come back sometimes and would sing for her, and tell her about freedom and the green fields.

The bird had not always been in a cage; it had been born in a lilac-bush in a great garden, with other lilac-bushes and tall hollyhocks of every hue, and rose-bushes all around it; and it had been brought up there, and had found its mate in an orchard near by, where there were apple-trees, and a little stream bordered

with willows, which looked almost white sometimes when the wind blew. It had often sung all night long in the moonlight to its mate; and one day, when it was getting a breakfast for the young in its nest in the lilacs, it had been caught in a thing with slats to it; and a man had come and had carried it somewhere in a close basket, and had put it into a thing with bars all around it like a jail, and with a dirty floor; and a woman had bought it, and had kept it shut up ever since in the cage. It had come near starving to death for a while; for at first it could not eat the seed and stuff which covered the bottom of its cage, they were so stale; but at last it had to eat, it was so hungry. It grew sick, though, not being used to be shut up in such a close, hot place with the woman and people always moving about it, and it hoped it would die. Sometimes the woman used to hang it outside of her window, and after she went away it used to sing, hoping that its mate might hear, and even if it could not release it, at least might come near enough to sing to it and tell it of the garden and the lilacs and the orchard and the dew. Then, again, when she did not come, it would grow melancholy, and sometimes would try to break out of its prison. Sometimes at night it would dream of the lilacs, and would sing. How Molly watched it and listened to it, and how she pitied it!

The chief story which Molly made up was one about the great gray house away over beyond the other houses. There she could see a little girl walking about in the long gallery—sometimes alone, and sometimes with a colored woman, her nurse. Molly had very keen eyes, and could see clearly a great distance; but she could not, of course, see the features of the little girl. She could only tell that she had long hair, and wore dresses, sometimes white, sometimes blue, sometimes pink. She knew she must be beautiful. She always pictured her so, and she was always on the watch for her. At times she came out with something in her arms, which Molly knew was a doll, and Molly used to fancy the way the doll looked; it must have golden ringlets, and blue eyes, and pink cheeks, and look like a princess. Molly felt sure that the little girl must be a princess. The doll would be dressed in silk and embroidery. She set to work, and with her scraps made a dress and a whole suit of under-clothes for it, such as she thought it ought to have. The dress was nothing but a little piece of shiny pink cambric trimmed with her silk bits, and the under-clothes were only cotton; but she flounced the dress with ends of colored thread, and embroidered it beautifully.

One day she saw the little girl on the gallery playing with something that was not a doll; it ran around after her, and hung on to her skirt. At first Molly could not see it; but then the little girl lifted it up in her arms, and Molly saw that it was a little dog, a fat, grayish-yellow puppy. For several days it used to come out and play with its little mistress, or she would play with it; lifting it, carrying it, feeding it, hugging and kissing it. Molly sighed. Oh, how she would like to have a little dog like that! Her little room looked darker and gloomier than ever. She felt so lonely. She turned over and tried to sleep, but could not. She was so lonely. She had nothing; she had never had anything. She could not ever hope to have a doll; but, oh, if she had a puppy! Next day she thought of it more than ever; and every day afterwards she thought of it.

She actually dreamed about it at night; a beautiful fat puppy came and got up by her on the bed and cuddled up against her and went to sleep. She felt its breathing. She actually saved some of her dinner, her bones, for several days, and hid them, to feel that she had some food for it, though she was hungry herself. No puppy came, however, and she had to give it up, and content herself with looking out for the puppy on the white gallery beyond the house-tops.

II.

Mildred lived in a great big house, or rather she lived in two big houses—one in the country in the summer, and in the winter in one in the city. That in the country was on a hill surrounded by a yard and big old trees, and with green fields stretching around it, where the colts and lambs played, and with the garden on one side filled with lilacs and rose-bushes, where Mildred played. It was an old house, with a great hall running through it, two drawing-rooms on one side, and the library and dining-room on the other. The house in the city was a taller house than the one in the country, and had more and higher rooms and finer things in it; it was taller than any house around it. It was set back in a yard, and had large trees about it, too; but somehow Mildred liked the house in the country best. Mildred had large brown eyes and brown hair. She was a little lame from an accident, and she was sensitive. She often thought it hard that she could not run about and play like other children. In town it was very bad. She did not like town. There she was cramped up, and had to be dressed and taken to walk by her Mammy, and her playthings were all "made playthings."

In town she had her play-room, a large chamber next to the nursery; but it was too formal; it was all "fixed" for her. The only place she really liked was a large upper veranda, where she could run about. In the country she was free; she could run about the yard or garden, and play with the young birds and chickens and "live" things; one "live" thing was worth all the "made" ones in the world, in Mildred's eyes; and if it was sick or crippled, she just loved it. A lame chicken that could not keep up with the rest of the brood, or a bird that had broken its wing falling out of the nest, was her pet and care. Her play-room in town was filled with dolls and toys of every size and kind, in every condition; for a doll's condition is different from that of people; it depends not on the house it lives in and the wealth it has, but on the state of its body and features. Her play-house in the country was a corner of a closet, under the roof. There she used to have war with her Mammy; for Mammy was very strict, and had severe ideas. So whenever a sick chicken or a lame duck was found crying and tucked up in some of the doll's best dresses, there was a battle. "I don't want dolls," Mildred would say. "It don't hurt a doll to break it; they don't care; they can't grow; I want something I can get well and feed." Indeed, this was what her heart hungered for. What she wanted was company. She felt it more in the city than in the country, for in town she had nothing but dolls. She used to think, "Oh, if I just had a chicken or a bird to pet and to love—something young and sweet!"

One day a fat, fawn-colored puppy, as soft as a ball of wool and as awkward as a baby, came waddling up to her on the street, pulled at her dress, rolled over her feet, and would not let her alone. She was delighted with it. It was quite lame in one of its legs, as if it had been broken. She played with it, and hugged it, and fed it with a biscuit; and it licked her hands, and pinched her with its little white teeth. After a while Mammy tried to drive it away, but it would not go; it had taken too great a fancy to its new-found playmate to leave her; and though Mammy slapped it, and took a switch and beat it, it just ran off a little way, and then turned around and followed them again, coming up to them in the most enticing way. When they reached home, Mammy shut it out of the gate; but it staid there and cried, and finally squeezed through the fence, scraping its little fat sides; and running up to the porch after them, slipped into the house, and actually ran and hid itself from Mammy under some furniture in the drawing-room.

Mildred begged her father to let her keep the dog. He said she might, until they could find the owner; but that

it was a beautiful puppy, and the owner would probably want him. Mildred took him to her play-room and played with him, and that night she actually smuggled him into her bed; but Mammy found him and turned him out of so snug a retreat, and Mildred was glad to compromise on having him safely shut up in a box in the kitchen. Her father put an advertisement in the papers, and every effort was made to find the owner; but he never was found, which was perhaps due to Mildred's fervent prayers that



MAMMY TOOK A SWITCH AND BEAT IT.

he might not be found. She prayed hard that his owner might not come after him, even if he had to die not to do so.

She named the puppy Roy, and from that time she found a new life in the city. The two were always together, playing and romping.

The upper gallery was her favorite place. There she could run about, without having Mammy scold her for letting Roy scratch up the floor. Roy made havoc in her play-room; he appeared to have a special fondness for doll babies, and would chew their feet off recklessly. He did not have a wholly easy time, however, for Mildred used to insist on dressing him up and making him sleep in her doll's cradle and ride in her doll's carriage, and as Roy had the bad taste not to appreciate these honors, he had to be trained. Mammy had been strict enough with Mildred to give her very sound ideas of discipline, so Mildred used to coerce Roy sometimes till he rebelled with whines. It was all due to affection, however, and Roy used to whine more over the huggings his little mistress gave him than anything else.

"What you squeezin' dat dog so for? Stop dat! Don't you heah him cryin'?" Mammy used to say.

"'Tain' any use havin' a dog if you can't squeeze him," Mildred would say.

So it went on; and whenever they went out, Roy used to go along. Roy was a most inquisitive dog. Curiosity was his besetting sin. It got him into more trouble than anything else. He used to chew up lace curtains, and taste the silk of the chair covers in the parlors just to try them, though anything else would have done just as well; and once or twice he actually tried the bottoms of Mammy's dress. This was a dreadful mistake for him to make, as he found out, for Mammy allowed no liberties to be taken with her.

"'Ain't you got no better sense 'n to be chawin' my

frock, dog?" she used to say. "Ef you 'ain't, I gwine teach you better."

When he went out to walk, he carried his curiosity to great limits—indeed, as it proved, to a fatal length. He had grown somewhat, and could run about without tripping up over himself every few steps; and as he grew up a little, he was always poking into strange yards or around new corners. Once or twice he had come near getting into serious trouble, for large dogs suddenly bounded up from door-mats and out of unnoticed corners, and appeared very curious to know what business he, a little fat puppy, had coming into their premises uninvited. In such cases Roy always took out as hard as his little fat legs could carry him; or if they ran after him, he just curled over on his back, holding up his feet in the most supplicating way till no dog would have the heart to hurt him.

At last one day he disappeared, and no efforts could find him. He was hunted for high and low; advertisements were put into the papers, a reward was offered, and every exertion was made to find him; but in vain. The last that was seen of him he was playing out in the street in front of the house, and had gone up a side street. It was in the direction of the worst part of the town, and after he did not turn up, there was no doubt that he was stolen, or maybe killed. Mildred was inconsolable. She cried herself almost sick. Her father offered to get her another puppy just like Roy; but it did no good; it would not be Roy, she said; it would not have a broken leg. The sight of the dolls which Roy had so often chewed on made her cry afresh. She prayed that he might come back to her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARLINE-SPIKE SEAMANSHIP.

BY CAPTAIN HOWARD PATTERSON.

I.—HOW TO MAKE KNOTS AND SPLICES.

ROPES may be joined to one another either by knotting or by splicing. If the rope belongs to the running rigging (such as halyards, sheets, etc.) of the vessel, it will be necessary to put a splice in it, as a knot would refuse to render (pass) through the swallow (opening) in the block. There are three kinds of splices in general use, namely, the long, the short, and the eye splice. When joining running rigging a long splice is always employed, as it does not increase the diameter of the rope, and when neatly made cannot easily be detected. The short splice is very bulging, but it can be made quickly, and is employed in all cases where the rope does not pass through blocks. The eye-splice is used for making a permanent loop in the end of a rope, such, for instance, as is seen in the bawlers by which steamboats are temporarily made fast to a dock, the loop or eye being thrown over the spile on the pier. Let us first consider the making of the latter splice:

SPLICES.

The Eye-Splice.—Open the end of the rope and lay the strands 1, 2, 3, upon the standing part (see diagram) as shown in A; now push strand 4 through the rope as shown in B; next



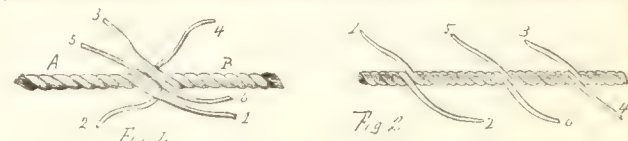
thrust strand 5 over the part through which the former was passed, and last push the strand 6 through on the opposite side. Repeat this once, then cut off the remaining ends, and the splice will appear as in Fig. C.

The Short Splice.—Hold the rope B in the left hand; pass the strand 4 over 1, and having thrust it through under 3, pull it taut; take strand 5 and pass it over 2 and under 1; pass strand 6 over the first strand next to it, and under the second. Shift

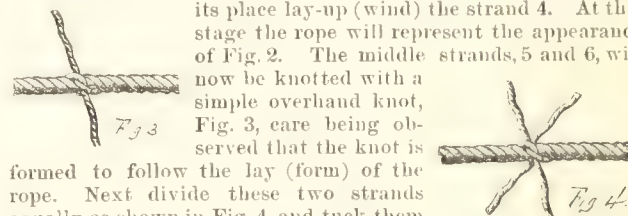


the rope around and treat the other side in the same way, and the result will be as shown in Fig. 2. This single tucking of the ends is not sufficient for strength, so repeat the operation once, then cut off the ends of the strands.

The Long Splice.—Unlay (untwist) the two ends to be joined some two or three feet, and place the ends together in



the same manner as explained for the short splice. Now take the strand 1 and unlay it as far back as A, and in the groove left in the rope wind the strand 2; unlay the strand 3, and in its place lay-up (wind) the strand 4. At this stage the rope will represent the appearance of Fig. 2. The middle strands, 5 and 6, will now be knotted with a simple overhand knot, Fig. 3, care being observed that the knot is



formed to follow the lay (form) of the rope. Next divide these two strands equally as shown in Fig. 4, and tuck them into the rope on the same principle as explained for the short and eye splice. The remaining strands will be treated in the same manner, after which stretch the rope well and cut off the ends.

KNOTS.

Reef Knot.—This commonly used knot is also known as a flat knot and square knot, and is one of the most valuable of the many employed. As its name implies, it is used to tie the reef points of a sail, the stops (short lengths of rope) used to secure the jib to the bowsprit when the sail is lowered, etc. Should a person find it necessary in order to effect an escape from a burning building to fashion a line by tearing sheets into lengths and tying them together, this knot should be employed, for it will not slip, and the bulge where the strips are tied will afford good hold for the hands. In order to make the knot, simply tie an overhand knot, then pass the ends so that they shall take the same lay (form) as the crossed parts beneath. Should the ends be passed (crossed) wrong, an Old Granny knot will be the result, and this knot will capsize (pull out of shape) and slip as soon as a strain is put upon it.



Bowline Knot.—Take the end (1) of the rope in the right hand, and the standing part (2) in the left hand; lay the end over the standing part and turn the left wrist so that the standing part forms a loop (4) enclosing the end; now lead the end back of the standing part and above the loop and bring the end down through the loop again as shown. A bowline of this kind, sometimes called a single bowline, is employed in a variety of ways. Seamen sit in the bight (3) of this shape to be hoisted aloft under certain circumstances, and two towing hawsers are often made fast to one another by two bowlines, the bight of one being passed through the bight of the other.

Bowline on a Bight.—Double the rope, and take the double end (1) in the right hand, the standing part (2) of the rope in left hand; lay the end over the standing part, and by turning the left wrist form a loop (3), having the end inside; now pull up enough of the end (1) to dip under the bight (4), bringing the end toward the right, and dipping it under the bight, then passing it up to the left over the loop and hauling taut. This knot is employed in the same way as explained for the single bowline, and it may also be stated that it affords much amusement as a



puzzle, for if the standing part (2) is held and the knot presented to be untied, only those familiar with the way in which it is made will be apt to discover the secret of dipping the end (1) back and undoing the knot by handling it in a reverse manner to that described for its manufacture.

Running Bowline.—The only difference between this knot and the one described under the head of "Bowline," is that the end (1) of the rope is taken around the standing part (2), and then a single bowline (3) is tied on its own part. As will be understood by reference to the diagram, this forms a slipknot or lasso, and in fact it is employed for the same purposes as the latter. When a shark is hooked by sailors the great fish is hauled up until his head is out of water, then a running bow-line is made around the hook-line, and allowed to fall down over the fins, when it is hauled taut and the strain taken off the hook and line, so that the danger of the fish escaping may be greatly lessened, for the line is apt to break from the thrashing of the creature or the hook pull out.

Wall Knot.—Unlay the end of the rope and whip (tie) it where shown, and form a bight of strand 1, and hold it down at the side represented by 2; pass the end of 3 around 1, and the end of 4 around 3 and through the bight of 1, then the knot will appear as shown in Fig. B; now haul the parts taut, and the knot will be formed.

Crowned Wall Knot.—Over the top of the knot lay the strand 1, then lay strand 2 over 1, and strand 3 over 2, and pass it through the bight of 1; now haul taut the parts, and the knot will take the shape shown in Fig. B.

Double Wall and Double Crown Knot.—This is made by allowing the strands to follow their respective parts round, first walling, then crowning, as shown in the diagram A. This formation is also used as a Stopper Knot and a Man Rope Knot, although a proper Stopper Knot is shown in Fig. B. It is a very beautiful knot when nicely made, and as a fancy knot is common on yachts and naval vessels.

Matthew Walker Knot.—As its name implies, this knot is named after the man who invented it. It is exceedingly simple and easy to make, and is in common use on board of all vessels. Unlay the strands for a short distance, and pass the end 1 around the rope and through its own bight: next the strand 2 underneath and through the bight of 1, also its own bight; last the strand 3 underneath and through the bights of 1 and 2. When hauled taut the knot will appear as in Fig. B.

Diamond Knot.—Unlay the strands as for a Matthew Walker Knot, and form three bights as shown in Fig. A; take strand 1 over 2 and through the bight of 3; take strand 2 over 3 and through the bight of 1; take strand 3 over 1 and through the bight of 2, then haul the parts taut, and lay up (arrange) the strands of the rope again, and the knot will then appear as in Fig. B. What is known as a Double Diamond Knot, Fig. C, may be made by leading the strands through two single bights, having the ends come out at the top of the knot, then leading the last strand through two double bights; last lay the strands up as previously explained, and the knot will show as in Fig. C.

Turk's Head Knot.—This is purely an ornamental knot, and is used to beautify yoke lines for a rowing boat, man-ropes, ridge ropes, gangway ropes, etc. The material used in the construction of this knot is regulated according to the character of the article to be decorated, ranging from twine to signal halyard stuff (line). To make this knot, form a clove hitch, Fig. C, and

bring the bight of 1, Fig. A, under the bight of 2, then take the end up through it, make another cross with the bights, and take the end down. Fig. B represents a Turk's Head of two lays, but it may have any number of lays, it being necessary only to follow the lead around according to the formation desired.

Rope Yarn Knot.—It is to be explained that a rope yarn is simply one of the several parts which make a strand of rope. When a strand is untwisted, its parts become rope yarns. These yarns are used for a number of purposes, such as for rough seizings, etc. When a considerable length of rope yarn is required, it is necessary to knot it smoothly, and this is effected in the following manner: Split in halves the two ends of the rope yarns, and crotch and tie the two opposite ends, then jam the tie and cut off the remaining ends.

Lark's Head Knot.—This knot is used on the same principle as explained for the Slippery Hitch; when it is desired to undo it quickly, simply pull out the wooden toggle 1. The making of the knot will be fully understood by consulting the diagram.

BEGINNING AT HOME.

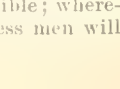
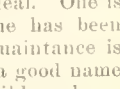
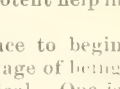
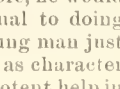
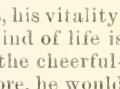
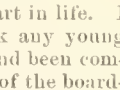
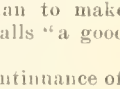
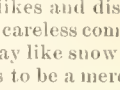
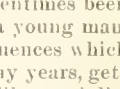
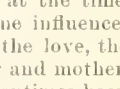
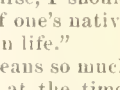
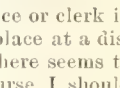
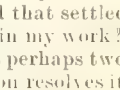
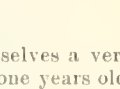
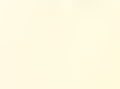
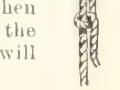
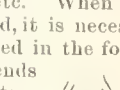
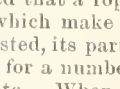
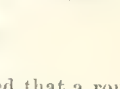
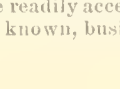
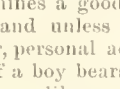
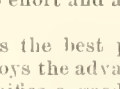
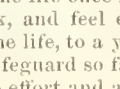
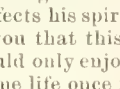
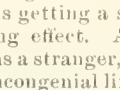
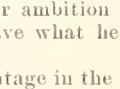
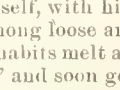
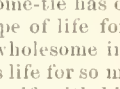
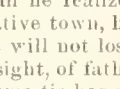
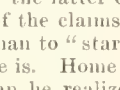
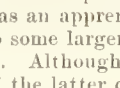
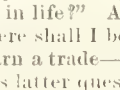
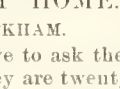
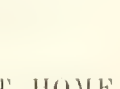
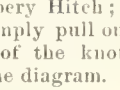
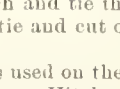
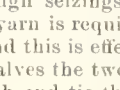
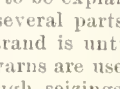
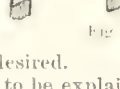
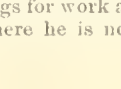
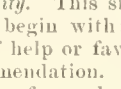
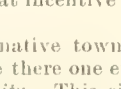
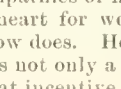
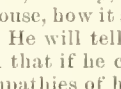
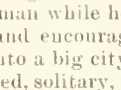
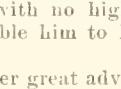
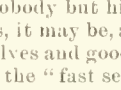
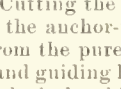
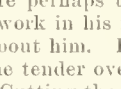
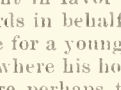
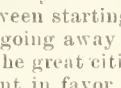
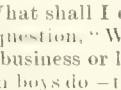
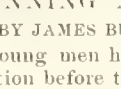
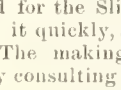
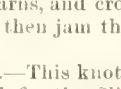
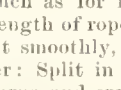
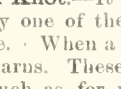
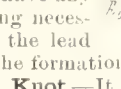
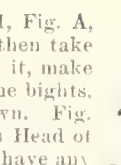
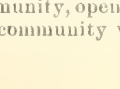
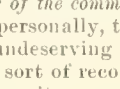
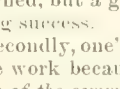
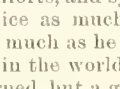
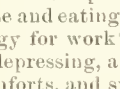
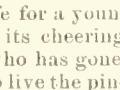
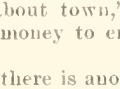
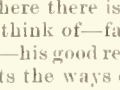
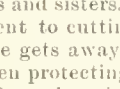
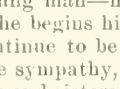
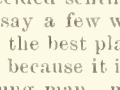
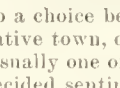
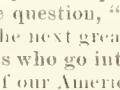
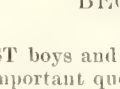
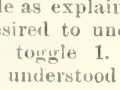
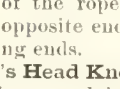
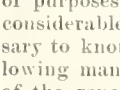
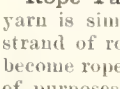
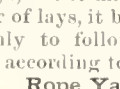
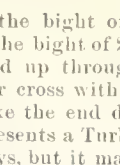
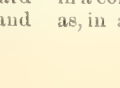
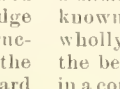
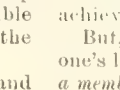
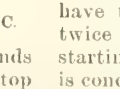
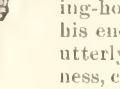
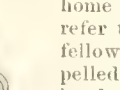
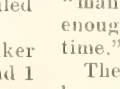
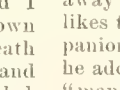
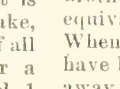
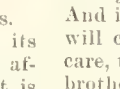
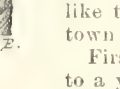
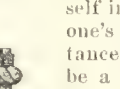
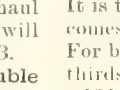
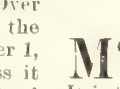
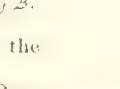
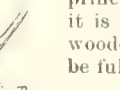
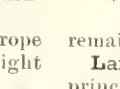
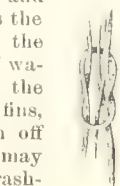
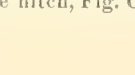
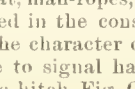
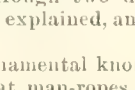
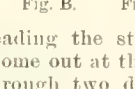
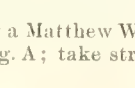
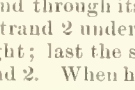
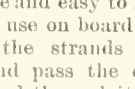
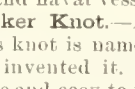
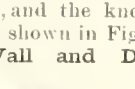
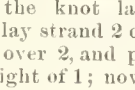
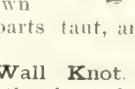
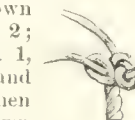
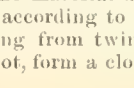
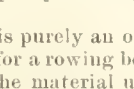
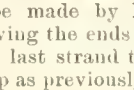
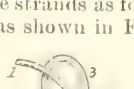
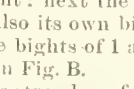
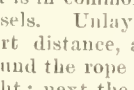
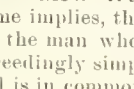
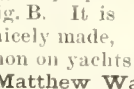
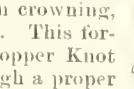
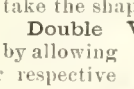
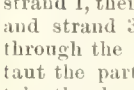
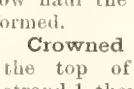
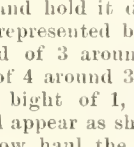
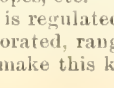
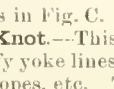
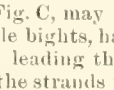
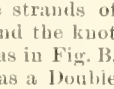
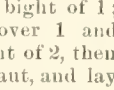
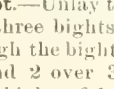
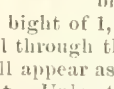
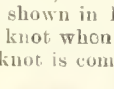
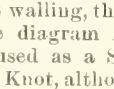
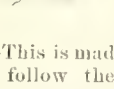
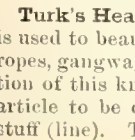
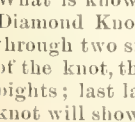
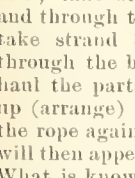
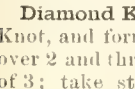
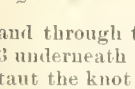
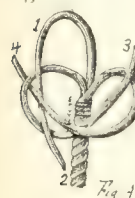
BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

MOST boys and young men have to ask themselves a very important question before they are twenty-one years old. It is the question, "What shall I do in life?" And that settled, comes the next great question, "Where shall I begin my work?" For boys who go into business or learn a trade—as perhaps two-thirds of our American boys do—this latter question resolves itself into a choice between starting as an apprentice or clerk in one's native town, or going away to some larger place at a distance, usually one of the great cities. Although there seems to be a decided sentiment in favor of the latter course, I should like to say a few words in behalf of the claims of one's native town as the best place for a young man to "start in life."

First, because it is where his home is. Home means so much to a young man—more perhaps than he realizes at the time. And if he begins his work in his native town, home influences will continue to be about him. He will not lose the love, the care, the sympathy, the tender oversight, of father and mother, brothers and sisters. Cutting the home-tie has oftentimes been equivalent to cutting the anchor-rope of life for a young man. When he gets away from the pure, wholesome influences which have been protecting and guiding his life for so many years, gets away where there is nobody but himself, with his likes and dislikes to think of—falls, it may be, among loose and careless companions—his good resolves and good habits melt away like snow; he adopts the ways of the "fast set," and soon gets to be a mere "man about town," with no higher ambition than to make enough money to enable him to have what he calls "a good time."

Then there is another great advantage in the continuance of home life for a young man while he is getting a start in life. I refer to its cheering and encouraging effect. Ask any young fellow who has gone into a big city as a stranger, and been compelled to live the pinched, solitary, un congenial life of the boarding-house and eating-house, how it affects his spirits, his vitality, his energy for work? He will tell you that this kind of life is utterly depressing, and that if he could only enjoy the cheerfulness, comforts, and sympathies of home life once more, he would have twice as much heart for work, and feel equal to doing twice as much as he now does. Home life, to a young man just starting in the world, is not only a safeguard so far as character is concerned, but a great incentive to effort and a potent help in achieving success.

But, secondly, one's native town is the best place to begin one's life work because there one enjoys the advantage of being a member of the community. This signifies a good deal. One is known personally, to begin with; and unless one has been wholly undeserving of help or favor, personal acquaintance is the best sort of recommendation. If a boy bears a good name in a community, openings for work are readily accessible; whereas, in a community where he is not known, business men will



look upon him with a certain suspicion, rather than with a predisposition in his favor.

The community relation is still more potent when the young man's family is well and honorably known in his native town. Suppose his father and grandfather before him have been prominent and worthy figures in local affairs. The young man is felt to have an unquestionable claim upon the community. He has fallen heir to the best kind of family inheritance. How foolish he will be if he throws up the benefits of such a legacy altogether, and for the sake of novelty, adventure, or prestige, goes away to some larger community to seek his fortune! If in himself worthy, he would have risen rapidly at home, and gained both experience and recommendation to aid him, should it seem best to enter upon some larger field by-and-by. The opportunity for prompt and fair advancement—perhaps even the opportunity for entering his chosen work at all—would be far less likely to come to him in a community where neither he nor his family were known. Far better to begin in one's native town, and then, if one's attainments plainly point to a wider field, seek it, with the re-enforcement of what one has already gained.

Of course these observations apply only under certain conditions. One's native place must, at least, offer opportunities of the sort which one seeks. For instance, if a boy wants to become a machinist, there must be some kind of machine-shop in the town or vicinity. Again, the place must be of sufficient size to afford openings for its young men in the direction of their fitness. Most country villages, of course, are not; but I believe there are few towns which could not with advantage retain all the young life, which now impoverishes them by flowing away to the cities. Finally, one's home and community life must have been congenial and profitable. If not, it were better, perhaps, to start life anew in some community where one could profit by one's former mistakes or faults, and, unmolested, turn over a new leaf. A few young men, doubtless, are benefited by getting away from a place where everything has been "out of joint" with them as far back as they can remember. But, on the whole, and for the majority of beginners, it seems to me that one's native place affords inducements and advantages which no other community can equal as a starting-point in life.

DANGEROUS MISSILES.

"SPLENDID fun seeing the procession," said Billy to Sammy, "who didn't go. They were sitting together on the fence."

"Ye-es!" drawled Sammy.

"Yes. Elephants, an' camels, an' horses, an' wagons full of Indians, an' Roman warriors, an' jockeys on horses, an' piles o' things!"

"Yeses!"

"Yes." Billy was determined to rouse his stupid companion. "An' a terrible crowd of boys rushin' after, throwin' things at the Indians an' Roman warriors."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Sammy. "What did they throw, Bill?"

"Lots o' things," replied Bill, solemnly. "Mud an' tomatoes; an' one feller fired imprecations!"

"You don't say!" (in a tone of awe). "I never saw them. Was anybody killed?"

"BABY'S" GIFT.

SOME stories told of a dog's sagacity are almost too extraordinary to be believed; yet what little mistress of a smart little dog believes any pet superior to her own?

"Baby did the dearest thing the other day," said Baby's mistress to me, enthusiastically. "I came home late for dinner. I'd been out such a long walk, getting flagroot, you know. Baby didn't like it because I left him home, and when I got back, he was 'most crazy, he was so glad to see me. He jumped and danced about like mad. I let him kiss me all he wanted; and then mamma said, 'Now jump down, Baby; Meta wants her dinner.'"

"When Baby heard her say that, he jumped down, and dashed off into the kitchen. Then he ran back into the room with a big bone in his mouth, and he brought it to me, and laid it at my feet; and then the darling stood wagging his tail, as much as to say, 'I've brought you the best dinner I could.'"

"I think his feelings were hurt," concluded Meta, mournfully, "when we put the bone back on his plate. He took it away and

buried it. It was just as if he thought to himself, 'Well, if Meta won't eat it, I won't.'"

But I am afraid Meta's imagination went almost too far that time.

A MAGICIAN'S MISTAKE.

ALMOST every magician can tell you an interesting story of how, at some time or other, the noble art of deception involved him unexpectedly in deep trouble. The temptation "to fool people" is always very strong. It is, no doubt, a flattering thing to be able to show off one's accomplishments at another person's expense. But every once in a while the self-satisfied conjurer runs across a "subject" that does not submit tamely to his innocent wiles and sportive pranks. In one notable instance a wizard's performance led to serious complications, as the following will show:

The story comes to us from the island of Madagascar. The eventful scene is the court of her most gracious Majesty Queen Ranarabona II., with pretty maids and faithful courtiers in attendance. A clever creole conjurer had been invited to entertain her Majesty with his subtle craft. He had, perhaps, that high-sounding recommendation which comes from having performed before "all the crowned heads of Europe," and that goes for a great deal even in Madagascar.

And so the conjurer set out to astonish the natives. We have no idea of what he did at first, but we may imagine that he repeated the old-time tricks that come from the innocent request, "Please do this or that." At all events, the programme went smoothly, until the wizard took a glass of water and, by a flourish of his wand, turned the liquid into wine—fine old Malaga, as he claimed. With a self-satisfied smile and a courtly bow, he offered the glass to her Majesty. To the magician's surprise, the Queen declined to taste the fine old Malaga. The fellow repeated his seemingly innocent request, and again the Queen refused. When he insisted, an attendant whispered into his ear that the Queen did not drink in public.

But magicians claim to be above all rules of etiquette and royal red tape. If this coffee-colored expert had been wise, he would have stopped then and there. What do you think he had the impertinence to do? He pretended to be seized with a fit of anger (which appeared to the audience to be real, and not assumed), and in his rage he threw the fine old Malaga into the Queen's lap.

You can easily imagine the confusion that ensued. Of course, the Queen was so greatly shocked that she fainted, the pretty maids screamed, the faithful courtiers drew their swords, and the guards were called in.

If ever a Prospero badly needed his magic wand, it was at this time, when a little first-rate magic would have been of wonderful service. How the creole professor managed to get out of the court alive is more than either he or we could tell. Suffice it to say that he did escape, and that he at once sought refuge in the house of the English Resident-General.

Few of us can realize the unpardonable offence committed by the magician. The "taboo" which surrounds the royal persons among semi-civilized people may be compared to that divinity which, as Shakespeare said, "doth hedge a King." The luckless expert had behaved not only in the rudest possible manner, but he had broken one of the time-honored laws of the "taboo," the punishment for which was death.

In truth, the saffron-faced professor was in desperate trouble. He had no chance to explain. The water had been spilled into the Queen's lap, her sacred person had been insulted. Nor could he show that spilling the water was really an innocent trick, as any amateur magician well knows. It was too late. The only thing for the professor to do was for himself to take the part of the "vanishing lady," and get out. But how?

By this time a great crowd had gathered around the house of the Resident-General. As loyal subjects, the people demanded the head of the ill-mannered foreigner. If the Resident-General did not want to do the "execution act," they would do it for him willingly. Then the English representative came out and poured oil on the troubled waters. He argued for delay. If her Majesty's good people would only wait until to-morrow, their anger would be appeased, and all would go well. After some parleying and coaxing, the mob dispersed.

Late that night or early the next morning the terrified magician was hurried away and secreted in a sailing vessel. The action of the Resident-General threatened, for a short time, to produce diplomatic complications. The people had been cheat-

ed out of their revenge. But England's power and war ships were feared, and the matter was dropped. As for the dusky magician, we hope that, like Prospero, thereafter he eschewed magic, and resolved "to break his staff," and to "bury it certain fathoms in the earth."

"AS RICH AS CRÆSUS."

CRÆSUS, the last King of Lydia, was born 590 B.C. His name has long been a synonyme for very great wealth. It is a common expression, when wishing to convey the idea of immense riches, to say of any one, "He is as rich as Cræsus."

Strabo, a Greek philosopher and historian, tells us that Cræsus had mines of great value situated between Pergamum and Atarnes, and that he derived great wealth from the little river Pactolus, the sand of which was gold. His wealth must have been very great, to judge of it by the costly presents he made to the temple of Delphos.

A great many of these presents were still to be seen in the time of Herodotus, "The Father of History," and were worth several millions.

Cræsus laid great stress on riches, and thought himself happy and great in proportion to his wealth. He thus mistook regal pomp and splendor for true greatness and happiness.

Solon, one of the most celebrated of the Seven Wise Men of Greece, resolved to pay a visit to King Cræsus. He accordingly went to Sardis, and was received in a manner suitable to the reputation of so great a man. The King and his numerous court appeared in all regal pomp and magnificence, but Solon did not show the least surprise or admiration. Cræsus then ordered all his treasures, his grand apartments, and costly furniture, to be shown to Solon, thinking thus to conquer his indifference. After Solon had seen all, he was brought back to the King. Cræsus then asked him, "which of mankind, in all his travels, he had found the most truly happy?" King Cræsus of course thought he would be the one Solon would name, but the answer the philosopher gave him was one in which silver and gold were not taken into consideration. "Why do you not think me the most truly happy?" Cræsus asked, in a tone that plainly showed his displeasure. "King of Lydia," Solon calmly replied, "the life of man seldom exceeds seventy years, and no two days of his life are exactly alike; so the time to come is nothing but a series of various accidents which cannot be foreseen. Therefore, it is my opinion no man can be esteemed truly happy but he whose happiness God continues to the end of his life; I consider the happiness of those who are constantly exposed to a thousand dangers as uncertain as the crown is to a person who is still engaged in battle and has not yet gained the victory." Solon retired when he had finished speaking. His words displeased Cræsus very much.

Cyrus, King of Persia, looked upon liberality as a truly royal virtue. "My desire," said he, "is to have it always in my power to reward those who serve the public faithfully, and to aid and relieve those who will acquaint me with their wants."

Cræsus one day told Cyrus that by continual giving he would at last make himself poor; whereas, if he had amassed his great wealth, he would have been the richest prince in the world.

"To what sum," asked Cyrus, "do you think my wealth might have amounted had I given nothing away?"

Cræsus named an immense sum.

Cyrus then ordered a short note to be written to the lords of his court, in which he told them that he had occasion for money. In a very short time a much larger sum was brought to him than Cræsus had mentioned. "Here are my treasures," said Cyrus, showing the vast sum to Cræsus. "The chests I keep my treasures in are the hearts and affections of my subjects."

Cyrus proved conclusively that he was not only as rich as Cræsus, but was also a great deal richer.

However, if we may judge of Cræsus by the character he bears in history, he was a very good King, and worthy of esteem in many respects.

His chief delight was in literature and the sciences, and his palace was the resort for men of wit and learning.

When Cyrus, the great Persian King, conquered Lydia, Cræsus was taken prisoner. The conversation he formerly had with Solon came to his mind after he was made a captive and compelled to give up his vast riches, and he was thoroughly convinced of the truth of that wise philosopher's words.

As long as Cyrus lived he treated Cræsus with much kindness and respect; but when Cambyses, the son of Cyrus, came to the throne, he caused Cræsus to be put to death.

MARY'S GARDEN.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.



LITTLE Mary, day by day,
Had no time for idle play,
For the grandam now was old;
Scarce the distaff she could
hold,

And what Mary's hands could
do
Must support and clothe them,
too.

She must cook, and she must
sweep,
House and all in order keep;

And their garden, most of all,
She must tend from spring to
fall,

Guard from drought and strag-
gling weeds,
To supply their humble needs.

Ah, that garden! Day by day
Did it thrive in wondrous way.

All the neighbors wonderingly
Cried, "It is a sight to see!"

Only Mary wondered not,
Toiling in the garden spot,

Quite too full of other things
For such idle wonderings.

Silence deep; a summer night,
Where the moon hung round and bright.

Little Mary startled woke;
Some strange sounds her slumber broke—

Baby laughter, faint and sweet,
Pattering of little feet.

Mary slipped from out her bed
And across the attic sped.

There the little garden lay
In the moonlight, bright as day,

While—ah, marvellous sight to see!—
Angels toiled there busily.

Baby angels, young and small,
Very, very busy all;

Each, with little spade or hoe,
Working at her garden row;

While close by, with popping eyes,
Sat an old hare gray and wise;

Sat and watched awhile, and then
Went, hip-hop, away again.

Then, when everything was set
In sweet order, green and wet,

All the little angel band
Stood and eyed it hand in hand.

Then they turned and went away
Solemnly, no longer gay,

Through the gate and up the hill—
Little Mary saw them still—

Till in silvery mists of night
All at last were lost to sight.

Little Mary wondering gazed,
Crossed herself: "The saints be praised!

"It is angels, all unseen,
Who have kept my garden green."



LOST BALL.

"I'M LOST! IS NOT THAT JOLLY? DON'T LET THEM SEE YOU LOOKING AT ME. NOW I CAN HAVE A REST, AND A CHANCE TO RECOVER FROM THE TERRIBLE KNOCKS I HAVE HAD."

A HAPPY TIME.

"I'm glad we're going to move," remarked Louis, "because mamma will be so busy packing that she won't have time to know what I do."

A RIDDLE ANSWERED.

CAN anything be heavy and light at the same time? Why, of course. Didn't you ever hear of heavy clouds of light gray?

THE WISE MAN.

THERE was a man in our town
Who dressed in plaids and cheeks;
He jumped into an apple-tree,
And smashed his Sunday specs.

And when he saw his glasses break,
He climbed upon a shelf,
And ate cream-cakes till he became
A spectacle himself.

A WITTY ANSWER.

QUEEN CAROLINE of England once inquired of Mr. Pitt, the elder, what it would cost to shut up the London public parks, and make them private grounds.

Mr. Pitt knew that the people would never submit to this, but his answer was polite. "Three crowns, your Majesty," was his reply.

TOO LITTLE.

TEACHER. "If ten carpenters worked for ten days at seventy-five cents a day, what would they get?"

HUGH. "They'd get cheated, 'cause papa says two dollars a day is their price."

A MATTER OF SIZE.

"Is the captain of your baseball team a very good player?" asked Dexter's father.

"No, sir," replied Dexter; "but he said he wanted it, and as he's the biggest boy in school, he got it."

A VAIN ATTEMPT.

FATHER. "That cat made an awful noise on the back fence last night."

ARNOLD. "Yes, sir. I guess that since he ate the canary he thinks he can sing."

MAKING ACQUAINTANCE.

MARVIN (to strange boy). "Are you the new boy who lives next door?"

STRANGE BOY. "No; the new boy's only three months old. I'm the old one."

EXCUSING HERSELF.

MAY. "Did I used to cry as much as baby brother?"

MAMMA. "Yes, my dear."

MAY. "Well, he'll be awfully ashamed of it when he gets big. I would if I was a boy."

A DIFFERENCE.

MAMMA. "Come, now, dear, it's getting dark, and time you were in bed. The little birds have gone."

DOROTHY. "Yes'm; but the little birds got up at daylight, and I didn't."

SO ROLLO THINKS.

AUNT PHOEBE. "Your brother Tom grows much faster than you do, Rollo."

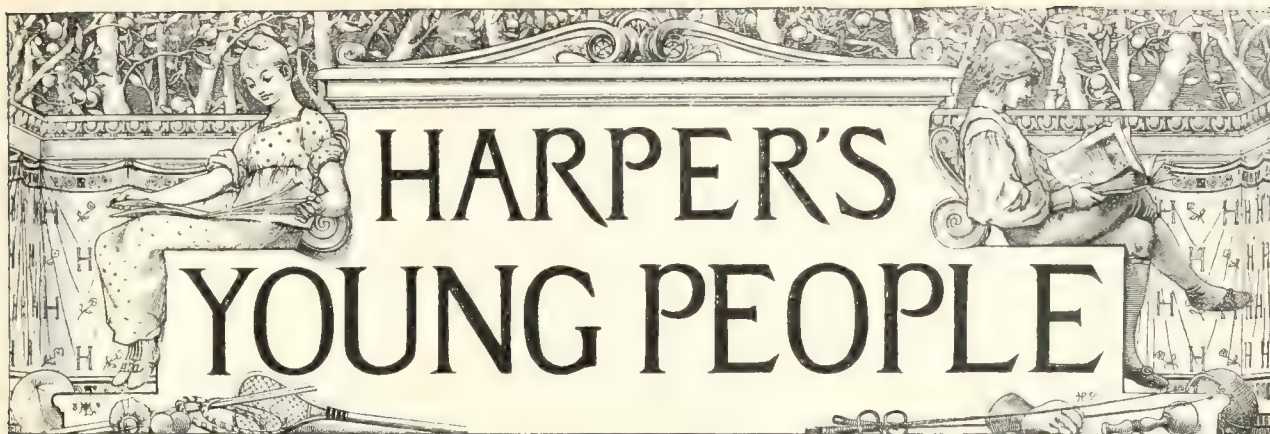
ROLLO. "Well, he'll get old before I do, then, auntie."



FOSTER CHICKS. "THERE'S SOMETHING LIKE HAVING A DUCK FOR A FATHER AFTER ALL," LUI.



DUCKS WILL BE DUCKS.



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CANOEMATES:*

A STORY OF THE EVERGLADES.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," "DERRICK STERLING," "CRYSTAL, JACK, & CO.," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WORTH MEETS A PANTHER.

TO find themselves once more in their canoes, and to be gliding over unknown waters, with new scenes unfolding at every turn, was so exhilarating to the boys that they started up the river at racing speed, shouting and laughing as they went. They were about to disappear from the sight of the others around a bend of the stream when they were checked by a shout from Lieutenant Carey. As he joined them, he said:

"We must keep together, boys, and regulate our speed

by that of the cruiser, for, in case of unforeseen difficulties or dangers, it won't do for us to be separated. I wouldn't make any more noise than is necessary either. There is no knowing what the Indians, whose country we are entering, may take it into their heads to do. While I do not anticipate any serious trouble from them, I would rather avoid them as much as possible, and by proceeding quietly we may escape their notice, at least for the present."

For the first mile or two the river-banks were hidden beneath a dense growth of mangroves, though above these they could catch occasional glimpses of the tops of pines and tall palmettoes. The mangroves grew smaller and thinner, until finally they disappeared entirely, and on

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 644.

tating the water over which they floated, our voyagers found it to be fresh and sweet.

"There is no danger of our suffering from thirst on this trip whatever may happen," said Sumner.

They were close to one of the banks as he spoke, and from it there suddenly came a rushing sound, followed by the floundering splash of some huge body in the water, so close at hand that their canoes were violently rocked by the waves that immediately followed. The suddenness of the whole proceeding drew a startled cry from Worth.

"What could it have been?" he asked, in a low tone, and with a very white face. "Was it a hippopotamus, do you think?" He had seen the "hippos" splash into their tank in Central Park.

"Not exactly," laughed Sumner, who, after a slight start, had quickly regained his composure. "It was a big alligator, and he went so close under my canoe that I could have touched him with the paddle."

"Suppose he had upset us?"

"There wasn't any danger of that. He was more scared than we were, but he knew enough to dive clear of us."

"But if he should take it into his head to attack us?"

"He won't, though. Mr. Alligator is a great coward. If he is disturbed while taking a sun bath on shore, he makes a blind rush for the water in spite of all obstacles, but it is only because he is too frightened to do anything else. Once safely in the water, he is glad enough to sink quietly to the bottom without seeking the further acquaintance of his enemies. That has always been my experience with them, but then I have only known them where they were hunted a good deal. The fellows where we are going may be bolder, but I have never heard of alligators as being anything but awful cowards."

Partly reassured by this, Worth regarded the next alligator that he saw with greater composure, and before the day was over he hardly minded them at all. He certainly had an opportunity of becoming familiar with them, for they fairly swarmed in the river. Nearly every sand spit showed from one to a dozen of them, of all sizes, lying motionless in the warm sunlight.

Worth declared that some of them were twenty feet long; but Sumner laughed at him, and said that twelve or thirteen feet at most would be nearer the mark. In this statement he was supported by Lieutenant Carey, who said that even a fifteen-foot alligator would be a monster, and he doubted if one of that length had ever been seen.

Most of the scaly brutes, after finding themselves safely in the water, would rise to the surface for one more look at the cause of their fright. In thus rising, they only displayed the tops of their heads, and as the canoes approached, these would imperceptibly sink until only four black spots, indicating the eyes and nostrils, were visible. Then these, too, would disappear without leaving the faintest ripple to mark the place where they had been. Often a quick spurt would take the canoes to the spot in time for the boys to look down through the clear water and see the great black body lying motionless on the bottom, or darting swiftly away toward some safer hiding-place.

Sometimes they saw tiny fellows, brightly marked with yellow, and but recently hatched, sunning themselves on broad lily-pads. These were never found in company with their elders, which, Lieutenant Carey said, was because their papas were too fond of eating them.

When Sumner spoke of alligators' eggs and nests, Worth asked, innocently, if the mother alligators sat on their eggs like hens.

At the mental picture thus presented, Sumner laughed so heartily that he could hardly wield his paddle; but Lieutenant Carey explained that an alligator's nest is

built of sticks, leaves, and grass, very like a musk-rat's house.

"In the middle of this," he said, "are laid from twenty to forty thick-shelled pure white eggs about the size of the largest goose-eggs. These are left to be hatched by the heat of the sun and of the decomposing mass surrounding them. When they break their shells, the little fellows immediately scramble for the nearest water, where they are left to care for themselves without a suggestion of parental guidance or advice. In fact, they are wise enough from the very first to keep out of the way of their elders, whose only love for them seems to be that of an epicure for a dainty dish."

"Aren't there crocodiles, too, in Florida?" asked Sumner.

"Yes. Professor Hornaday mentions genuine crocodiles as being found in Biscayne Bay on the east coast, where I hope we shall get a look at them. They are described as differing from alligators in the head, that of the crocodile being the narrower and longer. The snout is sharper than that of an alligator, and at the end of the lower jaw are two long canine teeth or tusks that project through holes in the upper lip."

"Him big fighter too," remarked Quorum, from the cruiser. "Him heap mo' wicked dan de 'gator. De Injun call him 'Allapatta hajo,' an' say hit mean mad 'gator."

As the party advanced up the stream the current became so much stronger that the boys began to feel the effects of their steady paddling against it, and were no longer inclined to shoot ahead of the others. The foliage of the banks changed with each mile, and by noon the pines had given place to clumps of palmetto, bay, water-oak, wild fig, mastic, and other timber. Here and there were grassy glades, in more than one of which they caught tantalizing glimpses of vanishing white-tailed deer.

The water began to assume an amber tint, and was so brilliantly clear, that in looking down through it they could see great masses of coral rocks that often overshadowed the yawning mouths of dark chasms. Above these, whole meadows of the most beautiful grasses—red, green, purple, and yellow—streamed and waved with the ceaseless motion of the current. Schools of bright-hued fish darted through and over these, and turtles, plunging into the water from stranded logs or sunny sand spits, could be seen scuttling away to their hiding-places among them.

The noontide heat of the sun was intense as the signal for a halt was given. The boats were turned in toward a bank where a grass-plot, shaded by a clump of rustling palmettoes, offered a tempting resting-place.

As they landed, Worth was certain that he saw a flock of turkeys disappear in a small hummock back of the clearing. With his new-born hunting instinct strong within him, he seized his gun and crossed the glade, in the hope of getting a shot. He had practised constantly on the call given him by his instructor, and now felt competent to deceive even the most experienced gobbler. Advancing cautiously within cover of the hummock, and seating himself on a log that was completely concealed by a screen of bushes, he began to call, "Keouk, keouk, keouk." For ten minutes or so he repeated the sounds at short intervals without getting a reply. Suddenly a slight rustle in the bushes behind him caused him to turn his head. Within a yard of him glared a pair of cruel green eyes.

With a yell of terror the boy dropped his gun, sprang to his feet, burst from the bushes, and fled wildly toward camp. Reaching it in safety, but hatless and breathless, he declared that a tiger had been crouched, and just about to spring at him.

"Perhaps it was a 'coon," suggested Sumner.

"'Coon, indeed?' cried Worth, hotly. "If you had seen the size of its eyes, you would have thought it was an elephant!"

"What has become of your gun?" inquired the Lieutenant.

"I haven't the slightest idea," replied the boy, "and I don't care. I wouldn't face those eyes again for a thousand guns."

Finally, however, he was persuaded to return with Lieutenant Carey and Summer, both well armed, and point out the scene of his fright. They found his hat, the gun, and the log on which he had been sitting. Then in the soft earth close behind it they also found a double set of huge panther tracks—one made while cautiously approaching the supposed turkey, and the other while bounding away in affright at Worth's yell.

"I don't wonder that you were both frightened," said the Lieutenant, with a smile; "but now that your skill as a turkey-caller is established, I wouldn't go out on a hunting expedition alone again if I were you."

"Indeed I won't, sir. I'd rather never see another turkey than risk being stared at by such a pair of eyes as that panther carries round with him."

CHAPTER XXIV.

RATTLESNAKES AND RIFLE-SHOTS.

WHILE they were returning through the grassy glade, the Lieutenant, who was a few steps in advance, suddenly stopped and sprang back. The boys barely caught a glimpse of a flat, wicked-looking head, from which a forked tongue was viciously thrusting, and heard a sound like the whir-r-r of an immense locust, when Lieutenant Carey fired, and the head disappeared in the tall grass.

"It was a snake, wasn't it?" asked Worth.

"Worse than that," replied the Lieutenant. "It was a diamond-back rattler, the most venomous snake known to this country, and with another step I should have been on him. I'd rather face your panther unarmed than to have stepped on that fellow."

"What would you have done if you had met it without a gun in your hand?" asked Summer, curiously.

"Run," answered the Lieutenant, laconically, as he grasped the lifeless body of the snake by the tail, with a view to dragging it into camp.

"But if he had caught and bitten you?"

"He wouldn't have caught me, because, in the first place, he would have been content to be let alone, and wouldn't have chased me. In the second place, the rattlesnake is such a sluggish reptile that I could run faster than he, and could easily have kept out of his way."

"Well, then, what would you do if you were bitten?"

"If it were on an arm or a leg, I should tie my handkerchief above the wound, and twist it with a bit of stick as tightly as possible, so as to impede the circulation. Then I should enlarge the wound with my knife, and, if I could reach it with my mouth, I should suck it for five minutes, frequently spitting out the blood. After that I should get to camp as quickly as possible, put a freshly chewed tobacco plaster on the wound every ten minutes for the next hour, and at the same time drink a tumblerful of whiskey or other alcoholic liquor. If I could do all that, and the fangs had not struck an artery, I should feel reasonably sure of recovery."

"Suppose they had struck an artery, what would you do?"

"Reconcile myself to death as quickly as possible, for I should probably be dead inside of three minutes," was the grim reply.

Worth shuddered as he gazed at the scaly body that, marked with black and yellow diamonds, trailed for more than five feet behind the Lieutenant, and remarked that the sooner they got away from the haunts of panthers

and rattlesnakes, and back among the good-natured alligators, the better he should like it.

"I shouldn't think Indians would care to live in such a rattlesnaky country," he added.

"They don't mind them," laughed the Lieutenant. "Their keen eyesight generally enables them to discover a snake as soon as he sees them. Then, too, they have an infallible antidote for snake bite, the secret of which they refuse to divulge to white men."

"How many rattles has this fellow?" asked Summer.

"Only seven," answered Lieutenant Carey, counting them.

"Then he was a young fellow. I thought from his size that he must be pretty old, and would have twelve or thirteen rattles and a button at least."

"The number of rattles does not indicate a snake's age," said the Lieutenant, smiling. "They get broken off, as do long finger-nails. I have seen very large snakes with fewer rattles than others that were smaller and evidently younger."

While they were eating lunch Quorum skinned the snake, rubbed the beautiful skin thoroughly with fine salt, and rolled it into a compact bundle, in which condition it would keep for a long time.

After lunch and the hour's rest that followed it the little fleet was again got under way, and proceeded up the swift river. About the middle of the afternoon they entered the broad belt of cypress timber that borders the Everglades on all sides. Here the serried ranks of tall trees, stretching away as far as the eye could reach, held out their long moss-draped arms until they met overhead, and formed a dim archway for the passage of the rushing current. The water flowed with strange gurglings against the gray trunks, and the whole scene was one of such weird solitude that on entering it the explorers shivered as with a chill. Through the semi-twilight fluffy night herons flitted like gray shadows, and the harsh scream of an occasional water-fowl, startled by the dip of paddles, echoed through the gloomy forest like a cry of human distress.

The atmosphere of the place was so depressing that no one spoke, but each bent to his paddle or oars with redoubled energy, the quicker to escape into the sunshine that they knew must lie somewhere beyond it.

Quorum, who had been sitting in the stern of the cruiser while the sailor rowed, was finally made so nervous by his uncanny surroundings that he begged his companion to change places with him. He wished to row that his thoughts might be occupied with the hard work. The sailor complied, though laughing at the negro's fears as he did so. While Quorum was working with desperate energy to catch up with the other boats, there came an incident of so startling a nature that in relating it afterwards he said,

"I tell yo', sah, de ole niggah so skeer dat him come de neares' in he life to tu'nin' plumb white."

It was a volley of rifle-shots that flashed and roared from the forest on the right bank of the river like thunder from a clear sky. A second volley followed almost immediately, and then succeeded such a din of yells, whoops, and howlings as would have dismayed the stoutest heart.

For an instant each one of the explorers imagined himself to be the sole survivor of a wholesale massacre, and the surprise of the volleys was fully equalled by that of seeing his companions still alive.

While the echoes of the first volley were still reverberating through the dim arches of the forest, Quorum whirled the cruiser around as on a pivot, and despite his companion's remonstrances, started her down the river with a rush. The canoemen sat for a couple of seconds with uplifted paddles as though paralyzed, and in that space of time the powerful current did for them what

quorum had done for the cruiser. There seemed nothing to do but fly from those crashing rifles and demoniac yells. So fly they did, paddling furiously, and casting fearful glances over their shoulders to note if they were being pursued.

It was nearly sunset when the Lieutenant overtook the others at a place beyond the lower edge of the cypress belt. He found them still badly demoralized, and ready to continue their flight at the first intimation of danger.

"Well, boys," he cried, cheerily, as his canoe swept down beside them, "I suppose we might as well call this the end of our day's work, and go into camp."

"Camp?" almost gasped Worth. "You don't mean, sir, that you propose to go into camp while the whole country is simply swarming with savage Indians?"

"I certainly do," replied the Lieutenant. "We shall be safer in camp, where we can work together, than on the river, where we must necessarily be separated, especially in the dark. Moreover, I don't believe we shall be molested here. The mere fact that they have not pursued us so far is, to my mind, an indication that they don't intend to. In fact, boys, in thinking over this matter I am inclined to believe that the Indians, or whoever fired those shots, for I didn't see a human being, only intended to frighten us in the hope that we would give up our undertaking. I believe that the cartridges they fired were blank ones. Certainly some of us would have been hit if they had been loaded. I cannot remember seeing a bullet strike the water or anywhere else. Can you?"

No; none of them had noticed anything of the kind.

"That they have not pursued us is another indication that they do not desire our lives," continued the Lieutenant. "Besides all this, the Seminoles are fully aware of the consequences to themselves in case they should kill a white man, and I have no idea that they desire a war or anything like it. Thus I say that they only meant to frighten us, and I must acknowledge that they succeeded. I, for one, was never more startled and scared in my life. Now I propose that we camp here, without lighting a fire to betray our presence or let them know that we have stopped running, until towards morning. Then I intend to try the passage of that cypress swamp again."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A READING OF SHAKESPEARE.

"THE TEMPEST."

IT was my very good fortune years ago, when only a school-girl, to make the acquaintance of a lady known to all the world as a most ardent lover and student of Shakespeare, and from her I caught new inspiration and stimulus in reading, learning, and—I use the word in a way which all lovers of the great genius will appreciate—*expecting*; for this lady, Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke, spent years over her now famous concordance of the poet (twelve, I think it was, in research, and four in compilation), and she told me that her work was a "constant delightful finding of something new." So, remembering her counsels, I would say to my young readers, go to your Shakespearian reading always *expecting* to find what may have escaped you before, and be very sure that what you don't fully understand at once, you will perhaps the next time. Give patience and care and, above all, love to the work.

For your elders, who may perhaps smile at you for it, I will add, do not be ashamed of an honest enthusiasm for the best in literature. It will not hurt you, rather will it sow good seed for future work to ripen.

In a former paper* we discussed, for a reading-circle,

The Merchant of Venice, with its strong historical reality, its types of men and women of the day, its carefully exact setting, as it were, in cities known to the commercial as well as gorgeous social world of its century. Now, as we turn to another volume, behold, Shakespeare takes us into the most charming land of enchantment—to an island such as might have been "dropped down from heaven," a place of flowers and birds, sunshine and bloom, and whereon live an old man, Prospero, formerly Duke of Milan, and his lovely daughter Miranda. No good clew is given as to where this "enchanted isle," as it is called, was situated, but somewhere, it is thought, between Naples and Tunis. Nor is there much foundation for anything in the story; only the spirit of poetry, of music, of Nature at her best, breathes through it, and it combines all the elements of enduring charm, and can be read and re-read always with new delight.

Dear Charles and Mary Lamb will tell you the "story" part in detail. Briefly: Prospero, through the treachery of his brother, who usurped his crown, was put to sea in an open boat with his infant daughter. They must have perished but for the kind offices of a friend, who hid provisions and clothing; and Prospero, who, like many at that day, believed in magic, had his sorcerer's books and cloak on board. The father and babe are cast upon an island, a place of wonderful natural beauty, with a cave to live in, and by the aid of Prospero's magic, spirits of the air to do his bidding. Ariel, one of the most exquisite of Shakespeare's creations, is summoned, and obliged to do all that Prospero bids him. Able to assume any form, to fly over sea or land, to be invisible to all but Prospero, to sing like a thrush, to live in a "cowslip bell," to have a bee for a playmate, to call upon all the elves of the island to work his will—Ariel, spirit or sprite of the air, is of every use to his master, in spite of his natural love of mischief in every touch and word. But Prospero has "cast his spell," and until he releases Ariel, that "tricksy sprite" will not be free to do his own pleasure.

Miranda has a strange companion, who was found by her father in the forest depths; a creature who does not seem human, who cannot talk until they teach him, and who is the type of all that is gross and earthly, until Miranda, growing up innocent as the cowslips or the violets about her, teaches him gently to love the sweetness of nature as it appeals to her perfectly spotless soul. Then Caliban's own soul (for that is the creature's name) seems to awaken, and in spite of his frequent malicious acts, he shows noble traits and speaks in noble verse. To the island comes a shipwrecked vessel, the passengers no other than Prospero's cruel brother, his son Ferdinand, the faithful friend by whose means the real Duke and his child were saved, and a company of servants, sailors, etc., most of whom are boisterous and ready to yield to Caliban's impish suggestions.

I have no space, nor will I rob you of the pleasure of personal discovery of the end; but be sure it is a happy one. What I have sketched gives you the suggestion of what is called the *plot* of this delightful comedy, and we must now think of what is to be *studied* in the characters and lines and the history of a play which all critics unite in declaring the most *artistic* or finished of Shakespeare's works.

Should you form a "circle" of young people to read *The Tempest*, as before suggested, do as with *The Merchant of Venice*—have various questions given out for debate as well as research. For instance, when was the play written? Some think it was written as early as 1596; but if you hunt up the best authorities, you will find the verdict in favor of 1603–11, and certain it is that the *publication* was in 1623. Shakespeare, who, as we know, was apparently quite indifferent to fame, had already begun to make a good living and to invest in land, so that

he could well afford to let the dainty fancies of his genius work their sweet will, and that he loved *The Tempest* is undoubted. The play was well received, and as well performed as the meagre furnishings of the stage of that day allowed, but the music used in it then was very poor.

Take for another question—here is a capital one for debate—*was* Caliban a monster, body and mind? Could he have responded to the poetic teachings of Miranda were such the case? Study the points his name suggests, and in this connection take up the other names—Ariel's, for instance. See what passage in Holy Writ—Isaiah—brings it to your mind. Another good point of study you will find in the lines, familiar enough, yet sometimes hard to place, and these will unfold the beauty of thought and diction to you. Think of Ariel's character; and when Prospero bids him make haste, the answer is, "I drink the air before me." As Mr. Rolfe remarks, it is like Puck, who, in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, says, "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."

Take Prospero's famous speech, Act IV., Scene I., including, "We are such stuff as dreams are made of [or on], and our little life is rounded with a sleep"—"Like this insubstantial pageant faded, leave not a rack behind."

Beautiful beyond description you will find the lines between Miranda and her father, when the perfect simplicity and entire truthfulness of her character are shown; and with her future husband, Ferdinand, the same charm of purity, delicacy, and yet tenderest feeling are shown. Critics differ as to whether Rosalind in *As You Like It*, Perdita in *The Winter's Tale*, or Portia in *The Merchant of Venice* is the highest type of the true, noble woman; but Miranda, the child of the enchanted island, stands alone. Nature, the sky, the stars, the moon, the breathing creatures of the sea and air, have been her only teachers, and she loves and believes in all that God has created. Study her traits of character, and you will find the fairest of examples in girlish life.

Next, I would suggest taking up the question of the origin of the plot—not its working out. Be careful never to forget that Shakespeare merely used skeletons of old stories; the thought, the development, the language, were all his own. *The Tempest* is supposed to have been as original in every way as any of the comedies, and, indeed, it is an open question whether there was one borrowed thought even in the plot; but since I am writing with a view to encourage close study, it is well to

suggest looking up references to a tale of Ariosto's. Then examine into the date of a ballad, charming in its way, which appeared during Puritan days, signed "R. G.," telling the story of an "enchanted isle" like that of Prospero and Miranda.

Music-lovers will find a keen interest in the effect *The Tempest* has had upon various composers as well as on musical periods. Many have "tried their lyre" with it; but Purcell was the first to do anything well. Next we find Arne's delightful music, which must always live. Try his music to Ariel's dainty song:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry," etc.

That Handel wrote nothing for it seems to prove that Shakespeare "lay fallow" in his day; but Mendelssohn was eager to work it out, and one of Sir Arthur Sullivan's precocious efforts as a mere boy was in delightful *Tempest* music.

It would not be consistent with my object in such a paper were I to offer more than hints for students to happily work out; for, after all, what we find for ourselves in such a treasure-trove as *The Tempest* will prove is what affords the keenest stimulus and joy.



A PAIR OF STEPS.

BY JULIA K. HILDRETH.

"A PAIR of steps," my mother says.
We're just a pair of steps, you know;
That's what the neighbors say of us,
When we go walking in a row:
There's Emmeline,
And Caroline,
And Bonnell,
And Rosy,
And Dora,
And Cora,
Bow-wow,
And Pussy Posy.
Just a pair of steps, you know,
We ought to be so cozy.

But the top step puts on airs—
That is Emmeline—
Because she is the tallest,
She thinks herself so fine,
Does Emmeline;
And orders Caroline,
And Bonnell,
And Rosy,
And Dora,
And Cora,
Bow-wow,
And Pussy Posy.
When we're only just a pair of steps,
And ought to be so cozy.

TWO PRISONERS.

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE.

AUTHOR OF "TWO LITTLE CONFEDERATES," "AMONG THE CAMELS," ETC.

III.

ONE afternoon Molly had just got her dinner—a little soup in a tin bucket, with a knuckle-bone in it, and a piece of bread—and she was thinking what a pity the bone was so large, as she was hungry, when she heard something on the staircase outside. The door had been left slightly open by the woman who had brought the dinner, and the sound was quite distinct; it sounded like something dragging up the steps. She thought it was a rat, for there were a great many of them about, and she was wishing the door was shut, for she did not want it to come into her room, and, besides, it was cold. But as she could not reach the door, she was about to begin on her dinner. Just as she started, however, she heard a soft and slow step at her door, and she looked up. There came a dear, fat, yellow-gray puppy with a black nose, walking in just as straight and solemnly as if he were a doctor, and had a visit to pay. She did not dare to move for fear he would be frightened and go out; but he did not trouble himself. Walking straight on, he took a glance around as if to assure himself that this was the place he wanted, and then looking at her, he gave a queer little switch of his tail, which switched half his body in the funniest way, and, quickening his pace, came trotting up to the bed, and reared up to try and climb up on it. Molly put her hand over on it, and he began to lick it rapidly, and whimper in his efforts to get up. She gave a little cry of delight, and catching him, pulled him up on the bed. He immediately began to walk over her, and lick her face. It was the first time she had ever been kissed in her life that she remembered. The next thing he did was to poke his little head into her soup bucket, and begin to eat as if it belonged to him. He finished the soup, and began at the bone. This gave him the greatest delight. He licked and nibbled and chewed it; got his fat paws in, and worked over it. Molly too got the greatest pleasure out of it.

Suddenly he lay down, and went fast asleep against her. Molly felt as if he were a fat little baby curled up in her arm. Her life seemed suddenly to have opened. The only trouble was the fear that Mrs. O'Meath might take him away, and drive him out. To prevent this was her dream. She thought of hiding him; but this was difficult; besides, she wanted to tell Mrs. O'Meath about him. The puppy staid with her that night, sleeping beside her, and snuggling up against her like a little child. Molly had never spent so happy a night.

Next morning by light he was awake hunting for his knuckle-bone, and when he got it, went to work at it. In the midst of her reflections, Mrs. O'Meath walked in. Her eye fell on Roy, and Molly's heart sank.

"What's that dirty dog doin' in this house?"

Roy answered for himself. The hair on his back rose, and he began to bark. Molly tried to check him.

"Where did ye git him?"

"Oh, Mrs. O'Meath, please, madam, let me keep him. I haven't anything, and I want him so. Hush! you must not bark at Mrs. O'Meath. Hush, sir!"

But Roy just pulled loose, and barked worse than ever. "Not I, indeed. Out he goes. 'Ave I to be slavin' meself to death for the two of you? It isn't enough for the wan of you, and him barkin' at me like that."

"Oh, Mrs. O'Meath, please, madam! I will sew for you all my life, and do everything you want me to do," cried Molly. "O God, don't let her take him away from me!" she prayed.

Whether it was that Mrs. O'Meath was troubled by the great anxious pitiful eyes of the little girl, and did not have the heart to tear the dog away from her, or whether

she thought that perhaps Roy was a piece of property worth preserving, she did not take him away. She simply contented herself with abusing him for a loud mouthed little beast, and threatening to "teach him manners by choking the red noisy tongue out of his empty head." She actually brought him a new knuckle-bone at dinner-time, which greatly modified his hostility. No puppy can resist a knuckle-bone.

Roy had been with Molly four days, and they had been the sweetest days of the child's life. He had got so that he would play with his bones on the floor, rolling them as a child does a ball. He would come when Molly called him, and would play with her, and he slept in her bed beside her. One day he walked out of the room, and went down the steps. Molly called and called, but to no purpose. He had disappeared; he was gone. Molly's heart was almost broken. Her room suddenly became a prison; her life was too dark to bear.

IV.

Mildred was playing with her doll on the portico one morning when Roy came walking up the steps as deliberately as if he had just gone out. She gave a little shriek of delight, and ran forward. Seeing her, he came trotting up, twisting himself as he always did when he was pleased. She called her mother. There was a great welcoming, and Roy was petted like the returned prodigal. Mildred never let him get out of her sight.

Looking out of her little window next day, Molly saw her little girl on the white gallery romping with a dog, and her heart was bitter with envy. She glanced down at the cage below her, and the mocking-bird was drooping on his perch.

After this, Roy had a wandering fever. One day he was playing in the yard with Mildred, who was about to give him a roll she had. He squeezed through the fence, and started down the street. Mildred called after him, but he paid no attention to her. She opened the gate and ran after him.

"Roy, Roy!" she called. "Here, Roy, come here."

But Roy paid no attention to her; he just trotted on. When she ran faster, he ran too, just as if she were a stranger. He turned another street, and then another. She had to hurry after him, for fear she might lose him. He reached a dirty little narrow street, and turned in. She was not far behind him, and she saw the door he went into. She ran to it. He was going up the stairs, climbing steadily one after another. As she did not see anybody, she went up after him to catch him.

Molly's day had been very dark. It was dark without and within. She had suffered a good deal. She had seen the little girl on the gallery playing with her puppy and running about, and her own life seemed very wretched. Mrs. O'Meath was drunk, and had threatened her with the poorhouse, and she had not got any breakfast; she was very unhappy.

It seemed to her that she and the bird in the cage outside the window were the most wretched things in the world. She thought of her mother, and wondered if she would know her. Perhaps she would not want her. She lay back, and looked around her little dark room. Just then she heard a noise outside on the steps; it came pulling up step by step, and Roy trotted in at the open door, and came bouncing and twisting over towards the bed. In an instant she had him up on the bed, and he was licking her face and walking over her. She heard a noise at the door, and was aware that some one was there, and looking up, she saw standing in the door a person who was the most beautiful creature she had ever beheld—a little girl with brown curls and big brown eyes. She was bareheaded and was beautifully dressed, and her eyes were wide open with surprise. Molly thought she must be an angel.

It was Mildred. She stopped for a moment and looked at Molly.

In her sympathy for the poor little thing lying there, she forgot all about Roy. Her eyes were full of pity.

"How do you do?" she said, coming to the bedside.

"Oh, very well, thank you," said Molly. "My dog has come back."

"Why, is he your dog too? He's my dog," said Mildred.

"Is he? I thought he was mine. I hoped he was. He came in one day, and I didn't know he belonged to anybody but me. I had been lying here so long, I hoped he would always stay with me."

The face looked so sad. The large eyes looked wistful, and Mildred was sorry she had claimed the dog. She thought for a moment.

"I will give him to you," she said, eagerly.

"Oh! will you? Thank you so much."

"Have you got anything to feed him on?" she asked.

"Yes, I have some bones I put away for him." She pulled two bones out from under the side of the bed, and Roy at once seized on them and began to gnaw at them.

"I have a roll here which I will give him," said Mildred. "I shall have my lunch when I get back."

She held out her roll. Molly's eyes glistened.

"Can I have a little piece of it?" she asked, timidly; then explained, "I haven't had any breakfast."

Mildred's eyes opened wide. "Haven't had any breakfast, and nearly lunch-time! Are you going to wait till luncheon?"

"I don't get any lunch," said Molly. "I get dinner generally; but I'm afraid I mayn't get any to-day. Mrs. O'Meath is drunk."

She spoke of it as if it was a matter of course. Mildred's face was a study. The idea of such a thing as not getting enough to eat had never crossed her mind. She could not take it in.

"Here, take this, eat all of it. I will get my mother to send you some dinner right away, and every day." She took hold of Molly's thin hand, and stroked it in a caressing motherly sort of way. "What is your name?" She leaned over her.

"Molly."

"Molly what?"

"I don't believe I've got any other name," said Molly.

"My mother was named Mary."

"Where is she?" asked Mildred.

"She's dead."

"And your father?"

"He's dead, too, I reckon. I don't know whether he is dead or alive."

Mildred's eyes opened. The idea of any one not knowing whether or not her father was living. She asked her a great many questions, and Molly told her all she knew about herself. She had been lying there in that little room for years, without ever going out, and she had never seen the country. Mildred learned all about her life there; about the bird in the cage. Mildred could see it from the window when she climbed up on the bed. She thought of the birds that sang around her home, flying about among the trees, and to think that Molly never had seen them. Her heart ached for her. It dawned upon her that maybe she could arrange to have her see it. She asked her what she would rather have than anything in the whole world.

"In the whole world?" asked Molly.



A LITTLE GIRL WITH BROWN CURLS AND BIG BROWN EYES.

"Yes, in the whole world."

Molly thought profoundly. "I would rather have that bird out there in the cage," she said.

Mildred was surprised and a little disappointed. "Would you?" she asked, almost in a whisper. "Well, I will ask my mamma to give me some money to buy it for you," she said. "I've got to go now."

Roy, who had been asleep, suddenly opened his eyes, and looked lazily at her. He crawled a little closer up to Molly, and went to sleep again.

"Here," said Molly, "take this."

She pulled out of her little store inside the bed where she kept her treasures concealed, a little bundle. It was her doll's wardrobe. Mildred opened it.

"Why, how beautiful! Where did you get it? It would just fit one of my new dolls."

"I made it," said Molly.

"You did? I wish I could make anything like that," said Mildred, admiring the beautiful work; her artistic sense was satisfied.

"Would you mind something?" Molly asked, timidly. "Would you let me kiss you?" She looked at her, pathetically.

Mildred leaned over and kissed the poor little pale lips. "Thank you," said Molly, with a flush on her pale cheeks.

V

There was great excitement at Mildred's home. They thought she was lost, and they were all hunting for her everywhere, when she walked in, with her little bundle in her hand. She might ordinarily have been punished for going off without permission, but now they were all too glad to see her, and she had such a good excuse. Even Mammy confined herself to grumbling just a little. Mildred rushed to her mother's room, and told her everything about her visit—about Molly and everything connected with her. She drew so graphic a picture of Molly's condition that her mother at once had a basket of food prepared and ordered her carriage. Mildred begged to go with her, and, of course, was allowed to do so. She had taken notice of the house, and after driving up one or two streets, they found the right one. She asked her mother to let her carry the basket. When they entered the room, Mildred's mother found it even worse than Mildred had pictured; but a half-hour's vigorous work made a great change, and that night, for the first time in many years, Molly slept in a clean bed and in as much comfort as her poor little broken body allowed.



THE BIRD HOPPED OUT OF THE CAGE ON TO THE WINDOW-SILL.

Mildred could hardly sleep that night for happiness. Molly was to be taken to the country, and she had the money to buy the mocking-bird. Mrs. Jones had been seen about it, and after imposing on her visitor, and charging ten times as much as the bird was worth, agreed to sell. Mildred meant it as a surprise to Molly, and she had not said anything to her about it. She was going to carry it to her with her own hands, and her mother had told her she might go up to Molly's room by herself. As soon, therefore, as she had said her lessons, the carriage came around, and she got in and drove to Mrs. Jones's. It was a dingy little house. She knocked at the door, and a woman came, and presently Mrs. Jones herself came. Mildred told her she had come for the bird. Mrs. Jones began to haggle and talk about it as if she could not part with it. She had "placed too low a price on it," she said. It was "such a fine singer, she ought to give her more for it. A rich young lady ought not to be so stingy to poor people."

Mildred knew she was not stingy, and she did not like to be called so; but she thought of Molly, and she was so afraid she would not get the bird that she did not say anything. She did not have any more money than just the amount agreed on, and she was perplexed. But suddenly a thought struck her. She had a pretty little ring with a little turquoise in it, which had been given her on her last birthday, and which she prized very highly. Maybe she would let her have the bird if she gave her that in addition to the money. She offered it.

"Is it gold?" asked Mrs. Jones, looking at it suspiciously.

"Yes, of course it is," said Mildred.

Mrs. Jones examined it carefully. Well, she supposed as a great favor she'd have to let her have it, she said, as she had promised it; but it was like giving up her heart's blood to give up that bird; it sang all day long and all night too, and there was not such another bird as that in

the United States. She had bought it from her brother-in-law, who had bought it from a man who lived in the country just outside of the city and had caught it; and for three months it had charmed the neighborhood, and she had given more money for it when she bought it than she was asking. Mildred had no idea before what a valuable bird it was. She was glad she had got it even with the ring. Mrs. Jones went in and brought the cage from the next room, where she already had it in readiness, and delivered it, with many assurances of its value, to Mildred, who got into the carriage, glad to get it at any price. As she climbed the stairs to Molly's room, her heart was bounding. She opened the door and peeped in. Molly was leaning back on her pillow, very white and languid; but she was looking for her, and she smiled as she caught her eyes. Mildred

walked in, and held up the cage. Molly gave a little scream of delight, and reached out her hands.

"Oh, Mildred, is it?" She turned and looked out of the window at the place where it used to hang. Yes, it was the same.

Mildred had a warm sensation around the heart, which was perfect joy.

"Where shall I put it?" she asked. "He looks droopy; but Mrs. Jones says he sings all the time. He is not hungry, because he has feed in the cage. I don't know what is the matter with him."

"I do," said Molly, softly.

She showed where she wanted him, and Mildred climbed up and put the cage in the open window. Then she propped Molly up. She had never seen Molly's eyes so bright, and her cheeks had two spots of bright color in them. She looked really pretty. She put her arm around the cage caressingly. The frightened bird fluttered, and uttered a little cry of fear.

"Never mind," murmured Molly, softly, as she pulled at the catch. "It is only a moment more, and there will be the fields and sky."

The peg came out, and she opened the door wide. The bird did not come out; it just fluttered backwards and forwards. Molly pushed the cage a little further out of the window. The bird got quiet. It turned its head and looked at her steadily for a second, and then looked out of the door. Mildred had clasped her hands tightly, and was looking on with speechless surprise. She thought it was some spell of Molly's. The bird hopped out of the cage on to the window-sill, and stood for a second in a patch of sunshine. It craned its neck and gazed all around curiously; turned and looked at the cage, and then again fastened its eye steadily on Molly, shook itself in the warm air, gave a little trill, and suddenly dashed away in the sunlight.

(Continued on Page 498.)

WHAT SOME CATS CAN DO.

BY HARRY P. MAWSON.

I NEVER saw a cat do much of anything except, perhaps, jump through one's arms, so the twenty-two "trick cats" belonging to Professor Henry Welten of the Barnum & Bailey show were a genuine surprise. Professor Welten is an unassuming German, born in Berlin some thirty odd years ago. All of his family have been animal trainers for 150 years back, but he is the first one to train cats. His father and grandfather dealt with lions, tigers, and panthers. His father had one tiger into whose cage he used to go; but one day the tiger bit him terribly through the arm and shoulder, and to save his life he shot the tiger dead in his cage. Now a tiger is only a great big cat; so you see how much work and patience it takes to teach them anything so they can be relied upon. When Professor Welten came over from Germany, he brought with him four lions and two panthers. But on the way over two of the animals died, and as he could not give his performance without these, he was obliged to sell the other four, and finally drifted into keeping a restaurant on Canal Street in this city, and it was there that Pasha, the pride of the troupe, was born.

Pasha is a big, powerfully muscled cat of the tiger breed. He is just as perfectly striped as any tiger, even to the small close stripes on his legs, which are not always seen. Pasha does two wonderful tricks. He jumps through two hoops blazing with fire, and through a paper-covered drum; he can also jump eighteen feet. As every one knows, all animals of the feline race have a mortal dread of fire. They can lie in front of the stove and get "baking hot," but the blaze they are afraid of. To do all these tricks, Professor Welten erects a circular platform. On one side of this he places a narrow spring-board, and opposite it a heavy cushion. Pasha mounts the spring-board at the word of command, and gets ready for business. The first trick he does is to jump through a narrow basket; back he goes to the top of the spring-board. Then comes jumping through this covered drum. In some respects this is a more wonderful trick than going through the fire hoops, because Pasha can never be quite sure where he is going to land. And always before he takes this jump he stretches his neck, first to one side, and then to the other, to make sure of his ground.

"Now, Pasha, jump, jump!" cries the Professor.

Pasha gathers himself into a ball at the top of the spring-board; there is a crash of breaking paper, and Pasha is seated on the cushion, licking his chops as unconcerned as if it were quite an ordinary matter for an educated cat like him to perform such a feat. Then come the fire hoops.

"Look out for your eye!"

says Professor Welten, and Pasha goes through the blaze without a second's hesitation.

Pasha is something of a "scrapper," and when quite young, he had one eye put out in a fight, so that he is really a wall-eyed feline. But, says Professor Welten, "that cat has brains." That accounts for it.

The first trick the cats are asked to do is jumping a fence. This comes very natural to any cat; but sometimes they do not feel like working, and when they reach the top of the fence, they occasionally take a rest to scratch and clean up. One of the very best of their tricks is the "seesaw" act. Professor Welten has in his cat family three sisters, Leonta, Lillie, and Lady, and all three are so much alike they can hardly be told apart; all three are black with white paws and noses. When the board is in place, Leonta and Lillie are brought out of their cages. The Professor says "Place," and both take their respective posi-



PROFESSOR WELTEN'S PERFORMING CATS. DRAWN BY FRANK VEEBCK.

tions at each end of the board: then Florrie, a white cat with red eyes jumps to the middle of the board and acts as the balancing power. Sometimes she is a little slow in doing her share at the trick, and then there is a "bump"; but neither Leonta nor Lillie falls off, but they look daggers at Florrie. Leonta also rides a bicycle, and stands up on the wheel as firmly as any man, her front paws working away on the crossbar for dear life. Lady puts on a pretty leather harness, and draws Gracie around the platform on a big wheel, and seems to enjoy the exercise.

The ladder trick, too, is excellent. The ladders are stretched sideways across the platform, and the trick is to have the two cats used crawl in and out of the rungs as they go up. When they meet face to face at the top there is always a "spat"; this is not part of the performance, but nature will assert itself. No one ever saw two cats try to pass each other on a back fence without a war of words. The same principle applies to Professor Welten's pets.

The Professor also has a miniature "hook-and-ladder cart." Leonta is tillerman, four other cats sit inside as firemen, Gracie is the driver, and Lillie and Lady are the horses. When I saw this performance, I felt like asking the nearest policeman, "Where is the fire?" There is also the usual boxing match with three-ounce gloves. These two cats are named John L. and Sam.

Some men are born trainers of animals. They seem to possess something in their natures that, while conquering the animal's rebellious spirit, also endears him to his master. But it required a world of perseverance to bring these cats to perfection—fifteen months of hard work. Pasha learned the drum trick by jumping through the top of a milk-can which had a circular hole in it, and he soon learned to know that a drink of milk lay on the other side of that hole. Then to jump through the paper drum, a loose piece of paper was strung on a straight stick, and Pasha was coaxed into jumping against it; then a hole was torn in the paper, and his cat mind went back to the days when he jumped through the lid of the milk-can. With the fire hoops, a hoop as large as a cart wheel was first used, and this was gradually cut down inch by inch until the present size was reached, and thus Pasha's education was completed. Teaching the other cats their tricks was simple work compared to Pasha's. Pasha has a peculiar disposition, too. He is the only cat which the Professor can punish for any careless work. At rehearsals he is always perfect, but in the ring he is sometimes lazy, but is cute enough to know the Professor would not punish him in sight of the audience. This shows the feline memory. Another incident illustrates the wonderful memory animals have of their masters. Three years after Professor Welten had sold his lions he had occasion to visit a menagerie where one of them was housed. He walked up to the lion's cage without speaking. At first the king of beasts only glared at him, then rose to his feet, and with a roar, sprang against the bars of his cage; and three times, with force enough to almost break down his cage, he sprang against the bars, roaring so as to shake the building; then he lay down, and thrust one paw through the bars, and tried to reach his old master. Then Professor Welten threw open the door of his cage, and the lion, with a roar of welcome, stood up on his hind legs, and placed his fore paws on the Professor's shoulder so as to almost bear him to the floor, and then licked the Professor's face and hands, and rubbed up against him, growling and purring with delight, like a great big cat or dog. I remember, too, when a boy, saving a kitten from being drowned in a near-by puddle, and while I was getting my eye nicely blackened for interfering with a bigger boy's cruel sport, that kitten crawled under the nearest back gate. Like Pasha, that kitten had brains. It knew when it was well off, and I did not.

Mr. Verbeck, the artist, and myself, owing to the courtesy of Mr. R. F. Hamilton, business manager of the Barnum & Bailey Greatest Show on Earth, enjoyed a special performance of Professor Welten and his pets in the scene-room of the circus at the Madison Square Garden building, and the wonderful expertness of these feline "star actors" was more than ever emphasized.

TWO PRISONERS

(Continued from page 496.)

Mildred gave a little gasp. "Oh!" but Molly did not move a muscle. Straight away he flew; at first up, and then on over the black houses and the smoke towards the blue sky over Mildred's home, his wings beating the fresh spring air, on, on, growing smaller and smaller to

the sight, flying straight for the open country—a mere speck till at last he faded from sight. Molly sat motionless, with her gaze still on the far blue sky where he had disappeared, as if she could still see him. Her lips had been moving, but now were stilled. "There!" she said, softly, at last, and sank back on the pillow, her eyes closed.

VI.

It was late in the summer at Mildred's country home. Molly was there. They had got her out to the country for which she had pined, Mildred's mother moving out earlier than usual. The change (at first) seemed to do her good. The fresh air and sunshine, the trees and grass and flowers, invigorated her. She did not mind it now, she said; it was all so sweet and peaceful; she was "just listening." She loved to be out-of-doors, to lie and look at the blue sky, with the great white clouds sailing away up in it (she said they were great white lands that floated about in the blue air), and to listen to the songs of the birds fluttering about in the shrubbery and trees. She said she felt just as that mocking-bird must have done that day when he stood there in the warm sunshine and saw the blue sky above him when he got out of prison. Mildred used to take her playthings and stay with her, and read to her out of her story-books, whilst Roy would lie around, and look lazy and contented. There was no place where he loved to sleep so well as on Molly's couch, snuggled up against her.

One afternoon she was lying on her couch out in the yard. Mildred was sitting by her, and Roy was asleep against her arm.

Molly spoke. "Mildred," she said.

Mildred leaned over her. "Well, what is it?"

"Do you think my mother will know me when I get to heaven, for I was so little when she went away."

Mildred told her that a mother would know her child always "just so." This seemed to satisfy her.

A mocking-bird on a lilac-bush began to sing. It sang till the air seemed to be filled with music.

"Molly," said Mildred, "I wonder if that is not your mocking-bird?"

Molly's eyes turned slowly in that direction. "I think maybe he went to heaven that day," she said, softly.

"And told your mother that you had set him free."

Roy moved his head a little and licked her hand gently. Molly smiled. The mocking-bird sang sleepily in the softening light.

Suddenly Molly spoke, slowly and softly. "Mildred, I am very happy," she said. "If I had ten millions of dollars, do you know what I would do with it?"

"No. What?"

Mildred took her hand and leaned over her. She was so feeble, she did not answer immediately.

"I would buy up all the birds in the world that are in cages—every one—and set them free."

That wish is recorded in paradise.

THE END.

JACK'S BEAR.

BY LILLIE BURRELL RENNEY.

I.

"H. Frank, take me with you—do."

"Can't," answered the big brother, decidedly. "This trip means business. That bear's got to be killed, or we'll soon have no sheep left in the barn-yard."

"I won't be a bit of bother if you'll only let me go," pleaded the younger boy, eagerly.

Frank, intent upon the gun he was cleaning, laughed somewhat tantalizingly, and Johnnie went on, angrily: "You know I can shoot as well as, if not better than you, and that I'd be a help to you, and not a trouble, so you needn't laugh, Frank Martin. I wouldn't go with you

now, anyway, if you would take me, and I don't believe you'll catch the bear at all."

"Boys, boys," called their mother, warningly, "stop quarrelling, and come to breakfast."

Mrs. Martin's word was law in the little household, so Johnnie brushed away the angry tears that had sprung to his eyes, and choked down the lump in his throat, while even big Frank laid aside his gun, and took his seat at the table in obedience to her command. Then the mother asked a blessing upon the food placed before them, and the meal began. Presently there came a rap at the kitchen door, and three young men entered.

Mrs. Martin gave them a kindly welcome and an invitation to "set up and have a bite," which, however, was not accepted. Bose, Frank's well-trained hunting dog, sniffed impatiently at each of the new-comers, while Frank hurriedly swallowed his last cup of coffee, pushed back his chair, and said: "I am already, boys. Now, then, Bose, lend us your nose."

At which sally every one laughed but Johnnie, who glowered at his plate sullenly.

"Good-by," said Frank, taking up his gun.

"Good-by. Good luck! Bring back the bear," cried mother and Bessie; but Johnnie said never a word, and Frank, glancing at the sulky little figure, said, kindly: "Good-by, Jack, old boy. Hurry and grow big, and then you can go bear-hunting too."

"Let me alone," shouted Johnnie; and not deigning even to see the hand that was offered to him by the big brother, he seized his cap, and darted off to the barn.

The Martins lived in what is known as Nittany Valley, a region of eastern Pennsylvania that at one time was largely infested, as were all our Eastern States, by wild beasts. Wild-cats, bears, and even panthers lurked in the forest-covered mountains that hemmed in the valley, and many were the inroads made upon the farms when the animals, grown bold by hunger, started out in search of prey.

Sheep-raising was an important branch of the farming of that section, since the mountains afforded abundant grazing-ground. It was the universal custom to select the finest of the sheep, tie a bell about his neck, and make him, in a measure, the "commander-in-chief" of the flock. The sheep were then, under his guardianship, turned loose in the mountains during the day to seek their own pasture, and at night they were called home to the "sheep-pen," an enclosure of the barn-yard, and there sheltered until the next morning.

It was Johnnie's duty to attend to the sheep; in fact, since their father's death, two years before all this occurred, Frank, who was now eighteen, and Johnnie had done all the work of the farm, under the direction of their mother. One morning when Johnnie (or Jack, as he was usually called) went to the barn, he found, to his surprise, that the bell-sheep was missing, while the frightened appearance of the rest of the flock and a broken side of the sheep-pen gave evidence that a wild beast of some kind had made a visit the night before.

"Too bad," said Frank, when Jack rushed to the house with the news. "Put a bell upon another sheep."

So Jack selected his next choicest sheep, tied a bell upon its neck, and turned the flock out for the day. That



"THREE CHEERS FOR JACK, THE BEAR-SLAYER!"

night the sheep came home earlier than usual, and the second bell-sheep was taken.

"Seems to have a fancy for bell-sheep," commented Frank. "Set the trap."

Jack brought out the great trap that past experience had made a necessity, baited it, mended the broken place in the pen, and went to bed that night very apprehensive. The next morning, however, all was right with the Martins, but before noon came the tidings that "Uncle Tom's bell-sheep" had been stolen the night before, while later in the day the whole valley was agitated by the news that John Blake's sheep were attacked by an enormous bear that chased the animals down through the fields, following them even into the barn-yard, and only flying at the sight of the farmer and his gun.

So Jack baited his trap afresh, and the next morning found in it a bear's hind foot.

"And a big fellow at that," commented Frank, when Jack showed him the trap and its contents. "Run down to Uncle Tom's, Jack, and tell Jerry to bring his gun and come along, and tell him to bring any other help he can get, and we'll make a day of it, and try to find the black rascal. 'Twill be easy to follow him with that bloody paw."

So off Jack rushed, and by breakfast-time returned with the news that Jerry would come, and also Tom Blake and Pat Flannigan, the Blake's hired man. "I went over to Blake's myself," he explained, "for I knew Tom would like to go with you." And then, thinking he had earned the right to be one of the party, he added his request, "Please, Frank, take me with you," and, as we have seen, had been refused.

Meanwhile the hunting party hurried along. A light snow had fallen just before daybreak, covering up Bruin's tracks, although now and then a few crimson spots betokened the fact that he had travelled that way.

"I thought Jack was coming along," said Jerry, suddenly. "He said as much when he came down for me this morning."

"He wanted to go, but I wouldn't let him," said Frank.

"This trip means business, and I couldn't be bothered with any youngsters."

"Faith, and it's meself that was frighted at puttin' me head in the jaws of death; but Jack said, said he, 'Come along, Pat; I'm going;' and I thought if boys like him could go bear-hunting, I'd take me shillalee and go too. And is it dangerous, are ye thinkin'?"

"Dangerous!" answered Frank, gravely. "Wait till you see the bear, that's all. He's a monster. I can tell from the foot he left behind him."

"Faith, I'd go back, only for being afraid! Bad luck to me for a blunderin' spalpeen fur comin'! Sure, an' if I get back alive I'll let the bears have these mountings to themselves;" and grasping his gun more tightly than before, he walked along fearfully.

It seemed, however, as though Pat had nothing to fear, for by noon they had reached the summit of the mountain, and except a few isolated bloody tracks in the snow, had found no trace of his bearship. Small game there was in plenty, and the young hunters soon had all the squirrel, rabbits, and birds they cared to carry, but, as Jerry declared, that wasn't what they came for.

"I'm as hungry as a bear," announced Tom, suddenly. "It is high noon, and I move we stop for dinner; then if we don't see anything more of the bear, I'm for going home. That dog of yours is a failure, Frank," he added, "or he'd have found the trail before this."

"He is, eh?" replied Frank, who had been watching his dog keenly. "Well, you just wait a moment. No, we're not quite ready for dinner. Now then, Bose, old fellow, lead on"; for that Bose had at last scented game of some kind was evident from his pricked-up ears, his bristling skin, and the low growl with which he answered Frank's remarks.

Then he dashed away through the underbrush, the boys following, and finally stopped before a crevice in the rocks, where he began barking furiously. An ominous growl from within told the boys that they were on the right track at last, and instinctively the young hunters halted for a council of war.

"He's in there, that's sure," said Frank. "Now the first thing is how to get him out."

"Let's send Pat in after him," suggested Jerry, gravely.

"Begorra!" cried Pat, throwing down his gun, and making wildly for the nearest tree, "ye'll be doin' no such thing. Lave the crathur alone, I say. Sure, he's harmless, wid his three legs," he added, as he hastily increased the distance between himself and the ground.

"Bears can climb trees," said Tom; then he turned his attention to Frank's rapidly worded plan of action.

"Quiet, Bose! Do you hear?"

Bose stopped barking, and wagged his tail attentively, as if expecting a command to rush after the bear at any moment.

"I shall build a fire in front of the cave; that will drive the bear out. Then when you see him coming, fire."

Suiting the action to the word, he touched a match to a small pile of brush he had been collecting while he spoke, and then held his gun in readiness to shoot at the first sight of the animal. The fire sputtered at first, for the wood was damp; then it burst into a sudden flame, disclosing at the back of the "cave" a pair of bristling jaws and two gleaming eyes, which steadily moved nearer the entrance.

"To hear the growls of him, begorra!" said the voice from the branches. "Take aim now, boys; he's comin'!"

"Bang!" Frank's gun sent its load at the advancing foe, and Bruin limped nimbly in an opposite direction.

"Snap! Bang!" went Jerry's rifle; but the bullet sped wide of the mark, and the bear, now thoroughly enraged, plunged in still another direction.

"Bang, bang!" rang the report of Tom's gun.

For a moment, during which the three hunters hastily reloaded, the bear stood still, evidently thinking. Behind him lay the woods, for aught he knew, filled with men and guns; before him, the steep side of the mountain, for the cave was situated on the edge of a small cliff too steep to be travelled by human feet. Of two dangers Bruin chose what he seemed to consider the lesser, for hastily burying his face in his front paws, and making a huge shaggy ball of himself, he plunged over the mountain-side.

"Bang! Bang, bang! Bang, bang, bang!" rang three excited rifles in unison, while Bose poised upon the edge of the cliff, and barked long and loudly after the flying foe. And away rolled the bear, finally disappearing from view altogether.

"And ye didn't catch the bear at all, at all," complained Pat, as he descended, and gathered unto himself his belongings. "Sure he may be laying in wait for us beyond in the woods."

"I'm going home," said Frank. "I'm disgusted. To be outwitted in this way by a bear is a little too much."

"He was a mighty big fellow, though," said Tom, shouldering his gun. "I'm sorry we didn't get him, for his skin was worth having."

"There are no bullet holes in it, anyway," said Jerry, laughing. "We haven't spoiled it any. I'd be for following him if it was earlier in the day, but I don't fancy getting lost, and meeting him after night."

And the little party slowly turned back to the path down the mountain.

II.

"Where's Johnnie? It's time the sheep were home," said Mother Martin, suddenly, looking up from her spinning, for the short winter's day was drawing to a close.

Then she took down the huge tin horn that hung over the kitchen door, and blew it vigorously. A shrill whistle answered her, but looking down the road in the direction of the sound, she saw that it was the elder brother who answered her call, and who, in company with his friends, was returning from his hunt. A few moments later the party entered the kitchen.

"Where's the bear?" asked Bessie. "And where's Johnnie?"

"Didn't catch the bear," said Frank, shortly, for he felt not a little annoyed at his defeat; "and what do I know about Johnnie? He wasn't with me."

Mother Martin looked a bit uneasy. "Bessie, go to the barn, and see if he's there."

So Bessie went, and soon returned saying he was not there, and that Rover was missing too.

Then Frank stepped quietly to the corner where the boys kept their guns. "His gun's gone, too, the rascal!" he said, calmly, though in his heart he felt not a little alarmed. "I'm pretty tired, but I suppose I'll have to look him up," picking up his gun as he spoke, and whistling to Bose, who had gone off to his kennel to dream of the day's adventures. "Coming, boys? Well, I'll admit I'll be glad of your company," he added, as Tom and Jerry shouldered their rifles once more.

So back they went. Half-way up the valley they met the sheep scurrying homeward, and bleating loudly, and on behind came Rover. Frank rapidly took note of the sheep. The bell-sheep was there among the rest. Rover was carrying something in his mouth. He laid his burden down at Frank's feet, and Frank's face grew pale as he picked it up from the snow.

"That's Jack's comforter," he said, slowly. "Something has happened to him. Here, Bose, you take the sheep home, and, Rover, you come with me."

And the two dogs, without further direction, obeyed him.

"He's been this way," said Frank, quietly, pointing to the print of a boy's shoe in the snow.

The wind was sighing mournfully through the pine-trees, "like a funeral tune," thought Jerry, dismally; but seeing Frank's troubled face, he made no comment. For Frank was thinking and remembering.

A faithful little fellow, who had borne his share of the farm labor so willingly. Some of the hardest, most disagreeable, tasks had been given the younger brother, who had made no murmur. An eager, excited young face would persist in forcing itself upon the older brother's mental vision; a pair of pleading blue eyes repeated their wistful entreaty, "Please, Frank, let me go too."

"He might have gone," said Frank to himself. "I was a beast to him."

"Here's something," said Tom, picking a red mitten up from the snow.

Frank took it silently, and put it in his pocket. "We'll find him hurt or dead," he said, slowly, "if we find him at all. How can I tell mother? He was her baby, you know."

The path they were taking, under Rover's leadership, wound around the foot of the mountain, and began to grow more and more difficult. Suddenly Rover gave a low growl, then a few short quick barks, and then dashed forward, the boys following as rapidly as possible.

"Hurrah!" shouted Jerry, as a few steps more brought them to an open space among the trees—"hurrah! Three cheers for Jack, the bear-slayer!"

For there, calmly seated upon a stone, sat Johnnie, while stretched at his feet lay the huge black bear, dead.

"Hullo!" said Jack. "I thought you fellows would be coming along this way, so I waited for you. Why, what's up?" For to his surprise, since demonstrations of affection were rare in his family, Frank silently stooped down and kissed him. "Is any one dead?" he asked, quickly jumping to his feet.

"We've been looking for you," said Tom, seeing that Frank could not yet find his voice. "We reached home an hour ago, but mother didn't know where you were, so we came to look for you. We thought you were lost."

"Lost!" said Jack, with much disdain. "I think I know these mountains a little too well for that. No, I'm not lost. Rover and I were out rabbit-hunting, and when your bear came rolling down almost on top of us, I sent another bullet through him, and sat here and waited for you. I supposed you weren't far off, or I'd have gone home long ago. I sent Rover home with the sheep," he explained.

"Another bullet?" said Jerry, with a laugh. "Yours is the first one that has troubled him to-day, old fellow."

"He broke his leg, boys," said Frank, who had been examining the bear critically; "but for that we might have found a dead boy, after all, as I feared. Jack, old boy, next time you shall go along, for you can shoot better than your big brother. In fact, you'll be safer along than at home."

"Nonsense!" said Johnnie, his face growing red under this unwonted display of praise and affection on the part of Frank. "It's good you didn't take me, after all, for then some one else would have found the bear. Why didn't you follow him?"

"We were afraid," said Jerry, laughing; "and I'm more than half afraid now. Let's start."

The bear was enormous. He was far too heavy to be moved, so the boys went home for a sled and "team," and by nine o'clock they were cutting up the carcass in the Martins' yard, cheered and advised by an audience of men and boys from the neighboring farms, who had come to view "the remains," for the good news was quickly spread throughout the valley. Slices of bear steak could be had for the asking, but the skin was unanimously voted to Johnnie.

MARLINE-SPIKE SEAMANSHIP.

BY CAPTAIN HOWARD PATTERSON.

II.—HOW TO MAKE BENDS AND HITCHES.

ROPEs are temporarily fastened to one another, or to a spar, hook, ring-bolt, etc., by bends and by hitches. These are all more or less simple, and a little practice and patience is all that is necessary for the young reader to become expert in their manufacture. Let us first consider the bends in general use:

BENDS.

Common Bend.—This is also known as a single bend, and is used for making one rope fast to another in a hurry. Make a bight with one rope, and hold it in the left hand; pass the end of the other rope (1) through the bight (2), then back round the two parts (3), over the rope 4, under the rope 5, and



Fig. A.



Fig. B.



over the short end of the loop. If the end 1 is taken around once more and through the bight again, as shown in Fig. B, the bend will stand a greater strain, and be less liable to jam. The bend shown in Fig. B is known as a double bend.

Carrick Bend.—This, like the common bend, is used for bending hawsers together, but is a trifle more difficult to make. Make a bight with the end of one rope; pass the end of the other rope through the bight and over the standing part of the first rope where marked 1; then under the end 2; and again through the bight and over the standing part 3.

Fisherman's Bend.—First pass the rope twice round the spar or ring, which act is understood by sailors as "taking two round turns," next take a half hitch round the standing part, then thrust the end under the two turns, and last half hitch the end round the standing



Fig. A.



Fig. B.



part, Fig. A. When hauled taut the bend will appear as shown in Fig. B.

Sheet Bend.—Pass the end 1 through the eye; take two turns round, observing in each case that the end passes under the standing part 2. The greater the strain, the more the standing part binds the two turns, and insures them from slipping.

HITCHES.

Two Half Hitches.—This is an exceedingly simple way of fastening a rope, and it has the double advantage of being proof against jamming. Take a turn around the object to which it is desired to fasten; bring the end 1 on top of the standing part 2, then pass it



Fig. A.



Fig. B.



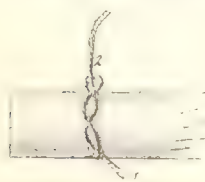
under and bring it up through the bight; repeat this process, haul taut, and the result will show as in Fig. B. In case the hitch is to be subjected to a great strain, lash the end of the rope to the standing part where marked 3.

Clove Hitch.—This is another very useful hitch, but is only employed when the strain upon it is temporary. It is in general use for bending a heaving-line (small rope) to a hawser so that a coil of the former may be thrown from a vessel to the dock, and after it is caught, the hawser pulled ashore.



Slippy Hitch.—This hitch is simply a turn around a spar or other object, or through an eye, the end carried across the standing part, and a loop put through the bight, the end 1 being allowed to hang out. When it is desired to separate the hitch, pull out the loop by hauling on the end 1.

Blackwall Hitch. This is used in hoisting. Simply take a turn around the back of the hook, crossing the parts of the rope in front as shown. When a strain is put on the standing part of the rope, the underneath part is jammed, and slipping prevented.



Timber Hitch.—A hitch employed in towing spars and logs, as it will not slip. Pass the end 1 of the rope round the spar, and lead it up and around the standing part 2, then pass two or three turns with the end around its own part as

shown in the illustration.

Rolling Hitch. A very good method of clapping (fastening) a tail-block. Take a hitch with the tail 1; take another hitch over the first; pass the end under the standing part 2, and twist the remainder of the tail round the rope, following the lay. A tail-block, being portable, is convenient to make fast anywhere about decks or the rigging, and a rope being rove through this block, a purchase, called a "whip," is created.



Magnus Hitch. Some people confuse this hitch with the rolling hitch just described, but a comparison of the two will explain the difference between them. With the end of the rope 1 pass two turns over the spar; carry the end in front of the standing part 2; pass it again under the spar and bring it up through the bight. The value of

this hitch is its insurance against slipping in the direction represented by the arrow.

Catspaw Hitch.—Like the Blackwall hitch, this one is used for making a rope fast to a hook for hoisting purposes. Seize the bight of the rope in your two hands, and by turning the wrists form the two loops shown in Fig. A, then hang these loops on the hook as in Fig. B.



Sheepshank Hitch.—A quick way of

shortening a rope without cutting it is to convert a portion of it into a shape known as a sheepshank. Gather up the spare rope and lay it in parallel lines as shown in Fig. A. These parallel lines may be represented by any number, according to the quantity of spare rope and the length of the sheepshank. In the accompanying diagrams we show the smallest sheepshank that can be made, consisting of

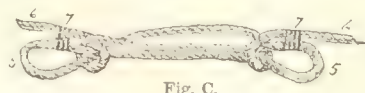
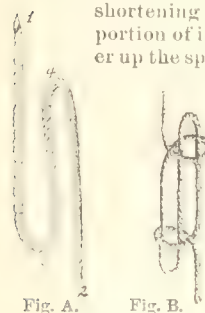
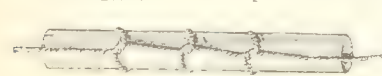


Fig. A.

Fig. B.

Fig. C.

three parallel lines. After forming the rope as shown in Fig. A, take a half hitch with the standing part 1 round the bight 4, and repeat this at the other extremity with the standing part 2 and the bight 3. The result will be as shown in Fig. B. If it is desired to make this hitch doubly secure, put a seizing (fastening), 7, on the loops 5 and standing parts 6. (Fig. C.)



Marling Hitch. Employed to make a running binding which can be put on and removed quickly.

FACTS ABOUT FAMILIAR THINGS.

BY ZITELLA COCKE

OUR amusements occupy a very prominent position in our thoughts and remembrance, but their origin is not always known to those who find their highest pleasure in them. It is generally accepted that cards were invented to amuse a melancholy King, but beyond that circumstance few take the pains to

inquire. This melancholy and desponding monarch was Charles IV., King of France, and the invention of this pastime of playing with cards took place about the year 1390. Printing and stamping had not then been invented, and the cards were painted, which rendered them quite expensive. In an account-book belonging to this monarch's treasurer is found the following charge: "Paid for a pack of painted leaves, bought for the King's amusement, three livres." They were first called "Pailles peintes," or little painted leaves.

The inventor proposed by the figures of the four colors, or suits, to represent the four states or classes of men in the kingdom. By the hearts were meant the ecclesiastics; and the Spadards, who received the use of cards from the French, use chalices instead of hearts. The nobility are represented by the points of lances, which people ignorantly called spades, until the latter name came into general use; and here the Spadards use swords instead of pikes or points of lances. The diamonds designated the merchants and tradespeople. The clover leaf alludes to peasants and husbandmen. This design was called clubs, possibly from the fact that the Spadards used the pictures of staves. The four kings are meant to represent David, Alexander, Caesar, and Charles. These names still appear on the French cards, and they represent the four celebrated monarchies of the Jews, Greeks, Romans, and Franks under Charlemagne.

By the queens are intended Argine, Esther, Judith, and Pallas, these names still appearing on the French cards, and are typical of birth, piety, fortitude, and wisdom. The name Argine is an anagram of Regina. The knaves represent the servants to knights, although some insist that the knights themselves are here represented.

How many ever think of the origin of the word "boo!" so often used to frighten children. This exclamation owes its origin to the name of a very fierce and intrepid Gothic General whose name was Boh. He was the son of the famous Odin, and spread panic among his enemies.

Mother Goose is believed by many to be altogether a traditional person, or a creation of fancy. She was, however, an actual personage, and was the mother-in-law of Thomas Fleet, the editor in 1731 of the *Boston Weekly Rehearsal*. This old woman, so celebrated in song, belonged to a wealthy Boston family. She was the mother of nineteen children, and her daughter Elizabeth was married in 1715 by Cotton Mather to Mr. Fleet, and he it was who printed her nursery ditties, entitled *Songs for the Nursery, or Mother Goose's Melodies for Children*, printed by T. Fleet at his printing-house, Pudding Lane, Boston. Price ten coppers.

We often think of the painful circumstances and experiences through which Columbus passed, but few of us, perhaps, are acquainted with the interesting Spanish tradition which ascribes the discovery of America to a very long and tedious game of chess. Columbus had been waiting upon the court of Spain for seven years. He had enlisted the sympathy of Queen Isabella, who had greatly encouraged his hopes, but failed to awaken the interest of Ferdinand.

After years of urgent but vain solicitation, he concluded to leave the court of Spain and lay his plans before Charles VIII. of France. He informed the Queen of his determination, and she sought her husband at once, with the intention of urging him to decide in favor of the great enterprise. The King was playing a game of chess with a grandee quite famous for his chess-playing. Isabella's interruption disturbed Ferdinand's attention; he lost his principal piece, and uttered a volley of imprecations upon all mariners and navigators, and upon Columbus in particular. With every prospect of being defeated, he finally told Queen Isabella that her protégé should be successful or otherwise as the game resulted. At this Isabella, concentrating all her powers, watched the game with the most careful attention. The courtiers gathered around, eager to see the result. Suddenly Isabella whispered in her husband's ear, "You can checkmate him in four moves." Ferdinand examined the board, saw his advantage, won the game, and in the course of an hour announced that Columbus should start on his voyage with the title of Admiral of the Elect.

In his conversations, Mr. Jefferson frequently remarked that the signing of the Declaration of Independence was hastened by a very trivial circumstance. A livery-stable stood near the hall in which the debates were held, and immense swarms of flies came through the open windows, to the great discomfort of the honorable members, whose silk stockings were by no means a safe protection from the persistent assailants. They lashed the intrepid flies with their handkerchiefs, until their patience was exhausted, and they resolved to bring the business of the

day to a conclusion. They rose and stood around the table, making many a jocular remark. Tradition says that when John Hancock signed his name he remarked, "There! John Bull may read my name without spectacles!" and that Dr. Franklin said, "Yes, we must all hang together, or else, most assuredly, we shall all hang separately"; while a very portly gentleman, Mr. Harrison, remarked facetiously to the thin, slender Elbridge Gerry, that when hanging he would have the advantage, for poor Gerry would be kicking in the air long after it was all over with himself.

To some minds these remarks may seem too trivial for so momentous an occasion as that which was about to create a new nation, but the whole proceeding is marked by characteristics wonderfully illustrative of human nature, and the dramatic situation is by no means impaired by these amusing incidents.

MAY.

ROSES in the garden,
Daisies in the lea,
White blooms and pink blooms
Trembling on the tree.

Bluebirds and orioles
Flashing as they pass;
Bloodroot and wind-flower
Nestling in the grass.

Blue skies and white clouds
Stretching far away,
And a tawny butterfly,
Tell me it is May.

R. K. M.

SOME QUEER NOTES ABOUT ANIMALS.

A PET cat owned by a New York family is fond of expensive playthings. The wife of its owner missed a four-hundred-dollar diamond a few days ago, and after notifying the police, and advertising largely for it, offering a suitable reward for its return, the cat was found playing with it on the floor. Whether the cat received any portion of the reward or not the papers failed to state.

A horse while drinking from a mill-pond the other day swallowed an eel, and ever since that time has shied at everything. The animal's owner does not know whether to attribute the curious wriggling of the horse to a sudden growth of timidity or to the eel, which is, presumably, still alive.

There is a dog in Youkers, belonging to a friend of the writer, that is over twenty-five years old. It has never barked, it never moves from a sitting posture, and for the last eighteen years has eaten nothing. It is a cast-iron dog, and has just had a new coat of paint to keep it warm during the summer.

There is a curious-looking animal in South Africa that looks for all the world like a piece of toast with four legs, a head, and a tail. It resembles a pussy cat about the forehead and ears, but its nose is distinctly that of a rat, while its tail is not very dissimilar to that of a fox. This strange animal is called the aardwolf, and doubtless dwells in South Africa because, judged by his looks, he would not be admitted into good animal society anywhere else.

It is said that a German family living out West have in their possession a tame fox with a beautiful bushy tail, with which the animal has been trained to dust the parlor furniture every morning. It would certainly be a great saving in time and strength of many overworked people if dogs with long tails and cats with soft furry sides could be trained to do similar work.

A great many years ago, when our grandfathers were very young, and before the flood, there used to be a strange-looking animal, called the glyptodon. He was called a glyptodon because he had fluted teeth, and perhaps because the people who named him hadn't heard of tarts. We should doubtless have called him a Tartodon, because his back, in the pictures we have of him, really resembles a tart more than anything else, though it weighed somewhat more than most tarts do before they are eaten. The glyptodon also had four feet, and could always tell his hind legs from his front ones by the singular fact that his hind feet had five toes each, while the front feet had to get along on four. This animal does not exist at this present time, and it is just as well that he doesn't, because he could be very disagreeable if he wanted to, as you can very well imagine when you remember that he was really nothing more than a turtle, and

he was quite as large as an ordinary elephant in his stocking feet.

A useful South American animal is the kinkajou, which, as the dictionary will tell you, is a procyoniform quadruped, with a protrusile tongue and a prehensile tail. Under ordinary circumstances, if you were to meet a kinkajou in the street, you would look for an Italian with a hand-organ, though I should be inclined to look for a policeman, because I know how unpleasant the animal can be, particularly in the fruit season, for the kinkajou loves fruit, and eats all he can find. The chief reason for asserting that the kinkajou is useful is that in addition to his fondness for fruit, he has a great liking for insects for lunch, and when tamed is a valuable assistance in Southern homes, where fly-paper is unknown, and where a mosquito net is more expensive than a silk dress. It has always seemed strange to me that some enterprising person has not imported a few thousand of these insect-eaters from South America for use in North American summer hotels. They could not cost more than one hundred dollars a dozen, and many people would rather pay that amount than spend the night with a swarm of mosquitoes, unprovided with means of defence against them.

NATURAL HISTORY IN THE NURSERY.

THE children were crossing a brook upon stones. That is, they had all the nursery chairs arranged in a devious path about the room, and were stepping carefully from one to the other, taking great care to avoid falling into the water, which was represented by the nursery carpet.

"There!" said Lucia, making a long stride, and just recovering her balance; "I nearly went over that time. I was just thinking, Bertie; do you suppose these chairs are animal, vegetable, or mineral?"

"They're chairs," answered Herbert the precise.

"Oh yes; but what class do they belong to—class, I mean? Everything belongs to a class, you know."

"Miss Purdy's got sixty-one boys in hers. That chair's rickety—stone, I mean. Everybody *couldn't* get in it, Lucia. What you talking about? She said she'd got enough when they asked—"

"You're so slow, Bertie," impatiently. "That isn't what I mean. Now, *you*, for instance, do you think you're animal, vegetable, or mineral?" Lucia stood on one leg to reflect, and looked at her companion inquiringly.

"I'm not an animal; I'm a boy!" replied the outraged male creature.

"Yes, of course; but don't you *see*? You can be an animal, too. And beside that—"

"I ain't! I'm a boy! I won't be called such things. You're one yourself."

"Yes, I know I am, Bertie," calmly; "but so are you, and you're something else, too. Now do you suppose you are a vertebrate or a mammal? I've been thinking it over, but I can't quite decide, because— These chairs are too far apart. We ought to have more."

"Yes, I know we ought; but mamma won't let us have the ones in the front room. I think it's horrid! She said we made a hole in one of 'em last week."

"Never mind. We'll put 'em closer. Here, bring that one. Jump up, quick, or you'll get your feet wet. Now, I think you must be a vertebrate, because you have got a backbone. Haven't you?" anxiously.

Herbert felt the portion of his frame referred to. "Ye-es," he admitted, reluctantly.

"That's what I thought," triumphantly. "So that makes you a vertebrate, of course. A mammal, you know, is a man. 'Man is a mammal.' And you are *not* a man. Good gracious!"

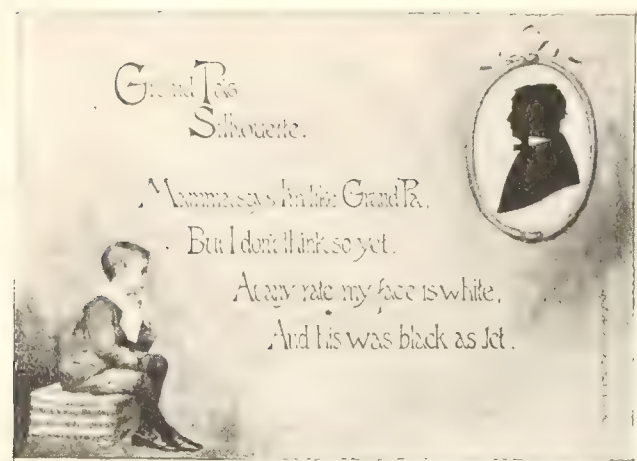
Lucia suddenly went through, and sat down upon the floor between two chairs. The shock was violent, but not sufficient to break the thread of her discourse.

"And so, I believe, you must be a vertebrate. That's it! An animal and a vertebrate. I thought it all out in bed this morning, but I wasn't quite sure about the backbone, so I thought I'd ask you."

"Well, I think it's great nonsense," declared the animal and the vertebrate upon the nursery chair. "I'm a boy, and you're a girl. I am *not* an animal or a verte—what-do-you-call-it. I don't believe mamma would let you call me such names, either. And if you don't take your foot off this same chair I've got my foot on, you'll have us both over to—"

And over they went.

E. L. C.



A BAD PROSPECT.

WILBUR was deep in the first mysteries of learning. To read, to write, and to count were great accomplishments in his eyes. He wondered if he should ever attain to such wisdom.

One day he heard a piece of news which startled him, and he went to his big brother Harold about it.

"Rithmetic is terrible hard, Harold," he began.

"Oh no," answered Harold, who was six years older. "It's easy enough. You'll know it all by-and-by, when you get as big as me!"

"Miss Thompson said to-day," went on Wilbur, "that there was no end to numbers, Harold; just think—no end at all!"

"That's so," assented Harold; "but that's nothin'."

"Then," said Wilbur, in a tone of despair, "I s'pose there's no end to the alphabet either!"

ONLY REMEMBERED HOLIDAYS.

TEACHER. "When is Independence day?"

DAVID. "Fourth of July."

TEACHER. "Right. When did Columbus discover America?"

DAVID. "I don't know. I think I could remember it, though, if it was a holiday."

A SICK DOLL.

ALICE. "My talking doll is very sick since she fell down-stairs. She doesn't say 'mamma' or 'papa' any more, but just 'napanapa.'"

A DIFFERENCE.

UNCLE JAKE. "You say, Ike, 'at you got great mine fer to git rich, so's you won't be obleeged to wick hawd lak I does. One thing you've got to consid'ah fust, boy, is weddah you's got a great mine. A heap depends on de meanin' of a word. Yo' mine, maybe, are only a notion. In dat case de word is a misfit. Den de same word sometime spread itself aroun' lak a punkin vine, twell it mean so much you can't tell whar to git hole of it. Frin-stence, what you mean when you say de lady nex do's pen all her time mindin' her baby?"

IKE. "She takin' keer of it."

UNCLE JAKE. "Den ef de baby's good an' mine its mammy, what den? It's takin' keer of its mammy, too, are it? Izik, that's a mighty big diff'ence at wix de same things, sometimes."

A PHILOSOPHER.

HENRY. "Are you afraid of the dark?"

TOM. "No. What's the use? When it's dark, you can't see, and when you can't see, you don't care."

THE WISE MAN

A WISE man made a balloon,
And thought he would sail to the moon;
But the moon went away
At the dawn of the day,
So the wise man came down before noon.

SOME NEW RULES FOR TENNIS.

A BALL through the parlor window counts you out about one dollar.

After hitting your opponent with the ball, it is not fair to yell out the score.

Don't laugh if the other player has to run a long distance after the ball. The chances are that he will find an opportunity to make you run before long.

Don't mark out the court lines with a blacking-brush—lime is bad for shoes.

Don't get mad if the ball is lost, but sit down and rest while your opponent hunts for it. This rule is observed by all players.

SOMEWHAT DIFFERENT.

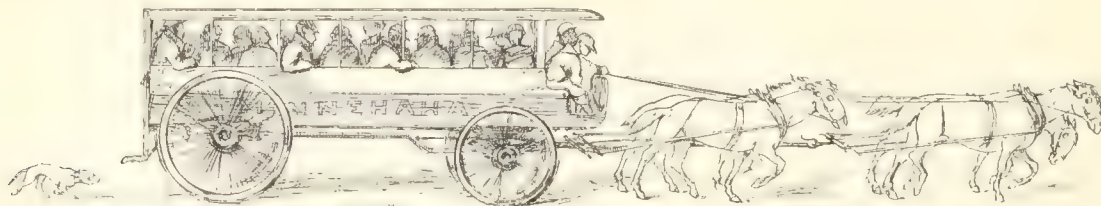
MARGERY. "I'm going to the sea-shore next month."

GRACE. "What's that? I'm going to Europe, and papa says it's sea all the way, and not a bit of shore."

BETTER STILL.

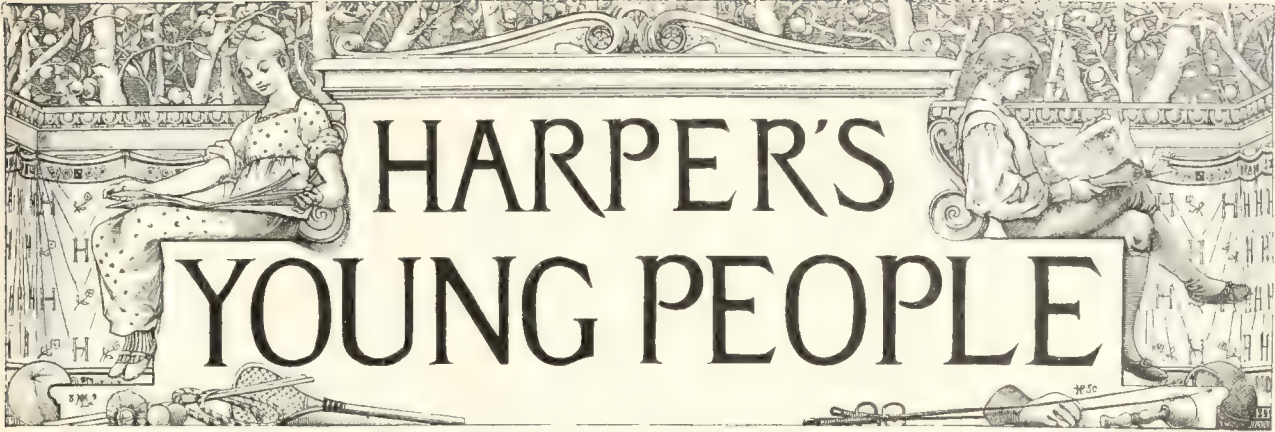
DONALD. "My teacher can read Greek."

PETER. "Pooh, that's nothing! I heard my sister say last night she could read music."



THE BASEBALL SEASON—THE VISITING NINE RETURNING HOME—(IN TWO STYLES).

N.B. IT IS UNNECESSARY TO ASK ANY EMBARRASSING QUESTIONS, TO KNOW, AS SOON AS THEY COME IN SIGHT, WHETHER THEY ARE VICTORS OR VANQUISHED.



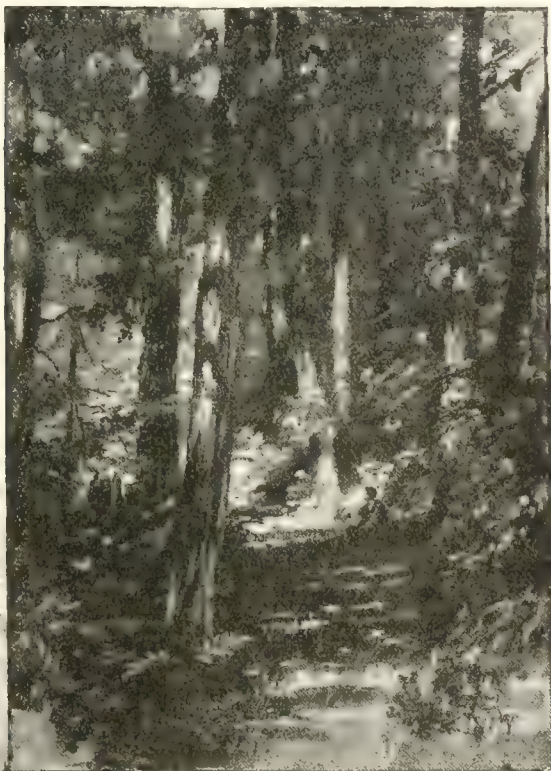
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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The Perfumed Beetle

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON,

AUTHOR OF "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS,"
"SHARP EYES," ETC.

SURPRISES await us at every turn in wood and field if our senses are sufficiently alert and responsive. I well remember the singular revelation which rewarded my curiosity upon a certain occasion in my boyhood, an incident which now seems trivial enough, but which marked a rare day in my youthful entomological education, and which, as it relates to an insect of exceptional peculiarity, I may here recall.

I was returning homeward after a successful day of hide-and-seek with the caterpillars and butterflies and beetles, my well-stored collecting-box being filled with squirming and creeping specimens, and my hat brim

adorned with a swarm of Idalias, Archippus, yellow swallow-tails, and other butterflies—the butterfly-net on this particular occasion being rendered further useless by the occupancy of a big red adder which I wished to preserve "alive and sissin'." I had taken a short-cut through the woods, and had paused to rest on a well-known mossy rock. The welcome odors of the woods, the mould, the dank moss, and the spice-bush lingered about me; and I well remember the occasional whiff from the fragrant pyrolas somewhere in my neighborhood, though unseen. It was a very warm day in the middle of July, and even the busiest efforts of millions of cool fluttering leaves of the shadowed woods had barely tempered the languid breeze, laden as it was with the reminders of the glaring hay field just outside its borders.

Among all the various odorous waftings that came to me, I caught a whiff which was entirely new, and which in its suggestions seemed strangely out of place here in the woods. What was it like? It certainly reminded me of *something* with which my nostril was familiar, but which I could not now identify. I only knew that it had no place here in the woods, and even as I sought to take one extra full sniff for further analysis, it was gone. After the lapse of a few moments, however, its faint suggestion returned, and, increasing moment by moment, at length seemed to tincture the air like incense. It was now so strong as to be pungent, and my wits were keyed to their utmost, until at length a vision of a banana peel seemed to hover against the dried leaves. "Some one has been eating a banana here, and thrown the peel away," thought I. But

no, this is hardly the odor of banana, either; it is more like pineapple. Yes, it *is* pineapple. No, that is not quite it either; it is strawberry. "Nonsense. Strawberry season was passed two weeks ago." And while I am debating the matter the spice-bush at my elbow has sent out a pungent challenge which has chased the enchantment all away. The next time it returns in a new guise, and the only suggestion which it brings is a reminder of my mother's red leather travelling-bag. Russia-leather? Yes, that is it—Russia-leather. No. Russia-leather, pineapple, strawberry, and banana peel mixed.

Whatever it was and wherever it came from I now determined to discover. The direction of the breeze was soon ascertained, and I started out to follow up the scent

like a hound. I had walked about ten feet, with my nose tingling, when the odor suddenly left me. I paused at a large maple-tree, and awaited the trail. It came. This time it proved to be a hot scent in truth. I needed only to follow my nose around the trunk of the tree at my elbow to be brought face to face with my game. It was no banana peel, nor pineapple, nor Russia-leather bag, but only a company of beetles sipping in the sun. A banquet of beetles! There were ten or a dozen of them, congregated about a hole in the maple trunk, all sipping at a furrow in the bark from which sap was oozing. At my approach they started to conceal themselves in the



hole, but were most of them captured. They were about an inch in length, and of a purplish-brown color, and glistened like bronze.

I took my prizes home, and determined to announce my great discovery to the world in an early issue of some scientific paper, fully assured that I had made a "great find." Before accomplishing this purpose, however, I thought I would consult my "oracle," *Harris's Insects Injurious to Vegetation*—a most beautiful and valuable entomological work, by-the-way, which should be in every boy's library. There, on page forty-two, behold my odorous specimen, true to life! And what does Harris say about him? "They are nocturnal insects, and conceal themselves through the day in the crevices and hollows of trees, where they feed upon the sap that flows from the bark. They have the odor of Russia-leather, and give this out so powerfully that their presence can be detected by the scent alone at the distance of two or three yards from the place of their retreat. This strong smell suggested the name *Osmoderma*, 'scented skin,' given to these beetles by the French naturalists."

"Nocturnal" they may be, but that they are diurnal also I have many times proved. Almost any hot sunny day I am even now sure of my specimen upon a certain oozy cherry trunk near by, the presence even of one beetle being distinctly announced at a distance of ten feet.

There are two common species of these beetles, the present insect being the *Osmoderma scabell*, as given by Harris.

A BOY'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE WAR.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

EVERY time I see the citizen soldiers of the National Guard march down the avenue I have a choking sensation in my throat, and sometimes tears come to my eyes. A young man who stood beside me one day when I could not help making an exhibition of myself, said, "What's the matter with you?" And my answer was, "They make me think of the men I saw going to the front in war-times." Then the young man laughed, and said, "What can you remember of the war?" He was about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, and the civil war was to him something to be read of in a dusty book. I was five years old when the war began. I could read and write, and was going to school. Many of the things which I saw then made impressions on my mind never to be effaced this side of the grave.

I was living in the city of Pittsburg, at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, whose waters, joined in the Ohio, flowed past many a field that will live in history. Pittsburg was not in the midst of the war, but it was close enough to some scenes of action, especially Gettysburg, and important enough as a point of departure and source of supplies to keep it filled with soldiers, and warmly in touch with all that was going on. What I wish to tell you is something about the way it all appeared to a boy.

My first recollection is of my father reading from a newspaper the announcement that Major Anderson and his garrison at Fort Sumter had been fired upon. That was in April, 1861, and I was in my sixth year; but I remember that I was greatly excited, and wondered what it all meant. It must have been later than that when my father gave me an explanation, which I remember to this day. He said: "My little boy, there is war between the people of the North and those of the South. The people in the South want to have slaves, and the people in the North say they must not have them. So the people of the South say they will not belong to the United States any more, and the people of the North say they must. And so they are fighting, and the fighting will go on till one or the other is beaten." It has always seemed to me that that was about as clear and concise an explanation of the cause of the war as could have been given to a boy.

All at once Pittsburg became alive with military preparations. Drums were beating in the streets all day and far into the night. Every hour a detachment of soldiers would march along Smithfield Street, and as I lived just above the corner of it on Second Street, now called Second Avenue, I would run to see every squad go by, till it became tiresome, and nothing short of a regiment could interrupt my play. Those must have been the 75,000 volunteers called for by Abraham Lincoln to serve three months and crush the rebellion. Some of those men came back at the end of their three months, but of that I remember little or nothing. The only thing that made a strong impression on me in the early days of

the war, after the attack on Sumter, was the killing of Ellsworth. I suppose every boy knows now how the gallant young Colonel of the New York Fire Zouaves took down the Confederate flag that was flying over an inn in Alexandria, and was shot dead by the proprietor of the house, who was immediately killed by Private Brownell.

That incident fired the hearts of all the boys in Pittsburg. We could not understand much of what we heard about the movements of troops, and I have forgotten everything which may have reached my ears at the time. But we could understand the murder of Ellsworth, and to this day I remember how we little fellows burned with indignation, and how we all wished we had been Brownell to shoot down the innkeeper. Somehow the untimely fate of the brave young Zouave commander appealed to us very forcibly, and I think some of us cried about it. It appealed to our mothers too, and suddenly the little boys in Pittsburg began to blossom out in Zouave suits. My mother had one made for me—a light blue jacket with brass buttons, a red cap, and red trousers. She bought me a little flag, and had my picture taken in my uniform, and she has that picture yet. Next she got me a little tin sword; and then two older boys procured blue army overcoats and caps, and borrowed two muskets from the property-man at the theatre, and I used to drill those boys, and march them proudly all over Pittsburg, to the intense delight of the grown-up people, who cheered us wherever we went.

The next thing which remains indelibly fixed in my memory is the surprise and terror which flashed across the whole North when we heard the news from Bull Run. Of course I do not remember the date of the battle, and am obliged to refer to my history to find that it took place in July, 1861. But we boys in Pittsburg had been indulging in much loud talk, as boys will, of the way in which our soldiers were going to blow out the rebellion, as one would blow out a candle; and here came the news that these miserable rebels, whom we despised, had thrashed our glorious army terribly, and were thinking about walking into Washington. My impressions at the time were that a lot of Southern slave-drivers, armed with snake whips and wearing slouch-hats, would soon arrive in Pittsburg and make us all stand around and obey orders. My father about this time used to pace the floor in deep thought after reading the newspaper, and used to set off for business with a bowed head. Later in life I learned that in those days he drew his last twenty-five dollars out of the bank, and did not know where more was to come from. But I thought he expected to be killed or made a slave. The boys used to discuss what steps they would take if the rebels came, and it was pretty generally agreed that we would all have to run across the Monongahela River bridge, climb Coal Hill, and hide in the mines.

From the time of Bull Run to the assassination of Abraham Lincoln my boyhood memories, as they come back to me now, present no orderly sequence of events. In a dim way I remember the distress and consternation caused by the dread event at Ball's Bluff, and, in an equally uncertain way, I remember how we cheered and danced when the news of a victory arrived. Just across the street from my father's house stood the Homœopathic Hospital, and next to it was a vacant lot in which pig-iron was stored. There we boys were wont to resort. We sat on the piles of pig metal and gravely discussed the progress of the war, and I well remember that one of my earliest combats arose from my proclaiming my belief that General Burnside was a greater man than George B. McClellan. That was rank treason; but I think Burnside's whiskers made a conquest of me. I will add that the dispute ended in a triumphant victory for the defender of McClellan's fame. Thereupon I went home

to my mother and "told on" the defender. I got little consolation, for my mother said: "Don't come to me. If a boy hits you, you must hit back; but don't come in crying to me." We were a warlike race in those days.

Gettysburg is a word that conjures up memories for me. We thought we had seen soldiers in Pittsburg before that, but we had simply seen samples. When the Confederates invaded Pennsylvania, we found ourselves in a most unpleasant place; but we had plenty of excitement. From early dawn till late at night drums were beating in the streets, and the walls of the houses echoed the tread of many feet. For three weeks I never set my foot inside the Second Ward School in Ross Street, where I was supposed to be; but every morning I stole quietly across the bridge and ascended Coal Hill. Do you know what was going on up there? Soldiers were working like beavers, throwing up earth-works. Similar operations were in progress on every hill around the city, and many an hour I spent carrying water for the boys in the hot sun.

When I descended the hill I always went to the yard at the Birmingham end of the bridge, and watched the workmen who were building Monitors. I do not remember how many Monitors were built there, but I remember very distinctly seeing the launch of the *Manayunk*. Later she steamed away down the Ohio, and I knew no more of her. The original *Monitor*, the wonderful little craft that so ably defended the *Minnesota* in Hampton Roads, was my special object of worship in those days. Little did I dream then that I should live to know the sea as well as I do, or to drill on the deck of the *Minnesota*. The *Monitor's* success in her great duel with the *Merrimac* filled all of us boys with excitement. We promptly built *Monitors* with round boxes placed on shingles sharpened at both ends. Then we made *Merrimacs* of an equally rude type. Next we went down to the river, and in the still water between the big stern-wheelers that lay with their noses against the levee, we had some of the most tremendous naval engagements that ever escaped the eye of history. And the *Merrimac* was always defeated, whereupon she retreated up the river and promptly blew herself up. Those were good times!

But when the man came with the Great Diorama of the War we learned something new. A diorama is, to be Hibernian, just like a panorama, only it is different. In a panorama you see pictures; in a diorama you see moving figures cut out in profile. After each scene the curtain must be lowered, and the stage reset. I remember that this man (I wish I knew his name) began his entertainment with an ordinary series of panoramic views, after which the curtain fell, and we prepared ourselves for the new revelation. When the curtain rose again, we saw a miniature stage set with scenic waters. In the background were two large ships, cut out in profile, and in the distance were two or three more. The next moment we were startled by seeing a flash shoot out from the side of one, followed by a dull boom. Then the other big ship fired, and next the forts, which were at the sides, opened up. We began to tingle with excitement, and could hardly remain in our seats.

Suddenly a long low craft, looking something like an inverted cake-pan, came gliding out at the front of the stage. Then we knew we were looking at the feared and hated *Merrimac*. She opened fire on the ships. Then she circled round, and, putting on steam, rushed against one of them with her ram. The poor wooden vessel careened far over on one side. Then the *Merrimac* drew back, and hurled two shots into her at short range. The big ship began to sink. She went clear away down out of sight—royals, trucks, and all. Next the *Merrimac* went for the other ship; but just then we saw another queer craft sail on. "It was the immortal cheese-box on

a plank" the *Monitor*. The *Merrimac* paused. The two ironclads seemed to stop and look at one another. Then they rushed together. And how they spit fire and banged and butted! We boys were crazy with excitement. And when suddenly the *Merrimac* blew up with a loud report, and the *Monitor* displayed half a dozen American flags, we cheered till we were hoarse. It was not strictly according to history, but it was glorious. And we boys went right home, and began building a Grand Diorama of the War in the cellar of the St. Charles Hotel the next day. That diorama would have been a tremendous success but for one thing. Jim Rial's brother dropped a match into the powder-bottle, which blew up the diorama, and nearly blinded the boy. However, we built another diorama; and the boy got well.

But to return to Gettysburg. When troops were being hurried forward to that point from every direction, thousands of soldiers passed through Pittsburg. Many of them were sent out by the Pittsburg and Connellsville Railroad to Uniontown, and thence to the front. Every afternoon I used to go to the Connellsville station, at the foot of Ross Street, and ride out on the four-o'clock train as far as the historic Braddock's Field, where, you remember, the British commander Braddock refused to take Washington's advice in the matter of Indian-fighting, and paid the penalty. This station was just ten miles out, and I could get back in time for supper. Attached to every train out in those days were several flat cars with planks laid across from side to side for seats, and these cars were loaded with soldiers. I always rode in one of those cars, and listened in breathless awe to the conversation of those real live soldiers who were going out to fight. As I remember them now, they were hearty, good-natured fellows, very kind to the little boy who took so much interest in them. And when I returned to Pittsburg I used to dream about them at night, and wake up very early in the morning to listen for the sound of the guns of the approaching invaders. I was no worse than older people. Many a good woman in Pittsburg went on the roof very often to listen for those same guns.

Another thing which I remember very distinctly is the work we used to do in the public schools in those days. Every afternoon we devoted a part of our time to picking lint. We were told by our teachers that it was to be sent to the front, where it would be used in dressing the wounds of the soldiers. None of us dreamed of the real horrors of war, but I think our hearts were in that work just the same. And we used to get our mothers to make housewives, which we filled with combs, brushes, and soap; and these, too, were sent to the front. We saw soldiers going to war every day with no other baggage than their knapsacks, and we well understood, children as we were, that the housewife would be welcome in every tent.

And finally came the news of Appomattox. Guns were fired, and people cheered, and we boys simply danced war dances all over the city. Soon the troops began to come home, and then we had our eyes opened a bit. The boys of to-day see the old fellows of the Grand Army of the Republic turn out in their sober blue uniforms, carrying the old battle flags carefully wrapped up, and the boys think them a monotonous lot, and take little interest in them. But I saw them come back with their bare feet sticking out of their ragged shoes, with the legs of their trousers and the arms of their coats hanging in tatters, with the army blue faded by the sun and washed by the rain to a sickly greenish-gray, with their faces baked and frozen and blown till they looked like sheets of sole-leather, saving the happy smiles they bore. And I saw those old battle flags come back with their rent and shivered stripes streaming in the wind, while strong men stood looking on with tears in their

eyes. And I saw one of my uncles, who had been a prisoner in Andersonville, come to Pittsburg with a gangrened foot, which my mother dressed every day. I shall never forget his condition, nor that of the heroes who marched through Pittsburg day after day when the war was over. I am sorry there had to be a war; but I am unspeakably grateful that I was old enough to get those impressions, which will live as long as I do. They spring to life again whenever I see troops on the march, and they give the old flag a meaning for me which I think it cannot have for those without my memories.

A FEW HINTS ON SURFACE CARVING.

BY KATE COTHEAL BUDD.

THIS simple but pretty art may be readily learned by any boy or girl. These are the materials needed.

1. An "Addis" parting-tool, No. 41, one-sixteenth of an inch wide, handled and sharpened. It will cost you 50 cents. 2. A sharp knife. 3. An oil-stone. 4. OO sand-paper. 5. Walnut or dark oak stain, turpentine, and a small brush. 6. Shellac varnish, and a little linseed or olive oil.

A marker or punch for stamping the backgrounds may be made by filing a large nail crosswise at the end, or you can buy one for a quarter.

Carriage clamps, No. 14, are useful for securing your work firmly to a table; price, 75 cents a pair.



FIG. 1.

VARNISH.—Fill a small bottle one-quarter full of bleached shellac (5 cents' worth at a druggist's). Fill to the top with alcohol. Let it stand in a warm place for several hours to dissolve, shaking it often.

WOODS.—Pine or cedar answers very well for first attempts. Nice pieces for frames and paper-cutters may be found in cigar-boxes. Old packing boxes furnish capital bits. I have seen some beautiful

work done on the ends of a Japanese box—the outer covering of a tea-box—found discarded on a wharf. Mahogany, sweet-gum, white holly, black walnut, and many other woods are suitable. Notice the markings of the wood when applying a design. If you can avoid it, do not conceal a handsomely veined streak or a characteristic knot.

Keep your parting-tool very sharp. Lay the V-shaped end nearly flat on your stone, and rub it evenly to and fro. Clean the oil off your stone when you put it away, or it will soon become gummy. Do not allow your parting-tool to get dull by rubbing against other tools when not in use.

Practise cutting out lines and circles drawn on a

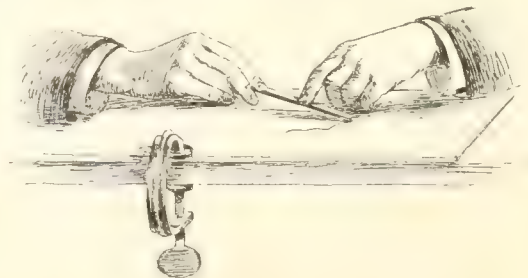


FIG. 2.

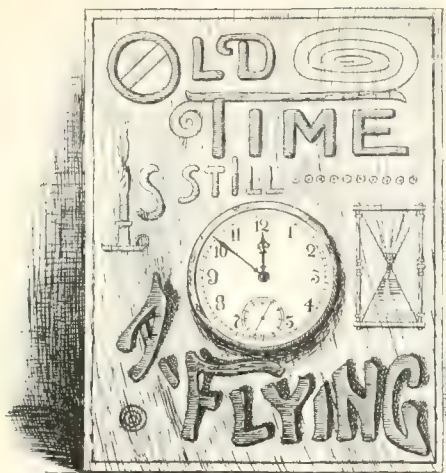


FIG. 3.

smooth pine board until you are quite expert. Grasp the parting-tool in your right hand, push gently, removing a tiny curled shaving. (Fig. 1.) Don't wobble the tool from side to side—cut straight ahead. If the tool sticks when cutting across the grain, it probably needs sharpening. If your board can be clamped firmly to the table, you can use both hands, guiding the point of the tool with your left hand. (Fig. 2.) Do not try to make too deep a groove, but aim to have it clean-cut and even.

DIRECTIONS FOR ORNAMENTING THE FRAME FOR A SMALL CLOCK.—Get one of the little nickel-plated clocks (sold for from 60 cents upwards). Lay it down on a smooth piece of soft wood—pine or cedar—about 7 x 8 inches. Mark around it closely with a lead-pencil, and cut out the circular opening

with your knife. If you happen to have a fret-saw or suitable tools, you can make it of hard-wood. Smooth nicely with sand-paper. The clock must fit closely into the opening. Several designs are given. You will find Fig. 3 very easy to do. Or, if you prefer it, draw two or three blossoms at intervals. (Fig. 4.) Cut out the lines, being careful not to let the tool slip



FIG. 4.



FIG. 5.

when cutting with the grain. Dilute the walnut stain with turpentine, and paint the design inside the lines; the grooves prevent the color spreading. Let it dry. The next day, with a wad of cotton or piece of canton flannel rub on some varnish. Soft wood absorbs it very rapidly at first until the pores are filled. When quite dry, sand-paper nicely. Then rub again with varnish, a little at a time. Keep raw linseed oil near you in a cup; dip one finger of your left hand in this when the work becomes sticky, and apply to the pad; it helps to spread the varnish. Rub briskly with a circular motion. The varnish will dry

quickly, when it must have a final polish; this brings out the beauty of the grain. If carefully done, your work will resemble inlaying. The "wild strawberry" design (Fig. 5.) is more elaborate. If you cannot draw it for yourself, perhaps you may have an obliging sister or aunt who will do it for you. It is not difficult to cut.

If you do not care for the trouble of cutting out the opening, use the design for a watch case by gluing on a round piece of velvet edged with fancy cord, screwing over it a small gilt hook.

With a square or oblong aperture, the frames will be pretty for photographs. Clover leaves dotted around a frame are effective.

A CASE FOR PLAYING-CARDS is made from white holly or from cigar-box wood glued together like a box.



FIG. 6.

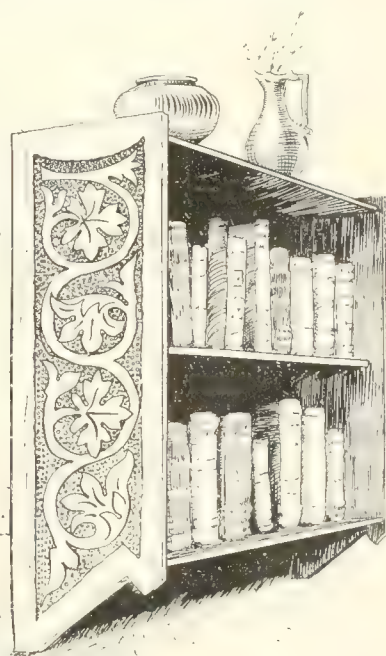


FIG. 7.

(Fig. 6.) The front and back are a little higher than the sides. There is no cover. A silk cord passed through two holes serves to suspend it. Any comical little figure can be outlined on the front. Stain it in several shades.

A bookcase (Fig. 7.) may be made from a half-inch pine board 6 or 7 inches wide. The sides are 20 inches long,



FIG. 8

sawed into points at the bottom. Three shelves 18 inches long serve to hold the books. Use six slender screws or long wire nails to fasten. The scroll design is outlined, and the background stamped down with a marker like a four-pointed star before the bracket is screwed together. The polishing is done afterwards.

The daisy design, Fig. 8, is charming when finished, and has the additional merit of being easy. Cut the daisy form from a visiting-card, and mark around it. Stain the centre much darker than the petals.

Table-tops, jewel-boxes, calendar frames, chairs, etc., may be purchased already polished, and outlined in some dainty pattern. A finer tool (No. 11, $\frac{3}{4}$) comes for this kind of work. Of course it cannot be stained, but if desired, the background may be stamped with a star-pointed "marker" to give the design prominence.

Some of these designs—Figs. 3, 4, 5, 8—can be adapted for the decoration of glove-boxes, bread-plates, knife-boxes, stools, blotting-books, card-cases, match-boxes, music portfolios, and many other things, which will sell well at fancy fairs, or be highly appreciated as presents.

"DIE WHICH I WON'T"

A MEMORY.

BY MARGARET SUTTON BRISCOE.

"BUT am I going to die, mother?"

"Why do you ask, my darling? Do you feel as if you were?"

"I don't know, mother. I never died before. Father, you tell me."

"Nonsense!" said the physician. "Of course you are not dying. Here, take your medicine like a good child, and get well."

Jere turned away fretfully. "No, I am not going to take any more. I am going to die."

"Take your medicine at once, my child," said a steady voice; and the boy, opening his lips mechanically, obeyed. Mr. Barton followed the physician into the adjoining room.

"Is there a chance?" he asked.

The doctor was looking grave and annoyed. "There was," he replied. "Who has been talking in the room? How has this idea taken hold of him?"

"No one has suggested it. Jere was always a precocious child, you know."

"Yes; but if we are going to have this restlessness and fear to fight as well, why, then—"

"There is no hope?"

"None. You may find means to soothe him. If not—well, do what you can. I shall return shortly, for my part."

Jere looked down at his father's hands, as they lay on the pillow near him. They were not so white, or so soft, or so small as his mother's, and the nails were not so pretty and pink; but he liked to feel them lift him about in the bed, and they refreshed him when they lay on his forehead. He moved now so that his cheek touched the back of one of them.

"There's father hands and mother hands, isn't there?" he said. "Father, you'll tell me the truth. Am I going to die?"

Mr. Barton sat down on the side of the bed, and gathered his boy into his arm, lifting the hot restless head upon his shoulder.

"Jere, you like to hear father's stories, don't you? I am going to tell you one."

"I used to like them when I wasn't dying. I don't know now."

"A story of when I was a boy."

Jere nestled his forehead against his father's throat. "Lift up your head the littlest bit, father. I like the feel of your beard."

Mrs. Barton rose quickly, and walked over to the window, looking out at a landscape which she did not see.

"When I was a boy—" began Mr. Barton.

"Yes, that's the kind of story that's best. Begin at the very beginning, father."

"When I was a boy, there was a great war going on. I am not going to tell you about that, though. My story is of one of its soldiers, and I don't think he knew much more of the rights and wrongs of it than you would."

"You didn't fight, father?"

"No; I was very little older than you are. But one of the fiercest of the battle-fields was near our old homestead, and after the fight was over, your grandfather, with all the men left on the farm, went out to help the wounded. The old country doctor went along too, and I, although no one knew that at the time.

"It was a dark night. They had to go out with lanterns, and so I slipped through the door behind them, keeping in the shadow. I knew very well that I should be sent home if they caught me, and I was wild to go. The first soldier they ran across was lying on his face. One of the men turned him over, and somebody held a lantern while the doctor examined him.

"'Dead!' said the doctor, with a nod.

"Then they all went on, I creeping after them softly. On my way I had to pass quite close by the dead soldier, and suddenly I nearly jumped out of my boots, for I thought I heard a moan. I was so frightened that my heart stood as still as I did. I can remember how it felt now. I did not know whether to rush on and get with my father and the lanterns, or to run back to my mother. Then I did neither, but walked over to the soldier's side, my heart going thump, thump, thump! When I got to him, there was no doubt about it. I heard another moan. And this time I was too scared to run, but I yelled, 'Father!' as loud as I could."

"Yes, that's just what I would have done," said Jere; and his father drew him closer as he went on.

"My father and the doctor came running back. They were frightened, too, for they knew my voice.

"'What's all this?' said the doctor, and then I told him that the man he had said was dead was not dead at all, that I had heard him moaning. The men came up with their lanterns, and the doctor made another examination. The soldier's leg was broken, and there was a big hole in his chest.

"'He's as good as dead,' said the doctor. 'Here, Tom Barton, you scamper home. There are plenty of men on the field to save, and there's no time to lose.'

"I cried very easily in those days if I was angry or troubled. And I cried then, and begged my father not to desert my soldier. At last he told me that he would leave one of the men with me, and I might stay by the soldier until he died.

"'He's dead now, I believe,' said the doctor, flashing his lantern on the man's face.

"And as he spoke, the man opened his eyes, and said, quite distinctly, through his set teeth, 'Die—which I won't.'

"The doctor burst out laughing. I thought it the most heartless thing I had ever known any one do. He knelt down again, however, opened the man's shirt, and stanch-ed the blood oozing from the hole in his chest. The soldier's eyes had closed, and he was breathing painfully, with long rests between."

"Like I do sometimes?" asked Jere.

"No; worse than you ever do."

"Tell me how long he didn't breathe."

"No; I don't care about your trying it just now. Wait until you get stronger. The doctor gave me some stimulant, which he told me I might give the man from time to time, and then they went off."

"I sat down on the ground and took the soldier's head on my knee, every now and then wetting his lips as the doctor had showed me, and dripping some of the stuff between them."

The nurse came forward with the medicine, but Jere turned from her impatiently.

"You wet my lips with it, father, and drip it in, like you did the man."

Mr. Barton took the cup, moistening the child's lips with the contents, and pouring the rest slowly down his throat.

"That was just the way, father?"

"Yes, that was just the way."

"Then go on."

"When my father came back and found the soldier still breathing, he told me that the house was too full to take him in, but that I might have him carried to my old mammy's cabin if I chose, and that mammy and I might see what we could do. I followed the stretcher to the house, where my soldier was handed over into the doctor's hands. The night was already half gone, but I couldn't sleep through the rest of it for thinking of him."

"Early in the morning I dressed myself, and went down to my father's study, where I got a big sheet of white paper, and printed on it, in great straggling letters (I could not print so well as you do, although I was older), '*Die—which I won't!*'"

"As soon as my breakfast was over, I went down to mammy's cabin with the sheet in my hand, and pinned it securely on the foot-board of my soldier's bedstead with two of my mother's big bonnet pins. When I turned around, the soldier's eyes were open, and he lay staring at me."

"I thought he was too ill to understand, for mammy said he was; but when the doctor came in and bent over him, my soldier was too weak to lift his hand, but with the slowest movement you ever saw he raised his finger and pointed to '*Die—which I won't!*'"

"The doctor looked down at the foot-board and spelled the words out. Then he looked at me. 'Well, you are a pair of you,' he said. And he burst out laughing again. I used to think the doctor the most heartless being that ever lived in those days. Now I understand him, and I know how much better it is to laugh than to cry."

"Even when people are dying?"

"Yes; even when people are dying, if the laugh is the right kind."

"You ought to be dead by rights," said the doctor; "but as you are not—"

"Wait a minute, father. Don't go on yet. I'd like one."

"One what, my boy?"

"A '*Die—which I won't!*'"

The figure at the window moved suddenly.

"What do you mean, my child?" asked Mr. Barton.

"I'd like one pinned on the foot of my bed like the man had."

There was silence for a moment, and when Mr. Barton spoke, his voice was unsteady. "Perhaps mother will make one for you. Were you listening, dear?"

Mrs. Barton came forward. There were deep circles about her eyes, and her lips, as they set in a smile, were quivering. "Yes, I will make it," she said; and she went into the next room.

Jere tossed restlessly on his father's shoulder. "Mother's so long," he complained.

But at last she came. She had a sheet of white paper in her hand. And on it, in great black letters, were the words, '*Die—which I won't!*'

Jere looked at it contentedly. "That's right, isn't it, father? What funny spotty paper you used, mother! But it's printed beautifully. Now pin it up for me just where he had it. Tell them where, father."

"Just at the foot of the bed—a little to the right."

The nurse pinned up the paper, and Jere read it, slowly, '*Die—which I won't!*'"

Mrs. Barton, with a catch in her breath and a quick movement, bent forward. Her husband stretched out his arm, and drew her to him, whispering in her ear.

"Go on," said Jere. "Mother, you mustn't interrupt."

Mrs. Barton went back to the window, and the story went on.

"My mother was very good to me. She used to excuse me from my lessons, and I spent long hours sitting by my soldier's bedside. 'You may learn your lesson there to-day,' she would say; but as she never gave me any book to take with me, I used to wonder what she meant. Now I understand that too. I had a kind of storehouse in my mind, where I kept things I didn't understand, and wondered over them."

"You understand everything now, father, don't you?"

Mr. Barton looked down at the flushed face and listened to the quick breaths. His gray eyes, piercing and watchful, became full of unspeakable tenderness.

"No, not everything; there are some things which I shall never understand. I keep making additions to my storehouse."

Jere's eyes were fastened on the paper at the foot of the bed; then on his own hand. He was curling up the small fingers, save one which pointed to the foot-board.

There was a sobbing breath from the window, and the mother, who was facing the room, hurried forward with an eager gesture. At a look from her husband, her arms fell, and she stood motionless, watching.

Mr. Barton's voice went on steadily. "At first I was sent from the room whenever the wounds were dressed, but after a little the doctor let me come in and hold things for him. Once when I was standing by the bedside, I saw my soldier's hand groping on the counterpane, and I put mine into it. After that I let mammy hold the things, while I held my soldier's hand instead. He would turn and look for it if I was not quite ready. Every morning when I came in, I would point to the paper, and the soldier's finger would point also."

"Like mine does? See, father?"

"Yes, just that way. It was a long time before he could speak, and longer before he could move—hand or foot."

"All depends upon being very careful," the doctor said. He used to give me his instructions, and I watched my soldier to see that he did nothing which he was told not to do. I was very strict with him."

"I believe the man is actually going to get well," said the doctor at last.

"And he did. But it was very slow. At first he was only allowed to sit up in bed for five minutes at a time. I used to hold the watch. Then he got from the bed to a chair. After that there was no keeping him in the cabin. He would walk out with a stick in one hand, and the other hand resting on my shoulder. I suppose there was no prouder boy in the county than I when I walked my soldier as far as the house, and showed him to my father and mother."

"All well, father?"

"Yes, well and strong."

Jere's eyes turned again to the foot of the bed. "What did he do with his paper?"



MRS. BARTON ROSE QUICKLY AND WALKED OVER TO THE WINDOW.

"What are you going to do with yours?"

"I would like to do whatever he did."

"The first day my soldier went out of that cabin door we unpinned it, and he folded it up carefully, and put it in an inside pocket. He was going to take it to Lucy, he said."

"Who is Lucy?"

Mr. Barton looked down, his face changing suddenly. "Lucy is his wife now," he said, slowly. "She was only his sweetheart then. She was waiting for him far away in the mountains. He told me all about her. She had no father or mother, and her aunt was not very good to her. My soldier was the only thing Lucy had on earth. He had promised that he would come back."

The nurse advanced again with the medicine in her hand. Mr. Barton motioned her away. His voice went on monotonously. What he was saying he did not himself know.

Jere's head lay heavily on his shoulder, his eyelashes rising and drooping slowly. Once his eyes fastened on the paper, and his lips moved.

Mrs. Barton, standing behind her husband with clasped hands, bent forward breathlessly.

"Die—which I won't!" murmured the childish voice, and the eyelids closed. The breath came softly and regularly through the parted lips.

Mr. Barton's voice faltered and broke. His supporting arms and body remained motionless, but he raised his head until his eyes met those of his wife, and the overflowing thankfulness in them answered the question in hers.

Mrs. Barton covered her face with her hands, and the nurse, stepping forward, drew her gently away, her own eyes brimming over with tears.

"It is natural sleep," she whispered. "The crisis will pass."

A GRINNING MATCH.

THE grinning match was one of the sports that amused both old and young people in Europe in very old times. It was common in Flanders in the fourteenth century, was introduced into France about the middle of the fifteenth century, and was practised in England until Oliver Cromwell and his followers put an end for a time to that and nearly all other popular sports.

Two great writers tell us something about the grinning matches of those old times. Macaulay, the English historian, says that in the time of the Puritans, about 1650, "public amusements, from the masques which were exhibited at the mansions of the great, down to the wrestling matches and grinning matches on village greens, were vigorously attacked."

Victor Hugo, the great French novelist, in his *Hunchback of Notre Dame*, tells us how the grinning match was conducted and how it was introduced into France. The 6th of January was observed in Paris as "The Feast of the Fools," and a Pope

of the Fools was always elected to be the leader in the day's entertainment. On that day the people were gathered for this purpose in the grand hall of the Palais de Justice, and among them were the Flemish ambassadors who had come to arrange a marriage between the French Dauphin and Marguerite of Flanders. On one of these ambassadors, Master Copenole, thought the French way of electing a Pope of the Fools was too tame, and he made the people a speech, suggesting that they should do it in the Flemish way. He described it thus:

"We collect a crowd like this one here, then each person in turn passes his head through a hole, and makes a grimace at the rest; the one who makes the ugliest is elected Pope by general acclamation. You have here enough grotesque specimens of both sexes to allow of laughing in Flemish fashion, and there are enough of us ugly in countenance to hope for a fine grinning match."

This suggestion was eagerly adopted, and a little chapel adjoining was selected for the scene of the grinning match. "A pane broken in the pretty rose-window above the door," according to Hugo's account, "left free a circle of stone, through which it was agreed that the competitors should thrust their heads. In order to reach it, it was only necessary to mount upon a couple of hogsheads."

Although there were many competitors, the prize was given without hesitation to Quasimodo, the dwarfed and twisted ring-bearer of the bells of the Church of Notre Dame. When he was brought out in triumph, the people were astonished to see that what they had taken for a grimace was only his natural face. He had an enormous wart that covered one eye, tusks for teeth, a spreading nose, a "horseshoe" mouth, a forked chin, and an expression that was "a mixture of malice, amazement, and sadness."

Nobody in Paris could make himself as ugly as Quasimodo, even by trying. The bell-ringer was the first winner of a grinning match in France. But his triumph was short-lived, for the next day an unjust judge had him publicly scourged on the same spot where he was crowned Pope of the Fools. In spite of his ugliness, Quasimodo was capable of the gentlest feelings, as you will learn when some day you read Hugo's fascinating romance.



IF BO-PEEP HAD TO TAKE CARE OF
THE LITTLE HYENAS.



PEN & INK SKETCHES AND
SUGGESTIONS OF THE HYENA AND
HER CUBS AT CENTRAL PARK ZOO.
F. S. CHURCH.

LITTLE HYENAS AND JAGUARS.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

JUST fancy what must have been Bo-peep's feelings! We all know what her real troubles were, but you cannot say it was her fault because her sheep strayed. The day was so warm. She had been up with her charge at daybreak, so that the tender grass with the dewdrops on it might afford the most delicate pasture for her sheep, and she was very, very tired, and the bees buzzed so drowsily that she yawned for a while, and then went sound asleep. How she scoured the country round, up hill and down dale, hunting her sheep! Though the nursery rhyme does not tell that much, for such little details are wanting, we are well satisfied that it must have occurred. Well, at last she found her sheep, and then, with a sigh of relief, she sat on the mossy bank, crook in hand, and began counting them.

Now Mr. Church, the artist who made the picture of Bo-peep, would not let me work up my story with any wizard or necromancer in it. I was for changing her sheep in this way: Let the old witch enter and say, "You lazy Bo-peep, because you allowed my dear sheep to wander off in a most absurd manner, I shall change them into the most horrid things I can think of, and then, just as long as you live, until you are an old woman, you will reproach yourself for having been such a careless child."

"No," said Mr. Church, "I do not want it that way. An old witch has no real interest in sheep, excepting as mutton-chops, and I won't have Bo-peep seriously frightened. I am sure, if you had sheep to keep, you would be sound asleep in five minutes, and any yellow dog in the neighborhood would chase the poor things and worry them, and you never would wake up. The natural thing for Bo-peep, when she had figured up the sum total of her sheep on the ends of her pretty fingers, would be for her to doze off again, and then in her dreams to have a kind of a nightmare."

"Night-sheep!" I said.

"And she sees instead of her pretty snow-white flock a whole lot of black, ugly, yelping things, and," added Mr. Church, "come with me to the zoological department in Central Park, and I will show you the exact creatures Bo-peep, the poor little dear, saw in her dreams."

I make it a point to satisfy Mr. Church: in fact, I follow in his lead, invariably shaping my stories to meet his views, and so together we went to the Park, and saw the baby hyenas.

"Those are the very creatures Bo-peep fancied she saw in her sleep," said Mr. Church. "As you will observe, I have drawn them in my sketch."

There they were, sure enough! Three little hyenas huddled together in their den, and there was the mother moving uneasily from side to side near the bars, and it seemed as if she did not even like us to look at her babies.

I cannot say that a hyena is a good-looking brute. The idea this animal gives you is that it is a type of skulking ferocity. Nature built it on purpose for a particular kind of business. With its strong fore legs and feet it can do all the digging necessary, and then it slopes down behind, as if all its force and energy were built up in front. The head has no expression about it. The eyes are black and dull. There is no flash in them. The teeth! Oh, that is where the hyena shows uncommon powers. And the jaws show great muscular strength. If anything got between those jaws, you may be sure it would be held on to. The best I can say of the hyena is that it is a very useful animal, and in warm countries, where carrion would breed disease, the hyena plays the part of the vulture. I never have quite forgiven the hyena who bit off the tails of two fine tigers in Barnum's circus.

The little hyenas look, as to their heads, like Newfoundland puppies, only with less intelligence. They were born at the Park in New York, on the 23d of last February, and for a hyena to be born in captivity is a rare thing. The parents came from Africa, and are known as of the *crocuta* species, and that is the Latin for a howling beast. Every now and then, especially at nights, a hyena at the Park will laugh, but it is not a merry sound, and you do not feel a bit like joining in their fun; you want to stop your ears, for it is a horrid sound. Somehow looking at the little things, I felt sorry for them. They were not in keeping with their surroundings. What was wanting was a stretch of hot sand or a bit of jungle. Maybe young hyenas play under natural circumstances, but in their den they seemed to be moping.

"I wonder, Mr. Church," I asked, "whether Bo-peep got to like them?"

"She was such a sweet child," replied Mr. Church, "that she would at least have felt sorry for them—in her dreams, of course."

Then the artist went on sketching, and he probably must have driven out of his mind all fancy, so accurately has he made his drawings.

The hyena mother still kept on her uneasy motion, occasionally showing her ugly fangs. The keeper told us she was very good to her babies, and never had them out of her sight. Nevertheless, the whole family, interesting in a scientific sense, were otherwise depressing.

It was very different when we saw the other babies, the little jaguars. They were jolly, lively creatures, and as full of fun as kittens. The whelps were captured by Indians in Colombia some two months ago, after their mother had been killed. They are now about as big as large cats. Their coats are yellow, with black circles, leopardlike. All they wanted to do was to play, and of the two—John and Mary—Mary was the merrier. Both of them would put out their paws between the iron bars. They wanted to be noticed. When you had their paws in your hand, you could not tell that there were any claws there, they felt so soft and velvety. You had only, however, to put a canvas bag within their reach to show you how long and sharp were their claws, which were hidden in their sheaths. At once the two would lay hold of the bag and growl, and if you tried to get the bag away, you could see what a hold they had. Captivity did not seem to bother them a bit. In their native wilds the jaguar will grow to be two feet ten inches high, and is a fairly formidable animal, but he does not often attack man. The books on natural history tell us that when captured young, the jaguar can be tamed, so one of these days John and Mary may be the best-behaved animals in the zoological garden.

CANOE MATES:*

A STORY OF THE EVERGLADES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "CAMPMATES," "DORMYMATES," "DERRICK STERLING,"
"CHRISTAL, JACK, & CO.," ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

WORTH'S LONELY NIGHT-WATCH.

LIEUTENANT CAREY'S remarks were received by his companions with considerable incredulity. None of them had ever been under fire before, and it was hard to realize that the deafening volleys that had roared at them from the cypress forest had not been fired with deadly intent. To be sure, none of them, nor even their boats, had been hit; but that might as easily be attributed to poor marksmanship as to good intention on the part of the Indians. Of course, they did not doubt for an instant, that those who had fired from that well-concealed ambush were Indians. Who else occupied that country, or who else would have done such a thing? Had not Rust Norris given the Indians false information concerning the objects of the expedition, and roused them to anger against it? Even if this first attack had only been intended for a scare, would a second prove equally harmless? What possible chance had their little band of making its way through the trackless leagues between there and the eastern coast if the four hundred or so of Seminoles occupying the country had determined to prevent them? None at all, of course.

On the other hand, as Lieutenant Carey very justly urged, the Indians could not afford to go to war with the whites. Besides, did the way ahead of them present any greater difficulties than that they had so recently traversed? What could they do with their frail boats, even if they should return to the open waters of the Gulf? Could they hope to reach Key West in them? Then, too, how humiliating it would be to give up their undertaking merely because they had been frightened in and without having caught a glimpse of their enemies! ^{fast}

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 644.



ROUGH-LOOKING CHARACTERS, WHOM HE AT ONCE RECOGNIZED AS SOUTH FLORIDA COWBOYS.

Lieutenant Carey declared his purpose of going on alone if the others refused to accompany him, and Sumner said that, as the son of a naval officer, he was bound to follow the Lieutenant.

Worth said, "Of course if you go, Sumner, I must go with you; but I'm awfully frightened all the same."

The sailor said that he had no thought of disobeying the Lieutenant's orders, and only deserted him as he did in the cypress swamp because Quorum was at the oars, and carried him off against his will.

Quorum said: "Ef Marse Sumner an' Marse Worth gwine fight dem Injuns, ob co'se de ole man gwine erlong ter pertec' 'em. Dem chillun can't be 'lowed ter go prospeckin' in de wilderness wifout Quorum ter look after 'em, an' 'help do de fightin' as well as de cookin'."

All this discussion took place after the canoes had been hauled from the water and concealed in a clump of bushes, and while coffee was being prepared over the alcohol lamps, which gave out great heat with little light. They gathered closely about their little stoves, and talked in low tones, while the night shadows settled down and shut out the surrounding landscape. After eating a hearty meal, which showed their appetites to be in no wise impaired by their recent fright, and providing a supply of coffee for the morning, they rolled up in their blankets, and lay down for a few hours' sleep on the bare ground. That is, all but Worth lay down. He, wrapping his blanket about him, and sitting with his gun across his knees, prepared to keep the first hour's watch. He was given this first hour because he was the youngest, and he was to wake Sumner when it had expired. Sumner was to rouse Quorum, he the sailor, and he the Lieutenant, who was to stand the last watch and decide upon the time for starting.

To be sitting there alone, surrounded by the unseen terrors of a Southern wilderness, was a novel and weird experience for Worth. He could hear the eddying and gurgling of the river, with frequent splashes that marked he nocturnal activity of its animal life. Innumerable insects filled the air about him with shrill sounds, and deep-voiced frogs kept up a ceaseless din from the adja-

cent swamps. Frequent vibratory bellowings exactly like those of an enraged bull, and certain floundering in the water, attested the wakefulness of his newly made alligator acquaintances. The forest rang with the tiresomely irritating notes of the chuck-wills-widows and the solemn warnings of the great hoot owls.

Every now and then he was startled by the agonized cries of some unfortunate bird seized and dragged from its resting-place by a 'coon or other predatory animal. These, loud and shrill at first, gradually became weaker, until hushed into a lifeless silence. His blood chilled at the distant howl of wolves, or the humanlike cry of a panther, and it required all the boy's strength of mind to refrain from arousing his comrades long before the expiration of that interminable hour.

Only a frequent reaching out of the hand and touching Sumner, who lay close beside him, gave him courage to maintain his solitary vigil. His mind was so actively occupied by what he heard, and by listening for what he dreaded still more to hear—the dip of paddles or other sounds indicating the approach of human enemies, that he had not the slightest inclination to sleep. He never was more wide awake in his life, with all his senses more keenly alert, than during that hour. He wondered if, with all those uncanny sounds ringing in his ears, he should dare even to close his eyes when his turn for sleeping came. He kept track of the time by occasionally striking a match and looking at his watch beneath the sheltering folds of his blanket.

When the time came to waken Sumner, he hated to do so; but realizing that his own strength for the ensuing day depended upon his sleeping that night, he finally laid his hand gently on his comrade's forehead. From long training in being aroused at unseemly hours, Sumner sat up, wide awake, in an instant. The boys exchanged a few whispered words, and then Worth lay down. He closed his eyes, determined to try and sleep, though without the least idea of being able to do so.

When he next opened them, Lieutenant Carey was bending over him, and saying that it was three o'clock in the morning. It seemed impossible that he could

have been asleep for hours, and as the boy sat up rubbing his eyes he was certain that the Lieutenant must have made some mistake.

In spite of the darkness, which was still as intense as ever, the boats had been almost noiselessly got into the water, and Quorum had heated the coffee made the night before. A cup of this, hot and strong, roused the boy into a full wakefulness, and fifteen minutes later he was seated in his canoe, prepared once more to undertake the passage of the dreaded cypress belt. The Lieutenant led the way, Sumner and Worth keeping as close together as possible, followed, and the cruiser, with muffled oars, brought up the rear.

If the cypress forest into which they almost immediately plunged had seemed weird and gloomy by daylight, how infinitely more so was it in the pitchy darkness by which it was now enshrouded! Still, the black walls of tree trunks rising on each side could be distinguished from the surface of the river, and thus the voyagers were enabled to keep in the channel. The air was motionless, and heavy with dampness and the rank odors of decaying vegetation. The rush of waters, the plash of their paddles, and the unaccountable night sounds of the drenched forest, rang out with startling distinctness. They proceeded with the utmost caution, and uttered no word; but it seemed as though their progress must be apparent to any ear within a mile of them.

For two hours they worked steadily and without a pause. They felt that they must have passed the scene of their previous evening's adventure. They were certain of this when at length the cypresses began to grow smaller; and their branches no longer meeting overhead, a faint light began to show itself in the lane of sky thus disclosed. Now they knew that they must be approaching the confines of the belt, and that the open 'Glades must be close at hand. They breathed more freely than they had for hours, and with each foot of progress their spirits became lightened.

The stream which they were following began to branch off in various directions, and the strength of its current was sensibly diminished. By the time the light was sufficient for them to discern clearly surrounding objects, the cypress belt was behind them, and the limitless expanse of the open 'Glades stretched away in their front. On the very edge of the cypress forest was a tiny hummock surmounting a slight elevation of solid ground. As the little fleet was passing this, its several crews were beginning to exchange a few words of conversation for the first time since leaving their camp.

Suddenly their voices were hushed by something almost as startling as the rifle-shots of the previous evening. This time it was the sound of a loud voice, evidently that of a white man, not more than a few rods from them, calling:

"Come, you fellows, wake up! Here it is daylight, and no fire started yet."

The startled canoe-men looked at each other wonderingly, and Sumner was about to utter a shout that would betray their presence, when a warning sign from Lieutenant Carey restrained him. Beckoning them to follow him quietly, the Lieutenant led the way past the hummock from which the voice had issued and into a thick clump of tall sawgrass, by which they were effectually concealed. Bidding them remain there until his return, and on no account betray their presence by sound or movement, he left them, and cautiously guided his canoe back to the hummock. Stepping lightly from it as it touched the land, he made his way quietly through the trees and bushes composing it until, without being seen or heard, he could command a view of an open space in its centre.

About the smouldering ashes of a camp fire ten rough-looking characters, whom he at once recognized as South

Florida cowboys, were sitting up, yawning and rubbing their eyes into wakefulness, or lay still stretched on the ground enveloped in the blankets that formed their beds.

As there was but little danger of their discovering him, the Lieutenant waited where he was, to learn something of their character from their conversation, before either showing himself or retiring without disclosing his presence.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES.

PRESENTLY a man who was rebuilding the fire straightened up, and addressing one of the others, said,

"We're going to get out o' here to-day, ain't we, Bill?"

"Yes, you bet we are," was the answer. "We hain't got nothing more to stay yere in the swamps for, unless you think they might make another try for it, which I don't think they will."

"Not much they won't, after the way they skedaddled when we-uns began to yell. Hi! how they did cut down stream! I'll bet they hain't stopped yit. They must ha' reckoned the hull Seminole nation was layin' fur 'em. Ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! Hit was the slick-est job I ever did see."

"You don't reckon they'll hanker arter wisitin' the 'Glades agin in a hurry, then?" asked another voice.

"Hanker fur the 'Glades? Not muchy they won't. Why, they won't tetch foot to the mainland of the State of Fluridy agin, not if they can help it. Leastways not so long as they's a Injun left in hit. Hit's been a hard trip and a mean job for us fellers, but hit 'll pay. The report thet ar Leftenant 'll make when he gits home 'll do mo' to'd gittin' the Seminoles moved outen the kentry than ennything that's happened sence the Fluridy wah. Now mosey round lively, boys. Let's have a bilin' o' coffee, an' light outen hyar."

Lieutenant Carey had heard all that he cared to, and, without betraying his presence to the cowboys, he softly retraced his steps to where the canoe lay, and a minute later rejoined his party. Only telling them that the sooner they put a respectable distance between themselves and that place the better, he led the way into the main stream, that still flowed with considerable force through the grass beds, and turned in the direction of its source. Not until they had gone a good two miles did he pause, and then there were several reasons for calling a halt.

One reason was that they were far enough beyond the reach of the cowboys to defy discovery, and he wished to tell his companions what he had overheard. Another was that the sun was rising, and it was time for breakfast; and a third was that their watery highway having come to an end, it was necessary to decide upon their future course.

A small stove was carried in the cruiser, and as there was now nothing but water, with grass growing in it, about them, it was brought into service. The canoes gathered closely around the larger craft, and while Quorum prepared breakfast, the Lieutenant related his recent adventure. In conclusion he said, "So you see, boys, our Indians turned out to be white men, and the shooting was only intended to scare us, after all."

"But I don't understand how they knew we were coming, or what they wanted to frighten us for anyway," said Sumner, wearing a very puzzled expression.

"Neither did I at first," replied Lieutenant Carey; "but I remember now that a gentleman in Key West said the Florida cattle-men would be greatly put out on learning of my proposed expedition. He said that they were using every means, foul and fair, to have the Indians removed

from the State, and that they would be bitterly opposed to having the Everglades set apart as a permanent reservation. He advised me to look out for them, and I laughed at him. Now I realize that some one must have sent the news to them, and they got up this party to head us off in such a way that the blame would be placed upon the Indians. Yes, it is clear enough now; but it was a bit of a puzzle at first."

"Well," said Worth, "it is a great relief to know that they were not Indians, and that we are safely past them, with no danger of their following us."

"It certainly is," replied the Lieutenant. "Though it will be a greater one to me really to meet Indians, as we must sooner or later, and have them treat us decently, or rather leave us alone."

Here Quorum interrupted the conversation with the announcement of, "Breakfus, sah." The amount of cooking that he had managed to accomplish with that one-lidded stove was wonderful. Besides coffee, he had prepared a great smoking pot of oatmeal, and a dish of crisply fried bacon to be eaten with their hardtack; while these things were disappearing, he prepared and fried a painful of flapjacks that were as light and delicate as though cooked by a ten-thousand-dollar *chef* on the most modern of ranges. Out-of-door camp cookery deserves to rank as one of the exact sciences, and Quorum as one of its masters.

The old negro found perfect happiness in watching the relish with which his deftly prepared food was eaten, and his whole body expressed a smiling satisfaction at the words of praise lavished upon his skill. While Quorum was eating his own breakfast and the sailor was washing and stowing the dishes, the others stood up to take observations.

The main stream came to an end where they were, and from it a dozen narrow channels, filled with flags and lily-pads, or "bonnets," as they are called in Florida, radiated in as many directions. As far as the eye could reach, and infinitely farther, in front of them and on both sides, stretched a vast plain of coarse brown grass, rising to a height of several feet, and growing in a foot or two of limpid water. Innumerable channels of deeper water, marked by the vivid green of their peculiar vegetation, crossed and recrossed each other in every direction, and formed a bewildering net-work. The limitless brown level was dotted here and there with heavily timbered islands of all sizes, from a few rods to many acres in extent. Near at hand these were of a bright green, in the middle distance they were of a rich purple hue, and on the far horizon a misty blue. The highest of these islands, as well as the largest one visible, rose on the very limit of their vision, in the northeast, and as it formed a conspicuous landmark, they decided to lay a course for it. Accordingly, in single file, with the *Hu-la-lah* leading and "de *Punkin Seed*" bringing up the rear, the little fleet entered the narrow path that seemed to lead in that direction, and the journey was resumed.

The clearness of the water in the Everglades is accounted for by the fact that it flows above a bottom of coralline rock, and is always in motion. In its stagnation is unknown; and though it is everywhere crowded with plant life, it is as sweet and pure as that of a spring. Another curious fact about the Everglades which is generally unknown is that within their limits but few mosquitoes are found. During the summer months, when all residents on the coast of southern Florida, even the light-keepers away out on the reef miles from land, are driven nearly crazy by these pests, the Seminoles, who retire to the Everglades to escape them, are rarely annoyed. The chief insect pests of the 'Glades are the midges, or stinging gnats, that swarm for an hour or so at sunset and sunrise. Against these the Indians protect themselves by smudges and by nettings of cheese-cloth.

From the difficulties of navigation experienced during this their first day in the 'Glades our explorers realized that in striving to journey across their width, they had undertaken a most arduous task. The channels that they attempted to follow seemed to lead in every direction but the right one. They were generally so narrow and choked with bonnets that paddling or rowing was impossible, and the boats must be forced ahead by poling. Every now and then, too, the shallow waters sank to an unknown depth that no pole could fathom. In such a case, if one attempted to pull his canoe along by grasping the tough grass stalks on either side of him, he was rewarded by a painful cut that often penetrated to the bone. It did not require many sad experiences of this kind to teach the boys that sawgrass is not to be handled with impunity. It has a triangular blade, provided with minutely serrated edges that, green or dry, cut like razors. While it ordinarily attains a height of but four or five feet, the great Everglade lake, Okeechobee, is surrounded by a barrier of "big sawgrass" that is wellnigh impenetrable to man or beast. Even the scaly-sided alligators shun it. This big sawgrass attains the thickness of a cornstalk, with a height of ten or twelve feet, is closely matted, and its cutting edges are possessed of the keenness of Oriental scimitars.

Sometimes the narrow channels along which our canoe-mates poled with such difficulty opened into broad clear spaces, where sailing was possible for a mile or so. Full as often the channels ended abruptly in the grass, when the only thing to do was to get overboard in water waist-deep, and push the boats through it.

The sun poured down with an intolerable glare, but its heat was tempered by the strong fresh breeze that blows every day and all day over the 'Glades with the utmost regularity.

As they slowly drew near the island for which they were steering, it gradually assumed a conical shape and the symmetrical proportions of a pyramid. Late in the afternoon, while they were still about a mile from it, a dense volume of smoke suddenly arose from its extreme summit. This as suddenly disappeared and then reappeared again at intervals of a second.

"I wonder if it can be a volcano?" queried Worth, as they gazed curiously at this phenomenon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE NIGHTLY QUESTION.

THE sun has dropped behind the trees,
The chickens to roost have gone,
The birds and butterflies and bees
Have vanished every one.

You tell him this, and with sleepy eyes
He listens and nods his head;
And then with a weary voice he cries
"Why must I go to bed?"

HOW A KING STOPPED A FIGHT.

A TRUE STORY.

BY DAVID KER.

DARE you make good that word with your sword in your hand?"

"I dare and I *will* when and where you please!"

"So be it, then—and the sooner the better!"

And thus did two foolish young fellows make up their minds to murder each other without even knowing why; for neither of them, if asked what this deadly quarrel was about, could have told just how it had begun. Some trifle, hardly worth naming, had led to hot words, and these had ended in an open insult; and now these silly lads (who had been the best possible friends up to that day), instead of frankly shaking hands, and laughing at their own folly in getting angry about nothing, were going to fight and kill one another to satisfy their own pride and touchiness, like two fools as they were.

But happily there were wiser heads in the Swedish army than their own; and King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, who was just then carrying all before him in that famous march across Germany which was one of the most memorable exploits of the Thirty Years' War, had made up his mind to put a stop to that rage for duelling which was at that time running riot through all Europe, and had proclaimed publicly that any follower of his who should fight a duel, or a private combat of any kind, should be punished with instant death.

The recollection of this comfortable announcement flashed upon the memory of both the young officers the moment the challenge had been given and accepted, and for an instant they sat eying each other blankly, in perplexed silence.

"It will not be an easy thing to manage," said Captain Arnheim at length. "We can't possibly fight without the King getting to know of it; and when he *does* know, he'll make short work of us both."

"And perhaps he will punish our seconds as well," added Captain Bärström, "for he is not a man to do things by halves; and though we have a right to risk our own lives, it's not fair to make them risk theirs for our sake."

"True," rejoined the young German, thoughtfully; and there was another pause.

"I have it!" cried Arnheim, suddenly, with a burst of that prompt and daring resolution which made him so famous in after-days. "There is only one thing for us to do, and we had better do it at once. Let us go straight to the King, tell him what has passed, and ask his leave to fight; he is a soldier himself, and knows that every soldier is bound to uphold his own honor."

"A good thought!" cried the Swede. "I am with you!"

And away went the two young Captains side by side, as if they had been the best friends in the world instead of mortal foes.

In fact they always *had* been such good friends up to the very day of this unhappy quarrel that the soldiers—who heartily admired them both as two of the bravest and most promising young officers in the whole army—called them sometimes "The Inseparables," and sometimes "David and Jonathan"; for, in truth, they were hardly ever to be seen apart. And now, as they went through the camp toward the King's quarters, they heard one man say to another as they passed:

"There go David and Jonathan, together as usual. It's not often that you see such a pair of friends as those."

Arnheim gave a slight start, and Bärström's bold sun-browned face crimsoned to the very temples. The hearts of both men smote them as they listened to this undeserved praise, which was bitterer than any reproach; and more bitter still was the thought of what friends they *had* been, and in what way their friendship was now about to end.

For a moment they felt sorely tempted to fling to the winds this miserable disagreement that had come between them, and grasp each other's hand once more; but the kindly impulse was chilled by the fear of seeming like cowards by drawing back from a challenge once given and taken, for they little dreamed that they were showing themselves far more cowardly by being afraid to do what was right.

On they went in search of the King, and they had not far to go; for all at once a deep voice beside them said, in a cheery tone,

"Ha! my two young inseparables! side by side, I see, as usual."

The young officers turned round with a start, and found themselves face to face with a tall handsome man in the prime of

life, wearing the uniform of the Yellow Guard of Sweden. At sight of him they both cast their eyes on the ground in confusion, for this man was no other than the King himself.

"We—we were coming to seek your Majesty," faltered Captain Arnheim, as he and his comrade made a somewhat shame-faced salute.

"Aha! were you?" cried the King. "I'll be bound, then, you were going to ask me to send you together on some hazardous duty. Is it not so?"

The two estranged friends stood silent and confused, as they well might; and the keen eye of Gustavus saw at once that there was something wrong, though he was still very far from guessing the miserable truth.

"Well, what have you to ask of me?" he said at last. "I know you'll ask nothing that I ought not to grant."

The last words, as may be supposed, did not tend to restore the shaken composure of the two duellists, who had come to ask their King to break his own positive orders. For a moment they stood mute with shame, and then the young Swedish Captain, driven to desperation, blurted out the whole story of their quarrel, and their wish to settle it by a single combat.

The great leader heard the tale to an end without a word; but as he listened, his kindly smile slowly faded away, and a frown like a thunder-cloud darkened his noble features.

"So," said he at length, "*this* is what you have to ask of me, is it? Well, I should hardly have expected such a request from *you*; but though you know my opinion of duelling as a general thing, I am willing to relax my rule for once, if you are really quite convinced that killing each other is the only satisfactory way to settle your dispute. Fight, then, and I promise you to be myself a spectator of your skill and courage; for what pleasanter spectacle can a King have than the sight of his bravest subjects taking each other's lives?"

The two young soldiers began to feel vaguely uneasy, without knowing why. The frank cordiality of the King's usual manner had suddenly given place to a quiet scorn, which stung them in spite of themselves; and though there was no sign of emotion in the grand calmness of Gustavus's handsome face, and his actual words might well have passed for a jest, there was a solemn and almost stern emphasis in his tone which made them feel instinctively that this was no jesting matter to *him*, nor, it might be, to themselves either. However, it was now too late to draw back; so away they both went to prepare for the coming duel.

When the two came up, an hour later, to the spot chosen for the combat, they found the King already there, as he had promised; but he had not come alone. At his back stood two battalions of Swedish infantry, which, at a given signal, wheeled forward on either side, and formed in a hollow square around the two duellists, enclosing them and their seconds with a bristling hedge of pikes and muskets.

All this was done without word or sound; and the silent closing of these living walls around them fell with chilling effect upon the spirits of the young combatants, which were certainly not raised by the sight of a grim-looking fellow in a blood-red tunic, who silently took his place beside them with a heavy sabre in his hand.

"Who is this fellow, and what does he want here?" asked one of the seconds, angrily.

"He is the public executioner, and he awaits *my* orders," said the deep, mellow voice of the King himself. "I have given you leave to fight, but I have also made duelling punishable with death, and the moment one of you falls by the other's sword, this man shall behead the survivor on the spot!"

An awful silence followed the words of doom, uttered with the grim earnestness of one who fully meant what he said; and the two young hot-heads, who had been very far from expecting anything like this, eyed each other in mute dismay.

"Your Majesty cannot mean this?" cried Captain Arnheim at length. "If we are to die, let us die like soldiers, and not like felons!"

"Act as soldiers, then, and not as felons!" said the King, sternly. "My followers must be warriors, not prize-fighters. You have dared to break my express commands, and to ask *me* to be a party with you in doing so, and do you think to go unpunished after that?"

And then, changing his tone of stern rebuke to that fatherly kindness which always went straight to the hearts of his young soldiers, he added:

"My poor boys, are your lives of so little value to your country and to me that you should waste them like this? Had I such a friend as either of you two, I would own myself in fault

before the whole army ere I would shed his blood, or force him to shed mine."

The doomed men had hardened themselves against the King's reproof, but his kindness melted them at once; and Arnheim, flinging down his sword, stepped up to his Swedish comrade, and held out his hand to him.

"Forgive me, Karl!" said he, frankly. "I was in the wrong."
 "Not so," cried Bärstrom, cordially grasping the offered hand; "it was I who was wrong to provoke you."

"Well done!" said Gustavus, heartily. "So should all brave men's quarrels end; and, after this, if any of you wish to prove your courage, prove it not by killing your King's friends, but by fighting manfully against his foes."

There were no more duels in the Swedish army after that; and years later, old General Arnheim used to tell his grandchildren (who were never tired of hearing the tale) how he and their dear old godfather, General Bärstrom, had once been on the point of having a fight, and in what way that fight had been stopped by the great King himself.

THE DUCK AND THE CLAM.

A LONG a stretch of sloping beach that marks the northern boundary of a certain township on the shore of Long Island Sound, a sportsman, while leisurely strolling in quest of whatever game might present itself, noticed, at some little distance ahead, and but a short way from the water's edge, a wild duck swimming along with its head partly immersed. As the man quickened his pace, the duck at the same time instinctively endeavored to escape from its pursuer, but with all its efforts, its progress seemed to be impeded by some unseen cause.

Levelling his gun, the hunter quickly despatched the wild-fowl, and then sent his well-trained "retriever" to fetch in the game.

As soon as the dog had returned and laid his burden at his master's feet, the man saw immediately the cause of the duck's peculiar actions.

It seems that a large hard clam had fastened itself upon the entire length of the lower bill, thus weighting its head down into the water. How it came there is perhaps a matter of conjecture, although it is not unreasonable to conclude that while searching for food in the muddy bottom of the Sound, it ran its luckless bill straight into the open mouth of this peace-loving bivalve, which immediately resented such an unceremonious intrusion by closing its shell, thus holding him prisoner, until, after many violent tugs and jerks for dear life, the duck at last succeeded in dislodging the clam from its muddy bed.

Upon examination, the duck was found to be in a very emaciated condition, and was doubtless gradually starving to death.

Now here, perhaps, is the only case upon record where a living creature has been known to be slowly dying of starvation with its mouth well filled with nutritious food.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S CROWN.

IF Queen Victoria were compelled to wear the beautiful crown, of which she is so worthy, all the time, she would be a woman greatly to be pitied and never to be envied, for that magnificent affair weighs nearly two pounds. "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown" is a proverb easily understood when one realizes this; and yet when one considers what the crown of the Queen contains, it ought not to be difficult to realize that it is heavy. It holds more than 3000 precious stones, more than 2700 of which are diamonds. The golden head band holds two rows of pearls, the lower having 129 and the upper 112 of these treasured stones. Between these bands in front is a large sapphire, and behind is a small sapphire—small only when compared with the one in front, however—with 6 still smaller ones, and 8 emeralds. Between the sapphires fore and aft are ornaments containing 286 diamonds. Surmounting the band are 8 sapphires, above which are 8 diamonds, and 8 festoons which hold 160 diamonds, and in the front, set in a Maltese cross composed of 75 large diamonds, is the magnificent ruby given to the Black Prince in 1367 by Pedro, King of Castile, and which was worn by that dashing monarch Henry V. on his helmet at the battle of Agincourt.

In addition to these, three crosses containing 386 diamonds are set around the upper part of the crown, between which are four ornaments each holding a ruby in its centre, and containing respectively 84, 86, 85, and 87 diamonds. From the crosses rise four arches composed of oak leaves and acorns, the oak

leaves containing 728 diamonds, and the acorns—32 in number—made each of a single pearl set in cups composed of diamonds. Surmounting the arches is the base of the cross which surmounts the whole. The base, or mound, as it is called, contains 548 diamonds, and the cross—the crowning glory of all this magnificence—contains a huge sapphire and 112 diamonds.

Of course, anything so grand as this is worth a great deal of money, and the value placed upon it by experts is \$1,500,000—although it may be doubted if any one could buy it for twice that amount. It is kept in a great iron cage, along with the other crown jewels, in the Tower of London, which is at all times strongly guarded, as well it may be, for with the rest of the precious stones and crowns and other valuables comprising the regalia, the contents of the cage are estimated as being worth £3,000,000, or \$15,000,000.

A DRUMMER.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I'M only a drummer; I've nothing to do
 But to beat my brave drum and make music for you.

I'm only a drummer, not quite twelve years old,
 But I hope that my heart is full twenty years bold.

I do not give orders; I've just to obey,
 As quick as a flash, what my officers say.

There are fellows who think that my task must be light,
 Just beating a drum with a merry boy's might.

Yet drummers no taller than I am are found
 In low little beds in the land's holy ground.

They followed the flag, in the days long ago,
 When it waved its defiance, whoe'er was the foe.

They timed to the bugles, so shrill and so sweet,
 And they faltered alone when the call was retreat.

Oh, brave drummer-boys, though you lived or you died,
 I look at your record, and stand by your side,

And beat my brave drum with the gladness of love;
 'Tis the flag of our Union that's flying above!

RAISING RATTLESNAKES.

AS it is usually considered desirable to get rid of such unpleasant neighbors, this is an occupation quite out of the common way. An old hunter, accustomed to all kinds of dangers, found that there was money to be made in selling rattlesnake oil to the druggists, and as he had the good fortune to live among mountains where rattlesnakes were plentiful, he concluded to try the experiment of a rattlesnake farm.

Instead of clearing away the rocks from the side of the hill on which he had taken up his abode, he gathered more, until he had made a regular snake grotto, with plenty of holes in it, and everything that snakes could desire for a residence. Catching the reptiles and introducing them to their new quarters were mere child's play for so experienced a hand, and the queer farm was soon progressing finely.

But as the hunter did not wish to receive calls from his wriggling tenants, he took care to build his own dwelling very substantially of stone, and cemented it both inside and out before he stocked the farm. No snake could get in very easily, even had it been disposed to leave the charming quarters so carefully provided for it; and this feeling of security was a great help to the courageous man in managing his colony. Day after day he brought home fresh recruits, until the assemblage had reached the respectable number of ten thousand or so; and every year about two thousand are killed for the sake of their oil, which is used in making liniments. It seems strange, indeed, that any healing property should be found in one of the most venomous of reptiles.

Rattlesnakes, like bears, go into winter-quarters for a long sleep, and in the autumn they are always in their best and fattest condition. This is the season, therefore, when they yield the most oil, and it is known as "killing-time" on Rattlesnake Farm. The snakes come daily to be fed in a cleared spot, like domestic animals, and are then easily caught with a slip-noose of wire. After being despatched, they are taken to the house, and thrown into a caldron to render out the oil, which is put into heavy bottles, and shipped to wholesale druggists all over the country.



A SUCCESSFUL APPEAL.

EDUCATED CARP (*from Germany*). "SAY, BOY, DID YOU KNOW THERE WAS A FINE OF FIVE DOLLARS FOR EVERY FISH TAKEN OUT OF THIS POND? PUT US BACK AT ONCE, OR IT WILL TAKE ALL YOUR MONEY TO SETTLE UP WITH THE COMMISSIONERS, ONE OF WHOM I EXPECT WILL BE ALONG THIS WAY VERY SOON."

KITE SEASON.

DICK. "I know why your kite flies higher than mine."

FRED. "'Cause it's a better kite."

DICK. "Taint; it's 'cause you've got more string than I have."

SUPERIOR MERITS.

JACK. "I've got a mocking-bird that can sing three different tunes."

SAMUEL. "What's that? My parrot can make so much noise yelling that you couldn't hear your bird sing."

NO THIRSTY FISHES.

BERTIE was visiting the sea-shore for the first time. Once, while watching the fish that would occasionally swim near the rocks on which she stood, she said, "I don't b'lieve the fishes will ever go thirsty, God is so good to make a whole ocean of water just for them to drink."

JOHNNIE'S OWN PROVERBS.

It's a wise blue-bird that can tell himself from any other blue-bird. I can't.

It is hard work hunting for daisies before they are in bloom.

A boy that never is bad, never was bad, and never expects to be bad, is more like a girl.

Rabbits are such timid creatures that they have long ears, so as to easily hear when any one comes.

A light blue cow wouldn't be a cow any more, but a great curiosity.



Oh, Marie—Marie Antoinette!
I named you for a Queen
Who lost her pretty head one day
Beneath the guillotine.

THAT'S WHY.

DAISY. "I like little boys, don't you?"

ANDREW (*aged five*). "Yes, I've got to like 'em, 'cause I'm one myself."

OPEN-HANDED.

BELLA. "Do you know, Bessie, Mr. Liberal gives one-half of his income every year to the poor? I don't think there *could* be a more generous man."

BESSIE. "Oh yes, dear. If our uncle Harry hadn't a thing in the world, he'd give away every cent of it."

A GREAT GARDEN.

"I've got a garding," said little Miriam, proudly.

"Have you, really?" asked Helen. "What do you raise in it?"

"Nothing but pebbles so far, but papa says maybe there'll be some sliced tomatoes there before the summer is over."

A BOYISH HABIT.

"Well, Harold," said Uncle George, "what are you doing now?"

"Wondering what I'll do next," replied Harold.

A FINANCIAL OPERATION.

"PAPA," said little Willikins, "you lent me ten cents yesterday, didn't you?"

"Yes, my boy. I think you ought to pay it back, don't you?"

"Yes. If you'll give me twenty-five cents, I will."

IN SCHOOL.

"CLARENCE," said the teacher, "if I should say 'Your Aunt Clara and Uncle James is coming to town,' would that be correct?"

"No, ma'am," said Clarence; "I have no Aunt Clara and Uncle James."

A CLEVER BOY.

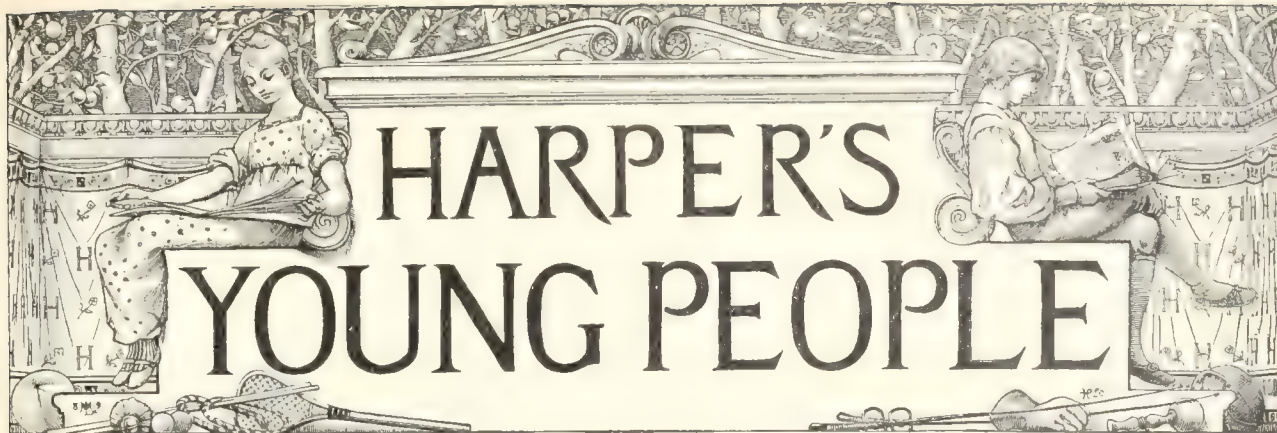
"THERE was a little dog barking under my window last night," said Algy, "but I got rid of him."

"How?" asked Edwin.

"I barked like a big dog, and he got frightenend and ran away," replied Algy.



And, Marie A., if you *will* walk
In such a reckless way,
(As she did once), you'll come to grief,
And lose *your* head some day!



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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



"I'VE LOST MY BAG!" SHE CRIED. "DO, SOMEBODY, PICK IT UP FOR ME!"

DRAWN BY CHARLES MENTE.—[SEE "LILY DARROW'S VENUE," PAGE 522.]

LILY DARROW'S VENTURE.

BY ANGELINE TEAL,

AUTHOR OF "PEACE," ETC.

I.

"THEY'RE plum full of business, them Darrow girls, specially the red headed one."

The remark was made by Farmer Spaulding to his wife. They were sitting on their wide front stoop in the twilight, looking after two slender young girls who had just made them a call, and were walking away toward the town. The dust had been laid by a recent shower, and the girls walked in the middle of the road, swinging each other's hands like little children.

"I like the hull lot o' the Darrows," said Mrs. Spaulding, as she carefully folded down and crimped the hem of a new crash towel. "The girls are so polite to old folks, and that boy Quigley has never so much as stole a blackberry out of our fence rows as I know of, and their mother, poor feeble body, is always as cheery as though they had all the good luck in the world ahead of 'em."

"Who knows?" said the farmer. "Perhaps they have; but just how it's goin' to strike 'em would puzzle a person to predict just now."

Something like the same thought filled the minds of Grace and Lily Darrow, as they sauntered homeward in the dusk. Grace, the dreamy-eyed one, was the first to speak.

"Isn't it odd, Lil, how everybody always counts upon a lovely time just a little farther on? Everybody's *to-day* is stupid and boring, if not full of positive misery; but to-morrow, or the day after, will be just right. And so it goes on forever."

"I think it is fortunate that folks are made that way," said Lil.

"Now with us," Grace continued, "the good time coming was just after we had graduated from the high-school. It has been such a worry to get clothes and books, and do the work when mother was ill, and keep Quig in order, and walk half a mile to school, that we thought it would be just heavenly only to get through!"

"Well, we got through all right," said Lil; "and on Commencement night we got as many flowers as the richest girls in the class."

"But the rest and freedom from worry that we often talked about—"

"Well," interrupted Lil, "Old Sweet is sold, anyhow!"

Grace laughed. "So she is, but what's that to be jolly about? You were ready to cry when mother first spoke of selling her."

"I know it, but Mr. Spaulding will be kind to her, and with the fifty dollars we shall get for her, added to my hundred dollars, I will take my course in short-hand, buy a type-writer, make my own living, and help the rest of you." She held up her head, with its aureole of bright hair, and spoke with a hopeful ring in her voice.

They were nearing their home, a small gray cottage standing quite alone. There were a few apple-trees on one side, a garden on the other, and two or three maples shaded it in front. At the rear was a marsh, several acres in extent, whose farther boundary was a lake. Northern Indiana is full of such sparkling little lakes, bordered on one or more sides by marsh-lands. Old Sweet, a large red cow, stood lowing by the fence.

They had known hard times, those pretty Darrow girls and their mother, but they always tried to think they were not so hard as they might be; at least Lil did. They owned their house and garden, and the marsh behind the house. The husband and father had died when Quig was five years old. He had been a soldier, and after his death Mrs. Darrow received a widow's pension, and a tiny bit of a pension for each of the children till they were sixteen. Grace was now a year and a half ahead

of her pension, and Lil's had just been drawn the last time.

The widow took in sewing from the large village of Sedley, which was quite near. They raised asparagus and strawberries and early pease, and certain families in Sedley who knew the Darrows made it a point to buy those products of their garden. While the marsh was a wet marsh, part of it bore cranberries, which the girls picked and sold. It was then a fine pasture for Old Sweet, whose abundant rich milk formed a staple of their food. But a system of drainage had been established throughout the county by public authority; the lake had been lowered, and this marsh, with many others, had been converted into dry bog. As a result, all the sweet coarse grasses which were native to the marsh died, and as yet no others had grown up, only wiry weeds and brambles. This matter of the failure of the marsh was a serious one to the little family.

The girls had taken their high-school degree, and Lil's disposition to help herself has been shown. The one hundred dollars to which she referred was a Christmas present from an almost unknown uncle who lived in Kalamazoo. For a long time it had been understood how the money was to be spent. In June she had written to her uncle, telling him she wished to learn stenography and type-writing, and asking him how far her untouched Christmas present would go toward procuring for her the necessary instruction.

Her mother and sister would have held her back from writing. They said, "He will think you expect him to help you through your course."

And Lil replied, "I do not expect any such thing; but if he sees fit to help me, I will let him, and be very much obliged."

Mr. Darrow replied to her letter briefly, enclosing the printed circular of a school of stenography in his own city. Lil discovered that she lacked fifty dollars of enough to take the shortest term in which proficiency could be gained. So Old Sweet was sold. In his letter her uncle had said:

"If you see fit to come to Kalamazoo, you need not trouble yourself to look for board. You are welcome to a home under my roof while you remain."

"Such a dry invitation," laughed Lil; "but I am awfully glad of it, for now we will not have to borrow a cent from Mr. Spaulding."

Grace and Lil had many school friends in Sedley, who came to see them when they learned that Lil was going away. May Minot said to her one evening:

"I think you are just too lucky. My papa says your uncle Judge Darrow is a wealthy and well-known man, and you are going right into his house to be one of the family."

"I'd much rather stay in our own little house, and be one of my own family," said Lil, her eyes growing wet and her sweet lips quivering.

How they all felt this parting! Mrs. Darrow sewed away at her dear girl's simple wardrobe, and wiped away many a tear before it fell. Grace grieved herself almost ill, and Quig wanted to leave school and work in a brick-yard, so that Lil could stay at home.

Lil herself kept a brave front. She was the strong soul in the house, and because of this, she realized the pain of separation most deeply. It broke her heart to look at her ailing little mother, and know that in a few days she would not be there to save her steps and smooth her path. Grace was loving and willing, but Lil knew that Grace was also slow and absent-minded. How would they get along when she was away?

The parting was over at last, and Lil was on her way to Kalamazoo. It was a bright lovely day in September, and notwithstanding the gloss of tears was on her cheeks, her heart rose with the rapid motion of the train, and

went out in hopeful happy thoughts as she looked abroad over the fair country through which she was passing. He has never seen perfectly beautiful farms who has missed seeing northern Indiana and southern Michigan.

Two hours had passed; they were nearing a small town when the conductor entered and announced:

"Thessaly! Change cars for Kalamazoo!"

Lil knew about this change, and was all ready to leave the car, and cross several lines of tracks to where another train stood waiting for the north-bound passengers. There were a good many of them. They all headed for the same car, and there was a close jam at the step. A brakeman who stood there told them to go slow, as there was plenty of time; but, as usual, they did not believe him, and all tried to climb in at once. There was a very fat old lady, who wore a purple silk gown and carried a black satin bag on her arm. She succeeded with great difficulty in reaching the platform of the car, and there discovered that the ribbon of her bag had parted, and that valuable article had been dragged away from her in the rush. She uttered a cry of dismay, turned back against the in-pouring crowd, and made a stand at the top of the steps.

"I've lost my bag!" she cried. "Do, somebody, pick it up for me! It's right down there under everybody's feet, and it has my ticket in it, and my purse, and my best glasses, and Rose Ann's little boy's picture!"

She was asked and urged and peremptorily commanded to get into the car and let her old bag go, but she held her ground till Lil called to her from below:

"Go on, auntie, and I'll get your bag. I see it, and I can get it in a few moments."

The old lady was borne backwards, still begging somebody to rescue her bag. Lil had spied it amid the scuffling feet, and deftly kicked it under the car. When all had climbed in, and she stood alone, she hooked it out with her umbrella handle, and carried it, damaged and dusty, but with nothing lost, to its breathless owner.

"Oh, you splendid girl!" exclaimed the old lady in the plum-colored silk. "Yes, here's my glasses, and not broke either, and my ticket and my purse. Rose Ann told me to carry them things in my pocket, and next time I'll mind her. And here's the dear grand-baby's picture. A wonder it isn't ruined! Rose Ann's my daughter, you know. She lives in Pontiac, and this is her youngest child."

Lil admired the photograph, examined the spectacles, and bent their gold frames into shape. Then, twisting the torn ribbon around a hair-pin, she ran it through the shir of the bag, and knotted it neatly, all to the great satisfaction of the old lady, who pronounced her the handiest, "obligingest" young person she had ever met.

The distance to Kalamazoo was not great, and Mrs. Adams filled up the time with talk. She had been to Pontiac on a visit to Rose Ann; had enjoyed her visit, but was glad to be getting home. Yes, she lived in Kalamazoo. Once the train stopped at a way station, and there, on a siding, stood a row of freight-cars filled with open crates of celery.

"There," said Mrs. Adams, pointing to the cars—"there is the handsomest sight I've looked on these six weeks."

"You are fond of celery?" queried Lil.

"Not to eat; oh no! You see, I wa'n't raised on sullery, and I don't think as we ever get naturally fond of anything that we never tasted till after we're fifty years old. But it's the *money* there's in it that I like. We are in the sullery business, Mr. Adams and me. Let me tell you," she went on, lowering her voice confidentially. "I was born poor, and lived poor all my life till eight years ago. Now I can have what I please, go where I please, do what I please, so far as means is concerned, and it's all owin' to sullery. Do you wonder I like the looks of it? My man was a poor carpenter. We owned a passel

of marsh-land just outside o' town that we was tempted more than once to let go for taxes. It was willed to me, and it wasn't good for anything, and couldn't be sold for anything. Then John Hatch and Mr. Gray bought up a lot of marsh and ditched it; their ditch dreened our marsh, and when they went into the sullery farmin', we went into it too. It's been the biggest kind of a success for us all. Kalamazoo sullery is known all over, from Mackinaw to Cincinnati."

"I know it," said Lil. "All that is used in our town of Sedley is shipped there from these farms."

Her eyes had a bright, earnest look in them. Her cheeks were very red. She was full of a new idea.

"What did you do to the marshes to make them grow this valuable plant?" she asked; and her new friend replied:

"We had them ploughed up; then we enriched the soil a good bit; then we planted the stuff and tended it. I've seen a passel o' children tend a big sullery patch after the ground was made just right. Look there, now!" she cried suddenly, pointing from the window. "Did you ever see a purtier sight?"

Her young companion looked out, and as far as the eye could reach was a level stretch of ink-black earth, shot through with straight rows of delicate, white-plume celery.

"There's been hundreds of dollars' worth of early growth cut out of them fields already," said Mrs. Adams; "and the fall crop is the big harvest."

Lil leaned forward and said, earnestly: "I have an interest in twenty acres of just such land as that. Could enough celery be raised on twenty acres to support our family? There is my mother, my sister, brother, and myself."

And Mrs. Adams exclaimed: "Lord love you, child! Twenty acres of sullery land, and three pairs of young hands to tend it! You'll need, maybe, a hundred or a hundred and fifty dollars to begin with, and then your fortune's made. Your mother a widow, and you anxious to help her, bless your sweet young face! and twenty acres of dreened marsh! Come home with me, and Mr. Adams and I will tell you just how to get the thing started."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME THINGS YOU MAY NOT KNOW.

THE golden harp, which with the shamrock divides the honor of being the emblem of Ireland, is said to have been given its vogue originally by one of the early lords of the Emerald Isle, whose name was David, and who chose the harp as his family symbol in honor of the harp of the sweet singer of Israel.

In the year 1212 a French peasant boy, Stephen by name, and a German boy named Nicholas, also a peasant, started what was called the Children's Crusade, the avowed purpose of which was to rescue the Holy Land from the infidels. So successful were these two boys in arousing the enthusiasm of their fellows, that over ninety thousand children left their parents and started to battle in the cause of Christianity, but their efforts resulted lamentably for them. The French children embarked from Marseilles in August, and one-half of them perished by shipwreck, and the others were sold into slavery after being captured by the Mohammedans. The Germans met scarcely a better fate; but the example set by these little ones was inspiring to later soldiers of the cross, so that they cannot be said to have worked in vain.

January 1st was not made New Year's Day in England until 1751. The proper beginning of the year is in March, which is the beginning of spring, when Nature bursts out into life again in the flowers and the trees. Before January 1st was adopted by the English Parliament as the legal beginning of the year, March 25th was set down as the date thereof, the reason therefor being that it was the first season after the dead of the year, otherwise winter. In the Roman calendars, also, March was the first month, Martius being the name by which it was known, derived from its being dedicated to Mars, the god of war, to

whom the Romans believed they owed most of the good that had come to them.

Warwick the King-maker was a man of unceasing vigilance, but he did occasionally sleep; and there is at Ware, England, a huge bed, called the Great Bed of Ware, which is said to have been made for him. It is twelve feet long and twelve feet wide. Surely a man big enough to occupy a bed as large as that ought to have been great enough to make and unmake kings. The bed of Og, King of Bashan, was only thirteen feet long, and not more than six feet in width, and that in which Louis XVI. slept, after his coronation in Rheims Cathedral, was seven feet ten inches long and seven feet eight inches wide, and eight feet from the ground, which is rather high for comfort. It would have been better for Louis in the end if he had fallen out of bed that night and broken his neck. France might have been spared a dreadful experience if that had happened, and certainly an accidental death of that sort would have been preferable to that of being beheaded on the guillotine.

Diogenes, who was a disagreeable old Grecian who lived in a tub and who liked to say and do cutting things, observing a young man making a public display of his eloquence one morning, filled the front of his mantle with beans and sat down directly opposite the speaker. Immediately the audience, curious to see what Diogenes was going to do, deserted the orator and stared at him, whereupon he called out, "Why do you give up that gentleman and turn your eyes on me?"

Another very disagreeable person was Ateas, King of the Scythians, who, having taken prisoner a first-rate flute-player, called Ismenias, asked him to play. The flute-player having obeyed, the court of Ateas, recognizing the performer's ability, applauded vigorously.

"Humph!" ejaculated Ateas. "For my part I had rather hear my horse neigh."

THE CAT-BOAT, AND HOW TO SAIL IT.

BY CAPTAIN HOWARD PATTERSON.

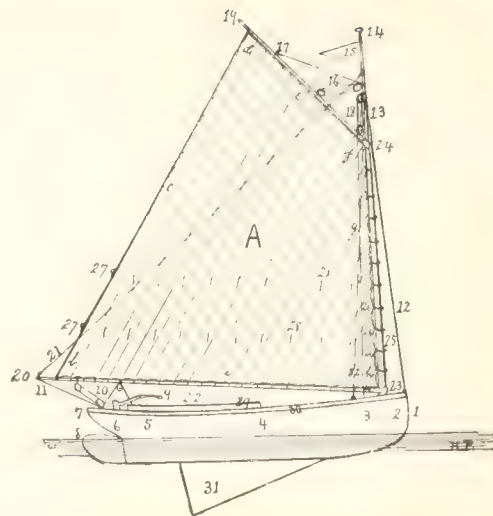
THE parts of the cat-boat shown in the diagram are as follows:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| A. Sail. | 12. Forestay. |
| b. Clew of sail. | 13. Po-o-ck. |
| c. Leach " | 14. Truck. |
| d. Peak " | 15. Fly, or wind vane. |
| e. Head " | 16. Peak halyards. |
| f. Throat " | 17. Standing part of peak halyards. |
| g. Luff " | 18. Throat-halyards. |
| h. Tack " | 19. Gaff. |
| i. Foot " | 20. Boom. |
| 1. Cut-water (stem). | 21. Topping-lift. |
| 2. Entrance. | 22. Cockpit. |
| 3. Bow. | 23. Jaws of boom. |
| 4. Midships. | 24. Jaws of gaff. |
| 5. Quarter. | 25. Mast. |
| 6. Counter. | 26. Sail hoops. |
| 7. Taffrail. | 27. Reef-criingles. |
| 8. Rudder. | 28. Reef-points. |
| 9. Tiller. | 29. Cockpit rail. |
| 10. Sheet. | 30. Plank-sheer. |
| 11. Standing part of sheet. | 31. Centre board. |
| | 32. Starboard shroud. |

After hoisting the sail (throat first) until it sets flat both on the luff and leach, coil the throat and peak halyards down neatly, then turn the coils over so that when the halyards are let go for the purpose of lowering the sail, the fakes (turns) will uncoil from the top, instead of being pulled out from the bottom of the coil; in the latter case they would be liable to snarl and give considerable trouble, and the one sailing the boat would probably receive the gibes of his better-informed Corinthian sailor friends.

We will consider that the sail is set, that the guys (used to prevent the boom from swaying when the boom is not in use) are cast adrift, and that the sail is peaked up sufficiently to take the strain entirely off the topping-lift.

Now cast off the moorings or heave up the anchor, as the case may be. The boat is now adrift, and probably making a little sternboard (going backwards) under the influence of the wind. Just here you must understand that when a boat has sternway, her head may be canted (turned) the desired direction by putting the tiller the reverse way to what it would be directed if the vessel were moving ahead. To illustrate this, let us suppose that the shore is on the starboard (right-hand), side and the wind blowing parallel with the beach. As soon as we lifted the anchor the wind exerted sufficient force on the vessel to make her go astern, and as we require to turn the boat's head to port, or to the left-hand side (always supposing that we are looking towards the head of the vessel when we say port or starboard),



we press the tiller to port, that being the direction in which we desire to turn the bow. As soon as this is done, the boat will describe a part of a circle, following the line of the rudder, and the wind will flow into the sail on the starboard side, and force the vessel ahead. The instant the sail fills, steady the tiller, *i. e.*, turn it until it points forward.

Here we enter into another explanation. If it is our desire to sail close to the wind, then the sheet must be kept flat (hauled in), so that the boom will be nearly in line with the keel; but should we wish to sail in the direction in which the wind is blowing (to leeward), then it will be necessary to pay out (slack) the sheet until the boom is nearly at a right angle with the keel.

Now in relation to the sheet, let it be understood that this rope should never be belayed (securely made fast) to its cleat, but a single turn should be taken with it, and the end held in the hand of the helmsman, so that in the event of a sudden and violent puff of wind acting upon the sail when the boat is close-hauled (boom amidships), the sheet may be thrown off the cleat, and the boom allowed to swing out so as to spill the wind out of the sail. Under ordinary circumstances it will only be necessary to luff up in order to ease the boat during sudden flurries of wind, but there may be occasions when the puff will approach a circular motion, and although you put the tiller over to leeward in order to throw the vessel's head up, the wind may follow the boat round, and then your safety will depend upon your ability to quickly let the boom off.

Before going further, let us understand that the centre board should always be down (lowered) when sailing close-hauled, or, as it is also termed, by the wind. This will prevent the boat from being forced sideways through the water at the same time that she is going ahead. The sideways motion is known as leeway, and being a dead loss, it is necessary to overcome it as much as possible. When the boat is sailing free (boom off) or in the direction in which the wind is blowing—not in the direction from which it is coming—the centre board should be hauled up as high as possible, so that no part of it may hang below the keel, to be dragged through the water and retard the boat's speed.

In sailing close-hauled, do not keep the boat so close to the wind that the sail constantly shivers, for this will prevent the wind from blowing fair into the sail and bellying (rounding) it out, all of which is necessary if you desire to obtain the best results in the way of speed and quick responses to the tiller.

In order to put the boat on the opposite tack, which performance is known as going about, press the tiller over to leeward as far as it will go, but not too quickly; otherwise, by bringing the rudder suddenly right across the vessel's stern, the way (speed) will be lost, and the boat will fail to make the desired turn. After the tiller has been put down (turned toward the lee side), the boat's head will come up into the wind, the sail will slatter, and the boat continuing to describe a part of a circle, will fall off and bring the wind on the opposite side; the sail will fill out on the opposite tack, the vessel will gather way, and the tiller will be steadied.

Right here let the young reader remember that when the wind blows on the starboard side of the vessel, she is said to be on the starboard tack, and when the wind blows on the port side of the

vessel, she is said to be on the port tack—always accepting the supposition that the sail is set and the vessel under way.

In the foregoing we have imagined that we tacked ship very successfully; but we may not always be so fortunate, for sometimes when there is quite a heavy sea running against us, the boat may miss stays (not go about), and commence to make sternboard, which is known to sailors as getting the vessel in irons. Should this rather vexatious result be your experience, have recourse to a very simple experiment—reverse the tiller exactly as described in the paragraph explaining the method by which the boat should get under way from her anchorage.

All this time we have been sailing close-hauled, or by the wind; now let us proceed to sail free, as it is called. You are standing in your right place on the weather side of the boat, the tiller grasped firmly in the right or left hand, as the case may be, while the sheet is securely held in the hand not engaged with the tiller. Pull the tiller toward you, and as the boat's head falls off from the wind, pay out the sheet by allowing it to slide around the cleat, which holds a single turn, as before explained.

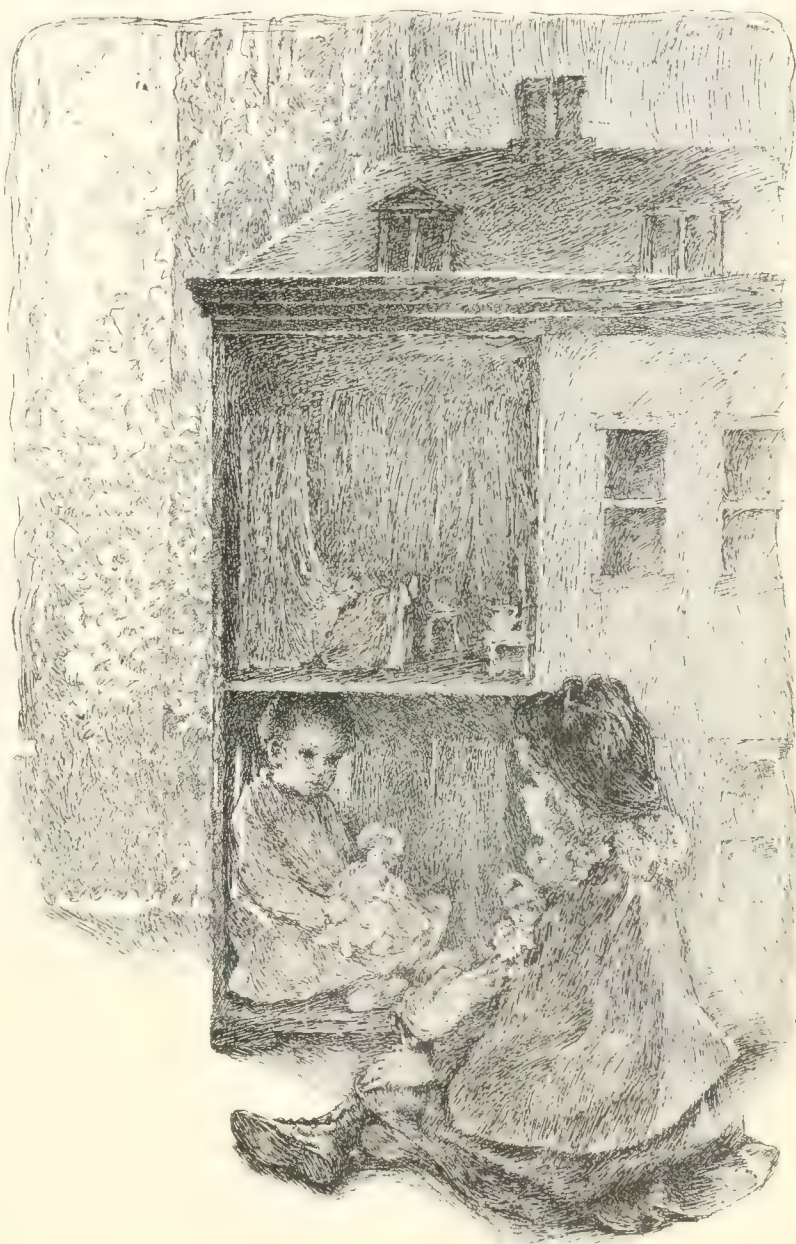
In order to regulate the angle which the boom should describe with the keel, the following approximate rule should be remembered: if the boat is close-hauled, trim the boom nearly parallel with the line of the keel; if the wind is abeam, let the boom go over the quarter; if the wind is on the quarter, let the boom out half-way between the quarter and the mast; if the wind is over the stern, let the boom out at a right angle with the line of the keel.

When sailing with the wind right aft, *i. e.*, over the stern, care must be observed that a trifling change in the direction of the wind does not cause the boom to gybe—that is, to swing across, and fetch up with a jerk on the opposite side. Three serious results are possible in such a crisis: first, the boat-sailer may be badly injured by the boom coming in contact with his head; second, the sheet may part, owing to the unusual strain; and third, the sudden lurching may, in a very shallow-draught vessel, capsize her. When it is desired to gybe, gather in the sheet quickly, and when the boom starts to swing across the stern, catch a turn with the sheet, and when the spar has brought up on the opposite side, pay out again until the boom is in proper position, having reference to the direction of the wind.

Let us imagine that it has begun to blow heavily, and that the whole sail is more than the little vessel can safely carry. The necessary thing to do is to contract the sail by putting a double or single reef in it, as we may decide. Should it be possible to run under the lee of some point of land, the shelter to be afforded and the smooth water to be found there will greatly contribute to the ease of the performance; but if we are obliged to reef the sail in the open, then haul the boom amidships, bring the boat head to wind, lash the tiller to leeward so that she cannot fall off from the wind, and lower the sail by the throat and peak halyards until the desired reef-band is a little lower than the boom. Next pass a short length of line (reef earring) through the reef-crinkle at the end of the reef-band on the leach of the sail, and after passing it around the boom and through the crinkle once again, tie it with a flat knot, taking pains to pull the sail as much as possible toward the outboard end of the boom. Now pass a second reef earring through the reef-crinkle on the luff of the sail, and secure it to the boom near the mast. The next thing to do is to roll up the folds of canvas, and tuck one row of reef-points under the bolt-rope on the foot of the sail, and unite them to the reef-points on the other side by tying them with a reef (flat) knot. This done, hoist away again on the throat and peak halyards, coiling them down as before,

and you will be again ready to cast adrift the tiller and get the boat under way.

To come to anchor in a proper seamanlike manner, haul in the sheet as you throw the boat's head into the wind, and when all way is stopped, let go the anchor. Settle away (lower) the throat and peak halyards, and pass a short length of rope around the end of the gaff and the boom to hold them together. Roll up the canvas neatly, and secure it between the gaff and boom by the pieces of rope called sail-tyers, which were passed under the foot of the sail and on top of the boom before the sail was lowered. By bringing the two ends of the sail-tyers together over the gaff, and securing them with a flat knot, the folds of canvas will be held snugly in place. Relieve the peak halyards of the weight of the boom by allowing the strain to rest on the topping-lift, and guy the boom from each quarter by short pieces of rope to prevent it from swaying from side to side. Last of all, cover the sail with the sail cover, see that the centre board is hauled up, hang the running rigging (throat and peak halyards) on the belaying pins, coil down the sheet, and observe that this rigging is left a little slack so as to allow for shrinkage in case of rain.



NEEDED LOTS OF ROOM.

VISITOR "WHAT'S YOUR DOLL'S NAME?"
LADY OF THE HOUSE "MARY VICTORINE LOTISA JANE AGUSTIA KATHARINE LIVES-REON."
THAT'S WHY PAPA GOT SUCH A BIG HOUSE FOR HER; HE SAID A DOLL WITH THAT NAME COULDN'T GET INTO ANY SMALLER ONE."

CANOE MATES:*

A STORY OF THE EVERGLADES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "CANOE MATES," "DOORMATES," "DERRICK SARGENT,"
"CRYSTAL JACK," & CO." ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A PREHISTORIC EVERGLADE MOUND.

THE whole party had come to a halt on first seeing the mysterious smoke, and now, with their boats grouped close together, they watched it curiously. Its several puffs did not last more than a minute, and then it was seen no more. Nobody but Worth mentioned volcanoes, and his suggestion caused a general smile. Quorum uttered the single word, "Injuns," and Lieutenant Carey agreed with him. He said:

"Such a smoke as that must result from human agency, and as I do not believe there is a white man besides ourselves within the limits of the 'Glades, it is probably the work of Indians, and is doubtless a signal of some kind, referring to our presence. I hope it is, for one of the objects of my mission being to reassure the Everglade Indians of the kindly intentions of the government toward them, I shall be glad to meet them as quickly as possible. Let us go on, then, and have our first interview with them by daylight."

Half an hour later the canoes reached the island, close to which was a wide channel of open water that apparently extended wholly around it. So dense was its encircling growth of custard-apple and cocoplum-bushes, that not until they had cut a passage through these could they reach the dry land behind them.

Anxious to discover the occupants of the island before darkness should set in, the Lieutenant, taking Sumner and the sailor with him, and leaving Worth and Quorum to guard the boats, set out for the mound; this, rising to a height of fifty or sixty feet, seemed to occupy the centre of the island.

Besides being desirous of meeting with Indians, Lieutenant Carey was most curious concerning the formation of this strange mound. Until he had seen the smoke rising from its summit, he had believed it to be merely a growth of tall forest trees surrounded by lesser trees and bushes that grew smaller as they neared the water. This is a common feature of that level Southern country, where the outer lines of vegetation are stunted by the constant high winds. Behind their protection, the inner circles of trees rise higher and higher until they attain a maximum size, and present an appearance of hills and mounds that proves most deceptive to strangers. The character of the smoke rising from the summit of this one had proved it to be something more than one of those ordinary tree mounds. Consequently the explorers were not surprised, after making their toilsome way through a forest of trees bound together with luxuriant vines, and brilliant with the blossoms of flowering air-plants, to find a veritable hill of earth rising before them. The forest encircled it, but ended at its base, and its sides were clothed only with a low growth of shrubs. They had hardly begun the ascent, when they ran across a narrow but well-worn path leading to the summit.

On reaching the top they were disappointed to find it as lonely and unoccupied as the forest through which they had just passed. What they did find was a small cleared space from which even the grass had been worn away and in the centre of which stood a sort of an altar of rough stones. It was about six feet square by four high, and was built of the ordinary coralline rock of the

'Glades. From this, or near it, the smoke must have ascended; but they looked in vain for ashes or other traces of a recent fire. The appearance of the altar showed that fires had been built on it; but there was nothing to indicate that one had burned there within an hour, and the mystery of the smoke became greater than ever.

If they had only been familiar with the Seminole method of making signal smokes, they would not have been so puzzled. A bright blaze of dry grass is smothered for an instant by a thick branch of green leaves. This is lifted and dropped again as often as the operator wishes to make a puff of smoke. Then the grass is allowed to burn out, and the wind, quickly dispersing the light ashes, removes every trace of the fire.

While disappointed and puzzled at finding no traces of the fire that they were certain had recently burned there, nor of those who had lighted it, the explorers were enchanted with the beauty of the scene outspread on all sides of them. To the west the sun was sinking in wonderful glory behind the distant belt of cypress forest. Everywhere else the brown 'Glades, dotted with blue islands, seamed with the green threads of interlacing channels, and flashing with bits of open water, stretched beyond the limits of their vision. Over them hung a tremulous golden haze in which all objects were magnified and glorified. The all-pervading silence was only broken by the occasional rush on heavy pinions of flocks of snow-white ibises home-returning from their distant coast fishing-grounds.

"No wonder the Seminoles love this country, and dread the very thought of leaving it," said Sumner, at length breaking the silence in which they had gazed on the exquisite scene.

"Yes, no wonder," replied the Lieutenant; "for in all my travels I don't know that I have ever seen anything more beautiful. But the most interesting of it all to me," he continued, "is this mound. It is evidently a structure of human erection, and must be contemporaneous with the famous earth pyramids of Mexico. Perhaps it was raised by the same wonderful prehistoric race. I have examined many of the well-known shell mounds of Florida, including those of Cedar Keys, and from there at various places down the west coast. I have also seen the great Turtle Mound on the Atlantic side, and those on the St. John's River; but all of them were evidently feast mounds, and showed in themselves the reason for their existence. I have heard of the earth mounds and ancient canals of the upper Caloosahatchie and Fish-eating Creek, but I have never heard it even intimated that similar structures might be looked for in the Everglades. Consequently I regard this one in the light of an important discovery. It is certainly sufficiently so to warrant us in spending to-morrow on this island investigating the mound as thoroughly as our means will allow."

"Doesn't that altar look as though the mound had been used as a place for offering sacrifices?" asked Sumner.

"No; that altar, as you call it, is evidently of recent construction, and was probably built by the Indians now inhabiting this country as a place from which to make signal smokes, or possibly as a sepulchre. We will try to find out which to-morrow. These mounds were undoubtedly erected as places easy of defence, and perhaps this one may yield us some ancient weapons, as the 'kitchen middens,' or feast mounds, of Cedar Keys have so abundantly. I have seen quantities of celts and other stone implements taken from them, while the most exquisite quartz spear-head I ever saw was taken from a Caloosahatchie mound, which from descriptions must be very similar to this one. Oh yes, we certainly must spend another day on this island. Now we'd better be going, for it will soon be dark, and—"

Here the Lieutenant was interrupted by two shots fired in quick succession from the direction in which they had left Worth and Quorum.

"I am afraid that means trouble of some kind," said Lieutenant Carey, anxiously, after he had fired two answering shots.

Hurrying down the pathway, which they found led to the water on the opposite side of the island from that on which they had landed, they plunged into the forest, and were surprised to notice how dark it had already grown. Its intricacies were so bewildering and its difficulties so numerous that it was nearly an hour after they heard the shots before they came within sound of a voice answering their repeated calls.

At length they reached the place where they had left the boats, and here they found Worth alone, and so panic-stricken that it was with difficulty he could answer their eager questions:

"Why had he fired those shots?"

"Where was Quorum?"

"Where were the boats?"

"I fired them to call you back," answered the boy, "and I don't know where Quorum is nor where the boats are. They were here when I left, and when I came back they were gone. This was all I found here." With this, Worth pointed to a bag of hardtack that lay on the ground at his feet. "And I'm afraid poor Quorum has been killed, for I know he never would have left us. I thought perhaps you were killed too, and that I was left here all alone, and I've been getting more and more frightened, until I think I should have gone crazy if you had not come when you did."

"You poor boy!" said the Lieutenant, soothingly. "I don't wonder that you were frightened. I should have been myself. But how did you happen to leave Quorum? and what was he doing when you left him?"

"He was sitting in the cruiser, and I only left him for a minute because I heard such a big turkey gobbler right here in the woods close to us. I thought it would be such a pleasant surprise for you to have me get him for supper, and I was sure there weren't any panthers or rattlesnakes here. So I just crept into the bushes to get a shot at him, and he kept going further and further off, and I kept following him. I didn't see him at all, and after a while I didn't hear him any more either, so I thought I'd better come back. When I got here, I couldn't find Quorum or the boats, so I fired my gun as a signal."

"And you haven't seen nor heard anything of Quorum since?" inquired Lieutenant Carey, looking puzzled.

"No, I haven't heard a sound nor seen a sign of a living thing," answered Worth.

"There can't be any doubt of this being the right place," said the Lieutenant, reflectively, "for there is where we cut our way through the bushes."

"And here is the bag of biscuit," added Worth.

"I am not a bit surprised at the disappearance of the canoes," said Sumner. "I am getting used to that. But to have Quorum and the cruiser go too is very strange."

"And leaves us in a most awkward predicament," added the Lieutenant. "If Quorum had only gone with one boat, we might expect to see him back at any moment; but to have them all go looks very suspicious. I greatly fear the poor fellow has been the victim of some foul play. However, it is too dark now to do anything but light a fire and prepare to pass the night where we are, as well as we can under the circumstances."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WHAT BECAME OF QUORUM AND THE CANOES.

WHEN Worth and Quorum were left alone, they sat for some time discussing the mystery of the smoke, and whether or not they had better begin unloading the boats

and preparing camp. Worth advised against this. He hoped the others would discover a better camping-place than that. He also thought that perhaps they might return with news that would necessitate their leaving the island in a hurry. As he complained of being very hungry, Quorum got out the biscuit-bag, and they each took a hardtack from it. It was while they were eating these that the sound of a loud "gobble, gobble, gobble," came from the bushes, apparently but a few rods from where they sat.

Worth's hunting instinct was at once aroused, and slipping a couple of shells into his gun, he whispered: "You sit still, Quorum, and I'll have that fellow in a minute. My! but he must be a big one!"

Then he stepped noiselessly to the shore, and silently disappeared among the trees. Quorum sat with his back to the water, watching the spot where his young companion had entered the forest, and listening eagerly for the expected shot.

All at once a slight jar of the boat caused him to start; but before he could turn his head, it was enveloped in a thick fold of cloth that effectually prevented his seeing or calling out. In a few seconds two active forms had bound his hands and feet, and slid him into the bottom of the boat, where he lay blinded, helpless, and nearly smothered. One of his captors picked up the biscuit-bag from which the prisoner had just been eating, and tossed it ashore with a low laugh.

In the mean time two others had been unfastening the canoes, and dragging them cautiously backward through the opening cut in the bushes to the channel, where lay the craft in which they had come. It was a large and well-shaped cypress dugout, capable of holding a dozen men. In less than three minutes from the time of Quorum's capture, it was being poled rapidly but silently along through the twilight shadows, with the stolen boats in tow.

At a point about half a mile from the island these were skilfully concealed in a clump of tall grasses, and Quorum was bundled into the dugout. A choking sound from beneath the cloth that enveloped his head caused one of the strange canoe-men to loosen it somewhat, so as to facilitate the prisoner's breathing. Then, propelled by four pairs of lusty young arms, the dugout shot away up one of the watery lanes leading directly into the heart of the 'Glades. An hour later it was run ashore on one of the numerous islands whose purple outlines had so charmed the observers from the top of the mound. Here it was greeted by the barking of dogs and the sound of many voices. The thongs that bound Quorum's legs were cut, he was lifted to his feet, and, led by two of his captors, he was made to walk for some distance. At length he was halted, his wrists were unbound, and the cloth that enveloped his head was snatched from it.

The bewildered negro was instantly confronted by such a glare of fire-light that for a minute his eyes refused to perform their duty. As he stood clumsily rubbing them, he heard a titter of laughter and the subdued sound of talking. As his eyes gradually became accustomed to the light, he saw, first, a fire directly in front of him, then, several palmetto huts, and at length a dozen or more Indian men, besides women and children, grouped in front of the huts, and all staring at him.

Until that moment he had not known who had made him a prisoner, nor why he had been carried off, and even now the second part of the question remained as great a mystery as ever. There was no doubt, however, that, for some purpose or other, he had been captured by a scouting party of Seminoles, and though Quorum had met individuals of this tribe while cruising on the reef, he had never visited one of their camps nor been in their power. He therefore gazed about him with considerable trepidation, and wondered what was going to be done

with him. As he did not recognize any of the dusky faces gathered in the fire-light, he was amazed when one of the men, addressing him in broken English, said:

"How, Quor'm! How! Injun heap glad you come. You hungry? Eat sofkee. Good, plenty."

At the same time the speaker pointed to a smoking kettle of something that a squaw had just lifted from the fire, and set close to the negro. A great wooden spoon was thrust into it, and its odor was most appetizing. Having fasted since early morning, Quorum was very hungry. Not only this, but under the circumstances he would have eaten almost anything his entertainers chose to set before him rather than run the risk of offending them. Therefore, without waiting for a second invitation, he squatted beside the kettle of sofkee, and began sampling its contents with the huge spoon. To his surprise, he had never in his life tasted a more delicious stew. After the first mouthful, he had no hesita-

to the Indian who had already spoken to him, and said: "Why fo' yo' call me Quor'm? I 'ain't hab no 'quaintance wif you."

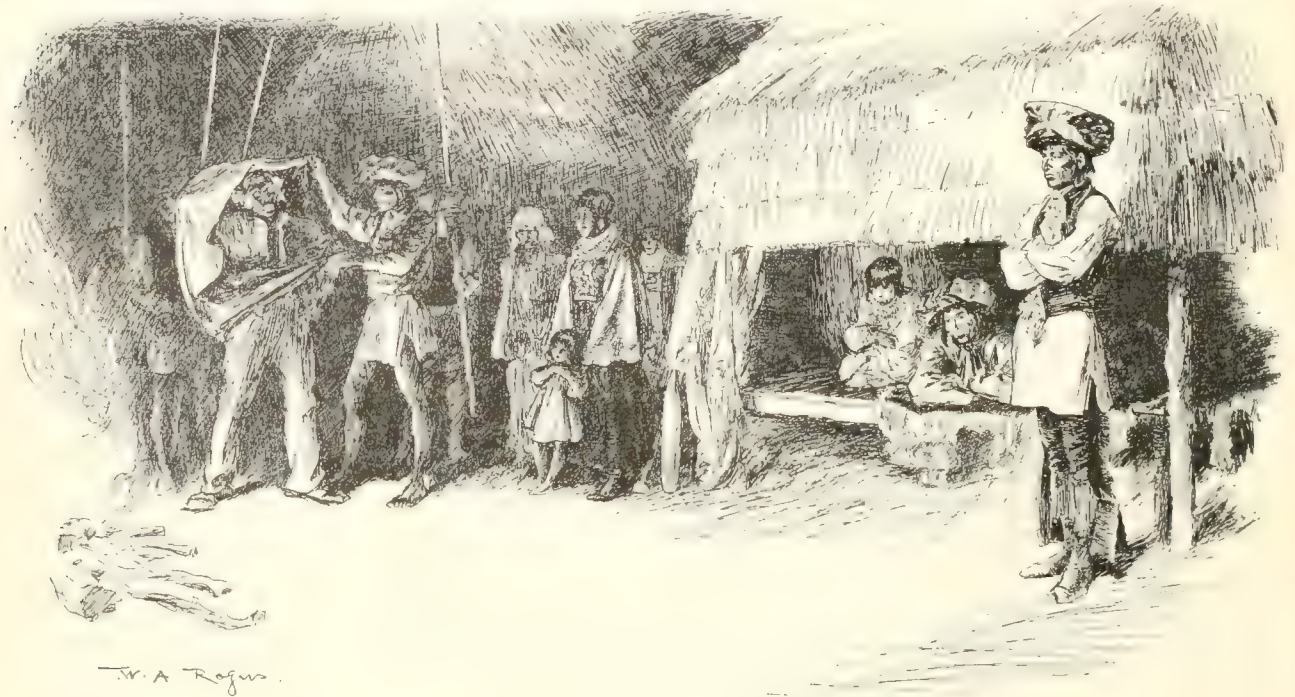
For answer the Indian only said, "Tobac, you got um, Quor'm?"

"Yes, sah. Tobac? I got er plenty ob him back yonder in de boat wha' yo' tuk me frum. Why fo' yo' treat a 'spectable colored gen'l'man dish yer way, anyhow? Wha' yo' mean by playin' sich tricks on him, an' on de white mans wha' trabblin' in he comp'ny?"

While speaking, the negro had mechanically produced his black pipe, and instead of answering his questions, the Indian said:

"Tobac. You no got um. Me got um, plenty. You take um, smoke um, bimeby talk heap."

With this, he handed a plug of tobacco to the negro, who understood the action, if he had not fully comprehended the words that accompanied it. As he cut off



HIS WRISTS WERE UNBOUND, AND THE CLOTH WAS SNATCHED FROM OVER HIS HEAD.

tion in eating such a meal as made even the Indians, among whom a large eater is considered worthy of respect, regard him with envious admiration.

It is no wonder that Quorum found this Indian food palatable, for the Seminole squaws are notable cooks, and sofkee is the tribal dish. It is a stew of venison, turtle, or some other meat, potatoes, corn, beans, peppers, and almost anything else that is at hand. It is thickened with coontie starch, and a kettleful of it is always to be found over one of the village fires, at the disposal of every hungry comer. The one drawback to its perfect enjoyment, according to a white man's fastidious taste, is that, besides the sofkee, the wooden spoon with which it is eaten is equally at the disposal of all comers, and is in almost constant use. This fact was not known to Quorum at the time of his introduction to sofkee. If it had been, it would hardly have lessened his relish of the meal, for Quorum was too wise to be fastidious.

He was so refreshed by his supper, as well as emboldened by the fact that no one seemed inclined to harm him, that something of his natural aggressiveness returned. After laying the sofkee spoon down, he turned

a pipeful and carefully crumbled it in his fingers, he began to think that his position was not such a very unpleasant one, after all.

The men, who lay smoking on the furs inside the huts, or stretched in comfortable attitudes on the ground outside, were tall, clean-limbed, athletic-looking fellows clad in turbans of bright colors, gay calico shirts, and moccasins of deerskin; the women wore immense necklaces of beads, calico jackets, and long skirts, but were barefooted and bareheaded; and the children were clad precisely like their elders, with the exception of the turbans, which are denied to the boys and young men until they reach the age of warriors. Besides the Indians, Quorum saw that the camp was occupied by numbers of fowls, dogs, and small black pigs, that roamed through it at will. Everybody and everything in it, animals as well as humans, looked contented and well fed.

At length Quorum's smoke was finished, and he knocked the ashes from his pipe. As if this were a signal, the Indian men laid aside their pipes, and it was evident that the time for talking had arrived.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



VIEWS OF THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 530.]

1. The mammoth Arches to support the Roof of the Liberal Arts Building.
 of the Grounds and Buildings. 4. Putting on the "Staff." 5. The Administration Building.

BUILDING THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

BY M. A. LANE.



WONDERFUL indeed will be the great Columbian Exposition that will begin at Chicago a year from the present time. This exposition will be in commemoration of the discovery of the New World by Christopher Columbus in 1492, four hundred years ago, and that is why it is called sometimes the Quadri-centennial Columbian Fair. The project of the fair was first proposed in 1859, and soon after the announcement all the large cities of the country were engaged in a spirited contest to determine which should win the prize. The arguments of Chicago prevailed with Congress, and it was decided that at Chicago the exposition would be held.

The site on which the buildings of the fair are erected comprises 600 acres of land on the shore of Lake Michigan—one of the most beautiful and picturesque of the five inland seas. The ground is that part of Jackson Park that had not yet been improved, and which was found to be the most available and at the same time the most desirable location for such an enterprise in the West. The site once selected, the department of construction began the labor of laying out the land, and of planning on paper an accurate picture of the buildings and grounds of the exposition when completed. Various architects were ordered to prepare designs of the buildings to be constructed. Engineers and gardeners and artists and sculptors met and worked out the scheme of the landscape. Then a consultation of architects was held, and placing the map of the grounds before them, they selected the sites for particular buildings.

Now everything was in readiness for the actual work to begin. Laborers were hired to throw the ground into shape. Inlets were dug; lagoons were formed by the overflow from the lake; little islands took shape; hills were made here, hollows there; embankments were built; piers constructed of wood were run out into the lake; a superb beach was thrown up, with a grand parade running along its curved line by the water's edge; the earth in places was prepared for lawns, through which were to be struck off winding walks of shell and gravel; and then the ground was in shape for the builders. Along they came by the thousands. Millions of feet of wood, hewn and sawed in the forests and mills of the Northwestern pine regions, were shipped to the grounds by waterway and railway; thousands of tons of steel and iron were brought from all parts of the country, and the great buildings soon began to lift themselves into the air.

The larger and official buildings of the fair are these: That for the display of the manufactures and the liberal arts, measuring 757 × 1657 feet, and costing \$1,500,000; that for the office of the administration, 262 × 262 feet, costing \$435,000; Mines and Mining, 350 × 700 feet, \$265,000; Electricity, 315 × 630 feet, \$401,000; Transportation, 256 × 960 feet, \$370,000; building for the women, 199 × 308, \$138,000; the Art Galleries and annexes, \$670,000; the Fisheries, 165 × 365, 224,000; Horticulture, 250 × 998, \$300,000; Hall for Machinery, 492 × 846 feet, \$1,200,000; Building of Agriculture, 500 × 800 feet, \$618,000; the total cost of all the structures, including the above and the Forestry, Saw-mill, Dairy, Live-stock, and Music Hall, together with the Government Building and the imitation United States battle ship, will aggregate almost \$8,000,000.

To design these structures, the genius of our most noted architects was called upon, and it is to be expected the results will approach the sublime. A natural inquiry will be: "Of what material are they made? For surely they will not be simply huge frame structures?" Certainly not. They are built, it is true, in part of wood, but this material is covered with another material that offers a subtle imitation of marble; so subtle, indeed, that in the hands of the decorator it becomes whatever material he wishes—marble, granite, or stone of any color or grain—and is susceptible besides of fantastic decorative effects in color, to a degree possible in no other material known to the building art. Staff, as this material is called, is a sort of hard plaster, being a mixture of common cement, cut hemp, and plaster of Paris. The first is used to give the composition hardness; the second, consistency and fibre; and the third, finish. It is cast into great slabs for the walls, and sculptured into bass-reliefs for archways and friezes. The surface is oiled, and thus made smooth for the brush of the painter and decorator.

The same general plan of construction has been used in the erection of all the buildings, with the exception of the Art Gallery, which has been built of brick and fire-proof material, because of the great value of the rare works of genius

that will repose within its walls. Great beams of wood, resting on level foundations sunk below the surface, furnish the roof supports and the main supports of the corner pavilions and the grand entrances. The vacant spaces are covered, and the beams bound together with scantlings and cut boards crossing and recrossing. Thus when the frame-work has been completed, the walls and corners of the structure resemble immense lattice-works, which, though apparently light, are nicely calculated to bear all the strain that will fall on them.

When the frame-work is finished, the building is ready for the staff men, who completely cover the wooden walls with large slabs of this artificial stone. These are nailed to the frame-work, the sculptured arches of the doorways are placed nicely in position, and the building now resembles some grand palace of white marble. It was fortunate for the Paris Exposition, for the Columbian Exposition, and for all expositions to come, that so useful and adaptable a material as staff was invented, for without its use temporary buildings of such magnitude, such beauty, and such cheapness could never have been put together.

The government of the United States is meeting the expense of constructing what will be one of the most interesting features of the exposition. This is a perfect imitation of a United States battle ship. The ship is built near the shore of the lake in a little harbor as if moored to a wharf. It will be a full-sized and correct model of one of the new government ships that are now being built for coast defence. The hull of the vessel is complete. It is practically two brick walls resting on piles in the lake. These walls are curved, meeting fore and aft, and furnish the exact outline of a man-of-war. The length over all is 348 feet, 69 feet 3 inches beam, and the height from the water to the main deck 12 feet.

The battery will consist of four 13-inch breech-loading rifle cannon, eight 8-inch breech-loaders, four 6-inch breech-loaders, twenty 6-pounder rapid-firing guns, six 1-pound guns, two Gatlings, and half a dozen torpedo-guns. This formidable boat will be manned by a regularly trained crew from the navy.

It is said that the Building of the Administration, wherein will be placed the executive officers' quarters, is the focus of the general design. It is the prettiest building of the entire group, and is seen at the end of the vista through the grand court. Before its main entrance will rise an electric fountain—the largest and most elaborate ever built—and looking eastward from the porches of the palace itself one can see the colossal statue of the republic at the water gateway of the fair—a noble piece of sculpture 60 feet high, on a pedestal 40 feet from the water's level.

As a whole, the exposition will be a reflex of all the world—its purposes, its peoples, its progress, and its resources. This will be made clear when it is stated that all the countries of the earth will be represented by carefully arranged exhibits, showing the products of their arts and industries, their manufactures, the natural products of their soil, vegetable and mineral, and their progress from early ages to the present time. It will be an epitome of the work of man and his genius. It will be greater in size and importance than any other similar exhibition, and from it will date a new era of international intercourse and commercial exchange.

FAMOUS AUTOMATA.

BY JOHN PAUL BOCK.

II.

TO be regarded as possessing magical power would amuse and might even flatter a learned man to-day. But until the beginning of the nineteenth century it was a very grave charge indeed to make against any one. This suspicion of a gift of more than mortal skill constantly attached to the inventors of automata during the Middle Ages. The scholar who displayed marvellous ability in almost any direction was at once supposed to have some secret understanding with supernatural beings.

Dr. John Dee was one of the most conspicuous figures of the sixteenth century, an eminent mathematician, and learned besides in living and dead languages and natural science. He studied nineteen hours out of the twenty-four while at the University of Cambridge, and when asked to manage the mechanical effects in the production by his fellow-students of a comedy of Aristophanes, contrived an automaton which led to his change of residence, so wild were the surmises which attended its exhibition. This automaton of Dr. Dee was an artificial beetle, the exact reproduction of the scarabæus as far as the eye of the

spectator could see, but so filled with springs and wheels that it flew without external aid from the floor to the ceiling of the theatre, carrying a man and a basket of provisions on its back. There was so much unpleasant gossip in consequence that Dr. Dee went out of the country, though he afterwards became one of the most distinguished men of the court of Queen Elizabeth.

One of the great men of modern times, René Descartes, a French philosopher, born in 1596, filled Europe with the fame of his bold mind and store of learning. Scientists to-day acknowledge their obligations to him in mechanics. He is said to have made an automaton which he designed to be a daughter to his old age. He called it Francina, and in look and gesture, beauty and grace, Francina was all that a doting father could have desired in flesh and blood. So goes the tale, a strange one. For Descartes, the philosopher with whom Aristotle and Plato were compared, grew to love this mechanical maiden as the apple of his eye. She was said to walk with him at evening in his garden, to rise and greet him with a kiss when he returned home, and to pass her hand now and then, as he sat at work, caressingly over his forehead. She was indeed cared for as tenderly it seemed as a real Francina might have been.

Once Descartes took Francina on a sea-voyage with him, for he travelled much about Europe. The Captain of the vessel supposed, of course, that he had two passengers, and set two places at the table of honor. But while the young woman walked on deck and sat by her father's side at other times, she did not come to the table to eat. And it was observed that she alone of all the passengers was unaffected by seasickness. And so the crew and the Captain accused Francina of being a witch, and seizing her, suddenly hove her overboard, her great weight, her failure to resist or cry out, and her master's despairing cry teaching them, too late, their mistake.

One of the best known of the more modern automata was made at Boulogne in the seventeenth century, and was called the Necromancer of Boulogne. It was a manikin dressed in Oriental costume, about three inches high, and was endowed not only with the power of locomotion, but could juggle as well. The figure played with cups and balls on a tiny table, after the fashion of human prestidigitateurs. It would take in its left hand a little egg, and pass at it with a wand in its right. Then a bird would break through the top of the egg and flutter its wings with a motion like that of the humming-bird, sing a strain or two, and drop back into the egg. The Necromancer also took curious objects from a little box, and made them disappear back into it with deft motions.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century Jacques Vaucanson lived in Paris. He may be styled the Prince of automaton makers. His duck was called one of the wonders of the world. It was the fac-simile of a barn-yard fowl, with feathers that could not be distinguished from those of life, a bill that opened and shut and emitted an occasional "quack," and an eye that seemed to see the gravel at which it nibbled, and which it really swallowed. The accounts from credible sources of what this bird was seen and known to do are a tax even on nineteenth-century belief. It walked with the waddling motion of the barn-yard fowl, bit off blades of grass, waggled its tail, and was actually declared to absorb what it took into its stomach. It was in 1740 that Vaucanson proudly displayed this marvel of human ingenuity. Exhibited now in a city like New York, it would not fail to attract crowds of the curious. As an automaton it has never been surpassed.

The flute-player, however, was the masterpiece of Vaucanson, and was exhibited in Paris in 1738. Its lips actually increased or decreased the volume of the sound. Vaucanson had a rich uncle who laughed at his madness, as he called it. The poorer folk thought the cunning artificer in league with the devil. But the inventor took advantage of a protracted illness, and thought out the mechanism of his gigantic flute-player free from inter-

ruption. It isn't every invalid who takes advantage of his illness to do something useful. But he did, and as each design was finished, a faithful servant took it to a goldsmith at Grenoble and had it made. When the hour arrived that saw the completion of the last one of these parts, and Vaucanson with trembling hands fitted them together for the first time and wound up the works, his servant fell on his knees with anxiety. As the first round full notes of almost superhuman beauty fell from the giant's lips, the man embraced the master's knees, and would have worshipped him as one more than mortal.

It was a remarkable scene to which a now unknown French inventor once invited Louis XIV., at the château of one of that monarch's intimates near Paris. In the exact centre of a grove was a smooth expanse of level ground, on which, as the King approached, an extraordinary automatic group was performing. It was the coach and horses which Comus, the greatest of modern European magicians, describes. Conjuror Comus reached the height of his fame just after the beginning of the present century. He used to travel all over France, and had no equal as a wizard. He left \$20,000 a year to his grandson, Ledru Rollin, the famous French orator and agitator. He is a good authority in matters of this kind. Comus had been invited to accompany the King. As they looked, the coachman cracked his whip, the horses pranced and started away on their circular course. Not a straw or a pebble marred the smoothness of the driveway. There was a vacant throne a little to one side, about half-way around. Opposite this throne the horses stopped short, a footman came down from the box, opened the coach door, and assisted a lady to descend. She stepped forward slowly, and with a profound courtesy laid on the steps of the throne a petition she had held in one hand. Then she backed toward the coach, was helped in by the footman, who closed the door and climbed back on the box. Thereupon the horses trotted back to the point from which they started. This toy is said to have given the King much pleasure, and to have been a favorite amusement with him for years.

Why Ye Blossome
Cometh before
Ye Leafe

Once hoary Winter chanced - alas!
Alas! hys waye mistaking.
A leafless Apple tree to pass
Where Spring lay dreaming: Fie ye lass!
'Ye lass had best be waking',
Quoth he - and shook hys robe and lo!
Lo! forth didde flye a cloud of snowe.

Now th ye bough an elfe there dwelte.
An elfe of wondrous powere,
That when ye chillye snowe didde pelte
With magic charm each flake didde melte.
Didde melte into a Flowere;
And Spring didde wake and marvell hew,
How blossomed so ye leafless bough.

O.H.

"CORKY."

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

THIS boy Corky was a kind of a roustabout in a big daily newspaper office in a Western State. He was about fourteen years old, and his real name was Madison Corkhill, but on the very first day of his arrival some one had called him "Corky," and "Corky" he had been from that time forth.

Corky did not care very much. He was not a very sensitive or particular boy, and he was so grateful for the opportunity of earning the five dollars a week paid him in the *Republican* office that he did not mind what they called him.

Moreover, nearly every man in the office had a nickname of some kind. The business manager himself responded very cheerfully and readily to the nickname of "Billy," although his cards were engraved with the name of William Forsythe Raymond. The chief bookkeeper was never called by any name but "Captain," and his assistant was always spoken of as "The Fairy," because he was such a slight and peculiarly graceful little man. The young man who kept the subscription books spent so much of his salary for clothes, and was so very particular about his neckties and the combing of his hair, that he was called "Dandy," which he did not mind in the least. Nor did the tall, slender, clerical-looking young man who had something to do with the advertising mind being called "The Deacon."

But everybody around the office was good-natured, from the "Colonel," who was the editor-in-chief, down to Corky, who held about the humblest position of any one in the office.

Corky did day work. He was at everybody's beck and call, and he did a little of everything. He brought the mail from the post-office four or five times a day. He made paste, and kept the counters of his business office free from dust and disorder of any kind. He was tyrannized over to a mild degree by the big colored janitor, who made Corky believe that he ought to do a good many things that the janitor himself was paid for doing, but Corky was so obliging and so good-natured that he did not define his own rights and duties very sharply.

No one in the office knew much about Corky. A line or two had been put in the "Male Help Wanted" column of the *Republican* stating that an office-boy was wanted, and Corky was on hand with twenty or thirty other boys to apply for the place before the business manager had come down town on the morning the advertisement appeared. Corky was about the shabbiest-dressed of all the boys, but he was perfectly clean, and there was an indefinable something about him that the business manager liked, and he engaged the boy after asking him but three or four questions.

He didn't ask Corky anything about where he lived or who or what he was, and when Corky had been nearly a year in the office no one there knew a thing about him, excepting the fact that he went by the name of Corky.

It had been discovered, however, that he was an exceptionally good errand-boy. Old Gus had been one of the first to discover this, because Old Gus was one of the men who are always on the lookout for good traits in everybody, and one day he said to Billy:

"Say, Billy, that Corky's the best errand-boy we ever had round this establishment. Did you know it?"

"Yes; he does first-rate," replied Billy.

"I never heard a word of complaint out of him, or knew him to decline to do a thing he was asked to do since he came into this office. He's always here on time in the morning, and never seems to be in any hurry about going away the instant the hand points to six o'clock. Some of the boys we've had here would be out of the door and three blocks away before the clock got through

striking six; but, if you've noticed it, that Corky is often around here putting things to rights and slicking the office up at nearly seven o'clock."

"I've noticed it, and I'm going to see if I can't have a dollar a week added to his wages next month," replied Billy.

"He's a polite little chap too," said the Deacon. "It's always 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' or 'What, sir?' when he speaks to you, and he whips off his cap the minute a lady steps into the office if he should happen to have it on."

"And he's neat as a new pin, shabby as his clothes are," said Gus; "and he has a well-developed bump of order. You can tell that by the way he's always picking up and putting things to rights here in the office."

Monday was pay-day at the office. Every employé, from Corky up to the Colonel, received his salary in a small white envelope, with his name and the amount of his weekly salary written on it, and Corky's envelope had a smaller sum in it than any other envelope in the office. Billy, the business manager, always made out the pay-roll, and put the money into the envelopes. Sometimes it took two thousand dollars for the weekly pay-roll, and Billy would sit down before his desk with all of that money before him in bank-bills and shining piles of gold and silver coin. Corky would look at it sometimes, and fall to thinking of what he would do with it if all of that money belonged to him. He thought of his mother, who was a widow and not very strong, and who worked beyond her strength at washing and ironing to help Corky feed and clothe four helpless little brothers and sisters. He thought of the leaky, rickety old house in which they lived, away out on the outskirts of the city, near the river, where the land was low and damp and unhealthy. He thought of the ragged clothes his mother and little brothers and sisters had to wear, and of their poor and insufficient food. He thought of how he would change all this if those crisp bank-bills and the piles of gold and silver he saw every Monday belonged to him.

But he would have endured far greater poverty than he had ever known, he would have stood on a street corner begging with his cap in his hand, before he would have taken even one of the dull red coppers on Billy's desk. Old Gus was right when he said one day that he believed that Corky was as "straight as a shoe-string when it came to downright honesty." So he did not look at the money with covetous eyes, nor with a single wrong thought in his heart.

Billy was late in getting to work on the pay-roll one Monday. Several persons had been in to see him, and it was noon before he sat down to his work, with the money and envelopes before him. All the other employés of the business office but Corky had gone out to dinner. Billy had filled one or two of the envelopes, when a clerk from a very large dry-goods store just around the next corner came into the office and said:

"Say, Billy, Mr. Raynor wants to see some one right away about running a full-page advertisement in to-morrow's paper. He says he'd like to see you about it."

Now a full-page advertisement did not come to the *Republican* every day, and the opportunity of getting one was not to be neglected, therefore Billy said at once:

"All right, Holmes; tell Mr. Raynor that I'll come right around and give him figures on it." Then he said to Corky: "Just keep your eye on this money while I'm gone, will you, Corky? I'll be back in a few minutes."

"Very well, sir," replied Corky, with his usual politeness and readiness to do anything he was asked to do.

Billy's desk was in a corner of the room farthest from the counter, and there was no railing on this counter, so the desk was in full view from any part of the office.

Billy had been gone about five minutes when a man

came into the office and asked for a copy of the morning paper. Corky handed him a paper, but the man did not go out after he had paid for it. Corky did not notice it, but there came a sudden gleam into the man's eyes, and his lips parted as he glanced toward the desk on which the payroll money was lying. He drummed on the counter with his fingers for a moment, then he glanced backward over his shoulder toward the street, on which there were few passers-by at that hour. Suddenly he asked,

"Are any of the editors in?"

"No, sir," replied Corky; "they do not come around until about three o'clock."

"Well, has this office a job-printing department?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is the foreman in?"

"I think he is, sir."

"Would you be kind enough to tell him that I would like to speak to him about a big lot of printing?"

The foreman of the job-printing department was called out to the business counter almost every day to give estimates on orders for work, and there was nothing in the man's request to arouse the least suspicion on Corky's part. He was an absolutely honest boy, and wholly unsuspicious of others.

The job department was on the same floor as the business office, but was separated from it by a small mailing-room and a narrow hall, with a door opening into a long alley.

Corky was in this hall, with his hand on the knob of the job-room door, when he suddenly seemed to hear Billy saying, "Keep your eye on that money, Corky," and Corky's hand dropped suddenly from the job-room door knob. He turned quickly, and ran through the mailing-room and into the business office, just in time to see the strange man jump over the counter and disappear quickly out of the open door. A single glance revealed the fact that the money was gone, and over the counter went Corky, and down the steps he ran into the alley that divided the block into two parts, and by which unfrequented path the thief was trying to make good his escape. After him ran Corky, bareheaded, pallid of face, and with wildly beating heart. He made no outcry as he ran, but sped on, with clinched fists and tightly compressed lips.

The man was but a few yards ahead of Corky at the start; he was short and stoutly built, and not accustomed to running, while Corky was slender, and the best runner in the boys' baseball club to which he belonged, and he was running now as he had never run in the wildest enthusiasm of the most exciting ball game he had ever played in his young life. He had more at stake than the glory and honor of all the ball clubs in the world. There seemed to be ringing in his ears the business manager's words, "Keep your eye on that money, Corky," and he



THE THIEF WAS TRYING TO MAKE GOOD HIS ESCAPE.

had not kept his eye on it. He felt that he had failed to show himself worthy of the trust imposed in him, and that the only way to prove himself worthy was by overtaking that man and recovering the money. The man, on the other hand, knew what awaited him in the event of his capture, and the clinking of the gold and silver in the pockets of the light overcoat he wore urged him on.

He turned once and shook his fist threateningly at Corky, and cried out, "I'll kill you, boy, if you don't go back!" But Corky would not have faltered for an instant in his pursuit of the man, even though he had known that death awaited him.

The man ran out of the alley and into the crowded street with Corky but a few feet behind him. When Corky ran out of the alley, the man had disappeared, and Corky was sure that he had gone into the large store of Raynor & Co., which covered half of the block on that side of the street. Into the store darted Corky, just in time to see the man he was pursuing disappear down one of the side aisles of the store.

"That man," gasped out Corky, as he ran down the centre aisle of the store with all the clerks staring at him—"that man—with the light—overcoat! Stop him! He is a thief! Stop him!"

Running through a side aisle at his right, Corky found himself face to face with the thief, who was hurrying toward an open door. Corky rushed upon him, and seized him by the skirt of his coat, whereupon the man affected great surprise and indignation.

"What do you mean, boy?" he asked, haughtily.

"I want that money!" cried Corky, breathlessly.

"The boy must be crazy," said the man to the floor-walker and others, who came hurrying forward.

"No, I'm not," said Corky, boldly. "The man is a thief. He has stolen the payroll money from the Republican office."

"What nonsense!" said the man, as he tried to pull

his overcoat from Corky's hands. "Let go of my coat, you little rascal!"

"I won't," said Corky, boldly, as he tried to thrust his hands into one of the pockets of the coat.

"Will you kindly assist me in freeing myself from this little rascal's clutches?" said the man to one of the floor-walkers who now approached.

At that moment a door of a private office near that aisle opened, and out came Mr. Raynor and the business manager of the *Republican*, who said,

"Why, Corky, what does this mean?"

"It means," cried Corky, as he dodged a blow the now desperate thief aimed at his head—"it means that this fellow has the pay-roll money in his pocket, and—"

There was no need to say more, for Billy bounded forward and grasped the man by the collar, while Corky, succeeding at last in getting his hand into one of the man's pockets, drew out a great roll of bills, and ten minutes later the man was riding in the patrol wagon, and the money, without the loss of a cent, was on its way back to the *Republican* office.

Corky, who was the most modest of boys, was amazed to find his picture in the *Republican* the next morning, and still more amazed to read all that the paper said about him. And during the day a still greater surprise awaited him, for it was discovered that the man was a notorious thief for whom a reward of five hundred dollars was offered by the authorities of an Eastern city. This reward came to Corky in due time, and he was wise enough to make the very best use of it for his mother and the little brothers and sisters.

He is in the *Republican* office still, a tall, bright-looking young man who long ago gave up the duties of an office roustabout, and who has gone step by step up to one of the most important and lucrative positions in the office. You would not think, to see him now, that he is the Corky about whom I have written.

BROOM STRAWS.

"NOW here's a queer thing!" said the boy, bursting into my room between eleven and twelve o'clock one night.

I'm quite used to his energetic entrance. I only turned over sleepily, and asked, "What have you got now?"

"We've been trying some daisy experiments. Now this is really curious. Get up and see," he cried.

Thus urged, I got up and lit the gas.

"What is it? Two broom straws! Dragging me out of bed for such nonsense! I declare!"

"It isn't nonsense. Just see here!"

He stood before the mantel-piece, and rested his hands lightly upon it. Between the thumb and finger of each hand he held the end of a smooth broom straw about eight inches long.

"Now hang those two bits of straw across this one, one at each end, by my fingers," he said.

I picked up the two bits. They were each about two inches long, doubled in the middle, making in shape the letter V. I hung them across the long straw as commanded, their ends just touching the mantel.

"Make the points incline toward the centre—just a little," ordered the boy. Command comes natural to him. The queer thing is that people don't often protest.

I turned the points toward the centre—just the tiniest bit. Then a funny thing happened. Slowly, slowly, as if by some irresistible impulse, the two little pointed bits of straw began to move along their support. They went at about the same rate, their legs moving along the mantel, their heads pointed toward the centre of the straw.

"Well—I declare!"

"Steady, steady," said the boy, flushed and laughing.

The two little broom straws walked along. Walked! Yes, they seemed to do just that. If ever things in this world appearing to know their purpose, and move steadily toward it, those two broom straws did. They walked evenly along, met in the centre, and, their points touching, stood still, forming a pyramid.

"There!" cried the boy, triumphantly.

He lowered his long straw, drew it out, and the little pyramid stood erect, made so apparently by its own volition.

"I never would have believed it!" I said.

"Isn't that worth getting up for?" asked the boy.

We tried it on the polished foot-board of the bedstead, and on other surfaces. The little broom straws didn't like too much friction; but who does?

Then we experimented a little. If we started the straws in the centre, the points slightly inclined outward, they walked in the opposite direction, stopping only at the fingers holding the straw. If one was bent to form a sharper angle than the other, and its "legs" cut a little shorter, the longer, broader straw would pass completely over its smaller comrade, the little one going under without a hitch, and each proceeding on the even tenor of its way until it reached the opposite end. This was very funny. The straws must not drag too much, just touch.

"Seems just as if they had sense, doesn't it?" musingly asked the boy, watching them.

"If I hadn't seen it, I never would have believed it!" I repeated, creeping, shivering, back to bed at last.

"I wouldn't myself, either," declared the boy, emphatically.

But that's nothing. That boy never believes anything until it is proved to his complete satisfaction.

E. L. C.

THE OLDEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD.

THE most ancient, the most picturesque, and the most interesting pile in the world stands half a mile below London Bridge, commanding the Thames from St. Saviour's Creek to St. Olave's Wharf, and is known as the Tower of London.

The very name of this wonderful building suggests a thousand dramas. It is a palace, a court, a hall of council, or a State prison, as the fancy chooses to make it. Its very walls speak with human interest, and every inch of the massive structure is identified with human life. Its existence began before history itself took definite shape. A part of it was a Saxon stronghold, and is mentioned in Saxon chronicles. The remains of a Roman wall may still be traced near its foundations, which many writers insist have existed since the days of Cæsar. The plan of the building, in its present form, was commenced by William the Conqueror. As it surpasses all other edifices in interest, so its antiquity dwarfs them into comparative insignificance. With its eight hundred years of historic life, and its nineteen hundred years of traditional fame, it may be said to be a part of all we know, and a part of all we are. The historic pride of other famous buildings pales before this grim old battlement. The oldest palace in Europe—the west front of the Burg in Vienna—dates from the time of Henry III. The old Louvre was commenced in the reign of Henry VIII., and the Tuileries in the time of Elizabeth. Versailles had no existence before the time of the Civil War in England, and its site was a swamp and wilderness. The wonderful Escorial belongs to the seventeenth century, and the beautiful Sans Souci, the pride of German emperors, was erected as late as the eighteenth century. The Kremlin, of Moscow, and the Doge's Palace, in Venice, can date only to the fourteenth century, and the oldest part of the Vatican was commenced by the man whose name it bears—Borgia. The Seraglio in Stamboul was built by Mohammed II., and the Serail of Jerusalem was erected under the dominion of the Turks. The palaces of such ancient names as Athens, Cairo, and Teheran, are but modern inventions.

Within the vaults of this ancient pile many a book was written. There the accomplished Duke of Orleans wrote his charming *Poesies*. There Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his *Historie of the World*. There Elliot produced his *Monarchy of Man*, and Penn his *No Cross, no Crown*. Upon its stones men and women have engraved the thoughts which burned within their souls, and every chamber tells a story of human experience. The mighty structure seems to echo with human ambition and glory, love and hate, hope and despair. Tragedy and comedy walk hand in hand through its corridors. England's history is there, and with it much of the history of the world. Cranmer and Latimer and Ridley speak to us from its walls; Lady Jane Grey, Anne Boleyn and Elizabeth, haunt us at every turn; and Raleigh and Wyatt and Sir Thomas More here stamped the very stones with the impress of their own lofty dignity.

Great in history, the Tower is equally great in literature. It colors the thoughts of Bacon and the inspiration of Shakespeare, and the one structure in the world which seems to have gathered into itself the great stream of events and the great stream of human experience is the Tower of London. ZITELLA COCKE

MEMORABLE MEMORIES.

BY FRED F. FOSTER.

IN HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE for April 19 there appeared an article entitled "How to Remember Dates," which will profit those who have not already done so to read. As a supplement to that article the writer has prepared the following:

Breathe upon a piece of glass, and then write upon it with your finger or whatever else you choose. The inscription will soon become invisible; but if the glass is laid away where nothing can touch it, by breathing upon it at any time the writing will again be brought to view.

Similarly, metaphysicians—those who deal with mental phenomena—claim that any impression made upon the mind is indelible; in other words, that what one learns he always knows.

The vast amount of information which, accordantly with this theory, must accumulate in one's mind in a comparatively short time would be valueless if one were unable to use it as occasion required. And "memory" is what that faculty is called which enables one to reproduce the stored-away information, as the breath reproduces the writing above mentioned.

Early in the article referred to the author says: "By patient, well-directed effort, any intelligent boy or girl can develop his or her memory, however poor it may be." The assertion is true and encouraging; but some have by nature possessed, or by "well-directed effort" acquired, marvellous memories.

The Emperor Claudius—who adopted the infamous Nero, and was poisoned by the latter's mother that her son might be raised to the throne—so thoroughly memorized the works of Homer, Sallust, and Aristotle, that if given any line in these works he could complete the sentence in which it occurred. And the philosopher Seneca—Nero's preceptor—is said never to have forgotten anything; could repeat four thousand names in the order in which they were stated to him.

Some two centuries ago a young Corsican resided in Padua—whither he had come to study law—who was reported to have a remarkable memory. A prominent man in the city, Muretus by name, expressed a desire to test his ability, and the student willingly consented to have him do so. Accompanied by a number of auditors, the two retired to a drawing-room, where Muretus dictated words in various languages, and having no connection with one another, until he was weary, as was the one who wrote them down. The Corsican repeated them as they had been delivered; beginning with the last, repeated them backward; recited them in any order desired, unhesitatingly and without making a single mistake.

Probably no one ever possessed a more notable memory than Magliabecchi, who was born in Florence about the middle of the seventeenth century, and was never outside the limits of the city. He read everything that he came across, and remembered every word that he read. Throughout Europe those engaged in literary pursuits would seek of him information with reference to "authorities" upon subjects which they intended to treat. Such information he was always prepared to furnish, frequently referring the inquirer to two hundred authors.

On a certain occasion Duke Cosmo III. asked him if he knew of a particular volume and where it could be obtained. He replied: "Sire, there is but one copy in existence, and the wealth of your realm would not enable you to purchase it. It is in the library of the Sultan at Constantinople; is the seventh book on the seventh shelf on the right hand as you enter the room."

OUR TIMEPIECES.

WHAT familiar and commonplace friends are our timepieces! How dependent we are upon their voices and their fidelity! Yet there was a period when people relied upon very crude and inexact measurements of time, compared to the accurate instruments which remind us of the flight of moments and hours and days.

Many authorities ascribe the invention of clocks to Pacificus, Archdeacon of Verona in the ninth century; while others accord the invention to Boethius in the sixth century. Whichever of these statements is true, we see how long people of culture and learning were dependent upon sundials. Hour-glasses—which measured time by sand—were found upon almost all the desks of the students of the fifth and sixth centuries. Alfred the Great measured time by the burning of a candle, and was very careful to trim the wick himself, that it might burn steadily. Little instruments for measurement of time, called clepsydræ, were filled with water, the measured dropping of which marked the minutes and

hours. Clocks moved by weights are said to have existed first among the Saracens. The most ancient clock of which we have any record was erected in a tower of the palace of Charles V. of France, in 1379, by Henry de Wyck, a German artist. Shortly after that period clocks were erected at Strasbourg, Courtray, and Speyer. The use of the pendulum was suggested very much in the same way that the thought which led to the theory of gravitation began in Newton's mind. Galileo, when only twenty years of age, was standing one day in the great church of Pisa, and observed a lamp, suspended from a ceiling, as it swung backward and forward. To Galileo's mind the regularity of the movement suggested a train of thought, which led to the perfection of the method now in use—the measuring of time by means of a pendulum. Like every other invention, improvements came with years, until the force of ingenuity seemed unable to go further, and wonderful clocks have been possessed by all nations. A town-hall clock in Liverpool has kept its works unimpaired for one hundred years, accurately measuring the time. A clock in the castle of Edinburgh is controlled by a clock in the observatory on Calton Hill, and neither varies from precise indication of the hour. One of the most beautiful pieces of workmanship is to be seen among the historical relics of England—a clock presented by Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn.

Watches came after clocks, and first made their appearance at Nuremberg about the year 1477, and were called Nuremberg Eggs, from their shape. Some were made in form of a pear, and were frequently fixed in the head of a walking-cane. As the pendulum wrought the perfection of the clock, so the watch was not completed until the invention of the spiral spring as a regulator. This was done by Dr. Hooke about the year 1658. These egg-shaped, pear-shaped watches were hung from a girdle, and soon all sorts of shapes came into vogue. An Englishman, Morgan, a collector of curiosities, has a watch in form of a golden horn, which discharges every hour a diminutive pistol. The Earl of Stanhope has a watch in shape of an egg, cut in jacinth and set with diamonds. Lady Fitzgerald has in her possession a watch which is said to have been a present from Louis XIII. to Charles I. of England, ornamented with a picture of St. George and the Dragon. A very beautiful watch, said to have belonged to Queen Elizabeth, is in form of a duck, ornamented with scrolls and angels' heads, the wheels working on rubies. In the reign of Henry II. of France it became the absurd fashion to wear watches ornamented with skeletons and deaths' heads, and other frightful shapes, a fashion set by the famous Diana de Poitiers. In 1620 watches began to assume the shapes now universally worn, although in the seventeenth century it became quite the fashion to wear watches in form of a cross.

FIFTEEN TO-DAY.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

FOR the last time, dear dolly, I dress you,
And carefully put you away;
You can't tell how much I shall miss you,
But then I am fifteen to-day.

And you, not so very much younger—
Have you nothing at parting to say?
Are you sorry our fun is all over,
And that I am fifteen to-day?

What walks we have had through the clover;
What rides on the top of the hay;
What feasting in grandmother's garret!
And now I must put you away.

Cousin Ethel just buried her dolly,
With its eyes open wide, and as blue
As yours, my sweet dolly, this minute;
I couldn't do that, dear, to you.

Oh, stop, dolly! what am I thinking?
Why cannot I give you away?
There's a poor little girl I love dearly,
And she's only ten years to-day.

How happy your bright face would make her!
She never had playthings like you,
With all your fine dresses and trinkets.
Yes, dolly, that's just what I'll do.

I do believe, dolly, I'm crying.
"What nonsense, child!" grandma would say.
Good-by; one last kiss; I'm half sorry
That I am fifteen, dear, to-day.



FILIAL PRIDE

"OH, PAPA! HOW SORE YOU LOOK!"

A TERRIBLE DEPRIVATION.

"WHY, Willie, why are you crying so?"

"Boo-hoo! Mamma won't let me have any sugar on my honey."

DIFFERENT OPINIONS.

TYLER. "I'd like to have seen that baseball match yesterday. The score was 20 to 0, wasn't it?"

PERRY. "Yes; but our side was the nothing—I didn't care much for it."

A HAPPY PLAN.

SAMMY. "I wish that geographies and arithmetics had lots and lots of pictures."

TEACHER. "Why so?"

SAMMY. "Then there wouldn't be so much printing, and we wouldn't have so much to learn in each."

A GREAT EXPENSE.

"HUMPH!" said Larkin to himself over his history lesson, "it must cost an awful lot of money to keep the King of Spain in crowns that will fit until he's grown up."

DEGREES OF GREATNESS.

RANDOLPH. "My papa took dinner with the President once."

ARCHIE. "Pooh! what's that? My papa used to know Mr. Barnum."

AN INCONVENIENT GAME.

KENT. "Do you ever play tennis with your big brother?"

NEELY. "Sometimes; but I don't like to, because when a ball gets lost, he sits down and smokes while I look for it."

IN HARD LUCK.

"I DON'T think we'll have many cherries this year," sighed Charlie, "'cause sister thinks cherry blossoms are meant to decorate the rooms with. That's why."

Now that marble-time is coming in, mothers and fathers would be glad to see patent trousers with cast-iron knees for boys.

DOG STUDIES.

THE principal difference between a pug-dog and a cur is that you have to pay a big amount for the first, and you can't get rid of the second at any price.

A HAPPY THOUGHT.

A CAT sat on our fence one night,
And merrily sang he:
His coat was mottled black and white,
As I could plainly see.

I called to him, I bawled to him,
But he would not reply:
He sang with unabated vim,
And "winked his other eye."

I took my ancient pistol down
From its accustomed place,
I fear a very murd'rous frown
O'erspread my handsome face.

I shot at him, nor missed my aim,
But still he would not go:
Though bullet-pierced, he sang the same,
My brave, untiring foe.

A thought at last came to my head—
I sang: I knew he'd wince!
But he did more; in fright he fled.
I've never seen him since. HELEN GRANBERY.

POOR LOGIC.

FATHER. "I suppose you're glad vacation is so near."

DONALD. "I don't know; 'cause the quicker it gets here, the sooner it will be over."

PROOF IN THE EATING.

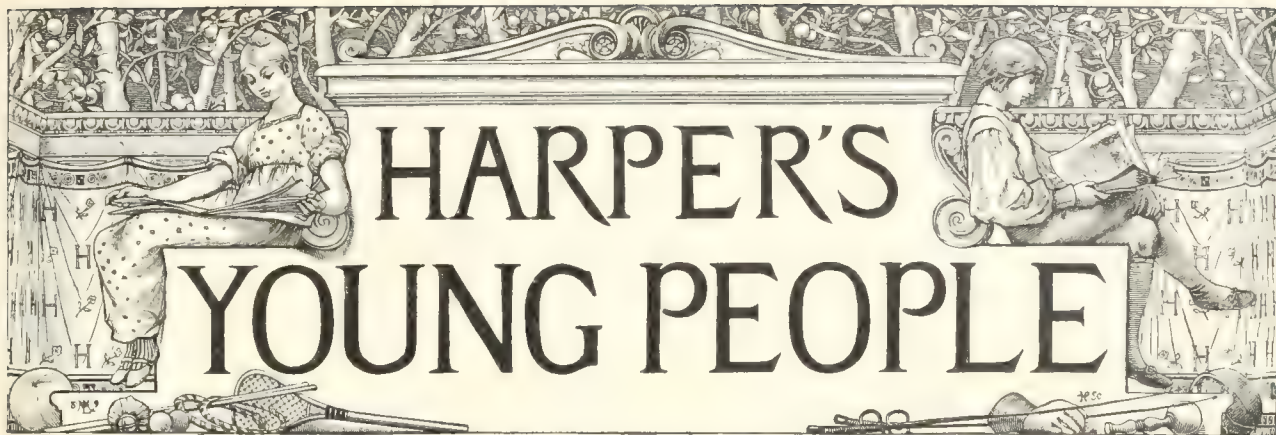
"DON'T eat any green apples," cautioned mamma, as Walter started for his uncle's farm.

"But how am I to know they ain't ripe unless I eat them?" asked Walter; "because some apples are green when they're ripe."



PLUCK.

HOW TOMMY TRADDLES WAS CARRIED DOWN TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA BY A FISH, AND WAS HAULED UP, WITH HIS FISH, IN A FISHERMAN'S NET.



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

COLONEL PEGGY.

BY JOSEPHINE BALESTIER.

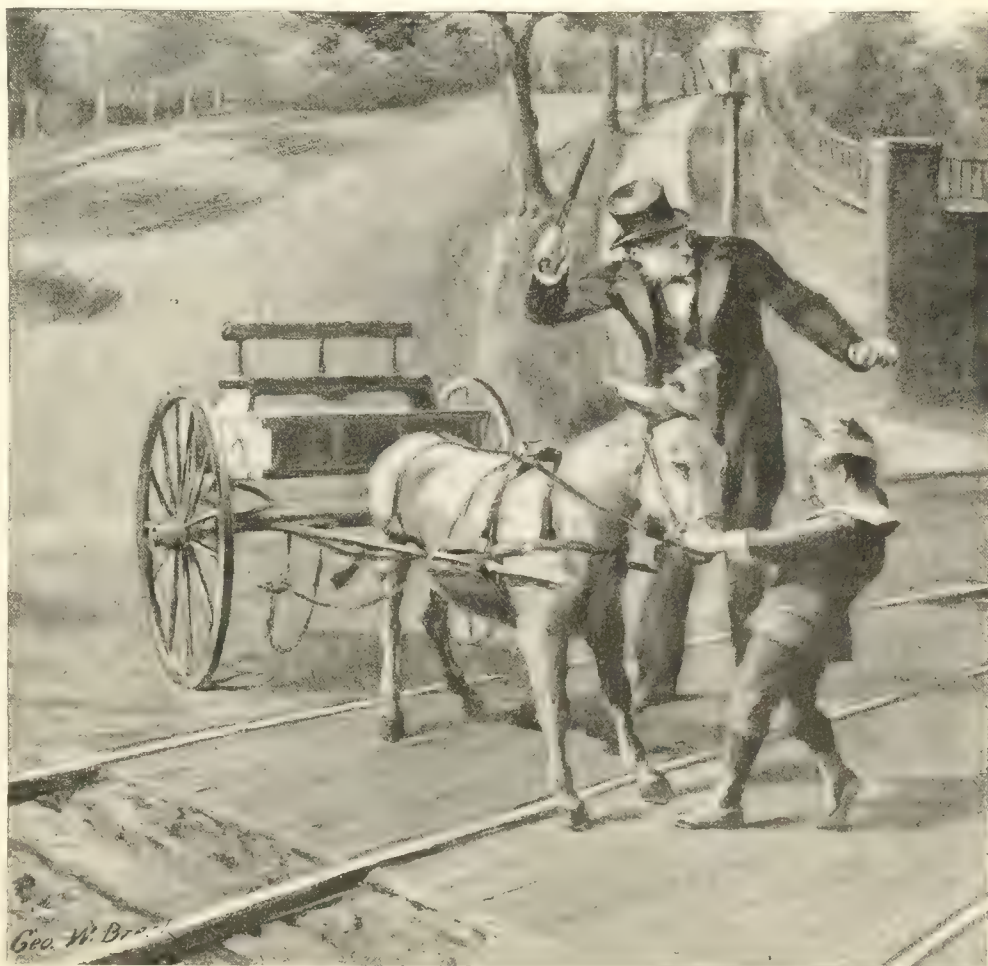
"IT isn't fair, Jack. Girls can be soldiers as well as boys, and I think you *might* let me join your company," said Peggy, pleading and defiant.

It was an old argument between them. Jack had organized a company among the boys of his age in Bellamy, the village in which the Osborne family spent their summers, and Peggy—who, up to this time, had always been her brother's companion and friend, sharing with him his games and his tramps, his rides and fishing expeditions, and even his contempt for girls—was as much astonished as hurt when he refused to let her enlist because she herself belonged to the despised sex. In vain she begged and protested. It was Jack's philosophy that a girl's a girl and a boy's a boy. To his mind there were two classes of society—one included those fit for soldiers; the other, those designated as "no good."

To the latter class belonged all girls, and happy the few boys considered worthy the aristocracy of the former, for Jack was a favorite among the Bellamy boys, who thought him a stunning good fellow, though he *was* a city chap. He had come back this summer fresh from a military school, full of the plan of organizing a company among the boys at Bellamy, and had been received with enthusiasm. Eager followers rallied about his standard. It was soon the ambition of every boy in the village to belong to Osborne's company.

Captain Jack himself looked upon each new acquaintance as so much possible military material. When his six-year-old cousin Arthur came to visit them, he promptly worked him in as a drummer-boy, and when the donkey was given to Peggy, "Great Scott, what an Orderly!" he cried.

Peggy's resolute appeal to Captain Jack that September morning was the last arrow in her quiver. In a few minutes he would start for the train that was to carry him to the city, where his school was reopening. The



Osbornes planned to stay in the country later than usual that autumn, and until they returned to the winter house Jack was to go back and forth daily.

Now Peggy argued with her wise little self that the excitement of this "beginning day" might make Jack particularly good-natured, and that his good nature might induce him to yield. So once more she pleaded that it wasn't fair; that girls *could* be soldiers as well as boys, and that she did think he might let her "list."

"Pshaw!" laughed Jack, swinging his strap of books over his shoulder as he opened the door, "don't be a goose, Peg! Who ever heard of a girl soldier, I'd like to know?"

"I did," answered Peggy, stanchly. "There was Joan of Arc. Don't you remember Cousin Bessie's telling us about her? And there were lots of Queens of England and France, and Asia, Africa, and Europe, and—everywhere; and they used to go to war at the head of their armies, and they used to win the battles; and if it hadn't been for them—"

"Pooh!" interrupted Jack. "That's all nonsense! They lived hundreds of years ago. It couldn't happen now. Look here!" he went on, not unkindly, seeing his little sister's rueful face, "I'm awfully sorry, Peg, but really I couldn't. The other fellows wouldn't like it. But I'll tell you what you *can* do," he added, magnanimously. "You can be hospital nurse, and when one of us is wounded, and carried off the battle-field bleeding, you can wind handkerchiefs around us, like that girl in the picture, you know, with the wounded knight, and you can pretend to pour stuff on us out of big bottles."

But Peggy was not to be appeased by handkerchiefs and big black bottles. Once, when her mother was ill, the smell of ether had driven Peggy out of the house. She had never forgotten the queer feeling it had given her; and to be offered the post of nurse, in which she felt sure that she would have to deal with drugs even more terrible, was adding insult to injury.

"I don't want to be a hospital nurse," she said, trying like the little soldier she really was to steady the lips that *would* quiver. "I don't want to be a hospital nurse; I want to be a *soldier*!"

"Oh, come, now, Peggikins, don't take it so hard! I'd let you, you know, if I possibly could. But you see it never would do. Good-by. It's time I was off. Soldiers have to be prompt, you know. Good-by. Cheer up, Peg;" and away he ran, and was almost out of sight before Peggy knew that he was gone.

Then she ran after him, shouting: "Jack, Jack, I'm going to play I'm a soldier, anyway."

But Jack was beyond hearing, and Peggy walked slowly back to the house. "I don't care," she said to herself again. It was her usual way of expressing that she *did* care a great deal—"I don't care; I'll just play by myself, without Jack, and I won't be only a private either; I'll be a Captain, and Arthur shall be my staff, and I'll make Stub *my* Orderly."

In a few minutes she had forgotten her injury, and was coaxing over Arthur, who proved a willing deserter. Now that the other army had retreated behind the stony hills of algebra and Latin conjugations, why should he not join the enemy, in whose camp there was still some fun to be had?

Elated at her easy victory, Peggy settled herself gayly in the hammock under the apple-trees to make three soldier caps—one for herself, one for Arthur (she did not think it fair for him to wear the one he used in Jack's company, and the first article in Peggy's simple creed was fairness), and one for the astonished Stub. She had great difficulty in making this obstinate young Orderly keep it on his head. In the first place he insisted upon wearing his ears outside the cap. Those ears were the most energetic organs that our friend Stub possessed. No

matter with what decision and firmness he refused to move the rest of his body, his ears at least never balked. They wagged incessantly, like a pendulum. They were a sort of moral weather-vane, indicating his mood—which way his humor blew—waving contentedly over his meals, indignantly "answering back" in quarrels, or keeping languid time with his step as he promenaded along the country roads. In turn they were excited, inquisitive, meek, resolute. Just now they were rebellious. The idea of being forced into wearing on one's head a peaked thing for all the world like a dunce's cap! What would the other donkeys say? And the horses who had always made fun of him—how they would grin! It was an outrage. The eloquent ears flapped revolt. Peggy and Arthur only laughed aloud at the grotesque figure he cut as they tied the red cap under his chin with two hair ribbons; but Stub did not see the joke. For once Master Stubborn must himself be the victim.

The children, still laughing, led him under Cousin Bessie's window, and at sight of the fantastic Stub she joined in their merriment. She asked whether it would be beneath the Orderly's dignity to fetch her some embroidery floss from one of the village shops, and though Stub's ears declared fiercely that it would be, the Captain and "Staff" were only too delighted to have a legitimate errand for their Orderly.

So to town the martial trio went, astonishing the quiet villagers by their military appearance. They begged many errands of Mrs. Osborne and "Lady Bess," as they called their pretty cousin, and these done, marched about the lawn drumming, with a keener sense of fun than of musical time, until they were summoned to luncheon, when Peggy, her face flushed with pleasure and excitement, her shoulders back and head high, cried: "Right about face! Proceed to mess, my men!"

Her mother said that Peggy must rest a little while after luncheon. Soldiers should be strong for their work, and her little Captain would not be able to bear the strain of a warrior's life unless she took a furlough sometimes.

With such tactful arguments, Mrs. Osborne, putting a book into Peggy's hand, persuaded her to sit down in the cool shady nursery and read for an hour. Peggy looked longingly from the matter-of-fact library cover of her book to the free woods and lawn with all a soldier's impatience to be on the field of battle. Her mother stole from the room, and with her unconscious instinct for finding honey even in the least fragrant flower, Peggy in a few minutes turned with a sigh to the book.

She had expected to drag out the imprisoned hour, but her book brought the woods and the open air into the house. She was soon lost in its delights, and wandered on and on, forgetting her own Staff and Orderly in tales of knightly adventure, of courageous deeds of war. There was one story that particularly thrilled her. It was of a brave and clever Captain who, by a sudden brilliant manoeuvre, saved his men at the sacrifice of his own life. Peggy thought she would like to defend her Staff in just that noble and daring way. But there was nothing to defend it from. It was as safe as—as pudding!

Peggy read on greedily. The afternoon was slipping, slipping into the land of yesterday, but she did not heed its departure, nor once look up until, noting a shadow glide across the page, she started, and then laughed, to find that it was not one of her heroes come to life, but her own mother bending over her.

"Well, little maid, you have taken a longer rest than I prescribed. Is your book so very interesting?"

Then Peggy, with gleaming eyes, repeated the story of the brave officer and how he had saved his men.

The ever-sympathetic mamma listened attentively, and the story over, she and Peggy had one of their "nice talks."

"But all this is not what I came to say, sweet P. I thought you might like to take the donkey-cart and go to meet Jack on the 4.27. If you start directly, you will reach the station just in time. I am sure Arthur would like to go with you, and coming back he can sit behind. Make haste, dear. See, the cart is at the door."

Away flew Peggy for her hat and Arthur. Strange to say, Arthur was easily found, and still stranger, so was the hat. The former miracle was attributed to mamma; as to the latter, there was not time to solve the mystery, for the train would be due in fifteen minutes, and Peggy had learned that Master Stubborn went on no schedule time; that he made his time-table to fit the stock of energy he happened to have on hand.

She sprang lightly to her seat in the pretty little donkey-cart, while Arthur clambered up on the other side. They had on their regimentals, for Peggy wished to show Jack that she *could* be a soldier.



MAKING SOLDIER CAPS.

"Good-by, mamma! Good-by, Lady Bess! Go 'long. Stub! Obey, Orderly! Right about face! Advance!"

"Good-by! Be good children. Don't let Stub run away with you."

"He couldn't if he tried," laughed back Peggy.

Apparently he had no intention of trying. His mood seemed a pensive one, and he started off on a thoughtful ramble.

"It's just as well mamma allowed so much time for us," observed Peggy. "At this rate we sha'n't have much time to spare at the station. We must sit up very straight like soldiers," she went on. "Perhaps when Jack sees how much like one I look in my cap, he'll let me join *his* company, after all. Oh, I read such a splendid soldier story this afternoon, Arthur!"

"Did you?" cried the Staff, eagerly. Whenever it scented a story in the air, it pricked up its ears like a war-horse at the smell of powder. "Oh, do tell it to me, please, Peggy!"

"W-e-e-l," assented Peggy, with a grand air, "if you will promise to call me Captain, and mind me as your s'perior off'cer--"

"What's a s'perior off'cer?" asked Arthur, in an awed voice.

"A s'perior off'cer is above you in the army, and his men have to do just what he tells them to. This story that I'm going to tell you is all about a s'perior off'cer."

"Well, tell ahead!" said Arthur. "Don't make Stub

go any faster, and there'll be plenty of time for the whole of the story."

So, as they crawled along the country road, and through the village to the station, Peggy told the story. It lasted beyond the loitering houses on the outskirts, and mounted to the last thrilling scene just before the soldiers reached the station.

This station was awkwardly situated on the other side of the track from Bellamy, and it was impossible to wait for a train on the village side of the rails because the approach led down a steep hill.

As Stub, still deep in reverie, descended the hill, his meditative step became slower and slower. Peggy tried to urge him into a trot. She was always a little uneasy about crossing the track, and liked to get it over quickly. But the nature of Master Stubborn was not a plastic one. He was begged to go faster; therefore he slackened his pace. Calmly he crept down the hill, calmly took three steps on the track—and calmly stood still.

It was a favorite pastime of his to stop short without warning, and not to stir until his inclination dictated. Peggy, who loved this pet of hers with the love of a friend and the new additional bond of a brother in arms, could not bear to whip him, though, when it became inevitable, Stub himself never seemed to mind it at all. He went right on in his wicked way, or declined to go on in any way at all.

He declined now, and even his gentle mistress saw, as Stub stood on the dangerous track, that if ever donkey needed whipping this was the occasion. But *her* donkey was an Orderly. His most effective stimulus should come from a military command. The superior officer gave it, sternly: "Forward, Orderly! Advance, I say!"

But the Orderly did not advance.

"Oh, Stub, you must go 'long," Peggy pleaded. "Don't you see this is the railroad track, and you'll be run over if you stay here? Go 'long, Stub; go 'long."

Stub remained unmoved.

"He doesn't seem to obey *his* s'perior off'cer so very much," chuckled the Staff.

"There is nothing to laugh about, Arthur. 'Sh-h! There's the whistle at Ashley!"

Ashley was a town three miles away. The local express was running into the station there now. It would stop only one minute, and in six minutes more it would be at Bellamy.

Peggy clutched the whip in both hands, and shutting her eyes to keep out the sight of dear Stub's pain, dealt him lash upon lash with all her little strength. Stub did not move. The whistle had stopped. The train was under way. Only three miles!

"Jump out, Arthur!" cried Peggy, as she set the example. "Quick, quick! Here, pull Stub; pull with all your might. Oh, we can never do it," she moaned, dropping the halter. Then, "Run off the track, Arthur. Come!" And Peggy snatched his hand to go with him. But the next instant she flung it from her again. "Oh no," she cried, "I can't! Come back, Arthur. We can't leave Stub all alone to be killed. I must save him; I must! I *must*! I must stop the train. You stay and take care of Stub; don't you dare to move. Give me your word as a soldier you won't. Promise, promise! I'm your s'perior officer, and you've *got* to obey me!"

As she spoke, Peggy tore off her sash, and the reluctant promise obtained, with one violent jerk she unfastened all the buttons of her little white frock, jumped out of it, snatched it up, and ran toward the train, which was not yet in sight.

"Oh, Peggy, come back!" wailed Arthur after her.

"Where are you going?"

But Peggy gave no answer. She ran on, waving with both hands her white signal.

"Oh, Stub, we'll be run over and killed," he moaned.

"Why won't you go? Oh, go 'long, Stub; go 'long; we'll be killed!" And the poor little soldier flung his arms round the Orderly's neck and sobbed.

As he crumpled his paper cap forlornly against Stub's, a deep voice, quite terrifying in its solemnity, said:

"Child, this is neither the place nor hour for tears. A few minutes, and a train will be due upon the spot on which you stand. Drive the animal from the track."

"But he won't drive," sobbed Arthur. "I've beat him and beat him, and he won't budge."

"What absurdity is this? Get up!" the stately old man commanded the donkey in an imperial tone. But the donkey did not move.

"Get up, I say!" the voice of majesty repeated. "Why, can't you see there is danger—danger! The train is approaching, you will be killed! You will be shattered to atoms! Are you utterly devoid of reason? This is a railroad track; the train is coming. Do you hear?"

Seeing that the donkey still remained tranquil, Mr. Stanhope turned to Arthur. "It is hopeless," he said; "quite futile. We must resign the beast to his fate. Let us repair to the station platform."

As he spoke, the first low rumble sounded in the distance. At the note of warning, Mr. Stanhope dropped his elaborate manner and gave the sharp, quick command:

"Run off the track! Not a moment's delay! Run!"

"But I can't," sobbed Arthur. "I promised, I promised, and I-I-I'm a so-o-o-oldier!"

"A what! If you do not leave the track this instant, I shall be obliged to take you from it by force."

Arthur only clung to Stub's neck.

Feeling that the time for argument was past, Mr. Stanhope laid hold of the boy to carry him from the track without more ado. But Arthur's terror, which had left but one idea clearly in his mind—that he had given his word as a soldier to stay with Stub, and that stay he would—lent him desperate strength. He clung to the Orderly, kicking fiercely, and it only remained to beat the donkey from the track. Raising his cane, Mr. Stanhope dealt the placid Orderly a lively blow.

Stub's ears flapped peacefully against the red tissue. Stroke after stroke descended upon his unanswering hide. The old gentleman strained his eyes in the direction of the train. It was in sight now, and came thundering on like a hungry giant. The cane was raised for a last blow, when its owner caught sight of a white figure, so tiny that he had not before observed it, running directly toward the train waving aloft a white danger signal. At that moment the train, which had evidently been slowing up, came to a full stop. At every window heads were quickly thrust out—faces of frightened women, little children's faces bobbing excitedly, serious inquiring faces attached to the commercial shoulders of men returning from their day's work in town. The latter were shouting to know what all this row was about. They looked up and down the track, but all they saw was a little girl in petticoats and snug-fitting under-waist waving her dress, although the train had stopped and the danger was past, still waving, waving. Then, further on, they perceived a donkey-cart on the track, an elegant old gentleman standing by it, his cane suspended over the soldier-capped donkey, and a little boy clinging to the animal, and kicking in all directions.

Passengers streamed from the cars and ran toward the donkey-cart, the crowd headed by a boy with a strap of school-books over his shoulder, who waved his cap in the air, crying: "Hurrah for Peggy!"

As he came up to the cart, the old gentleman, who had dropped his cane on the Orderly's back in bewilderment (not that Stub minded), asked what had stopped the train. Had the engineer noticed the obstruction on the track in time? Or had their escape to do with the little white figure he had seen?

"Why, of course," answered Jack, "it was Peggy. She stopped the train. I saw her waving. Three cheers for Peg! Where is she, Arthur? Why, don't be a baby! What are you crying for now, I'd like to know? The train has stopped. Hurrah for Peggy! Hurrah!"

And Jack went off in search of his gallant sister. Strange that she should have disappeared! And those older fellows were talking of lifting Stub right off the track, and putting him into the express wagon Bill Fleming had offered. It would be great sport to see that done. Peggy ought not to lose the fun. But where could she be?

The truth was that when the first excitement was over, when the train had actually stopped and the passengers had flocked from it, she had been seized with a fit of modesty, and had run behind a bush to put on the dress again which had done such good service.

Jack spied her just as she was coming out, struggling with the buttons up the back. She caught sight of him at the same minute, and called out to him to please come and help her.

"Help you!" cried Jack. "You've done the helping! You're a brick, Peg!" he declared, as he fumbled with the top button.

Now to Peggy there was no greater happiness possible than to be called a brick by Jack—yes, just one! If only—

"Jack," she said, a bit shyly, as his clumsy fingers fought with the small button-holes—"Jack, don't you think that I look like a soldier in my cap? I made one for Stub, too, and he's been my Orderly. I've been playing soldier all day."

"Playing! You've done more than play! I tell you, Peg, you've acted more like a real soldier than all my company put together. I'm going to make you Colonel."

"Oh, Jack, don't tease; but it's been such fun, and if only you would let me 'list in your company!"

"Tease! Who's teasing? I'm in dead earnest. Hurrah for Colonel Peggy!"

"Jack, Jack, you don't really mean it? Oh, you dear, good—." The rest of the adjectives were smothered in a big hug.

"Oh, come now, don't be a goose, Peg," said Jack, his face nevertheless beaming with pleasure. "Come and see them put Stub in the wagon. They're going to carry him home. Never mind the rest of the buttons; tie up your sash, and it'll keep the dress on. Come along!"

He dragged the newly made Colonel to the track, where they were just in time to see Stub, with kicking hoofs and winking ears, thrust into the cart.

The men tied his legs together, but the ears were left full freedom—and they used it! Lying there in bonds like a soldier taken prisoner, his gay cap crushed over one garrulous ear, poor Stub looked a sorry Orderly.

As Peggy came up, the brakemen, who were just turning to go back to the train, seeing her, shouted:

"Hurrah for the little signal-waver!" and the cheer was caught up by the crowd, and echoed by Jack's company, who by this time had arrived on the scene, school letting out opportunely.

"Hurrah for Peggy!" they cried.

But Jack's voice rang above them all: "Hurrah for Colonel Peggy. She's your Colonel now, boys; cheer your officer!"

And such a cheer as that company raised for Colonel Peggy! They shouted until they were hoarse, and then, as the train started, every head thrust from the window, every hand waving to the valiant little soldier, the boys raised her in the air with a mighty cheer, which the passengers sent back from the vanishing train.

And so at last Peggy was enlisted in her brother's company. But Stub, the Orderly of a day, was discharged from the service by Colonel Peggy.

LILY DARROW'S VENTURE.

BY ANGELINE TEAL,

AUTHOR OF "PICCO," ETC.

II.

LIL had never seen her uncle, but she knew him when he met her at the depot. He looked like Quig, or Quig looked like him.

He knew her very well, for he had a picture of her at home. She had had some photos taken of her handsome saucy face the winter before, and had sent him one with her compliments. The one-hundred-dollar check came a little while after.

Grace had said: "I feel mortified for you, Lil. I know he thought you were angling for a pretext."

And Lil replied: "All the same I wasn't, and I am very glad of the present, and not in the least mortified over it. Poor papa was his own brother, and while I should not like to be dependent upon him, or upon any one else, I am perfectly willing to accept a trifle like this whenever he sees fit to proffer it."

Lil met her uncle that day with a frank, easy, and withal lady-like manner that pleased him very much. He had neglected his brother's family for the same reason that he never went into society and never got married—to attend to them would have taken him out of the groove in which he was accustomed to run. He was a hard-working lawyer, and disinclined to interest himself in anything outside his daily business. He drove his niece home in a light buggy, behind a fleet-footed little roadster, which was his one pet and pride.

Mr. Darrow had a housekeeper, and the housekeeper had a daughter who wore eyeglasses and managed a free kindergarten.

"Miss Lily is going to reside with us while she takes a course in the Kalamazoo Business College," Mr. Darrow explained to the two ladies that evening at dinner.

They seemed to have known it before, and hoped that Miss Lily would find it pleasant.

Lil had no doubt but that she would find it pleasant enough. She was inclined to like her uncle, and set him down in her mind as being narrow, but in no sense mean. He had spoken of giving her a good many rides behind his spirited mare. It was all he could think of in the way of diversion, but other things would doubtless occur

to him as time went on. And the ladies of his household were intelligent and good women. But Lil was preoccupied with a new scheme.

The following morning her uncle accompanied her to the school, and there seemed to be nothing in the way of her beginning her studies in short-hand at once; but Lil said:

"I think I will not begin to-day. I have a call to make this afternoon."

A few hours later she took a street car to the suburban number that Mrs. Adams had given her. She had a long talk with that good woman and her husband, and returned to her uncle's house with the material for a treatise on celery culture in her note-book and Peter Henderson's pamphlet in her pocket.

Mr. Darrow listened to her that evening without a

change of countenance or a word of comment while she explained to him that she had decided to relinquish her plan of becoming a stenographer, and to go home and bring their little plot of ground under cultivation.

"You would have to work very hard," he suggested at length.

"I should have to work hard to succeed in anything," she answered, simply.

Presently he remarked, somewhat hesitatingly, "I had thought I might perhaps furnish you employment in my own office if you became a skilled type-writer."

"Thank you, uncle!" said Lil, earnestly. "That had never occurred to me, that you would give me employment."

It is a strong inducement to go on as I started out. But," she went on, impulsively, "it *does* seem to me that I could make a success of this celery business. Don't you believe I could, uncle?"

Mr. Darrow was not an impulsive man. He answered, calmly: "I do not know anything at all about it. Others have succeeded and made money, but I do not know what the undertaking requires, and it occurs to me that you are rather young for it."

A droll look flitted across Lil's face as she said: "I have heard of girls getting married at sixteen, and their friends allowing them to. It occurs to me that would be a much larger and graver undertaking than the one I contemplate."

"Well," said the judge, "it is all quite out of my line, and I cannot advise in the matter. I can hardly see why you should be so strongly drawn to this thing."



LIL, GRACE, AND QUIG BEGAN THE WORK OF SETTING OUT THE PLANTS.

To this Lil answered, with her affectionate heart shining in her sweet blue eyes: "Because, uncle, I can do this and live at home with my precious mother. She needs me so much! There's Quig, just fifteen, and full of headstrong freaks, as all boys are, and I have to take him in hand. Mother is never very well, and I know just how to nurse her. Grace is as good as gold, but she doesn't amount to much about the house; at least, not to as much as I do," and she laughed at her naïve egotism. "You understand, uncle?" she said, appealingly.

And he replied, "Yes, I think I understand."

Then he went down town to his office. Before Lil started for home, he did an odd thing. He gave her the exact sum of money which her railroad fare to Kalamazoo and return would cost her. She took it, and thanked him.

Mrs. Darrow and Grace and Quig were sitting rather quietly in the early autumn dusk, when in walked Lil. She had been gone three days.

"Oh, Lil, are you sick?" was Grace's first question.

"Do I look like it?" was Lil's answer.

"She's cut the school for a bore," cried Quig. "I knew she would. Now I can hire out in the brick-yard."

Mrs. Darrow raised herself from her low chair, took a step or two forward, leaned her head on her big girl's shoulder and cried. The children were awed, for she so seldom shed tears. Lil caressed her gently.

"You have missed me so, mother dear; I knew you would, and I've come home to stay. I've a new plan, and we can help ourselves and be together. I might have taken the short-hand course and got work. Everything looked promising, and uncle was kind, but I've learned of something better, and we can be together."

That evening Lil detailed her plan for improving the marsh. The others could not quite understand or believe in it, but Lil had the whole thing "down fine," as the saying goes, and was full of confidence. No one said a discouraging word; they were so glad to have her back.

The next week Lil hired a man with a strong team to plough up five acres of the marsh, and distribute over the newly turned soil a certain number of cart-loads of fertilizing material from the neighboring farms. Mr. Spaulding undertook to oversee this part of the work, and make sure that it was properly done. Then the new enterprise had to rest till spring. Lil and Grace gathered the apples, dug the potatoes, and husked a little patch of corn they had raised to fatten their pig. Quig went to school growling. He said it was a shame for him to be studying civil government and mental philosophy in the high-school while his sisters worked like boys. But Lil was firm.

"Go to school this fall and winter yet," she said, "and next summer you shall have your fill of work."

The winter passed, as the longest winter will, and when the proper time came, Lil sent up to the Adamses for her celery plants. They had promised to sell her a supply the first year. Mr. Adams had objected a little to assisting any one to that extent about starting celery in a new locality.

But his wife said, "The world is big, and good sultry land isn't overplenty, and live and let live is a good rule for everybody." So the plants were sent, with careful instructions about setting them out.

The ground had been harrowed, and straight deep furrows scored through it, and on a warm April morning, Lil, Grace, and Quig began the slow work of setting out the tender little plants. Does any one imagine it was an easy task? Grace was so tired by noon that her mother said that she should not go out again that day. Lil and Quig kept on till night despite aching backs and swimming heads. Grace joined them the next morning, and worked all day, only taking a long rest at noon. It was

finished at last, this hardest part of the work. There were many days and half-days afterward devoted to thinning out the rows, pulling up weeds, and the like. When blanching-time came, Quig and his sisters went into the field with hoes, and drew the soft black soil up to the stalks till only the feathery tips were visible. Providence was kind. Rains came just right. No worm or rust appeared, and by the last of June Lil had beautiful, tender, white celery ready for market.

Then she did a school-girlish thing. Selecting perfect bunches, she bound them up in half-dozens with twine; then around each package she wound half a yard of narrow blue ribbon, and tied it in a neat bow. The celery was arranged in baskets, with a bunch of June roses fastened to the handle of each, and the next morning when Mr. Spaulding drove by to town with his milk-cans, he stopped and took Quig and the baskets into the wagon.

This was Lil's method of advertising. Quig, in his best suit, with a basket on his arm, called at the hotels and the newspaper office, at the minister's and the doctor's, and at about twenty other houses in Sedley. At each place he left a package of celery with his sister's compliments, and if they liked it and wanted more, would they leave orders at Burton's grocery? It was the first of the season, and was so good that every lover of the plant was enthusiastic in its praise.

The gallant editor of the Sedley *Skylark* chewed up several pencil tops trying to compose a paragraph worthy of the theme. This is what he said:

"The attention and interest of the community have for some weeks past been attracted to the beautiful and promising celery field of Miss Lily Darrow, half a mile east of the city. A specimen of its product has been laid upon our table, for which our thanks are due. The gift was beautiful to look upon, and for tenderness and exquisite flavor, those crisp, succulent stalks could never be surpassed. Miss Darrow deserves credit for her enterprise in inaugurating a new branch of agricultural industry in this region, and we wish unbounded success to the 'blue ribbon celery' and its fair cultivator."

The orders left at Burton's were a surprise to Lil and her family. Very soon she was supplying all the celery used in town. Still the growth of her five acres was not exhausted, and when autumn came and the last of the crop had to be taken from the earth, a market had been secured for it in the neighboring villages, and not a dollar's worth was left on her hands. How rich and happy she felt through all the drudgery of that first summer, for money was coming in freely as the result of her courageous undertaking.

That fall she had another five acres of the marsh broken up and made ready for planting. As spring approached, she procured seed, made a close study of her Peter Henderson, and propagated her own plants under glass. She would have to hire a good deal of work done, but she saw her way clear to do it. She would have to buy a gentle horse and light wagon to carry her product to town, for she would have celery to ship, and had arranged with dealers in the nearest railroad towns to take weekly consignments of her celery through the entire season.

That spring the large field was planted, not all at once, but at several successive periods. Steady boys of Quig's age were hired to do the work. Lil herself walked up and down the long rows, straightening and resetting many of the plants, and replacing with better ones such as seemed bruised or feeble. One afternoon, just as the final planting was concluded, and a favoring shower had put the finishing touch to the work, two strangers called at Mrs. Darrow's cottage, and had a long talk with the widow and her daughters. They wanted to buy the marsh, and offered for it the sum of five hundred dollars. Lil smiled superior as she replied to this offer:

"We shall certainly realize that sum this season from the product of half the land. If we have the good luck we hope for, we may realize twice that sum. I think we'll not sell just yet."

After they had gone, Quig said: "You'll have to sell out, Sis. They're bound to have our land. There has a company been organized who have bought up a thousand acres of marsh around here, and they're going to raise celery."

"Let them," Lil rejoined. "As Mrs. Adams says, the world is wide; good celery land isn't overplenty, and 'let and let live' is a good rule for everybody."

That was five years ago. To-day Grace is married and living in Sedley. Quig is reading law in his uncle's office in Kalamazoo. Lil still farms the marsh, but she no longer soils her fair hands in the inky loam. She hires the labor done, but oversees every part of it, and is her own business woman from planting to marketing. She has improved and beautified the old cottage, and she still finds time to read, to make and receive visits, and to keep her beloved mother comfortable and bright with her loving attendance and cheery chat. And all the while she knows that Old Sweet's pasture lot could be sold any day in the year for the neat sum of seven thousand dollars.

THE END.

PERILS OF ALASKA TRAVELLING.

A RECENTLY returned traveller from Alaska, Mr. Israel C. Russell, says that he met with enough adventures in his journeys to satisfy the most venturesome geographical explorer. The explorers got along mostly by climbing over the steep walls of ice and snow, and across immense fields of ice. In the climbing, steps were cut in the ice, and the members of the party slowly and painfully dragged themselves up that way. At almost any time a false step would have precipitated the party thousands of feet down the frozen precipices. On one occasion they were descending, when they found that an avalanche had carried away the steps which they had made in going up. The impromptu staircase was destroyed for three hundred feet, and they had to lower a man by a rope to chop out another, there being no other way of getting down. Such accidents as this were not uncommon. Avalanches were continually falling, rushing down the slopes with the speed of railway trains, and with a roar like thunder, the sound being audible twenty miles away.

One night about twelve o'clock the party was passing over a bad place in the Agassiz Glacier. Two men were in the lead, drawing a sled. Suddenly they disappeared, having fallen into a fissure in the ice. A projecting ledge about twenty feet below luckily caught them, else they would never have been seen again. They were hauled out with ropes.

In the same neighborhood, the next day, the party were travelling over a great ice field, and Mr. Russell, turning to look back over the way he had come, was startled to see that the greater part of the field had disappeared, leaving an enormous hole of unknown depth. Another time one of the men tumbled into a crevasse, or narrow slit in the ice, and was only saved by the pack fastened to his shoulder, which interrupted his fall through a twist in the frozen tunnel which had yawned for him.

One would think such dangers sufficient to chill the ardor for adventures in the most enthusiastic arctic explorer. It looks fine to return with hard-earned laurels, but the chances are great against the laurels, and in favor of the ardent traveller finding an ignominious grave in some ice hole, or at the bottom of some unsuspected precipice.

A VISIT TO A DUCK FARM.

BY BENJAMIN NORTHROP.

THOSE boys who live in the country and read *YOUNG PEOPLE* should be grateful to Major Fred Mather, the superintendent of the fish-hatching station owned and conducted by the New York State Fishery Commissioners at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. Mr. Mather has discovered how American wild-ducks and Chinese ducks can be bred in captivity. And, what is more, he has told me about it, so that I can tell you, and then you can go into the business of wild-duck breeding on your own account.

Mr. Mather began raising ducks a great many years ago, and had some queer experiences before he learned as much as he knows now about the business. At first the ducks wouldn't lay eggs that could be set. Then the young ducks, after they were hatched out, died or escaped, or were killed, and all his labor was for nothing. At last he has learned by repeated trials just how to breed these wild birds. But even now something frequently happens to spoil his work. Mr. Mather keeps his birds in several large wire-screened enclosures, each having a fountain and pool of water in the centre. These yards are on the side of a steep hill, and the water comes from a big spring high above. Most of the yards are partially roofed by a wire net, as cashiers' counters are in banks. This is to prevent the ducks from climbing up the wire fence and escaping. Every yard has a food-box where the grain and other food are kept, and a laying-box or nest. The wood-duck and the mandarin are accustomed to live in hollow trees. Of course it is impossible to set up a hollow tree for a nest in each yard, and these laying-boxes are used as substitutes. They are perched upon poles about five feet from the ground, and walks with cleats on them lead from the ground to the doors. Here the ducks lay their eggs and hatch out their young. The birds are fed all the corn, buckwheat, and wheat that they want. Sometimes they are fed on lettuce and cabbage leaves. Once Mr. Mather experimented with a diet of scraps from his own table, which domestic ducks find a very palatable food, but his wild birds did not relish it, and he was forced to go back to his grain and vegetable diet.

Last summer Mr. Mather had six pairs of Chinese mandarins, six pairs of wood-ducks, five pairs of green-winged teal ducks, one pair of pintails, and one pair of ivory-billed coots. He also had some unmated blue-winged teals and widgeons. This year the number is much larger, although last season was not particularly fortunate for the little birds. The ivory-billed coot hatched out six young ones, but a mink ate four of them.

Mr. Mather says that the breeding of wild-ducks has been one of his favorite pastimes for many years past. When he was a boy he enjoyed nothing so much as shooting these beautiful birds, but now he takes even more pleasure in breeding them. One of the hardest things connected with the breeding of wild-ducks and of ornamental foreign ducks is to secure the start. You can't go to a bird-dealer and buy a pair of blue-winged teal ducks, although he may be able to sell you a hundred pairs of the rarest kinds of parrots and imported songsters. There is no merchantable demand for living wild-ducks. When they are dead, they are worth a certain price per brace, and when they are alive, they are not worth a cent more. Consequently they are always killed in their capture. Mr. Mather secures many of his wild-fowls by having their nests robbed, or by having the old birds trapped. These are slow and sometimes expensive methods of beginning, but they are about the only ones that are practicable. Mr. Mather paid fifty dollars for his first pair of Chinese mandarin ducks when they were landed in New York from the steamer in which they were imported from their native land. He has been very successful in raising birds from this pair, and his flock is the only one in this country to-day. If you want to buy Chinese mandarin ducks you will have to write to Mr. Mather, and ask him where you can get them.

In the yard there must be running water and grass. The running water brings vegetable and insect food. The wood-ducks and the teals are great insect-catchers, and all ducks need some animal food. Few of the ducks that are caught when full grown will breed. The best results are obtained from those that are bred in captivity. This is the one thing that makes the starting of a duck farm so arduous an undertaking. Still some pairs will

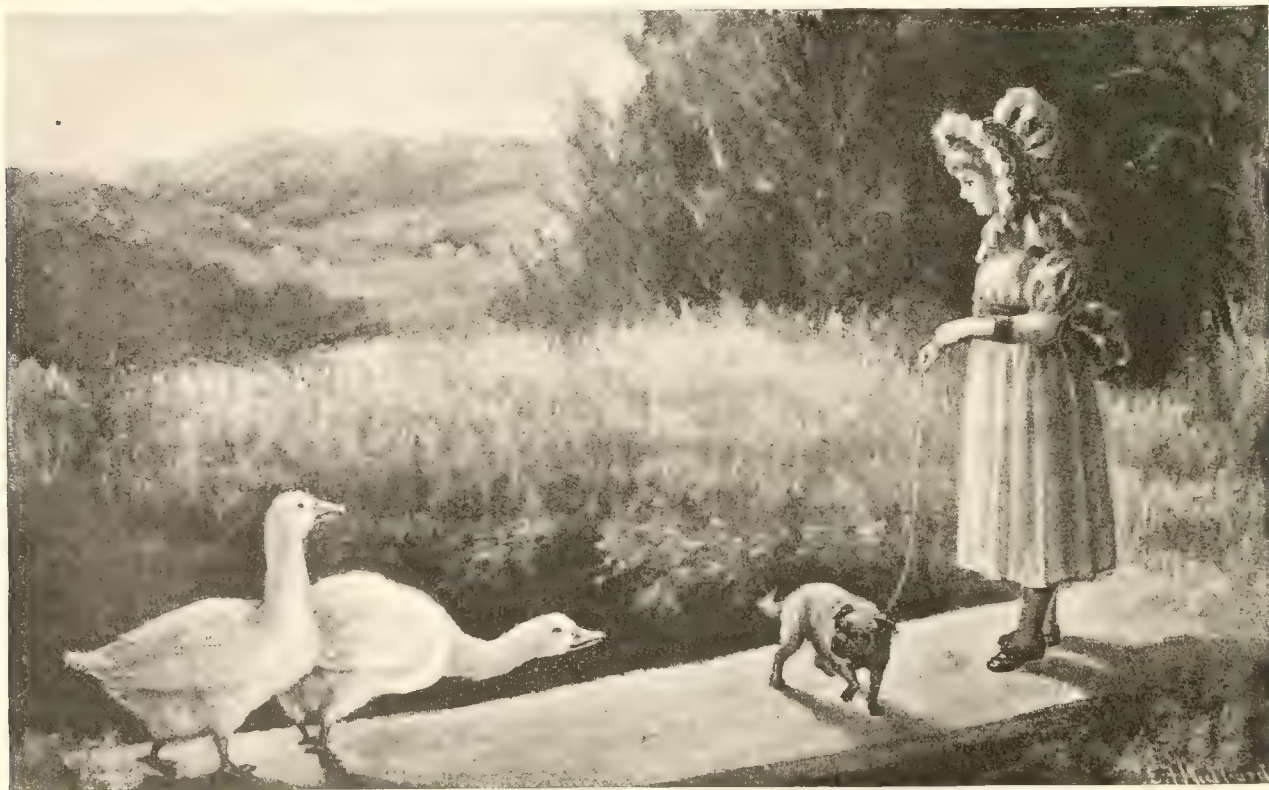
breed, and while it may take several seasons to get a successful start, with patience and care it can be done, and after it is once accomplished, the rest of the work is comparatively easy. Mr. Mather does not breed mallards and black ducks because of their close resemblance to barn-yard fowls. But if my boy reader care about breeding these kinds of ducks, he will find little trouble, as they are easily domesticated and breed readily. The other ducks breed only under conditions that approach a state of nature. All ducks do not need the breeding-box that I have already told you about. Only mandarins and wood-ducks nest in hollow trees. The pintails and teals rest on the ground. These birds all pair.

Of all gayly plumaged ducks, the mandarin drake is the handsomest. Perhaps he gets his name from the gaudy clothes that the real Chinese mandarin wears. Certainly nothing in the line of clothing worn by men comes nearer in gorgeousness to the beautiful plumage of this bird than the varicolored silk robes that the Celestial nobleman adorns his person with. These ducks lose their beautiful colors in June, and do not regain them until late in September. The same is true of the wood-duck, teal, and pintail, and other bright-colored ducks.

Mr. Mather, in a recent talk, gives his experience during the season of 1890, as follows: "My success," he says, "during that season was better than during the previous season, although it was far short of what I expected. There seems to be no available information upon the subject, at least none that I have had access to, and I have for the past few years been learning from failures. In 1888 I hatched from mandarins, and they lived one week. Their death may be attributed to close confinement, and perhaps to an artificial diet of corn meal, boiled potatoes, and boiled eggs. In the year 1889, out of fifteen hatched, twelve were raised by giving them a grass range where insects were plenty. Two years ago I turned out upon a swampy piece of land, with a large spring pond in it, seventeen pairs of wood-ducks, ten old drakes, and one pair of pintails. They were confined on about an acre of

ground, with a wire netting about three feet high. All winter these birds had been together, and had paired off. They were confined in a small enclosure near one of the windows of the fish-hatchery, and were at all times in sight. Soon after they were put in here I removed the extra drakes. Nests were provided by placing boxes about two feet from the ground in the alders, and in one of these a duck laid ten eggs. In another two were laid, and two were found on the ground. These were placed under hens, and from them I raised only three, which lived to be three weeks old. They refused all food that we offered, and spent their time in catching flies. They went out in the morning alone, but at night came up to the building with the old hen. Since then I have done better with wood-ducks, pintails, and teals. If a perfect 'mother' could be found, the difficulties would be overcome, for an incubator of good construction would do the hatching. The birds seem weak at first, and when 'mothered' by a hen they are apt to be kicked to death when she scratches for food, and when they run to her to get warm."

Among Mr. Mather's birds are two rare specimens which came to him in a very singular way. They are brants. The brant is the bird that makes most explorers of the arctic regions believe that there is an open polar sea. No explorer has ever gone so far north that he has not seen these wild-geese in advance of him. As they are not divers, and live upon marine vegetation, he reasons that they must find their food in a region where vegetation of that nature exists, and that region lies north of the most northern limit of exploration. One of these birds dashed itself against a street lamp in the village of Cold Spring Harbor last spring, and was easily captured during a severe wind and rain storm. Its mate was caught by a boy in the neighborhood about the same time. This pair does not enjoy domestic life. As Mr. Mather says, "They know they ought to be in the neighborhood of the north pole about this time, and they are restless."



WHICH TURNS BACK?—DRAWN BY E. F. HUBBARD

THE ROSE BED IN BLOOM.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

WHEN the rose bed is properly made and planted, that is not the end but the beginning of things, unless a cold, rainy May like this should make further trouble unnecessary. If watered too plentifully (and this is a failing of young gardeners), the plants will be afflicted with mildew, a species of fungus that forms on the leaves. Some flower authority says that "many a brave plant has perished because it could not swim," and it is better not to water at all after the roses have had time to become established in their new quarters, except with weak manure water once a week, than to deluge them from hose or watering-pot. When attacked by mildew, they may be nursed back into strength and beauty by giving them rich soil and frequently turning over the earth around their roots.

While a damp situation is especially bad for roses, they will not flourish in a dry, hard soil which is parched from intense heat, and mulching, or placing straw around the roots for some distance up the stem, will keep off the direct rays of the sun, and prevent the plant from drying up. Some genius once took an empty tomato can, and bored three small holes in the bottom, then sunk it into the ground close to the roots of a rose-bush, and filled it with water. The water was renewed every other day, and this was the best kind of watering, both because it was so gradual, and because it was given directly to the roots where it is most needed. The upper part of a plant does not require it except in dusty weather.

All things are growing now, as young gardeners soon find out to their sorrow, for the growing is not confined to roses. Grass and weeds seem resolved to fight every inch of ground with the cultivated things, and rake and hoe must be kept busy to root up the usurpers. It is at least easier to get rid of them now than to wait until they are firmly established.

But how did that wretched little aphid that comes in swarms get a coat that is so perfect a match for the green

leaves and stems on which it delights to feed that it is scarcely possible to tell them apart? It prefers the under side of the leaf, too, which makes it all the harder to see it; and there is so much of it that often there seems to be more bug than leaf. Fortunately, however, the tobacco-soap water recommended in "A Bed of Roses" in the Eastern Number of this paper disagrees very seriously with the aphid, nor does the insect like white hellebore or tobacco smoke any better.

This marauder and that striped abomination the rose-bug usually appear with the first buds, that they may enjoy the season from the very beginning. They cannot always be kept away from the beginning, but there is no good reason why they should see the end. It is not exactly a pleasant occupation to pick off the intruders with



JUNE ROSES.—DRAWN BY MARIA L. KIRK

one's fingers, but it is a speedy way of getting rid of them; and, after all, they are clean and dainty, for they feed only upon the most delicate food.

A brisk shaking of the plants while a pail of very hot water is held under them will soon dislodge the rose-bugs and put an end to their existence; and with so many remedies within reach, it is not at all necessary to give up in despair when the beloved rose garden seems to be covered with insects. Should the weather be very dry, a greedy red spider will probably make his appearance, and spoil the looks of the plants. They grow sickly and discouraged, as if roses and buds and even green leaves were not to be thought of. But the ugly little spider is not fond of baths, and he can be drowned with plenty of water; probably a rose-bush with a can of water at its feet would not be troubled by him.

Another trial is the severe pruning recommended by those who are wise in the ways of rose-growing. When all the thieves have been disposed of, and the young gardener has finally learned to water just enough, and to be rather stingy than generous in this respect; when the plants, if not quite so laden with bloom as the catalogues represented them, have still done wonderfully well according to the experienced—then the dreadful decree is put forth that those rose-bearing branches must be cut down half-way to the root to give them a rest, and encourage the smaller shoots to take their place. But the small shoots will not begin to bloom at once, says the discouraged proprietor, and there will be a dreary time of no roses.

Not a very long time, though, and then the plants will be stronger and better than ever, and getting ready for more work later in the season. Every rose that is gathered should be cut carefully back to an eye where a new shoot will form, as all unnecessary material, whether useless wood or fully blown roses, takes from the strength of the plant. Do not be afraid to cut the blossoms, for there is a saying that the more you cut, the more you'll have, and an old poet wrote:

"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying."

But others will come and smile in its place, and the same flower will smile for a day or two in water.

Some people will keep cut flowers for a week in good condition, and one of their secrets is to place them in scalding water as soon as they begin to droop, deep enough to cover one-third of the stem. When the water is cold, the flowers will have lost their limp appearance, and will look erect and fresh. By cutting off the shrivelled part of the stems and rearranging them in lukewarm water, they will take on a new lease of life.

BICYCLES IN A SERIOUS ROLE.

THE idea of soldiers being mounted upon bicycles seemed very amusing at first. Bicycles have always been regarded as a pleasant form of exercise, and the number of riders has increased each year, but to take the machines seriously, and to utilize them for military purposes, appeared quite ridiculous when the plan was first suggested. Suppose a regiment of bicyclists should be tearing down hill to attack the enemy, and the latter should place a tree trunk across the road? After the first rank struck the tree, the entire regiment would be nothing but a pile of men and wheels hopelessly involved; and the possibility of such a happening made one smile to think of it.

But to-day the bicycle corps are established things in the English and Continental armies, and their efficiency is generally recognized. In fact, the United States army

is considering the advisability of organizing a similar branch of the service in this country. But that will be spoken of later on.

These wheel-mounted soldiers will not engage in battle on their machines, although they would prove very useful if the fight should be in the enemy's favor. A bicycle can beat a horse on a good road, and the riders would endeavor to break some records if a force of cavalry was in pursuit. In addition to this, a bicycle does not prove as easy a mark as a big horse, and it might take a number of bullets to render it useless. Altogether, it would be a very pleasant thing to have convenient if one wanted to place some distance between himself and the enemy. But the bicycle was not adopted for the purpose of helping the men to run away; the riders will be most useful just at present as scouts and couriers. They can ride in advance of the army and spy out the country, and they can carry messages from point to point, making better time than a horseman under ordinary circumstances. The one good thing about bicycles is that they never get tired, as horses do, and they can also stand a bullet or two without being seriously injured.

So at all the general manœuvres and reviews of the English and Continental forces the bicyclists have their place, and go through their drill with great thoroughness. One of the purposes is to establish a series of relays along the road where the army has marched, and thus insure quick transit of messages without tiring the men. The trials have proved that the bicycle is better than steam or electricity as a travelling power, and some day the entire armies of all countries may be equipped with the machines in order to hasten them in their march.

There is also an artillery bicycle branch that is being tried abroad. The machines upon which the guns rest are double bicycles, and they are pulled along by several men who ride in front. The guns are not very heavy or large, but they are effective, and can be sent ahead of the regular artillery to seize and hold desirable points until the others come up.

In this time of peace all the foreign rulers are preparing for war, and if there ever happens to be another great war, the armies will have all sorts of curious attachments to aid them in the struggle. They will telegraph from point to point with torches at night, and the sun and a looking-glass by day. There will be duels in mid-air between the balloons of the opposing armies. Bicycle-riding in real earnest will engross the attention of many men, and if it is in winter, corps of soldiers will be provided with snow-shoes and runners. There are probably many other things that have been kept a secret, and will not be revealed until the time comes, but not the least curious will be the bicycle soldiers. It has also been discovered that the bicycle corps can build a strong defensive barricade out of their machines that will make them very dangerous men to be encountered by infantry.

In order to test the speed of bicycles and their availability for carrying messages, a trial ride has been made from Chicago to New York by a series of relays. At noon on Wednesday, May 18th, two bicyclists started from the United States army headquarters in Chicago. A message sent by General Nelson A. Miles, Commander of the Department of the Missouri, to General O. O. Howard, in charge of the Department of the Atlantic, at Governor's Island, New York Harbor, was delivered to one of the riders, who started off, followed by his companion. The messenger rode eight miles until he came to the first relay in waiting, who, in turn, received the despatch and rode on. The general route ran from Chicago to Goshen (Indiana), from Goshen to Perrysburg (Ohio), from Perrysburg to Cleveland, from Cleveland to Conneaut, from Conneaut to Northeast (Pennsylvania), thence to Rochester (New York), from thence to Syra-

cuse, from Syracuse to Utica, Utica to Albany, and then on to New York.

Each of these divisions was divided into sections of eight to twenty miles, and at each point two riders were in waiting to receive the despatch and hasten onward. The extra man went along to take the message if the bearer broke down on the road. The men selected to ride had already proved themselves capable and fast bicyclists, and they rode their best. All along the route great interest was aroused, and the relays were cheered and encouraged by hundreds of people. The roads were in very bad condition owing to the heavy rains, but the riders were undaunted. On they went—night and day—each man doing his best along the section that he rode,

and starting the next relay as quickly as possible. But the heavy drenching rain was with the riders from the first, and the schedule time began to be lost—first in minutes, and then hours. The last fifty miles of road was the worst—water was waist-deep at times, and the mud was terrible. Crowds of people waited along the road and at the relay stations. At 1.05 A.M., Monday, May 23d, a rider soaked with rain and covered with mud arrived at Park Row, New York, and delivered to an army officer in waiting the despatch sent by General Miles, and the greatest relay ride of the world was over. Over nine miles an hour was maintained by the riders, and the use of the bicycle in a serious rôle was well demonstrated.



CANOEMATES:*

A STORY OF THE EVERGLADES.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," "DERRICK STERLING," "CHRYSTAL, JACK, & CO.," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A VERY SERIOUS PREDICAMENT.

THE four explorers left on the mound island were very far from spending so pleasant an evening as that enjoyed by Quorum in the Seminole village. They were full of anxiety both as to his fate and their own. In some respects their position was not so bad as if they had been cast away on a desert island in the ocean, while in others it was worse. In the latter case they might hope to sight and signal some passing vessel, but here there was no chance for anything of that kind. At the best, they would not see anything except Indian canoes, and, under the circumstances, they could have little hope of obtaining aid from these.

Their revolvers were still loaded, and they had between them half a dozen cartridges for their guns, but thus far they had discovered no traces of game on the island. They would not lack for fresh water, but with only a

single bag of biscuit, the food question was likely to become a serious one within a short time. They had no knowledge of any white settlements within less than a hundred miles of where they were. These could only be reached by wading and swimming through the trackless 'Glades and bewildering cypress swamps. Undoubtedly some of the 'Glade islands were occupied by Indians, but they might explore as many of these as their strength would permit them to reach without finding one thus inhabited. Their situation was certainly a most perplexing one, and as they sat around a fire eating a scanty supper of hardtack and discussing their prospects, these appeared gloomy in the extreme.

Still the Lieutenant well knew that he must, if possible, keep up the spirits of his little party, and that the worst thing they could do was to take a hopeless view of the situation. So he said: "Well, boys, though we seem to be in a nasty predicament, it might be a great deal worse, and we have still many things to be thankful for. I once drifted for a week in an open boat in the middle of the South Pacific. There were seven of us, and only one

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 644.

man of the party had the faith and courage to continue cheerful and hopeful through it all. On the very day that we swallowed our last drop of water, and while the rest of us were lying despairingly in the bottom of the boat, he sat up on watch, and finally discovered the trading schooner that picked us up."

"I," said Sumner, "do not feel nearly so badly now as I did when drifting out to sea in the dark on that wretched raft a couple of weeks ago. I expected every minute to be washed off, and be snapped up by sharks; but, after all, the loneliness was the worst part of it."

"Right you are, Mr. Sumner," said the sailor. "A man can stand a heap of suffering along with others that would throw him on his beam ends in no time if he was compelled to navigate by himself. I mind one time that I was lost in a fog, in a dory, on the Grand Banks. As we had grub and water in the boat, I didn't worry much till my dorymate fell overboard, and got drowned. The weight of his filers and rubber boots sunk him like a shot. After that I wellnigh went crazy with the loneliness. I couldn't seem to eat or drink; and though I was picked up the very next day, that one night of loneliness seemed like a year of torment. Oh yes, sir, men can save themselves in company, when they won't lift a hand if left alone."

"I don't think I was ever in a worse fix than this one," remarked Worth, dolefully.

"Probably not, my boy," said the Lieutenant, cheerily. "You are young yet, and have just started in on your career of adventure. All things must have a beginning, you know. The next time you find yourself in an unpleasant situation, you will take great satisfaction in looking back and describing this one as having been much worse. No adventure worth the telling can be had without a certain degree of mental or physical suffering, and the more of this that is endured, the greater the satisfaction in looking back on it. Now that we can do nothing before daylight, I propose that we make ourselves as comfortable as possible, and sleep as soundly as possible. By so doing, we shall be able to face our situation with renewed strength and courage in the morning. Tomorrow we will explore the island, discover its resources, and perhaps find traces of Quorum and the boats. Failing in this, I propose that we construct as good a raft as we can with the means at hand. With it to carry our guns, besides affording us some support, we will make our way back to the place where those cowboys were camped this morning. From there we can follow their trail until we overtake them, or reach some settlement."

Cheered by having a definite plan of operations thus outlined, all hands set to work to gather such materials for bedding as they could find in the darkness, and an hour later the little camp was buried in profound slumber.

To their breakfast of hardtack the following morning Sumner added a hatful of cocoa-plums that he had gathered while the others still slept. Soon after sunrise they divided into two parties—the Lieutenant and Worth forming one, and Sumner and the sailor the other—and set out in opposite directions to make their way around the island.

"I don't want any one to fire a gun except in case of absolute necessity," said Lieutenant Carey. "And if a shot is heard from either party, the others will at once hasten in that direction."

"Can't we even shoot my gobbler if we meet him?" queried Worth.

"No, I think not," replied the Lieutenant, with a smile. "That is unless he shows fight, for I expect your gobbler would turn out to be a turkey without feathers, and standing about six feet high. I mean," he added, as Worth's puzzled face showed that he did not understand, "that the call by which you were led away from Quorum

was, in all likelihood, uttered by an Indian for that very purpose."

So difficult was their progress through the luxuriant and densely matted undergrowth of that Everglade isle that, though it was not more than a couple of miles in circumference, it was nearly noon before the two parties again met. They had discovered nothing except that the island was uninhabited, and they were its sole occupants. Nor had they seen anything that would give a clue to the fate that had overtaken poor Quorum.

"While I don't for a moment suppose that the fellow has deserted," said the Lieutenant, "I wish, with all my heart, that we knew what had become of him."

"Indeed he has not deserted," replied Sumner, warmly. "I'll answer for Quorum as I would for myself. Wherever he is, he will come back to us if he gets half a chance."

"Yes, I believe he will; and I only hope he may get the chance. Now let us go to the top of the mound for one more comprehensive look at our surroundings, and then we will begin our preparations for leaving the island."

From the summit of the mound the same tranquil scene on which Lieutenant Carey and Sumner had gazed with such pleasure the evening before, only more widely extended, greeted their eyes. It was as devoid of human life now as then, and its present beauties failed to interest them.

"I said that we would probably spend to-day here," remarked the Lieutenant. "But I must confess that my present interest in this mound lies in getting away from it as quickly as possible. I have no longer the least desire to investigate its mysteries, and so let us descend to our more important work."

Returning to their landing-place, and eating a most unsatisfactory lunch of hardtack, they began to search for materials from which to build their raft. These were hard to find, and still harder to prepare for the required purpose. There was plenty of timber, but it was green, and they had no weapons with which to attack it except their sheath-knives. Neither had they any nails nor ropes, and their lashings must be made of vines.

After a whole afternoon of diligent labor, a nondescript affair of different lengths and jagged ends lay on the ground at the water's edge ready for launching. With great difficulty and pains, they got it into the water, only to have the mortification of seeing it immediately sink.

"Well, boys," said the Lieutenant, in a voice that trembled, in spite of his effort to make it sound cheerful, "that raft is a decided failure. Unless we can find some wood better suited to our purpose, I am afraid we must give up the idea altogether, and try to reach the cypress belt without any such aid."

"If we only had a few sticks of the timber that is so plentiful along the reef!" said Sumner, thinking of his own previous efforts in the raft line.

"We might as well wish for our canoes and have done with it," said Worth, despondently.

Just then they thought they heard a far-away shout in the forest behind them. Instinctively grasping their guns, they stood in listening attitudes. It was repeated, this time more distinctly, and they looked at each other.

At the third shout, Sumner exclaimed, joyously: "It's Quorum! I know it is!"

He would have plunged into the forest to meet the new-comer, but the Lieutenant restrained him, saying, "Wait a minute. Let us be sure that this is not another trap."

A few moments later there was no longer any mistaking the voice, and their answering shouts guided Quorum, his honest face beaming with joy and excitement, to the place where they were awaiting him.

CHAPTER XXX.

QUORUM AS AN AMBASSADOR.

It was Quorum, sure enough, not only alive and well, but seemingly in the best of spirits. Where had he been? Where were the boats? How did he get back? And where had he come from? These are only some of the dozens of questions with which he was plied while shaking hands with his friends, including the Lieutenant, who was as heartily rejoiced as the boys at again seeing the faithful fellow.

At one of the questions thus asked him, Quorum's face fell, and he answered: "Whar de boats is, honey, I don't know, fer I hain't seen no likeness ob dem sence las' night 'bout dis time. Whar I is bin, an' what I is speerenced, is er long story; but hits got er be tole right now, 'kase dat's what I hyar fer. What we do nex' depen' on de way you all take hit when I is done tellin'."

Then they sat down, and forgetful of their hunger, their recent disappointment with the raft, and even of their unhappy predicament, the others listened with absorbing interest to Quorum's story.

He described the way in which he had been carried off and his reception in the Indian camp.

"They were Indians, then?" interrupted the Lieutenant.

"Yes, sah; shuah 'nough Indians, an' a powerful sight ob dem—man, squaw, an' pickaninny—an' dey gib ole Quor'm one ob the fines' suppahs he ebber eat."

"I wish we had one like it here at this minute," said Sumner, thus reminding of his hunger.

"Den we all smoke de peace-pipe, so dey don't hab no fear ob me declarin' er war on 'em," continued Quorum.

"Them Injuns has got tobacco, then?" queried the sailor, whose smoking outfit had disappeared with the boats.

"Ob co'se dey is, er plenty," answered Quorum. "An' den me an' de big chiefs sot down fer what yo' might call a considerashun of de fac's. Dey say as what dey can't noways 'low dis hyer experdishun to pass troo de 'Glades, 'cep' on condishuns."

Told in more intelligible language than that used by Quorum, the substance of his talk with the Indians was as follows:

They had learned from a white man that the objects of Lieutenant Carey's expedition were to spy out their land, discover their numbers and the value of their property, and make preparations for their removal from that part of the country.

"I hope you told them differently, and explained our real objects," said the Lieutenant.

"Yes, sah; I done tell 'em to de full ob my knowingness ob yo' plans. But seein' as I hain't know nuffin' 'tall 'bout 'em, maybe I don't make hit berry cl'ar to dem igerant sabages; but I done hit as well as I know how."

The Indians had declared that they should resist any such attempt at an investigation of their resources and mode of life, and that the party must turn back from where it now was. If it would do so, its boats should be restored, and it would be allowed to depart in peace.

The difficulties in the way of accepting this proposition had at once been seen by Quorum. He explained that as their small boats were not fitted to cruise in the open waters of the Gulf, and as their big boat was already on its way to the east coast, where they were to meet it, to turn back would be a great hardship.

The Indians had listened gravely to their interpreter's translation of all that he had to say on the subject, and assented to the force of his arguments. Then they proposed another plan. It was that if the whites would give up their arms and trust entirely to them, they would convey the party and their boats safely across the 'Glades to within a short distance of the east coast. There they

should again receive their guns, and should be allowed to depart in peace, provided they would promise not to return.

"Seems to me that is quite a liberal proposition," said the Lieutenant, after Quorum had succeeded in making it clearly understood. "All we want is to cross the 'Glades and see the Indians. I would willingly have paid them to guide us, and now they offer to do so on their own accord. I can't conceive how you persuaded them to make such an offer, Quorum. You must be a born diplomat."

"Yes, sah," replied the negro, grinning from ear to ear, "I 'specs I is." At the same time he had no more idea of what the Lieutenant meant than if he had talked in Greek.

"How does that plan strike you, boys?" asked Lieutenant Carey, turning to Sumner and Worth.

"It strikes me as almost too good to be true," answered the former. "And I'm afraid there's some trick behind it all; but then I don't see what we can do except say yes to almost any offer they may choose to make."

"That is so," said the Lieutenant. "Without our boats, and with no means for making a raft, we are about as helpless as we well can be."

"It seems to me a splendid plan," said Worth, who saw visions of peaceful nights, and days pleasantly spent in hunting and in visiting Indian camps.

Although the sailor's opinion had not been asked, he could not help remarking: "I'm agin trusting an Injun, sir. Injins and Malays and all them sort of niggers are notoriously deceitful."

"Hi! Wha' yo' say dere 'bout niggahs, yo' sailor-man?" exclaimed Quorum, in high dudgeon. "Yo' call 'em notorious, eh?"

"Not black ones," answered the sailor, apologetically—"not black ones, Quorum; but them as is red and yellow."

"Dat's all right, sah, an' I 'cept yo' 'pology. At de same time I is bankin' on de squar'ness ob dem Injuns who I bin counsellin' wif."

"You believe it will be safe to trust them, then?" asked the Lieutenant.

"Yes, sah; yo' kin trus' 'em same like a black man."

"Very well," said Lieutenant Carey; "as I don't see how, in the present state of affairs, we can do anything else, I will take your word for their honesty, and accept



Billy Button had a Pussy
Sleek and fat:
Five large mice she ate last Sunday
Think of that:
After which this horrid greedy
Stupid cat,
Ate the birds on little Polly's
Sunday hat!



their conditions. Only I will not promise never to come into the 'Glades again. I will only promise not to turn directly back from the east coast after they have left us."

"Dat's wha' dey mean, sah. I is berry 'tic'lar on dat pint ob de controbersy."

"Then we will consider it as settled, and would like to leave here for a place where there is something to eat as quickly as possible. Where are your Indian friends?"

"Out dere, sah, in de cooners. Dey say when yo' ready, den I holler like er squinch-owl, an' brung down all yo-uns' guns an' resolvers de fustes' t'ing."

"Very well, squinch away then, and here are my pistols. It is certainly humiliating to be disarmed to please a lot of Indians, but hunger and necessity are such powerful persuaders that it is best to submit to them with as good grace as possible."

So Quorum "squinched" in a manner that no self-respecting owl would have recognized; but which answered the purpose so well that an answer was immediately heard from the water, over which the evening shadows were now fast falling.

Directly afterwards a canoe, containing the Indian who had acted as interpreter during Quorum's council with the chiefs, appeared at the opening in the bushes. Without stepping ashore, this Indian, whose name was Ul-we (the Tall-One), exchanged a few words with Quorum, whereby he learned that the Seminole conditions were accepted by the white men. He then bade the negro place the guns and pistols in the canoe and enter it himself. Then he shoved off, and another canoe, containing two Indians, made its appearance.

The Lieutenant bade Sumner and Worth step into it first; but the moment they had done so, it too was shoved off, and another canoe, also containing two Indians, appeared in its place. This received the Lieutenant and the sailor. By the time it was poled into the channel, the foremost canoe had disappeared in the darkness, nor was it again seen.

During their journey, both the Lieutenant and Sumner tried to enter into conversation with the Indians in their respective canoes, but after a few futile attempts, they gave it up. To all their questions they received the same answer, which was, "Un-cah" (Yes), and not another word could the Indians be persuaded to utter.

The Lieutenant consoled himself with the thought that he would be able to talk to the chiefs through the interpreter; while the boys looked forward with eager anticipations to seeing the Indian village that Quorum had described. As for the sailor, Indians and their villages were matters of indifference to him. All he looked forward to was a good supper and a pipe of tobacco.

Thus, all of them awaited with impatience their journey's end, and wished it were light enough for them to see whither they were being taken.

[10 BE CONTINUED.]

THE MEANING OF SOME COMMON NAMES.

THE oldest of all names, although not a very common one, is that of Adam, which signifies *red earth*, and thus implies his origin; while Eve means *life*, or the mother of all living. In ancient times these names were supposed to secure long life to the children to whom they were given.

The beloved name of Miriam, or Mary, was bestowed in its various forms on both men and women, and they were believed to be under the especial protection of the Blessed Virgin. The name was often joined with that of St. John the Evangelist, when it became Jean Maria. John is a common enough name in spite of its sacred origin; and with all the nicknames attached to it—"Jack," and "Jackanapes," and "Jacksnipe," and "Jackass," and "Jack-of-all-trades"—few care to own it.

What little child-mother caressing her "dolly" would ever think that her pink-cheeked treasure had a claim to the thoroughly grown-up name of "Dorothea"? She would not like it

nearly so well, although it means *gift of God*; but it was very much liked in England and in Germany two hundred years ago, and "Dorothy" is now very popular on our side of the water.

A large party of Williams could be collected at almost any time; and the first famous William was the son of Rollo, Duke of Normandy, from whom the name descended to William the Conqueror. It is said to mean *much defence, ruling many, much peace, much brightness, and willing defender*.

The beautiful Saxon names of Edward, Edwin, and Edmund mean *rich guard, rich friend, and happy protection*; but Ned, or "Neddy," is the nickname for all three, although it belongs especially to donkeys.

The meaning of the stately English name of Elizabeth is *oath of God*; while the more beautiful one of Isabel, which seems quite another name, is only the Spanish form of it. "Bess" and "Bessie" are oftener heard than "Elizabeth"; and in the time of "Good Queen Bess" the old riddle was made which has always been such a puzzle to children:

"Eliza, Elizabeth, Betsey, and Bess
Went together to take a bird's nest.
They found a nest with five eggs in;
Each took one out, yet they left four in."

George, also a common English name, means *husbandman, or earth-worker*; and the guardian saint of England was one of the Seven Champions of Christendom. Among the common country people the name is pronounced "Jarge."

The pretty, gentle name of Grace, which expresses its own meaning, began with a female pirate who went to pay a visit to Queen Elizabeth, and abused her for what she considered her luxurious habits. She certainly had not pleasant manners; and from the various stories told of her, her name would have been more appropriate with another syllable before it. She was a disgrace rather than a Grace.

The fine old English name of Guy, meaning *leader*, is very ancient, and Guy's Cliff commemorates the famous Earl of Warwick, who killed the Dun Cow. It was a very popular name in England, until Guy Fawkes spoiled it with his "gunpowder, treason, and plot"; and the hanging of that daring conspirator in effigy gave rise to the expression, "a perfect Guy."

CHATTER FRESH FROM THE BOX.

I DO not wish to hurt any small girl's feelings by saying that she doesn't know half the uses to which pins may be put, but I believe, nevertheless, that such is the case. It is all well enough to suppose that pins were made solely to fasten clothes on sawdust doll babies, or to be used in place of money at small fairs—two pins for a glass of lemonade, for instance, instead of two cents—for the manufacture of pin-wheels to be sold to the neighbors' children for more pins, but that isn't entirely so.

Boys, too, have a sort of notion that the chief mission of the pin is to be used to liven up other boys or as a hook on which to catch minnows; and I dare say that some grown-up people who waste pins by the dozen every week of their lives believe that outside of a certain very limited range pins are of no use whatever.

But it isn't so at all.

The smallest pin in the world has a variety of uses that most people know nothing of, and the best part of it is that it can perform every one of the duties that fall to its lot, and come out as spick and span as ever; that is, of course, if it is a good strong pin, and doesn't bend. Then, after all its work is over, when there are no more neckties to be held in place, no more paper wheels to revolve about it, no more dressmakers to be helped—then, I say, the crowning achievement of the pin comes along, and if it is in luck, and falls into the right hands, it is made over into a sidewalk.

Very absurd idea that!

We have all heard of people walking on pins and needles; but what one of us ever supposed that the time would come when walking on pins would be anything more than a mere figure of speech, or, as some people who like to use big words call it, "in a metaphorical sense"? I am sure I never supposed it could come about. I have repeatedly thrown away the pins I could no longer pin, because I had no notion that there could be any further use for them.

It never occurred to me to store
Them up like coal in bins,
So that some day I'd have before
My house a path of pins.

In fact, if it had occurred to me to do this, I should have sent for my doctor to see if there was not something the matter with my brain, for the few pins I have ever walked on made it very unpleasant for the time being.

And yet a sidewalk of pins has been made, and it is a very successful one, too. Of course it was made by a Yankee—Yankees are so very ingenious. The particular Yankee who has been saving up his worn-out pins for years is named—or, at least, I have been told so—Loundsbury, and he lives in the town of Seymour. He is an official in a big pin-manufacturing company, and I do not suppose he has to pay more than ten cents a bushel for all the pins he wants, and bad pins he can have for the asking. So it was a very natural thing that, knowing how successful iron sidewalks had been in the past, his ingenious mind should make itself up to lay an iron walk in front of his house, and that the twenty or thirty odd barrels of good, bad, or indifferent pins lying to his credit at the factory should be used instead of sheet iron, which is awfully hot in summer, slippery in winter, and not pleasant to walk on in spring or autumn. Of course the pins have to be put down in a nearly solid mass, carefully packed and rolled, and not used for traffic until corrosion has set in and made an absolutely compact and smooth walk; but when this is once accomplished, the walk will last forever. It cannot be used to throw at dogs or cats the way gravel walks are used; and as for hardness, it would take a more than ordinarily clever and strong man with dynamite and very sharp drills and a month or two with nothing else to do to make a coal-hole in a walk of its kind.

The only trouble with the pin walk is that it is not very pretty to look at, and is not healthy for barefooted boys; but it appeals to the admiration of old people, because in winter ice slides cannot be made upon it, and in summer it is always avoided by tramps with thin-soled shoes.

For my part, I would rather walk on the grass.

HE HAD HIS WAY.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

MY shaving-brush is missing, and my shoe-born can't be found,
My comb and brush I cannot see, my cane is nowhere round,
My tall silk hat is ruffled up, my pens have gone astray—
But all this woe is naught to me, for baby's had his way.

What though my shoes are minus strings, my manuscripts
awry?

I know that this betokens babe's been spared a heartfelt cry.
What though the floor is ever strewn with toys, by night
and day?

Is there not pleasure in the thought that baby's had his way?

It hurts to have my mustache pulled, and games at 4 A.M.
Are not just suited to my mind; but John is fond of them,
And, after all, it seems to me, no man can well gainsay
That there is lots and lots of fun when baby has his way.

So, son and heir, continue on thy happy, blest career;
Ne'er shall thy daddy interpose to raise the scalding tear.
Whate'er discomfort comes to me, cease not thy joyous play;
As far as I'm concerned, my boy, go on and have thy way.

FAMOUS VENTRILOQUISTS.

BY JAMES C. MOFFET.

ALTHOUGH the earliest ventriloquist of whom we have any definite knowledge is Louis Brabant, valet to Francis I. of France, ventriloquism is a very ancient art, as it is thought that many of the responses of the Greek and Roman oracles were due to ventriloquial trickery. The Greeks generally ascribed ventriloquism to the operation of demons. The uses to which it has been put in modern times, however, have been entirely innocent, and for the most part amusing. As a means of entertainment it has been very popular in the past, especially among the French, who have attained the highest perfection in the art. Many stories have been told of the curious feats of ventriloquists, and the astonishment they have caused their puzzled audiences.

One of the most wonderful ventriloquists that ever lived was Alexandre, a Frenchman, who met with great success in London in 1823. His most clever trick was to play the part of a roguish valet; he would imitate his master coughing, and raging at his servant for the latter's tardiness in preparing him an omelet. Alexandre imitated, by means of his ventriloquial powers, the

sounds of the breaking and mixing of eggs, and the sawing of wood preparatory to making a fire. A chimney-sweep is distinctly heard by the audience singing a pretty French song away up at the top of the chimney, just before coming down. After the fire is lighted, the eggs begin to fry, and then are heard the stifled cries of the poor little sweep, as he is met by the smoke and heat in descending the chimney. Then, in an instant, the whole house is in an uproar—dogs bark, babies squall, the old gentleman storms about the room calling for the omelet that his valet is seen quietly tasting in the corner of the room before taking it to his master.

Monsieur Alexandre was not only a remarkable ventriloquist but also a good actor. He possessed such great mimetic powers that he could in a moment so alter his face and figure as to deceive the most critical judges. On one occasion, while the guest of Sir Walter Scott, at Abbotsford, with the aid of only a wig he actually sat to a sculptor for an absent friend, much to the delight of the "Wizard of the North." It was only when he threw off the wig and resumed his own expression of face that the sculptor discovered the deception.

Ventriloquists have been known in the last century to play tricks on the public in such a way as to draw the attention of the police authorities, and then, having explained the matter to them satisfactorily, use the incident to advertise their entertainments. An English ventriloquist named Lee Sugg, at Kew, once successfully accomplished this by rushing into a baker's shop holding what appeared to be a crying baby in his arms. Apparently very angry at the child's cries, he savagely threw it into the hot oven. He then tried to escape, but was caught, and immediately presented before the town magistrate. The charred remains of his rag doll were produced as that of the burned baby, and both it and the situation looked black indeed for poor Sugg, until he astonished the judge and set the spectators in a roar by making the child cry in the baker's own pocket, and perform other unnatural antics. Of course the sagacious ventriloquist could not find, after this, a hall big enough to hold the people that crowded nightly to his entertainments.

SPORTING RULES FOR BOYS.

WHALING.

I. NEVER fish for whales in trout streams, unless you have a good strong derrick with which to land such of the monsters as may nibble at your hook.

II. Never attempt to catch whales with hooks made of bent pins. They only aggravate the whales, and are not strong enough to land any but the smallest of leviathans.

III. Angle-worms are not considered good bait for whales, but if you can find no other bait, see to it that the worms are at least sixty-eight feet in length, and weigh not less than two tons.

IV. When you have landed a whale, do not, under any circumstances, attempt to preserve it alive by putting it into a pail, which only unnecessarily prolongs its sufferings.

V. Whales weighing under four tons should be thrown back in order that they may grow larger. The reason for this is that the larger a whale grows, the more valuable he becomes. It is permissible for you to fasten a tag bearing your name upon them, so that those who may chance to catch them later will know that they belong to you.

VI. If a whale when about to be landed manages to get away from you, do not try to restrain him by throwing a net over him, or by jumping into the stream and climbing on his back. A course of this kind is apt to be attended with very great danger.

VII. When a whale blubbers, do not think he is crying because he is afraid of being caught. That isn't why a whale blubbers at all. It is only a sign that he is laughing at you. Boys blubber when they are unhappy. Whales do it because they are amused.

VIII. Do not go hunting for whales simply because you are out of kerosene oil. There are no kerosene-oil whales, and if this is your purpose, you are simply wasting time that might better be spent learning how to read Latin and Greek.

IX. Do not think because a whale wags his tail that he is pleased to see you. Just as his blubbling is a sign of his amusement, so is his wagging tail an indication of his wrath.

X. To attempt to catch whales with a lasso is great folly unless you are anxious to get a bath, and know that you will never enter the water of your own accord.

XI. Don't fish for whales, anyhow. It is dangerous sport for boys.

CARLYLE SMITH.



THE REHEARSAL.

CLARENCE HAS LATELY SEEN THE TROUP OF PERFORMING DOGS AT THE CIRCUS, AND HAS ORGANIZED A TROUP AT HOME.

A VAIN WISH.

"I'd like to be a little Indian," mused Marvin, "because they haven't any clothes to tear and stain when cherries are ripe."

LAMENTABLE IGNORANCE.

"I KNEW a man once who was killed because he couldn't speak French."

"How was it?"

"He was run away with in Paris, and he didn't know French for whoa!"

SPRING OPENINGS.

MADAM VIOLA has just received a fine assortment of dainty bonnets, which she offers to the violets at reasonable prices. They are made of the richest of velvets, and are of the shades so popular among the violets—purple, blue, yellow, and white. Call at once at No. 18 Hillside, Violetland.

Mr. Maple, the jeweller, wishes to inform the public that he has just opened a large stock of coral beads. They may be seen hanging upon his branches at No. 5 Maple Row.

Master Robin has opened a singing school at No. 5 Songster Street. A limited number of pupils will be admitted. Master Robin will teach the birdlings to sing the sweetest and the latest songs. All who wish to be awakened by the morning carols of his class are requested to leave word at his nest.

IF.

BUDGE. "I say, Tibbs, it must make Professor Spotless feel awful to have a wart on his nose."

TIBBS. "Oh no. I don't think a wart on the nose is such an awful thing."

BUDGE. "Of course not, if it's on somebody else's nose."

THE INDUSTRIOUS ANT.

THE ant is a perfect marvel of industry, and if only one of her many talents could be acquired by a single hen, that hen would be worth a fortune to her owners. The truth of this assertion will be clear to you at once when you realize that an ordinarily clever ant can, and often does, lay as many as eighty-four thousand eggs within twenty-four hours. Eighty-four thousand is seven thousand dozen eggs, and any hen that could lay that number for her owner would bring him in a daily income of \$2100 with eggs at the average selling price of thirty cents a dozen; \$2100 a day is \$766,500 a year, which is five per cent. on \$15,330,000, which is a fair estimate of what the hen would be worth if she were only as clever as a plain, despised, apparently useless ant.

AN AMUSING MISTAKE.

A FAMOUS English lawyer once made the assertion in the presence of several ladies that no woman ever wrote a letter without a postscript. A certain Lady G——, who was present, resenting the lawyer's statement, and added:

"My next letter to you shall refute you."

A week or two later the lawyer received the letter, and a most entertaining letter it was, but after her signature Lady G—— wrote: "P.S. Who is right now, you or I?"

FREDDY'S SUGGESTION.

I THINK some man might go and make
A little fairy toy,
One that would ne'er grow old or break,
But always be a joy.

In spring-time it should be a kite
To skim the heavens blue,
In summer it should be a light
And fragile bark canoe.

In pleasant autumn it should be
A football russet red,
And in the winter's windy lea
A beautiful bob-sled.

All other playthings far above
'Twould ever be a joy,
To watch the pretty changes of
The seasons and the toy.

R. K. M.

A STEADY RISE.

"WELL, Willie, are you still at the head of your class?"

"Higher 'n that."

"How so?"

"I'm foot of the class ahead of it."

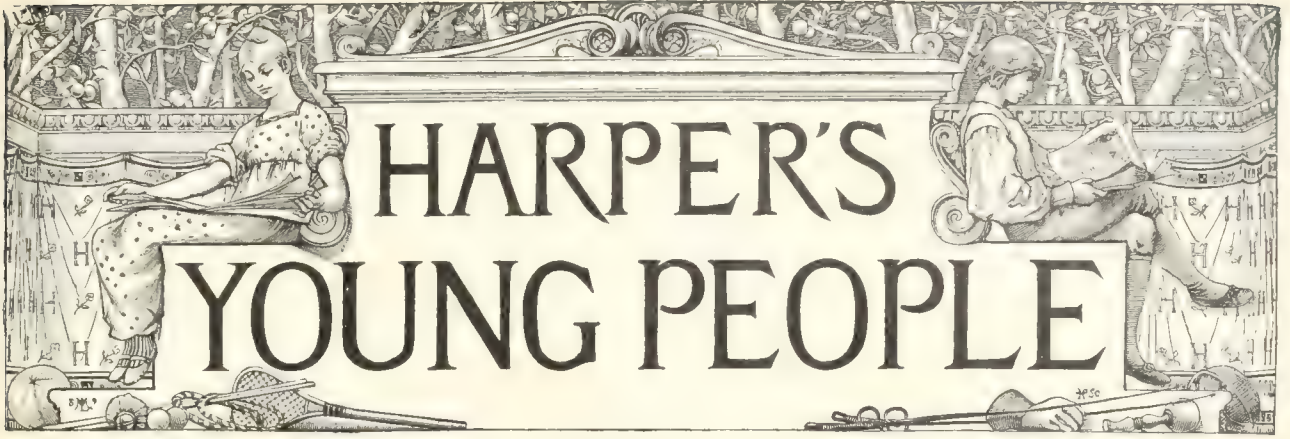
WHAT HE WANTED.

"PAPA," said Tommy, "tell me a story."

"Very well, Tom. What shall it be about?" returned papa.

"Oh, about a giant that threw you up in the air, and you never came down," said Tommy.





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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

THE LOST SCOUT.

BY W. THOMSON.

FOR several years after the late war a familiar figure in Brownsville was that of "Texas Bill."

This man had been a scout in the army of General Canby, was a great favorite with all who knew him, and was seldom seen without a Spencer carbine, which he had brought out of the service with him, and used now to earn a living—for Bill was a famous hunter.

So far as known, the kindly, whole-souled fellow had

not an enemy in the world, and when, in the summer of 1872, he suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, those interested in his fate supposed that he had tired of a wandering life and had gone back to the Eastern States.

Such an abrupt move was quite in keeping with the man's character, and no one troubled much about it, except a certain steadfast friend of his, one Captain Holden,



who had engaged Bill to procure for him a jaguar pelt, for which he was to pay \$50; and naturally he felt much disappointed and surprised at the non-fulfilment of the contract.

In the month of September, 1878, this same Captain Holden, Sam Ogilvie, Ed Burton, Charlie Wishart, and myself, with our guide, Joe, six saddle-horses, and three pack-ponies, were encamped sixty miles from Brownsville, on the Rio Santa Juanita, a river flowing from the west into the Laguna de la Madre.

We had come out for a big hunt, but had as yet seen no game, except one large buck, which Ogilvie cleverly missed while the animal stood, broadside on, at a distance of only eighty yards from him. This was doubtless quite satisfactory to the deer, but bade fair to be the death of poor Sam, who was likely never to hear the last of it.

On the second morning of our stay, Joe roused us at daybreak by the startling announcement that during the night one of the pack-ponies had been killed and half eaten by some beast of prey, which he confidently affirmed to be "a Mexican tiger—what you folks calls a jaguar."

Five miles from us there was a heavy piece of chaparral, and in this, Joe said, the gorged brute would be sure to take refuge. In less than thirty minutes after hearing of our loss we had breakfasted and were on the war-path, bent on vengeance.

"What makes you think that a jaguar killed the pony, Joe? Might it not have been done by a puma or a wolf?" asked Ed Burton as we rode along.

"Think? Well, I don't have to think. I seen the critter's track, an' I knowed it jest's easy as you'd know the print of your own high-heeled boot," replied the old hunter.

We had purposely refrained from bringing hounds with us on this expedition, as we all preferred still-hunting, but on coming to the dense tangled thicket where the marauder was supposed to lurk, we almost regretted the omission, it appearing rather doubtful whether the cover could be beaten without the aid of dogs.

However, after we had dismounted and secured our horses at a safe distance, Joe, carrying a lasso in his hand, led us in a silent search along the edge of the chaparral; but for some time even his keen eyes could detect no sign of any living creature having penetrated the mass of rank vegetation.

We had gone, perhaps, half-way around the grove when we came to an old fallen tree, lying at right angles to our line of advance, and reaching far into the thick bushes.

On seeing this, the guide motioned us to halt, while he stooped down and crawled along the rotten timber, closely scanning its surface, and sometimes even touching it with his nose. Presently he backed out and said: "We've got the varmint straight's a rifle-bar'l, gents! This 'ere's his reg'lar run. I kin see his trail; an', more'n that, I kin scent him. Jest squint 'long the openin' for yerselves."

One after the other we did so, and, after getting used to the deep shade, could see, beyond the end of the log, a kind of tunnel, evidently made by the numberless passings to and fro of some animal of considerable size. It was not a particularly pleasant-looking place to explore in search of a jaguar, but we all felt as if we had lost one and must find him.

Sam Ogilvie and Charlie Wishart were left to guard the entrance, and the other four of us, with Joe in the lead, crept cautiously in single file along the trail, which we found abominably hot, dark, and crooked. Indeed, in an hour's hard work we did not advance in a direct line more than 400 yards. Then we came to a tolerably open space almost clear of bushes and vines, but strewn thickly with great irregular masses of rock and big bowlders,

among which we could walk about with comparative ease.

"We're close on to the critter now, I reckon," Joe whispered. "Let's spread out, an' hunt up his den. But keep yer eyes peeled. He'll likely lay low, seein' he's chock-full of horse-meat, but these brutes is mighty on-sartin'."

We scattered apart, and very carefully, in absolute silence, began to thread the rocky labyrinth, each man holding his Winchester at the "ready." We had not been for five minutes so engaged, when Joe, with no attempt at concealment, shouted:

"I've treed the varmint! Leastways I've holed him, which is 'bout the same."

On hurrying up we found the old guide standing, with poised rifle, before a great pile of jagged rocks, at the bottom of which was an almost circular hole about two feet in diameter.

"Is the jaguar in there, Joe?" asked Holden.

"Well, he ain't nowhar else," grinned Joe. "The consarned fool wuz layin' right out on the open sunnin' of hisself, an' blessed if I didn't 'most tumble atop of him, but he dodged in 'fore I waked up enough to shoot. I reckon there wuz *two* fools met that time."

A consultation was now held, and as it became at once evident that none of us so yearned for a jaguar as to be anxious to go in after him, some plan must be devised to bring him out.

We examined the mass of rocks on all sides, and convinced ourselves that there was no other entrance to or exit from the cave; but at the rear we found a deep crack, which seemed to reach the interior, and I suggested that we should try to expel the brute by smoke. Joe highly approving the idea, Burton kindled a fire in the fissure, and we saw with delight that the flame drew inward, and he then went hopefully on, feeding the smudge with rotten sticks and leaves. The guide planted himself on the rock immediately above the entrance, close inside the circumference of which he had arranged the loop of his lasso, while Captain Holden and I took up our stations about twenty yards in front. In less than ten minutes smoke wreaths began to creep out of the cave's mouth, and these increased until it became certain that no living thing could long remain inside.

A few seconds more passed away, and then Joe yelled: "Look out, gents, Ole Spotty's goin' to make a break! I kin hear him sneezin' like he had a cold in his head. When he does come, it 'll be rayther kind of suddin, an' if the lasso misses, you'll have to shoot quicker'n lightnin'."

"All serene, Joe. Let him come," said Holden; and even as he spoke we heard a half-screaming, half-choking cry, something between the midnight yowl of a quarrelsome cat and a tiger's roar, and the next instant Joe was jerked from his coign of vantage, hurled to the rocky floor below, and knocked, for the moment, senseless.

The lasso had caught the jaguar all right enough, but, unfortunately, Joe, who had twined the loose end around his own arm, did not make due allowance for the weight and momentum of the beast. Hence when the line tightened around its neck, he was plucked like a bird from his perch. It was extremely lucky for him that as he fell the cord slackened and slipped off his arm, else he might have fared badly, for so dense was the smoke that Holden and I could not even see the mouth of the cave, much less venture to shoot. When we saw him fall, however, we both sprang forward, but only to be met and dashed to the earth by the jaguar's outward rush. A the frantic animal bounded over our prostrate forms, blind stroke of his fore paw alighted by chance upon Holden's left shoulder, and tore through coat and under clothing deep into the flesh. But the Captain, in the excitement of the moment, was quite unaware of the blow and we jumped to our feet in time to see the agile mon-

ster gliding around the corner of a big rock, trailing the free end of the lasso after him. Having no time to raise our guns to a sighting position, we both fired from the hip, and both, of course, missed. Then, with some rather rash remarks, we turned to look after Joe. The tough old fellow was already sitting up, not much the worse for his tumble, though nearly choked by smoke, and seeming a little dazed. On being led beyond the pungent fumes, he quickly rallied, and while skilfully dressing Holden's wound, quaintly said:

"Gentlemen, if you happen to hear of any lunatic 'sylum or crazy showman what wants to buy a double-distilled, shuck-headed, nat'ral-born ijjit dirt cheap, jest send 'em along. I'll drop to the first bid. To think that ole Joe, what's roped all kind of varmints, from grizzly b'ars to bufler calves, should be sich a onmentionable fool as to spect to stop a whoppin' big tiger 'ithout tyin' his lasso eend to suthin' heftier nor hisself, seems most orful redicklus; but I actilly reckoned to hold the critter long 'nuff for you folks to shoot."

Now when the jaguar made off, he did not take to his old path through the chaparral, but disappeared, as I have said, around a corner of the field of broken rocks, perhaps in all ten acres in extent. To the eye of an amateur he had not left the shadow of a trail, but Joe, being a trained tracker, could follow his course almost on a run. He led us now quite rapidly along the base of the miniature mountain, until we had nearly completed its circuit, when from a point only a few rods ahead we heard a succession of horrible, half-smothered yells, and hurrying on, saw a strange sight. The enraged jaguar, with protruding tongue, flaming eyes, and head turned toward us, was pulling furiously on the rawhide rope, while the fatal noose was sinking deeper and deeper into his neck.

"Quick, men! Quick and steady now!" cried Holden. "Don't miss."

The last word was barely uttered when our rifles came to shoulder, rang out in what seemed a single report, and the fierce beautifully spotted beast, his skull pierced by four bullets, lay before us, stone dead, while with cheer upon cheer we hailed the passing of his savage life.

We found an explanation of this singular capture in the fact that in passing over a little mound of detached rock, the trailing lasso had dropped between two lying at acute angles to each other, and being drawn along to where they almost touched, the knot on the hand end of the line had caught fast, and thus secured our prey.

"That gits me!" exclaimed Joe, as he prepared to remove the magnificent pelt. "If I'd knowed as much about fastenin' a rope as this 'ere tiger did, we'd bin saved a heap of bother."

While the skinning was going on, Burton went round to explore the cave, and was just coming out of it again when we came up. Ed looked unusually serious as he emerged into the light, holding his hand closed over some small object.

"Boys," said he, "we've put an end to a man-eater sure! Look at this!" opening his hand, and showing us an old, battered silver watch. "There are lots of bones of deer and other animals in there," he continued, "and at least one human skeleton. But my matches gave out before I could make a proper search."

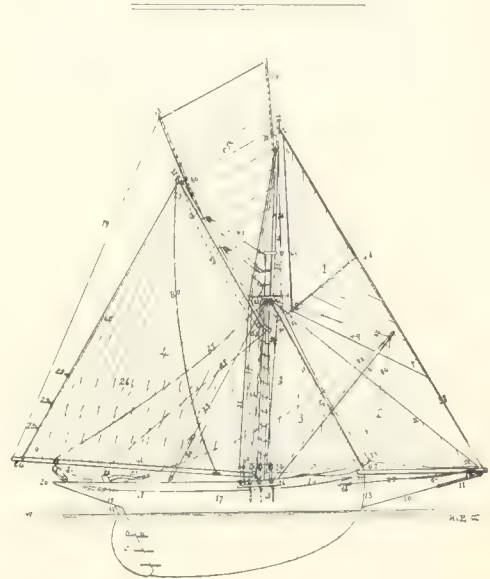
Ogilvie and Wishart, having heard our first shots, now rejoined us, and it was decided to make a thorough exploration of the den. One by one we crept through the low passage, which proved to be about sixteen feet long, ending in a rough roundish chamber ten feet or so in diameter, and over five feet high. Notwithstanding some faint rays of light, which came through the crack where the fire had been, the noisome place was yet too dark to permit a view of its contents; but by a continuous use of matches we managed after a while to find all the larger bones of the skeleton, a pocket knife, an iron tobacco-

box, the heel and sole of a boot, and finally a rusty Spencer carbine. On seeing the weapon, Captain Holden started forward with a wondering cry, seized the gun, brushed the mould off its walnut stock, and exposed to view, deeply cut in the wood, this rude inscription, "Texas Bill. His Gun."

The mystery of the broken contract was at last solved.

"Poor Bill!" said our profoundly affected friend. "He was true, after all, and lost his life in trying to make good his promise."

Having no tools wherewith to dig a grave, we heaped a huge cairn of stones above the shattered remains; and then, in grateful recognition of the old scout's services to the Union, fired three volleys over his lonely sepulchre.



THE CUTTER, SLOOP, AND YAWL.

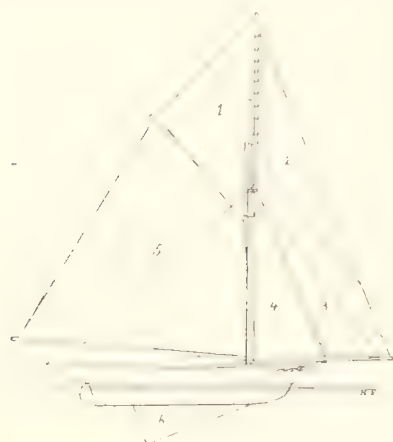
BY CAPTAIN PATTERSON.

THE various parts of a cutter as shown in the above diagram are as follows:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Jib-topsail. | 46. Truck. |
| 2. Jib. | 47. Leach of jib-topsail. |
| 3. Fore-staysail. | 48. Luff " " |
| 4. Mainsail. | 49. Foot " " |
| 5. Club-topsail. | 50. Head of jib. |
| 6. Head of jib-topsail. | 51. Luff " " |
| 7. Tack " " | 52. Tack " " |
| 8. Clew " " | 53. Clew " " |
| 9. Bowsprit. | 54. Head of fore-staysail. |
| 10. Bobstay. | 55. Luff " " |
| 11. Bobstay fall. | 56. Tack " " |
| 12. Bowsprit entering hole. | 57. Foot " " |
| 13. Stem. | 58. Shroud dead-eyes. |
| 14. Bow. | 59. Tack of mainsail. |
| 15. Chain-plates. | 60. Clew " " |
| 16. Channels and lower dead-eyes. | 61. Foot " " |
| 17. Midships. | 62. Leach " " |
| 18. Quarter. | 63. Peak " " |
| 19. Counter. | 64. Head " " |
| 20. Taltail. | 65. Throat " " |
| 21. Main-sheet. | 66. Luff " " |
| 22. Rudder head. | 67. Rudder. |
| 23. Tiller. | 68. Rudder post. |
| 24. Main-boom. | 69. Water-line. |
| 25. Reef cringles. | 70. Pintles. |
| 26. Reef points. | 71. Gudgeons or braces. |
| 27. Quarter-lift. | 72. Club-topsail halyards. |
| 28. Jib-topsail sheet. | 73. " " sheet. |
| 29. Mast-head runner. | 74. Cross-tree spreader. |
| 30. Runner tackle. | 75. Mast-cap. |
| 31. Preventer or shifting back-stay. | 76. Sprit lashed to topmast. |
| 32. Main gaff. | 77. Topmast shroud. |
| 33. Club of topsail. | 78. Jib-traveller ring. |
| 34. Sprit of topsail. | 79. Club-topsail guy. |
| 35. Mast-head. | 80. Sheet lashed to club. |
| 36. Topmast. | 81. Spinnaker boom. |
| 37. Mainmast. | 82. " " lift. |
| 38. Topmast-stay. | 83. " " brace. |
| 39. Fore-stay. | 84. " " guy. |
| 40. Club-topsail tackline. | 85. Bowsprit shroud. |
| 41. Peak-halyards. | 86. " " tackle. |
| 42. Jib-sheet. | 87. Jib outhaul. |
| 43. Jib-halyards. | 88. Throat-halyards. |
| 44. Fore-staysail halyards. | 89. Signal-halyards. |
| 45. Jib-topsail halyards. | |

HINTS ON RIGGING.

It will be seen by comparing the diagrams of the sloop and cutter that the rigging and sails are practically the same; hence there is no distinction to be made in the rules laid down for rigging and sailing these two classes of pleasure vessel. It may be said that the hulls of these boats afford about the only opportunity for noting differences in construction.



SLOOP.

- | | |
|-------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Gaff-topsail. | 5. Mainsail. |
| 2. Jib-topsail. | 6. Centre board. |
| 3. Jib. | 7. Luff of gaff-topsail. |
| 4. Fore-staysail. | |

on the opposite side to the main boom, so that the wind will flow direct into each. Should it be necessary to heave the yawl to, do so under the mizzen and the fore-staysail.

Before we attempt to get under way, let us consider the rudiments of rigging a vessel, as it will greatly assist us in understanding the technical terms made use of later on, and the young reader is advised to constantly compare the text with the diagram of the cutter, as its details have been so carefully and plainly drawn and marked, that misunderstanding is almost impossible. The numerals shown in parentheses () throughout the article will help the young Corinthian to refer at once to that part of the engraving under consideration.

The first thing to be considered is the mast (37). Imagine that this naked (unrigged) spar is standing, and that we must proceed to support it by shrouds (58) and a stay (39), which have eyes (loops) in the ends, and go over the mast-head (35) and rest on the pieces of wood, called *hounds*, bolted both on the port and starboard side of the mast. The hounds prevent the shrouds and stay from slipping down the mast. After sending the eye-ends of the shrouds aloft by a small line, called a *gant-line*, and setting them up (securing) by lanyards, which are rove through dead-eyes on the ends of the shrouds (58), and to dead-eyes (16) secured to the vessel's side by chain-plates (15), we next send up the fore-stay, and secure it to the stem head (13).

Next run out the bowsprit (9), and secure its heel (inboard end) to the gammoning iron (ring). The bowsprit is stayed by a bobstay (10) and by shrouds (85) leading from an iron band on the outboard end of the bowsprit.

In place of tackles, many yachts employ a simple mechanical device of a thread and a screw, known as a *turnbuckle*, which is kept permanent on standing rigging (shrouds and stays) for setting it up.

From the lower part of the mast-head (35) on each side are long pendants, or, as they are more commonly known, *runners*

As regards the yawl, let it be fully understood that it is simply a cutter with the addition of a jigger mast, on which is set a small sail, called a *mizzen*, and that the rules for sailing the yawl do not differ from those furnished for sailing the cutter. The mizzen has been likened to a "trusty friend behind you," which will always bring the boat quickly to the wind when you let fly (cast adrift) the head sheets—the sheets of the sails forward the mast. When sailing close hauled, keep the mizzen boom amidships, and when sailing free, slack it off



YAWL.

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Jigger-mast. | 6. Mizzen-sheet. |
| 2. " stay. | 7. " topping lift. |
| 3. " shrouds. | 8. Leach of mizzen. |
| 4. Mizzen-boom. | 9. Mizzen. |
| 5. Bumpkin shroud. | 10. Sprit-topsail. |

(29). These have a block spliced in the end, and are set up by a tackle (30) abaft the rigging, and used as an additional support for the mast when the wind is aft.

The topmast (36) is secured to the lowermast by a cap band (75), its heel (lower part) having a hole in it through which a short piece of timber, called a *fid*, is thrust, the projecting ends of which rest on the trestle-trees, and prevent the mast from slipping down. The topmast is sent aloft by means of a rope known as a heel rope, because it is rove (passed) through a hole in the heel of the topmast. This temporary rope then reeves through a block on the lower mast-head, and the end leads down on deck. The topmast is supported forward by the fore-topmast stay (38) and sideways by shrouds (77), which lead from an iron band near the truck (46), through the ends of the cross-tree spreader (74), and down to the channels (16) abaft the shrouds. From this same iron band a preventer, or shifting back-stay (31), leads to the channels, where it is kept hooked when not in use. When the wind is free, the weather-shifting back-stay is carried aft, and the hook in the lower block is secured to an eye-bolt on the quarter, and the stay is quickly set up by means of its tackle.

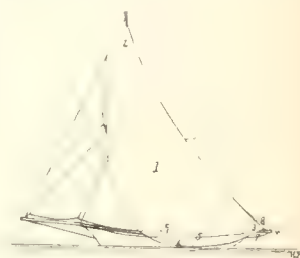
The boom (24) is held to the mast by a socket and bolt, called a *gooseneck*. The outer end of the boom is supported on some vessels by a single topping-lift, which leads from an iron band on the extreme outboard end of the spar, through a single block at the mast-head, and down to the deck. Other yachts, again, have this support double, and then it takes the name of *quarter-lifts* (27). The advantage afforded by the latter is that when sailing, the lee lift may be slacked to prevent chafing the sail.

The gaff (32) is provided on its inboard end with short projections, called *jaws*, spanned around the forward side of the mast by a parrel, consisting of a piece of rope, on which are strung small wooden rollers, for the purpose of assisting the gaff to travel up and down the mast when the sail is being hoisted or lowered. To the inner end of the gaff one block of the throat-halyards (88) is hooked, the other block being hooked on the after-part of the mast under the cross-trees. By consulting the diagram of the cutter, it will be seen that the standing part (end secured) of the peak-halyards (41) is made fast to the rear of the mast-cap (75), that the halyards then lead alternately through two blocks on the gaff and two on the mast-head, then down on deck. The signal-halyards (89) reeve through a small bull's-eye (ring) on the extreme outboard end of the gaff, and belay (make fast) to a cleat on the boom. These halyards, as the name denotes, are used for hoisting flags.

The foot (61) of the mainsail (4) is made fast to the upper side of the boom by a jack-rope, which runs through the small eyes screwed in the upper surface of the spar, and through little thimbles at the end of every seam on the foot of the sail. The head (64) of the mainsail is secured to the gaff-jackstay (a long strip of wood with holes through it, bolted to the under side of the spar) by means of Manila yarns, known as *robands*. The luff (66) of the mainsail is confined to the mast by hoops. These are permanent, the sail being bent to them by robands in the same manner as described for the head of the sail. The throat (65) and tack (59) of the mainsail are made fast to the inboard ends of the gaff and boom respectively by means of an iron shape, called a *clevis*. The peak (63) is lashed to the outer end of the gaff by an earing (rope), while the clew (60) is confined to the iron band on the outboard end of the boom by a shackle (iron ring). The main-sheet (21) lets out and hauls in the boom.

The club-topsail (5) is set flying from the deck by bending the sheet (80) to the club (33), the halyards (72) to the sprit (34), the guy (79) to the end of the club, and then hoisting away until it is home (in place). To secure this sail properly, however, you should climb aloft on the mast-hoops, and lash the end of the sprit to the topmast where shown (76).

The luff of the fore-staysail (3) travels up and down the fore-



SLOOP WITH SPINNAKER SET.

- | |
|---------------------------|
| 1. Spinnaker. |
| 2. Head of sail. |
| 3. Tack of sail. |
| 4. End of spinnaker-boom. |
| 5. Spinnaker guy. |
| 6. Foot of sail. |
| 7. Spinnaker-sheet. |
| 8. " boom lift. |
| 9. " boom. |
| 10. Luff of sail. |

stay (39) on small iron shapes, called *hanks*. The tack (56) of this sail is made fast to the lower end of the stay. The halyards (44) hook into the head (54) of the sail, and the sheets make fast to the clew and lead both to port and starboard.

The spinnaker is only made use of when the wind is aft. It is then extended along a boom lowered to a horizontal position on the opposite side to the main-boom. The head of the spinnaker hoists by halyards almost to the truck, as shown in the diagram, which gives the names of the different parts of the sail, while the diagram of the cutter illustrates plainly the rigging connected with the boom (see Nos. 81, 82, 83, 84).

The foot of the jib travels along the bowsprit by aid of a large ring, called a *traveller* (78), encircling the spar. The tack of the jib is made fast to the top part of the traveller, and the latter is hauled out to its place by means of an outhaul (87).

The jib-topsail is bent in the same manner as explained for the fore-staysail, so it is unnecessary to repeat the directions. There are three sizes of jib-topsails, under the heads of *baby*, *working*, and *balloon*—the first being very small, the second medium, and the third an enormous sail of light material, used particularly in yacht-racing in gentle or very moderate winds.

In concluding these hints on rigging fore and aft vessels, let me state that some sloops, unlike the cutter rig, carry a jib-stay, and have the tack of the jib permanently secured to it near the bowsprit. When this sail is not in use, it is furled (tied up) on the bowsprit instead of being hauled in and unbent like the jib of a cutter.

I will also call attention to the sloop in order to explain the gaff-topsail (1). Remember that the club-topsail and sprit-topsail are both set flying from the deck, as before described, but the gaff-topsail has its luff (7) confined to the topmast by hoops, and when the sail is not in use, the halyards and sheet are let go, and by means of a rope, called a *clewline*, running through small blocks on the borders of the sail, the canvas is bunched at the lower mast-head, where it may be furled by a man going aloft and standing on the cross-trees. Should the tack of the sail be let go before it is clewed, then the topsail will go in a bunch to the fore-topmast head, from which position it may be lowered to the cross-trees by settling away the halyards.

AN ANECDOTE OF HANDEL, THE COMPOSER.

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, who was a composer at the age of nine, and had written three operas before he was fifteen, was a man of uncommonly large appetite, and it is told of him that whenever he stopped at an inn or elsewhere where the host was not familiar with the greatness of his hunger, he would order dinner for three.

Upon one occasion he gave his order for three, as usual, and when the hour for dinner arrived, he called to his host,

"Ees de tinner retty?"

"It will be served, sir, immediately upon the arrival of your company," was the response.

"Ach!" said Handel, with a laugh. "Den you may pring it up right away. I am de gompany."

Another story in which the name of Handel figures is told concerning a professional singer who one day entered a grocer's shop to make a purchase. When the desired article was obtained, and the grocer came to do it up into a parcel, the singer was much surprised to notice the peculiar paper in which it was wrapped, for the wrapper appeared to be nothing more or less than printed music in sheets.

"Have you any more of this paper?" he asked, in astonishment.

"Plenty, sir. A whole pile of it, sir," returned the grocer.

"May I see it?" asked the singer, more than ever interested.

"Certainly," replied the grocer. "Come this way."

The singer followed the shopkeeper into a small back room, and there was delighted to find a great pile of apparently waste paper, from which the wrapper of his parcel had been taken.

"What will you sell this for?" he asked.

"Two pence half-penny a pound," said the grocer.

The bargain was closed at once; and when later the singer had his afternoon's purchase at home, he found, on going over it more carefully, that it contained, among other things, thirty-three complete oratorios and operas of Handel, to purchase which at first hand would have cost him many pounds, a portion of the find being of the best and rarest editions possible.

This is probably the first recorded instance of a man getting his music at his grocer's, and, no doubt, it is likely to prove the last, though it cannot be denied that the finder of this treasure was given full measure for his money.



BY CORNELIA W. McCLEARY.

"MY dear," said Mrs. Bear one day
To little Bear, her son,
"If you'll come home this afternoon
As soon as school is done,
I'll try to have an early tea,
And afterwards we two
Will go and spend the evening at
The circus and the Zoo."

The little Bear stood on his head,
And danced around with glee;
A circus and menagerie
He'd longed for years to see.
He'd often heard about the swan,
The dragon, and the tale
Of Pegasus, the winged horse,
The eagle, and the whale.

So arm in arm the Bears set out,
And when they reached the Zoo,
They found Orion at the door,
Who kindly let them through.
But when they fairly stood inside,
What wondrous things they saw!
The Bear beheld them with delight;
The little Bear with awe.

Before them was the circus ring.
A race had just begun
Between a centaur and the horse
With wings. The latter won!
And there stood giant Hercules;
How easily he bore
His club that was supposed to weigh
A thousand pounds or more!
While opposite, a lady sat
Upon a regal chair,
Who wore a jewelled crown above
Her wealth of golden hair.

And all around were animals
Belonging to the Zoo.
They saw a lion and giraffe,
The whale and eagle too;
And Sirius, Orion's dog;
While near him in the throng
There stood a bull, who warned the bears
"They'd better move along."

"I thank you, sir," returned the Bear.
"It's getting late, I know.
Come, let us hurry, dear," she said,
"It must be time to go."
But when they reached the door, alas!
They found it fastened tight.
Orion said, "It cannot be
Unlocked again to-night.
Indeed, I think you may as well
Agree to stay with me,
For all of us would like to have
You join the company.
I will not put you in a cage,
To wander up and down,
But give you any post you want,
From manager to clown.
I'd willingly resign my place
At once, but, on the whole,
I think you'd better try, at first,
To climb around a pole."

If you are curious about
The Bears and their reply,
Look overhead, and some clear night
You'll see them in the sky.
For shining there among the stars
They'll easily be found
Just opposite the Lady's chair,
Still going round and round.



CANOEMATES:*

A STORY OF THE EVERGLADES.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," "DERRICK STERLING,"
"CRYSTAL, JACK, & CO.," ETC

CHAPTER XXXI.

A CLOSELY GUARDED CAMP.

THE darkness, which comes so quickly after sunset in that far Southern country, with almost no intervening twilight, effectually prevented our explorers from seeing where they were going. They only knew from the stars that their general direction was east, or directly into the heart of the Everglades. They were even unable to study the countenances, dress, or general appearance of the young Indians who, standing in the bow and stern of each canoe, drove it forward with unerring judgment and at a considerable speed by means of long push poles. These poles were quite slender, but each terminated at its lower end in an enlargement, formed by fastening a short bit of wood on either side that prevented it from sinking deeply into the sand or grass roots against which it was set.

The canoes in which our voyagers were now travelling were as different from their own dainty craft as one boat can be from another. Nor did they bear the least resemblance to the bark canoes of Northern Indians, there being no Southern bark similar to that of the Northern birch, or suitable for canoe-building. They were simply dugouts, from twenty to twenty-five feet long by about three feet broad, hollowed with great skill from huge cypress logs.

When a Seminole decides to build one of these canoes, he first selects and fells his tree, cutting off a section of the required length, and free from knots or cracks. The upper surface of this is hewn smooth, with a slight sheer rise fore and aft. On this smooth surface a plan of the canoe is carefully outlined with charcoal, and then the outside is laboriously worked into shape with hatchets. The hollowing out of the inside is accomplished by fire and hatchets, and, considering the limited supply of tools at the builder's disposal, the result is a triumph of marine architecture. Hatchets and knives are the only tools used in the making of the masts, spars, paddles, push poles, and spear handles that are needed for the equipment of each canoe. The ingenious builders also cut and sew their own sails, which they make of unbleached mus-

lin bought from the trader on Biscayne Bay. Although they use no keels, centre boards, or lee boards, they manage by holding their paddles firmly against the side of the canoe and deep in the water to sail close-hauled, and keep her up to the wind in a manner that is truly surprising. The Indians take great pride in their canoes, and value them highly, for, as they are without horses, roads, or any considerable area of dry land, these are their sole means of transportation and communication between the different parts of the vast territory over which they roam.

After travelling several miles, this first voyage of our explorers in Indian canoes ended at a heavily wooded islet, between the trees of which they could see the welcome glow of a roaring camp fire. To their great delight, as they reached the shore, they found their own canoes and the cruiser safely moored to it. In spite of their joy at again seeing these, they were too hungry and too impatient to visit the Indian village to do more just then than assure themselves that their own boats were all right. Then they hurried toward the fire.

There was a roomy palmetto hut standing near it; but to their surprise, the fire-light disclosed only a single human figure, which, as they drew near, proved to be that of Quorum. He was hard at work cooking supper, and only acknowledged their presence with a grin, and the announcement that it would be ready in a few minutes.

Turning to the hut, they saw that it had been recently erected, and that it contained their own rolls of bedding, besides the little bags of toilet articles belonging to Lieutenant Carey and the boys, which Quorum had thoughtfully taken from the canoes and placed ready for their use.

"I never realized the luxury of brushes and combs before," exclaimed Worth, as he occupied the time before supper with making what was probably the most elaborate toilet ever seen in the Everglades.

Meanwhile the Lieutenant was questioning Quorum as to the location of the Indian village, and was disappointed to find the negro as ignorant on the subject as himself. Quorum thought it must be on some other island, as this certainly was not the place to which he had been taken the night before. He said that on arriving there, he had found the canoes and cruiser, the hut built, and the fire lighted. The young Indian who had brought him had helped carry the things up to the hut, and also given him some venison and vegetables in exchange for a small quantity of coffee and sugar. He had remained there until shortly before the arrival of the others, and Quorum had not noticed when he disappeared. Before leaving, he had told Quorum that by the chief's orders the white men would remain on that island until the following evening.

"Oh, we will, will we?" said Lieutenant Carey, whose pride chafed against receiving orders from an Indian, even if he was a chief. "With our own boats at hand, I don't see what is to hinder us from leaving when we please. I wish that chief would hurry up and put in an appearance. I want to have a few words with him."

He now for the first time realized that the young Indians who had brought them there had not followed them to the camp, and he stepped down to the water's edge to see what they were doing. To his dismay he found that they had not only disappeared, but had taken the canoes and cruiser with them. Greatly provoked at this, he returned to the camp in a very unpleasant frame of mind, mentally abusing the Indians, and regretting that, by accepting their conditions, he had so completely placed himself in their power. His good-nature was somewhat restored by the supper, which was most bountiful and well cooked, and by the soothing pipe smoke that followed it; for among other things, Quorum had not neglected to bring up a plentiful supply of tobacco.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 644.

After supper, as he and the boys lay outstretched on their blankets within the hut, the open side of which faced the fire, the Lieutenant acknowledged that their present position was a vast improvement on that of the night before. The boys agreed with him, though at the same time they were even more disappointed than he at not finding themselves in an Indian village. That was one of the things they had most counted on seeing in the Everglades. Having finally decided to make the best of their situation, and to obtain the greatest possible amount of comfort and pleasure from it, they turned in, and slept soundly until morning.

They were so thoroughly tired with their various hardships and labors of the two preceding days and nights that they slept late, and the sun had already been up for several hours before they answered the negro's call to breakfast. He said that though he had been down to the shore several times after water, he had seen no signs of either canoes or Indians. Thus to all appearances they were not only the sole occupants of the island, but of the 'Glades as well.

As they had nothing else to do, the Lieutenant proposed to the boys that they should explore this new island, and make such discoveries of other islands and the intervening 'Glades as could be seen from its shores. They readily agreed to this, and the three set forth. They had not gone more than a hundred yards from camp when they were suddenly confronted by a young Indian, armed with a rifle, which he pointed at them, at the same time making other signs to them to go back. At first they were greatly startled by his unexpected appearance. Then the Lieutenant undertook to remonstrate with him, and to explain that they only wanted to walk harmlessly about and view the landscape, but all in vain. The stolid-faced young savage either could not or would not understand. He only shook his head without uttering a word, but continued to make signs for them to go back.

"This is one of the strangest and most irritating things that I ever heard of," exclaimed Lieutenant Carey, after finding his efforts to communicate with the Indian unavailing. "If we only had our guns, I'd make that fellow let us pass, or know the reason why. As we haven't any, and he has one, the argument is too one-sided, and we might as well retire from it as gracefully as possible. Let us try another direction, and find out if that is also guarded." They tried in two other places, only to be repulsed by other determined young guards, who, mute as statues, were equally stolid and impervious to argument.

There was nothing to do but return to the hut and make the best of the situation. From there no sign of an Indian was to be seen; but let one of the inmates of the camp stroll beyond its limits in any direction, and the woods seemed to swarm with them, though the guards probably did not number more than half a dozen in all.

The day was passed in eating, sleeping, and in discussing their peculiar situation. They were evidently prisoners, though to all appearances as free as air; and, as Lieutenant Carey said, there was no chance of their escaping from the island anyhow, so why they should be denied the privilege of walking about it, he could not understand. Quorum was equally in the dark with the rest, and said that nothing of the kind had been intimated by the chiefs during their talk with him. It was finally decided that instead of being on a small island as they had supposed, they must be at one end of a large one that contained a village at the other, which, for some unknown reason, the Indians did not choose they should visit. With this solution of the problem they were forced to content themselves, and they waited with impatience the coming of night, when, according to what Ul-we had told Quorum, their journey was to be resumed.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CROSSING THE 'GLADES WITHOUT SEEING THEM.

THEY had an early supper, so as to be all ready for a start whenever their jailers should see fit to make one. By sunset their blankets were rolled up, and they were impatiently awaiting some signal, but none came until darkness had fully set in. Then once more from the direction of the water came the now familiar cry of a screech-owl. It was answered from several points about the camp, which showed their Indian guards to be still on duty. As Quorum had been allowed to go freely to the shore for water during the day, the Lieutenant now told him to go down again and discover the meaning of the signal. He returned a minute later with the news that Ul-we was waiting for him and the cooking utensils, and that the canoes for the other passengers would arrive with the setting of the new moon, which hung low in the western sky.

So Quorum left them, as on the previous night. As the silver crescent of Halissee, the night timepiece of the Everglades, sank from sight, the others went to the shore, carrying their blankets with them. There they found two canoes, apparently manned by the same silent crews of the evening before, awaiting them.

As they shoved off and plunged once more into the trackless 'Glades, the Lieutenant turned for a look at the island. He could distinguish its black outlines from end to end, and it was a very small one. This overthrew the only theory they had formed concerning their close imprisonment, and left him more than ever puzzled as to its object.

Hour after hour the long poles were steadily wielded by the silent Indians, who seemed not to know fatigue or to require rest. All through the night the heavy dug-outs pursued their steady way, crashing through the crisp bonnets, and bending down the long grasses, that flew up with a "swish" behind them. It was a marvel to the passengers that the channels, followed as unerringly by the dusky canoe-men as though it had been daylight, always led into one another. Their own experience had been that, even with sunlight to guide them, half the channels they had attempted to follow had proved blind leads. But with the Indians it was never so.

Through the night Lieutenant Carey pondered his situation, and studied their course by the stars. These told him that it was a little to the north of east, the very one he would have chosen, and in this respect the situation was satisfactory. But what information was he gaining concerning the Everglades, their resources, and present population? About as little as was possible for one who was actually passing through them. Could he obtain any more? Evidently not, under the circumstances. Long and deeply as he pondered the subject, he could not think of a single feasible plan for altering the existing state of affairs. He was compelled to acknowledge himself completely outwitted by the simple-minded sons of the forest into whose power he had so curiously fallen. "If I could only get at them, and talk to them, and explain matters to them!" he said, aloud, and the sailor answered:

"It wouldn't do no good, sir. There's none in the world so obstinate as Injins and Malays. Once they gets an idea inside their skulls, all the white talk you could give 'em wouldn't drive it out. Fighting is the only argument they can understand, and if you say the word, I'll have these two heathen pitched overboard in no time."

"No," said the Lieutenant, "it wouldn't do any good, and my orders are to treat such Indians as I may meet with all possible friendliness. I only wish I could meet with some besides these two young automatons, but there does not seem to be any prospect of it."



THEY WERE SUDDENLY CONFRONTED BY AN INDIAN ARMED WITH A RIFLE.

"Do you suppose any other two fellows ever had such queer times on a canoe trip as we are having?" asked Worth.

"Indeed I do not," replied Sumner. "And this is the very queerest part of it. Here we are still on a canoe cruise, without our own canoes, without knowing where we are going, and without having anything to do with the management of the craft we are cruising in. It will be a queer experience to tell about when you get back to New York, won't it?"

"Yes, indeed, it will, though New York seems so very far away that it is hard to realize that I shall ever get there again. If we could only see an Indian village, though! It seems too bad to be going right through an Indian country and yet see nothing of its people."

"Oh, well, we are not through with the 'Glades yet, and you may still have a chance to see plenty of Indians."

In spite of Sumner's hopefulness, Worth's wish did not seem any nearer being gratified four days from that time than it did then. Each night's journey was a repetition of the first, except that they grew shorter with the growing moon. The Indians refused to travel except in darkness, and never came for their passengers until after the moon had set. Each day was spent in a comfortable camp, to which they were so closely confined that they could learn nothing of their surroundings. These camps were always located on small islands, and were always reached before daylight.

Quorum always arrived at the camping-place some time in advance of the others, and he always found the canoes and the cruiser awaiting him. From them he was allowed to take whatever he thought the party would need, but after that first night the boats invariably disappeared before the others reached them.

Sumner said this was a trick the canoes had learned early on the cruise, and they had probably taught it to the other boat.

Who caused their disappearance or where they went to, none of them knew; and but for Quorum, the owners of

the several craft would have heard nothing of their whereabouts or welfare.

During this strange journey, as they were unable to do any hunting or foraging for themselves, Quorum was obliged to exchange so many of their stores for fresh meat, fruit, and vegetables, that he finally announced them to be nearly exhausted.

At length, one very dark night, the passengers, who were half dozing in the bottoms of the canoes, became conscious of a change. The darkness all at once grew more intense, until they could barely distinguish the forms of the Indians in the bow and stern of their respective boats. A rank odor of decaying vegetation filled the air, while the swish of grass and bonnets was no longer heard. They seemed to be moving more swiftly and easily than usual. Finally, when they landed, it did not seem as though they were on an island; and as they made their way toward the light of the camp fire, about which Quorum was busy, they suddenly realized that it was reflected from a background of pine-trees.

"Hurrah, boys!" shouted Lieutenant Carey; "there is a sign that our trip is nearly ended. Pine-trees don't grow in the 'Glades, and therefore we must be somewhere near the coast. I can't say that I am sorry, for the trip has been a

most disappointing one to me. It has been a decidedly unique and remarkable one, though—has it not? I wonder how many people will believe us when we say that we have crossed the entire width of the Everglades without learning anything about them and almost without seeing them? When we add that we have passed dozens of Indian villages, and yet have not seen an Indian village; have been surrounded by Indians, but cannot describe their appearance; have come all the way by water, and brought our own boats with us, and yet have not set eyes on our own boats since the day we entered the 'Glades—I am afraid that we shall be regarded much as the old woman regarded her sailor son when he told her that he had seen fish with wings and able to fly. In fact, I am afraid they will doubt our veracity. How I am going to get up any kind of a report to send to Washington, I am sure I don't know. By-the-way, Quorum, were our canoes here when you landed?"

"No, sah, dey wasn't; an' I is troubled in my min' frum worryin' about dem. I is ask dat feller Ul-we, but he don't say nuffin'. 'Pears like he done los' he tongue, like de res' ob de Injuns. De wust ob hit is, sah, dat de grub jes about gin out, an' I is got er mighty pore 'pology fer a breakfus."

So excited were our explorers over their new surroundings, and over this report that their boats were again missing, that instead of turning in for a nap, as usual, they sat round the fire and waited impatiently for daylight. Sumner was the most uneasy of the party, and every few minutes he would get up and walk away from the fire-light, the better to see if the day were not breaking.

On one of these occasions he was gone so much longer than usual that the others were beginning to wonder what had become of him. All at once they heard him shouting from the direction of the place at which they had landed:

"Hello in the camp! Come down here, quick! I've got something to show you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



DOVE.

WHEN Dove Denison was born there was general rejoicing in her grandfather's rather too solemn house near London; for you see there had been no young people in the family for years. Dove's father was middle-aged, and his wife over thirty, and they were very staid people at that, while the old Colonel was nearly seventy. The coming of the daintiest, loveliest of babies, which Dove certainly was, seemed to wake up the whole place into youth and gladness. Every one, down to the obscurest stable-boy, wanted to see this fairylike child, who seemed really a gift from Heaven; and when she was old enough to be christened, the sweet innocence and gentleness of her blue eyes, the little tender smiling lips and soft down of golden hair, suggested the name of "Dove."

"Yes," said the old Colonel, when in a family council this important question was discussed. "It's an out-of-

the-way name, to be sure, but she looks it—a little carrier-bird from God to cheer us up with her good tidings."

And so it was that the tiny child was taken to the church, and solemnly baptized "Dove Agnes Denison," the middle name for her grandmother.

I do not quite remember how old the baby was, but she could not have been more than two months old, when there arose a feeling in the household that something, hard to say just what, was wrong with her. Once while being taken out for her daily exercise the report of a gun was heard close by, and Dove, who was gazing about very contentedly from her little carriage, paid no attention to it. Again, the old Colonel was holding her on his knee, as he liked to do for a little while after dinner, when close by them a mirror fell with a crash from the wall, and not a sign of hearing it was shown on the baby's face. When several such incidents occurred, the family

decided to see what it meant, and one morning they took her to the best physician for consultation on the question of what they feared was deafness.

It was a trying ordeal, as you may imagine. While the doctor made his examination, the old Colonel walked up and down the anteroom with his wrinkled white hands nervously clasped behind his back, and Dove's mother sat with tearful eyes in the office, her whole heart on just one little bit of hope left her.

"I wish I could encourage you, Mrs. Denison," Dr. Joyce said at last, "but I am afraid our little patient"—looking down into Dove's serene blue eyes—"has been born deaf. We will watch her, however, very carefully for some time, and decide if anything can be done."

After that you may be very sure no pains were spared to do all for the child's comfort and, it was hoped, improvement; but before the year was out, the doctors and the family had to face the fact that little Dove would never hear or speak. As is so often the case, the loss of one sense is the gaining in force of another. Never was there a brighter pair of eyes, never a keener, quicker young mind, and everything was done to cultivate her intelligence and make her happy. By-and-by she came to understand exactly what was the difference between herself and those around her. At first it worried her a little, but soon her sweet temper triumphed, and she seemed only eager to learn and to use all the faculties God had given her. The best of teachers were engaged for her; far and wide they searched for every help in the mute young life, and, as though to compensate other children less happily placed, Mrs. Denison constantly invited a party of young folks from a great institution for the deaf to spend a long happy day with her. And what frolics they all had! And many people who saw them declared that few children gifted with speech and hearing were brighter or keener.

Now Dove's greatest delight was in a flock of birds, which by a lucky thought her father purchased from a bird-fancier who came to the house to give an exhibition of the various tricks he had taught the pretty creatures, and finally instructed Dove in his art. She took to it at once, and a sweeter sight than the little lass among her feathered pets could scarcely be seen. Sometimes when the family were staying in London she went out into the public gardens with her nurse, and there gathered about her birds from all the trees and dove-cots, and at home she learned how to manage her "carriers" so adroitly that they took messages safely back and forth to her friends at the institution, especially to her great comrade, a lad of twelve named Thorpe.

"What shall we do for Dove's next birthday?" Mrs. Denison asked one spring night at dinner; then she turned, repeating the question in sign language to the child.

Back swiftly came the answer, "A garden fête for all the children at the institution."

And Dove's eyes danced. Her word was law, and the very next morning they began to arrange for the party on the 1st of June—the anniversary of Dove's coming to gladden so many hearts. It was decided to have all the out-of-door games they knew, and tents for refreshments on the lawn, and baskets of fruit and flowers filled to give each boy and girl on leaving. Then, in-doors, the long ballroom was prepared for a conjurer, who was to perform tricks they could understand, and, it might be, show a magic lantern.

Now in the month of June there are few places in all of England lovelier than the gardens of Denison. Not only do flowers bloom in profusion—the richest of roses, red and yellow, creamy white and palest pink, mingling color and fragrance deliciously—but the shrubberies, the noble trees on the lawn, the terraces sloping to the river with their deep green banks, and the sheltered pathways

leading here and there, sometimes forming a labyrinth, and skirted by hedges, the trimming of which was old John Gardener's greatest pride.

The weather was indeed perfection; there was breeze enough to make romping very enjoyable; the children enjoyed every game—the "whirl go rounds," the hobby-horses—everything provided for their amusement by the Colonel, who walked about from group to group, fairly beaming with pleasure; for he had long ago reconciled himself to Dove's lip-silence, since it seemed to interfere so little with her own happiness, and she understood wonderfully well how to interpret the motion of others' lips; only she never cared, for some reason, to learn oral expression, which many of the institution pupils did very well.

The long bright day came to a close at last, and Dove stood on the lower door-step of the fine old mansion, a charming little figure in her white dress, with her soft golden hair like a veil of sunshine, and at her side the baskets of fruit and flowers, which, as she bade her friends good-by, she distributed with a pretty nod and smile better than words. All were too deeply engrossed in the scene and the gentle farewells to heed two figures who, coming up the bank, stole around to the dove-cots warily and with the mean air only thieves could assume. They were strongly built, swarthy men—gypsies, not of the better class, but the lowest; and while Dove was bidding her guests good-night in such expressive silence, the men had made their way into her aviary.

"Them's the ones she plays the prettiest with," the bolder-looking of the two whispered, and it was the work but of an instant to capture Dove's favorite pets—Bluebell, her especial darling, and three or four of his comrades. Then stealthily, as before, in the soft dusk they crept down the bank and to a bend in the road, where a covered wagon was drawn up. A girl's face peered out from the hood. It was more a dull than an evil face, and framed in a scarlet handkerchief.

"Give us the cage," the youngest man said, shortly, and with a listless sort of air the girl stretched out a large wooden-barred cage, into which poor Bluebell and his mates were roughly thrust. Then the men jumped into the wagon, and hurriedly drove down the road a little way, where they halted under a tree, and tied the horse securely.

"She's always out there about this time," the younger man said, anxiously, "and I guess we'll make an easy job of it, if Tim doesn't forget his lesson." He leaned into the wagon, and shook roughly an object curled up on the floor, and which, as it rose, proved to be a shock-headed, keen-eyed boy of about fourteen. "Now show us what you're to do," the man said, sharply.

"I knows how, Jake," was the answer, as the boy went cleverly through signs which meant, "One of your birds, miss, is caught in the lane down yonder."

"That's it," said Jake. "Now we'll chance it to-night, and if it won't work, to-morrow'll do as well."

The gypsies were right in thinking that Dove visited her birds in the evenings frequently alone; for so tenderly sheltered was she that there was no idea of harm befalling her, and her only fits of petulance were when she was too closely watched. "I can take care of myself," she had said more than once on her fingers, but dainty brows drawn together expressively.

Now, her guests all gone, Dove, rather tired, but happy, as usual, strolled out into her own garden, where all but the gayest of the blossoms was in shadow, then on to the dove-cots. She had made her signals, waved her little wand which summoned the birds, and was standing still, wondering why Bluebell did not appear, when at the hedge gate a boy's figure came in view, and quick to understand those whose language was like her own, she

comprehended his mute signs. Not a thought of anything but her bird down in the lane occurred to her as, following Tim's lead, she flew out of the gate into the still dusk.

"This way," Jake said to his companion, as they moved from behind a tree, and the next moment a cloak had been thrown about little Dove, and strong arms carried her down the bank. When the cloak was removed, she found herself in a wagon, which was being rapidly driven along the darkening road. Some girl had her arm about her, and it seemed to the child she could see, even in the dusk, the fluttering of wings in a cage near by. She stretched out her hand with the keen sense of touch belonging to her, felt a rumpled little head between the wooden bars, and as Bluebell responded to the movement, some of her terror vanished. But why, the child asked herself, had she been taken here, and who were these people?

Lyneford is miles and miles away from Dove's home. During each year a band of strolling, half-breed gypsies had been accustomed to visit the town, and camping out, as usual, in a rural quarter. They went from place to place, telling fortunes and giving performances of a varied character, some of the band singing choruses supposed to be "pure Romany," and others doing conjuring work. Lyneford folks of the poorer classes were accustomed to look for the party regularly.

The summer of which I write had been unusually dull. Trade was not brisk in any way, so when the gypsy "strollers," as they were called, appeared as usual, it was a gratification to their patrons to know that the prices for admission were very low—sixpence for grown people, and threepence for children. Moreover, they had a new attraction, "Daisy, the little bird-trainer," and in rude handbills distributed about were pictures of a delicate, wistful-eyed child with flowing hair, tenderly holding to her cheek a little dove.

Of course I need not tell you that the picture represented poor little Dove Denison, who from the time she was stolen had been forced by Nick Symonds and his wife into performances of the kind. Though not actually ill-treated, she was very miserable; and helpless as she was, she would have rebelled, but for her birds; they were her friends; they answered every look and motion; they seemed to know precisely what she was feeling and suffering. But the rude manner of life, the dreary, comfortless rooms and tents, the shutting out of all the tenderness and care which had made her silent little life so happy—all of this in the few short weeks had told upon Dove's heart and body. She was thin and weary when they reached Lyneford one rainy evening, hardly able to gather her little flock together. All day long in the gypsy caravan she had been trying to plan a way of letting them at home know where she was; but Nick or Jenny or Tim was always watching her, and although she cared for the birds herself, it was sure to be under some one's eye.

Dove was very sure that Bluebell was as miserable as herself. He was docile as ever, but the child thought he knew they were in trouble. When the wagons halted, about four o'clock, near the place where the tents were to be pitched, Dove put all her mind to work. What could she do? And then suddenly an inspiration came to her. If it could be followed up all might be well—home might be heard from.

The Lyneford audience came in rather tardily to Symonds's performance. For the most part they were working-people not able to leave home early; but the attendance was fairly good, and a number of young people had been attracted by the advertisement of the "little bird-trainer." Among these were two girls of twelve or thirteen, who, with their older brother, sat eagerly watching for "Daisy"; and when Dove, with her birds

circling about her, was brought out by Nick and Tim, they applauded at once.

"Well, she is a daisy, sure enough!" said the boy.

"How I wish ma'd have come," said the older girl. "Isn't she a dear little thing?"

Tim was explaining the cause of Dove's silence and failure to answer to applause, when suddenly, putting her lips down to Bluebell's neck, Dove sent him flying forward. Nick and Tim started to bring him back, but Bluebell was too good a carrier for that. Circling around and around he went, seeking escape, but suddenly he lighted on the shoulder of the Lyneford lad I have mentioned. At once the boy was shrewd enough to hold him fast, and in an instant he turned to his sisters.

"Look here, girls—come home," he whispered, and he held out a bit of crumpled paper fastened by a thin string to Bluebell's neck. "*Here's a go*," he continued. Removing the paper adroitly, he let the carrier fly back to his watchful little mistress; but half an hour later, in the back parlor of his father's shop, the family were excited over the note Bluebell had carried at random into the audience; for this is what, in her childish characters, Dove had written:

"I have been stolen. My name is Dove Denison. Dear people, please write to grandpapa and all at Burnham."

There had been no time for more, but the child's thought and action had been far better than speech.

I need scarcely tell you that during this time every one at Dove's home had been frantic. Where was their darling? From the time her little white-robed figure had flitted out into the summer dusk that memorable June day not a trace had been found of her; and even the detectives had so far failed in their search, probably because Symonds's Gypsy Troupe was too obscure to attract attention, and Dove had never been advertised until the band reached Lyneford.

One afternoon a tall, kindly looking man of middle age, painfully well dressed in his Sunday garments, arrived at the Denison house, and stood still a moment, gazing about, and thinking almost audibly.

"If that wasn't a rum go!" reflected honest Peter Macintosh, and in a half-dazed way he spoke to the servant, and, ten minutes later, wild confusion reigned where an hour before had been only misery and a sense of tragic loss.

"Yes, sir," he was saying to the Colonel and a whole group of excited listeners. "That's how it happened. She let her little bird fly, and it came right to my Joey, and there was the bit of a note. God bless you, sir! I'd like to see those wretches—"

"But now?" queried Mrs. Denison, mildly.

"Why, you see, ma'am," said the man, "the poor little young lady wasn't quite strong enough to come along with me; but she's well looked after. My Sarah is a good nurse, and my wife's just watching all day every look of her sweet little face."

Every one rushed about excitedly, you may be sure, and Peter Macintosh, who had taken this journey by no means sure that Dove's story was true, was treated to the best the house afforded, and travelled back that night with Mr. and Mrs. Denison and the old nurse. Meanwhile Dove lay weak on the clean bed given her in Mr. Macintosh's humble house; and Bluebell and the other birds hopped about from time to time as if they really knew just what a happy change had come. The gypsies had hurriedly given up the child and birds on Mr. Macintosh's demand, but no one ever learned how they contrived to escape; but one thing is certain—Lyneford was never in their "route" again.

Home, like a rescued captive Princess, Dove was taken,

and as Mr. Denison discovered that the one ambition of the Macintosh family was to quit Lyneford, it came about that soon the kindly people were "set up" in business in a good London street through which the Denison carriage often passes, and a proud day it is for Sarah and Jane when a tall blooming young lady steps out and takes a cup of tea in the shop parlor, while no 1st of June ever comes or goes without seeing the Macintosh family at the now regularly established birthday fête.

"HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE" "WORTH-WHILE" COMPETITION.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

I CAN hardly count on my fingers the great industrial exhibitions I have seen, starting with the one held in London forty-one years ago. How it has happened I cannot exactly state, but I have had something to do with many exhibitions at home or abroad, and at this present moment I am trying to give some small aid to the Historical Exhibition at Madrid, Spain, just for the love of such things; and, what is more, I believe that the directors of the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago have now under consideration a certain scheme, which plan I trust to present before long to the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, because it is exactly something many young people in the United States can participate in.



THE YOUNG PEOPLE "WORTH-WHILE" COMPETITIONS—GENERAL VIEW OF EXHIBITION.

Now it just came to pass the other day that I had finished two rather long letters. One of them was to Madrid, and the other to Chicago, and for the time my head was quite full of exhibitions. Then my thoughts turned to the great benefits conferred by such industrial shows, how they helped not alone in the education of those who were of a mature age, but shaped the minds of those who were younger. It happened that I was at Harper's establishment, when a gentleman attached to the firm showed me into a large pleasant room, where, arranged on tables and stands or hung on the walls, were many beautiful objects, and then I at once understood where I was.

Here was an exhibition made by the boys and girls who had taken part in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE "Worth-while" Competition. What struck me first was the capital name—a "Worth-while" Competition. There never

was a better title than that. "Good enough" never means much; for what might be "good enough" for me might by no means be "good enough" for you. It is a question of capacity; but when "Worth-while" is the motto, a great deal more than "good enough" is implied.

Is it "worth while" for boys and girls to keep their eyes wide open, and see things in all conditions; not to be satisfied with one side of an object, but to know of all the sides, and not only about what their eyes take in as to form, but to know something of the composition of the object? Is it worth while to educate the hands, the fingers, so that deftness comes? Is it worth while to cultivate the sense of touch? Now when you see objects thoroughly, and when with a knife or a plane or a file or a pair of scissors you can shape such thing, or with your pencil or your paint-brush or your needle you can imitate a form or follow an outline, before you are aware of it you have been cultivating that fundamental thing from whence all starts, and that is memory.

It is mental power you are storing up, and the more you work on that, the stronger you will get. As your eye becomes observant and your hand more skilful, it is your young brains that gain complete control. You are getting the all-around education which is of the greatest use in life. Some long-headed man said to his son, "What you have to do when you are grown is to know how to take hold of any tool, for it may be some implement or other you never have used, which in the end will make you triumphant." What he meant was that it might be a hammer, or a trowel, or a chisel, or an awl which might be put into your hand, and your master would say to you, "Now go ahead!" Perhaps, as luck would have it, it was one of the tools you had mastered, but as likely as not no one of these had ever been grasped in your hand. But then, in your young life you had cultivated memory, eye, and hand; and at first the particular tool would seem clumsy, but only for a short time. And after a while, because you had had mental and physical training, the task would not be so difficult.

It was, then, the practical end in view which delighted me when I saw this HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE "Worth-while" Competition. There is no use of my being particular as to the descriptions of the objects, because the names of those boys and girls who have been thought worthy of prizes for their work have been already heralded.

Now what else was there that impressed me? It was this: how things apparently widely apart are really closely connected. I mean the useful and the beautiful.

What is strong and serviceable does not become stronger or more serviceable if it be ugly. The natural instinct, whether it be in the savage or educated man, is to give preference to what is sightly or graceful. Just remember that France for 200 years or more has marketed her manufactured products all over the world simply because she had developed to the highest degree the taste together with the dexterity of her workmen.

So, looking around me at the many things, I tried to unite the two ideas of beauty of line or form with excellence of workmanship; and whether it was in a marvelous pen-and-ink sketch, or in an iron lamp-stand, or in a yacht model, or in an illuminated page, or the model of a locomotive, I found the two, the elements of good taste and of practical usefulness, always joined—linked together. I tell boys and girls that hard work, with close

attention to details, brings about purification of ideas, and then routine and rule-of-thumb work, which mean arrested civilization, go to the wall.

Just little things at this delightful exhibition explain what I mean. Why has a little girl left the beaten track and created fern fronds that look as if they had been dropped on a pocket-handkerchief, and managed it all with her needle?

What comes of this show is amazement at the talent displayed by young people. And pray how has this, in a measure, come about? Because of the printed lessons which have been put before American boys and girls. Their eyes, in an art sense, have become capable of distinguishing between not only what is distinctly excellent and what is positively bad, but the critical sense has been cultivated, and a dislike engendered for the vulgar and commonplace.

In an article of this precise character, telling about this exhibition, I address myself perhaps more to the fathers and mothers than to their children, and to the parents I say: "Cultivate, then, within proper limits, such mechanical or artistic tendencies as your children show. Just think how stupid it is to say to a boy: 'You, Bill, stop spoiling that paper. What are you always drawing for? And there's another one-cent pencil used up.' What do you know of Bill's future, or how you may be crushing out not the germ of a Michael Angelo, but of a capable boy, who may some day earn fame as an architect or an engineer, or at least make an honest living as a carpet or wall-paper designer, and in so doing reflect credit on his family?" A lad starting out in life to earn his bread and butter is all the better if he does know how to do many things; and to be a smatterer for a while is not a calling to be disdained.

"Everything comes to those who try." And so the "Worth-while" Competitions are not to conclude with this one exhibition. Having had such a brilliant beginning, HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE proposes the holding of another



SOME PRIZE ARTICLES AND GIRLS' HONOR PRIZE IN "WORTH-WHILE" COMPETITIONS.

exhibition for 1892-3, the announcement of which is to appear September 13th of this year.

FAMOUS AUTOMATA.

BY JOHN PAUL BOCK.

III.

TWO Frenchmen named Droz, father and son, about the middle of the last century, made automata which attracted much attention. One of them was a mechanical amanuensis, and, while not "the first type-writer," may no doubt have had something to do with turning the thoughts of inventors in the direction of this now indispensable machine. M. Droz, the father, constructed a child that sat at a desk, dipped a pen in ink, and, at dictation, in the French language, wrote down what was said to it. It would seem, of course, that only certain dictations which had been prepared mechanically beforehand could by any possibility have been written by this automaton; but the contemporaries of the Droz inventors do not say so.

In 1752 the younger Droz went to Paris, at the age of twenty-two, taking with him a perfect talking machine in female form. This figure played on the harpsichord and followed the notes with her eyes, rising and saluting the company at the close of her performance.

Less than a hundred years ago the Abbé Mical made a number of automata. The chief of them were combined in a musical group. Before the Academy of Sciences the Abbé exhibited two mechanical heads of his construction which pronounced syllables distinctly.

After these exploits of the French automaton makers the talking dolls of Edison, which do not reproduce the tones of the human voice, do not seem so very marvellous.

Maelzel was the early maker of automata in this century with whose work Americans are most familiar. His celebrated automatic trumpeter was exhibited in Vienna in 1809. It was human in size and garb and movement, and musicians, who were its chief admirers, said no human lips ever modulated the trumpet to finer tones.

Maelzel put two uniforms on his trumpeter, one of Austrian and one of French pattern, and two distinct sets of tunes came from its lips. When he pressed the right shoulder the



THE YOUNG PEOPLE "WORTH-WHILE" COMPETITIONS—VIEW OF NEEDLE-WORK EXHIBIT.

figure played Austrian military airs, and a corresponding pressure on its left epaulette caused French melodies to flow from its lips.

Some of Maelzel's mechanical toys, as he called them, were brought to New York, and afterwards burned in the American Museum fire. They were a rope-dancer, a ballet-dancer, and a pretty shop-girl. But Maelzel's automatic chess-player, the first ever seen in America, met with a worse fate. It is said that at the Academy of Design, in Barclay Street, near Broadway, a little man was actually found one day half asleep in Maelzel's chess player.

A curious weapon that seems to have peculiarities which may well give it mention here is the "she parang ilang," the automatic jungle knife of the Kyans of Borneo. Its blade is half an inch thick at the back and about fourteen inches long. The edge of the "she parang ilang," which learned men say shows a knowledge in savages of abstruse mechanical principles, is concave, and the blade instead of being straight is bent, so that there is a double curvature in its concave edge. A single slight movement of the right hand holding this knife results, in the right direction, in the cutting through of a tree trunk of astounding thickness. But let a novice attempt to handle it, or a Kyau dare to strike with it from left to right, and it flies in a jiffy over one's shoulder and out of sight far into the jungle. That is what the Kyans say; they go so far as to aver that many a one of their race had been beheaded by his "she parang ilang."

The Kyans use a spear even more wonderful than the Australian boomerang. It may be spoken of, I suppose, as an automatic spear. If thrown straight forward it may be made to rise in the air, pass over an intervening obstacle, descend to its former line of flight, and then dart swiftly on again toward the mark to which it was originally intended.

Maillardet, a Swiss, made a female figure that was said to play eighteen tunes on the piano, fingering the keys like a real player, and showing corresponding motions of the arms and breast. This performance lasted an hour.

Along with his piano-player Maillardet showed an automatic juggler and a boy who sat at a table and wrote and drew pictures. The last figure in the strange group was a dancing manikin. He also contrived a humming-bird that came out of a box and sang and then fluttered back to its nest; a steel spider that seemed to weave a web, and a hissing, wriggling serpent.

In 1834 two life-size figures were exhibited to scientific admirers, and afterwards to the public in London. One was in masculine and one in feminine garb, and they played duets on several musical instruments. One of the members of the French Academy of Sciences relates that in 1829 a five-act pantomime was performed in that city by a troupe of five automata, three of female and two of male figures.

It is evident that the genius of the automaton-makers of the past must have turned naturally toward musical figures and bird forms. And it seems, with all due allowance for the weakness of human testimony, that the inventors of this age in which we live can boast of little if any superiority to their predecessors in ingenuity.

The great difference between the close of the nineteenth century and all preceding eras in this respect is the utility toward which human skill is now directed. From the famous old city of Nuremberg, which has been for centuries the seat of mechanical learning, automatic bootblacks are soon, the cable says, to be sent out to the markets of the world.

Most of the so-called automata with which the public is now familiar are not to be compared in any legitimate way with the wonders herein described. Maelzel's automaton chess-player, in which a man was concealed, is simply a type of the ordinary show "automaton" now exhibited. Ajeeb, the mechanical draught-player shown here of late years, was another of the same kind.

No so-called automaton which conceals a human being is deserving of consideration. A mechanical flute-player, called Fanfare, has been shown, but not with evidence that the figure itself produced the notes. Kellar's Psycho, an Eastern dwarf figure, shown cross-legged on a pedestal, and calculating at its master's command such problems as the multiplication of large sums, the cubing of long lines of numerals, the designation of the day of the week or of the month or of the year on which a required event happened, is the most interesting of the automatic figures now on exhibition in this country. Many differing explanations of its mechanism have been published, but as yet it is a great puzzle to observers.

SOME CURIOUS SLIPS OF THE TONGUE.

THE tongue is unruly in other ways than that pointed out in such vigorous terms by James the Apostle. It seems to sometimes take the bit in its teeth, if so mixed a metaphor may be permitted, and to run away from the directing mind, with results that hardly ever fail to cause no less confusion to the speaker than amusement to the hearer. The incident of the gentleman who, in cordially inviting some friends to hear his pastor preach, said to them, "You may occupear my pie," is perhaps already familiar. Equally laughter-provoking was the transposition made by a friend of mine who had undertaken to recite Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee," and surprised both himself and his audience by the statement that

"For ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain
The heathen peen is chinelier."

It is probably because they more frequently appear before the public as speakers than any other class of men that clergymen are the heroes of the majority of the stories told as to slips of the tongue. The Rev. Mr. A—— has this to tell of the Rev. Mr. B——: Brother B—— is tall and gaunt of figure and pale and serious of countenance. Once, in bringing a meeting of special solemnity to a close, he caused many a smile by saying, impressively, "Now let us pronounce the Doxology, and I will sing the benediction." Then, as if realizing that something had gone wrong, he drew himself up, and looking, if possible, more solemn still, added, "No; I mean I will sing the benediction, and we will pronounce the Doxology." The quick wit of a hearer, who at once started "Praise God from whom all blessings flow" in stentorian tones, rescued the others from disgracing themselves by an outburst of laughter. After the meeting had dispersed, said Brother B—— to Brother A——, "Now, you know, I saw that thing coming wrong end first, but for the life of me I could not turn it round."

Here are some more amusing stories of a similar character: It was but a very insignificant change of a letter, but it spoiled what was intended to be an eloquent denunciation against idolatry, when the preacher cried, with impassioned earnestness, "Bow not thine eye to a needle," having meant to say, "Bow not thy knee to an idol." In the same way, the young clergyman with the correct Oxford pronunciation, in giving out the hymn "Conquering Kings," merely stumbled over the first vowel; but being unable to save himself, was hurried over the precipice, and startled his congregation with the announcement, "The concluding hymn will be 'Kinquering Congs,' 'Kinquering Congs.'" After that experience he was in a position to fully sympathize with his brother clergyman who, in place of saying "Behold the fig-tree how it withereth away," asked his bewildered audience to "Behold the whig-tree how it fithereth away."

In similar case did the preacher find himself who, describing conscience, and desiring to get his listeners to recognize the promptings of its inward voice in the half-formed wishes of the mind, appealed to them whether there was one present who some time or another "had not felt within him the effect of a half-warmed fish."

J. M. O.

HUM. SWEET HUM.

BY MARY SELDEN McCOBB

"AND so I cheated the bees, and kept the swarm." That was the end of a story told as I looked at the hives. How did my friend know that his bees meant to "swarm"? In the first place, they had grown restless, and there were "scouts" flying over the hill, and coming back to tell their fellows of a hollow tree which they had found.

For bees can speak to each other, you may be very sure. You ought to hear two rival Queens challenging each other to mortal combat. And when a bee is angry, he tells you plainly enough before sending his sting into you. That is for his own safety, as well as for you, since, if he leaves his sting in your flesh, he himself almost immediately dies, which is poor fun for him, and but a grim satisfaction to you.

The "scouts" came bustling in and out.

"We've seen a sunny site. Swarm! Swarm! Swarm!" That is what they said.

You see, the old hive was getting crowded, so many workers had been born. Besides, a new Queen bee was pushing her way into the world from a long thimble-shaped cell, where she had lain as a grub. She had been fed, as she grew, on "royal jelly,"

which the bees make expressly for Queens from pollen and honey. Sweet and strong is this "royal jelly," tasting like quince and cream, and delicate in its whiteness. Quite different from the food stored in the six-sided cells which are to form the drones and workers.

The future Queen had been carefully nourished ever since the mother Queen had tucked an egg into this hanging cell, and waited for her daughter to grow.

"Then I shall fly off with part of my bees, and the young Queen shall reign alone."

This was a wise resolve, and saved a fierce battle, for two Queens can never live together in one hive, and it is "swarm or die" for one of them.

To keep the old Queen from flying too far, my friend clipped her dainty lacelike wings. He spied her as she walked across the hive, attended by her adoring subjects, all facing her. No bee turns the back when escorting the Queen. For is she not mother as well as sovereign? Queens, drones, working bees are children of this one long, slender, elegant little person.

With infinite care, "Snip" went the scissors. "Snip!" again. The Queen's two wings were maimed so that she could fly barely two yards at a time. And bees, before swarming, wait the signal that her Majesty is ready to depart.

The "scouts" had told their story well. All the bees were fussing noisily, preparing to start. The Queen came out of the hive.

"Over the hills and far away!" she cried, and spread her wings.

Plump down among the clover and buttercups she fell.

Then there was confusion dire. The bees missed their Queen. They buzzed distractedly. Roundabout and roundabout they whizzed, searching for her.

Then, cautiously, my friend removed the old hive, and in its place he put a new one, prepared for the making of fresh cells and the storing of more honey.

Catching sight of this, believing it the same old hive, and sure that they shall find the Queen there if anywhere, the distressed bees enter by twos, by threes, by twenties, and by hundreds.

What charming quarters! Lo! the ancient comb which had been burnt brown by the heat of growing grubs had been replaced by clean "foundation," ready for the building of new cells.

A gentle, happy murmur succeeded the irritated, confused buzz. A sound which delights every owner of bees. "*The humming hum*," it is called.

The fallen Queen hears it. She rises heavily and flies slowly home. Even the "scouts" forget the trouble they have been at to find another abiding-place. They settle contentedly in the old-new hive.

"And so I cheated my bees, and kept the swarm."

ANTICIPATING A PROFESSION.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

THE longer one has a definite goal in sight and in mind, the more likely one will be to reach it. It is a great advantage to a boy if he can begin at an early age to look forward to his profession, business, or employment, and direct his energies toward preparation for it. There are a great many preliminary things which can be learned about a profession or a trade by giving one's attention to it at odd moments, or even by living in the atmosphere and expectation of it. If you expect to be a lawyer, for instance, you can save yourself long months of study by-and-by through a proper course of reading in history, political economy, politics, psychology, and ethics, all of which can now be had in text-books suitable for boys, and all of which must enter into the equipment of a successful lawyer of to-day. You can also get a very considerable start on the practical side of your profession by attending court cases, and carefully watching the method of conducting trials. No matter what your profession is to be, you can easily, while yet a boy, equip yourself with some of the preliminary knowledge necessary to make you successful in it.

The same is true of a trade or a business. The bright boy who is really in earnest can learn enough before he actually enters upon his life's work to give him a tremendous advantage over competitors who have not been equally provident. And all this may be done without taking time from one's regular school or home duties. It is simply a question of having a definite aim and purpose in the employment of one's spare time.

Every boy's day—like every man's day, for that matter—is divided between *vocation* and *avocation*—the business and the leisure of life. It is in the direction of one's avocations that one chiefly displays his grasp of the great problem of existence. The wise use of leisure is one of the chief factors of success. To turn the avocation to the benefit of the vocation without depriving it of its recreative character, is the secret which has enabled many eminent men to attain their greatness.

Now it is possible for every boy to turn his leisure time in the same way to the benefit of a serious purpose in life. He also can make his avocation serve his vocation. His habits of reading, of observation, of amusement, of conversation, may all be thus turned in a useful direction. And if he is really in earnest about what he wishes to do in life, this economizing of leisure and recreation will be delightful rather than irksome to him. It will bring him a far higher kind of pleasure to read and talk and experiment in the line of his chosen work than to fritter away his leisure time aimlessly in things which bring absolutely no permanent return of good.

I knew a boy who decided while he was yet in school to make philosophy the study and business of his life. It was not a common choice—it might have seemed visionary in a mere boy—but see what that determination, faithfully and persistently adhered to, has done for him. He read, talked, thought, wrote, and studied with reference to philosophy all through his school and college life. Then he took a post-graduate course in his special line of study, won the Ph.D. degree, secured a position as tutor or instructor in philosophy in a Western college, and to-day, at the age of only thirty-one, is Professor of Philosophy in one of the great universities of our land. He was a boy who anticipated his profession. He demonstrated the fact that it is never too early to begin.

For my part, I do not see why most boys, with due heed to the advice of their parents, should not choose their employments early in life, and begin at once to think about them, anticipate them, and prepare for them. Why should a young man wait until he has graduated from college or until he is twenty-one years old before he feels called upon to choose his work in life? What is gained by so doing? How many boys have clearer convictions as to what they are fitted to do in life at the age of twenty-one than at the age of fifteen? Very few, I think, witness the number of college graduates who drift from one employment to another, uncertain what to settle upon. Let a boy decide upon his profession at fifteen, and though he may not immediately enter upon it, he saves for preparation all the time which his companion loses by putting off his choice until he is of age. And this early time is most valuable time, for it represents the distinctively acquisitive period of life—the period when the mind receives impressions most easily, and retains them most tenaciously. The technique of any trade or business or profession is readily acquired by a youthful mind. Later on, it seems to be grasped slowly and with difficulty.

My advice to boys is that they anticipate their life work as much as possible. Get into the spirit and atmosphere of it; take the preliminary steps while you are full of enthusiasm.

IN FAVOR OF HARD MONEY.

THE two small girls of the family threw themselves violently upon the papa of the family as he entered the hall door.

"Auntie is going to take us to the fair," they shouted.

"Good!" exclaimed papa, in the cheerful tone papas affect when conversing with their olive branches. "Splendid! I wish she would take me too!"

"Perhaps she would if I asked her, papa," suggested literal Grace, pulling the papa's mustache sideways.

"Oh, never mind," said papa, hastily. "You can bring me home something pretty instead."

"That's it," cried eager Helen. "That's what we want, papa—some money to buy things."

"Oh, you do, do you? Well, I happen to feel rich to-night." The papa drew a roll of bills out of his pocket, and put a dollar bill into the hand of each astonished little girl.

"Oh, papa," exclaimed Helen, "a whole dollar! We can buy everything we want! How lovely, Grace!"

But Grace, looking at her treasure, began to cry. "I wanted some money," she sobbed.

"Well, there it is, Gracie," said papa.

"Oh, no, no!" moaned Gracie, "I wanted some money; some money like you give me sometimes. I can't do anything with that. I don't know what to do with *that long thing*, papa. I just wanted a little money."



A FACIAL CONTORTION.

TOMMY IS POOR AT DRAWING THE HUMAN FIGURE, BUT HE CAN MAKE FACES QUITE WELL.

SUMMER PLANS.

MARTIN. "I'm going to the sea-shore, where they catch fish as big as I am."

NED. "Well, I'm going to the mountains, where it's so wild that you can go out of the front door and lose yourself in five minutes."

FLOWER SECRETS.

THE flowers almost always grow in clusters. This is because they have so many secrets among themselves.

A little breeze came along the other day, and stole a kiss from a field daisy. You need not say anything about it, but I saw the daisy's lips part, and I believe she kissed the breeze.

The flowers have nothing to do but to play. Every day is a holiday to them.

There is a report that God made a mistake, and put two flowers in one place on the twinflower vine. But the twinflowers know He meant them to grow always side by side, like two loving sisters.

A HUNGRY BOY.

TOM. "I wish that the days were longer."

MURRAY. "Why?"

TOM. "Because we might have time then to have one more meal, you see."

A GOOD EXCUSE.

TEACHER. "Going to write to me when you go away on your vacation, Kent?"

KENT. "No'm. You said yesterday I wrote so badly that anybody would be ashamed to get a letter from me."

A SONG FOR JUNE.

WHEN the sweet tree-toads are singing in the verdant maple-tree, and the bats their courses winging through the N-I-G-H-T; when the bullfrogs come from hiding in the swamps so nice and damp, and the poor moths are colliding with the lighted parlor lamp; when the June-bugs go a-dancing on the ceiling and the wall, and in melodies entrancing from the fence the pussies call; while the skeeters are a-humming all the night into your ear— Don't believe that summer's coming, for it's then already here.

A GREAT THING.

BEN. "Wouldn't it be nice to have an uncle in the circus business?"

CARL. "Yes, indeed! Just think how nicely all the fellows at school would treat you!"

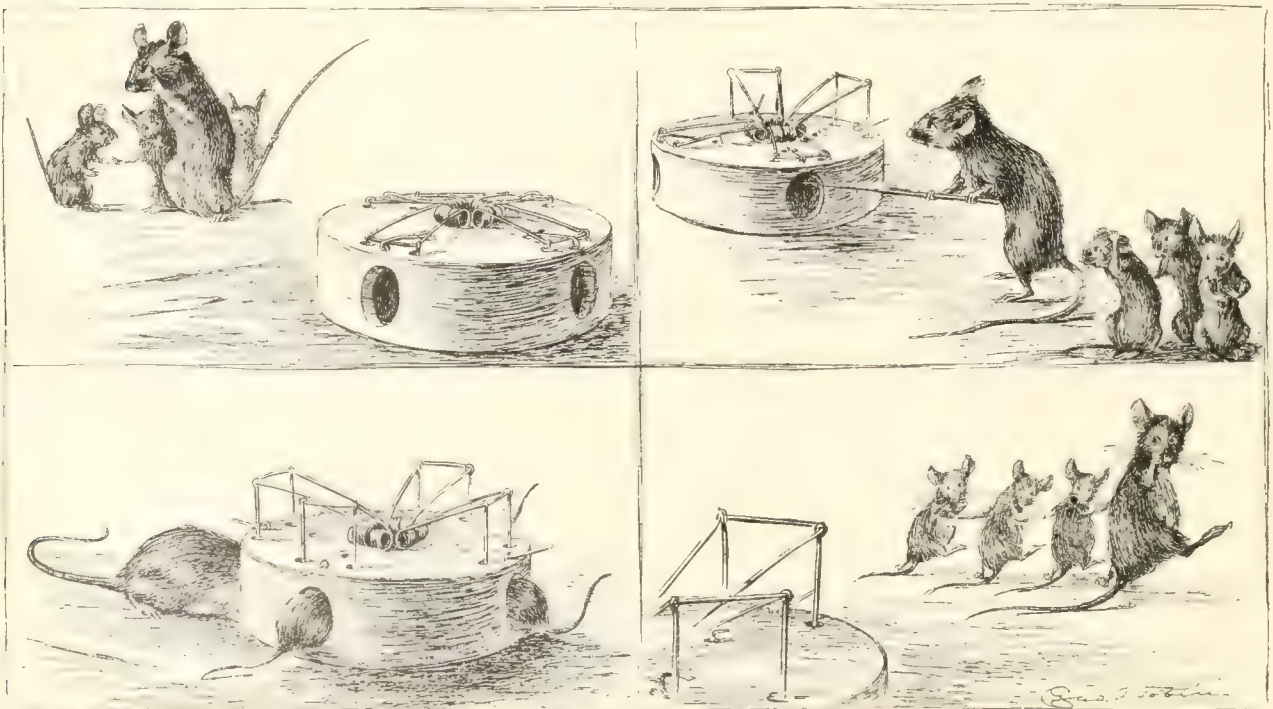
TEDDY'S PROMISE.

I've got a little sister now;
She's really pretty fine.
It makes me mighty proud to think
That she is truly mine.
And when she's grown as big as me,
I'll let her have my toys,
That is, I mean, the ones that are
Not suitable for boys.

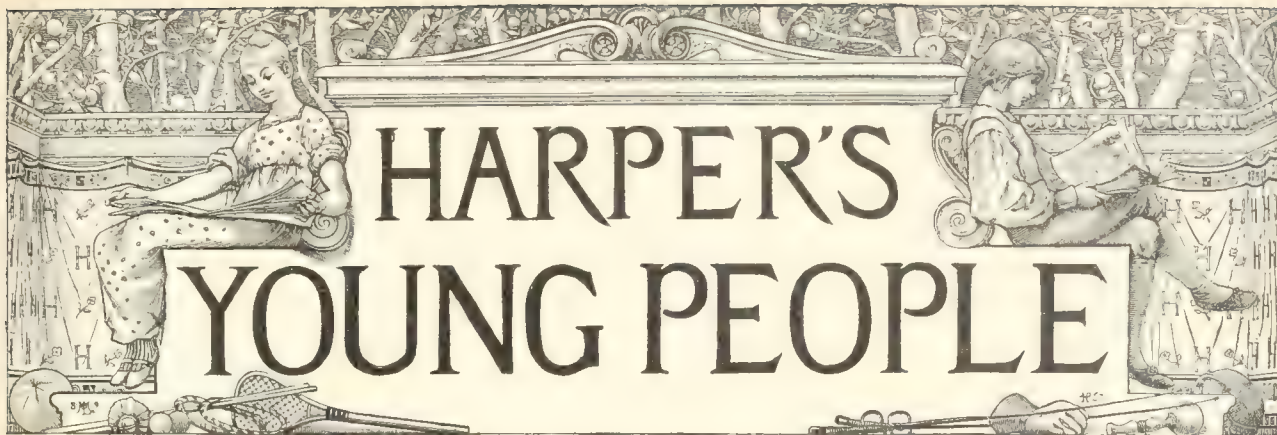
A DECIDED DISADVANTAGE.

ARNOLD. "I'm going to learn to play on the violin."

BERT. "Well, I'm going to have a cornet, and people will be able to hear me twice as far as they can you."



A FAMILY AFFAIR.



HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE

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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

THE OLD SAILOR'S YARN.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

THE Old Sailor sat on the outer end of the pier and looked out over the waves. Johnnie Hovey and his brother George stood on the inner end of the pier and looked at the Old Sailor. They knew he was an Old Sailor because they had been told so; but he did not wear a blue shirt with a rolling collar with anchors embroidered on it, nor a flat-crowned cap without a brim, nor wide trousers. He wore a fur cap, a short coat of rough material, and his brown trousers were tucked into his boot-legs. But their father had said he was an Old Sailor who had left the sea and had come there to live in peace the remainder of his days.

"I wonder if he would tell us a yarn?" said George.

"That's a good idea," said Johnnie. "Suppose we try him."

They walked out to the end of the pier, and rather timidly approached the Old Sailor.

"How are ye, lads?" was his greeting. "It's a pretty day, if ye like the wind."

"Yes, sir," said George; "it is a pretty day, and I like the wind quite well."

"If you please, Mr. Old Sailor," said Johnnie, "will you tell us a yarn?"

"Wot kind of

a yarn?" asked the Old Sailor, looking at Johnnie suspiciously.

"Why, a sailor's yarn—something about the sea."

The Old Sailor scanned the horizon, and laughed quietly to himself. "I wonder who gave 'em the course," he muttered.

Johnnie and George looked at one another anxiously. They did not know what to make of the Old Sailor's manner. Presently he looked around at the boys, and, pointing out to sea, said:

"S'posin'—now mind, I don't say as I do—but s'posin' I was to go fur to ask you wot kind of a wessel was that un, wot 'd you say?"

"A bark," answered both boys, promptly.

"That's werry good, too. An' s'posin' I was to go so fur as to ask you wot was the name o' the sail that sticks out behind, wot 'd you say?"

"Spanker," the answer came.

"That's more'n werry good. An' s'posin' I was to go some further an' ask you about wot course she might be steerin', wot 'd you say?"

"North," said Johnnie, doubtfully.

"Northeast, is not it?" said George.

"Not so werry good," answered the Old Sailor, again laughing one of his hearty but quiet laughs.

"Waal, then," he broke out suddenly, "you may call me a farmer



MIDSUMMER.—DRAWN BY MARIA L. KIRK.

if this wasn't the way of it. I'd ben an' shipped on a bark called the *Central Park*, bound from Noo Yawk to San Sebastian with a cargo o' spectacles an' Guinea-pigs. You see, all the people in San Sebastian are near-sighted, an' have to wear spectacles, an' their favorite sport is Guinea-pig races. Them there Guinea-pigs was the liveliest set o' quadrupeds wot you ever see, an' the boys took a likin' to 'em an' started in to teach 'em to chaw terbaccer, so's they'd behave themselves like gentlemen aboard ship. But the old man—that's the Capt'n, you know—stopped that, 'cos he said it'd put the pigs out o' trainin' for their races at San Seb. Howsumever, that ain't neither here nor there, seein' as how it 'ain't got nothin' to do with this 'ere yarn wot I'm a-tellin' you.

"The *Central Park* was one o' the gallusest old hookers wot I ever sailed on, an' I ben to sea, man an' boy, for more'n forty years. She had a bowsprit half as long as her hull, an' a jib-boom as long as the rest of it, an' it riz up in front o' her like a big pug-nose. When a man was out on the end o' that jib-boom an' the bark riz up on a good sea, he could see right over the tops o' the masts an' down into the cabin door; if he couldn't, I'm a farmer. But that ain't neither here nor there, seein' as how it ain't got nothin' to do with this 'ere yarn wot I'm a-tellin' you.

"The *Central Park* were a good-sized barky, an' she carried double tops, wot wasn't so usual in them days, an' had a spanker as big as the mainsail of a yacht. She were a wall-sided old gal, an' w'en you looked over the bulwarks, it were like squintin' down the side of a four-story house. She could sail ten knots an hour in half a breeze a wind, an' I've heerd tell as how she could make sixteen in a hurricane; but I don't know nothin' about that, 'cos she never went at no half-way gait like that when I was aboard. She were allus driftin' or goin' like a express train.

"Waal, the spectacles were stowed in the hold, an' the Guinea-pigs between decks. Everything were werry comf'table—werry comf'table indeed—an' we was a havin' the prettiest kind o' weather, till we was eighteen days out, w'en we was in latitude 92° 15' north and longitude 206° 15' west, which, as everybody knows, is just half-way between Coney Island an' San Seb. It were a dead-an'-buried calm, an' I were at the wheel. Our course were east-southeast, an' nothin' off; but as we was a-driftin', I didn't have nothin' to do 'cept to keep the wheel from turnin' flip-flaps w'en the ole gal fell down off the swells. The watch was a-lyin' 'round the deck half asleep in the b'ilin' sun, an' the air were hotter'n a bake-oven. Pretty soon I seed there were a kind o' queer look on the water, an' I took a squint aloft at the sun. Bless you, boys, it looked queer!"

The Old Sailor paused, while the boys remained breathless with astonishment.

"I waked up the mate, and told him to look at it," continued the Old Sailor. "He jess rolled up one eye, said 'Jakes!' an' went fur to call the skipper. Nex' minute he was back on deck, a-yellin' fur all hands to shorten sail. The ole man came on deck, an' looked mighty ser'ous. He put all hands to work, and in an hour an' a half or so we had her down to close-reefed main-tops'l, storm-jib, an' spanker. All this time the sea were so smooth you couldn't see a ripple, an' we could hear the Guinea-pigs a-squeakin' away down below, just as happy as if they was a-winnin' blue ribbons at San Seb. It were just noon w'en we got all made snug, an' at two bells a tramp steamer passed us. They hailed us, an' wanted to know why we didn't hoist a handkercher to help us along. The ole man says to 'em, says he: 'Shet up! You fellers'll all be feedin' fish afore moruin'.' Wich were gospel truth, 'cos they never was heerd tell of again. Howsumever, that ain't neither here nor there, seein' as how it 'ain't got nothin' to do with this 'ere yarn wot I'm a-tellin' you.

"Well, young gen'lemen, may I be keel-hauled if we

didn't lie right in that werry identical spot till four o'clock in the afternoon before the storm wot were to have arrived arrove. An' then, my! my! It came down on to us as if it had been shot out of a gun. The sky turned so black in five minutes that it shone like patent-leather. Then, with a yell, the wind came down on us. There was a report like a cannon, an' our big main-tops'l were blowed right out o' the bolt-ropes. The old hooker heeled over till her lee rail were in the water, an' then she jumped forward like a skeert cat. But before she had gone a cable's-length, she came to a dead stop, an' stood straight up. The jib an' spanker was trimmed in flat; but I hope I'm a farmer if the jib didn't fill out to star-board an' the spanker to port. An' the blessed ole barky began to go round.

"Down with your helm!" yelled the ole man.

"But, bless you! we didn't know wich were down, for the wind were on our port beam forrard, an' on our star-board beam aft, an' wot were down for the jib were up for the spanker. We put the helm fust one way an' then the other, but it didn't make no difference. The *Central Park* jess kep' on goin' round an' round, faster an' faster, till she were spinnin' like a top.

"Gee-menny!" yelled the ole man. "We're right in the middle of a cyclone, an' we're a-revolv'in' with it, an' we'll never get out o' this till the ole thing's blowed itself out!"

"Cos, you know, a cyclone is a wind wot revolves. So round an' round the *Central Park* went, an' in half an hour every man jack aboard were as sick as a gal out yachtin'. By-an'-by the men began fur to lose their senses, an' in twenty-four hours all hands was ravin' lunatics exceptin' me. I started in to turn around the other way as fas' as I could, an' for twenty-four hours I kep' sane. Then I got exhausted, an' staggered up ag'in' the mainmast, where, I guess, I kind o' fainted for a little while. When I came to, I found that I were still the only sane man aboard, an' I wondered why. Then I seed that, leanin' ag'in' the mainmast, I were in the middle of the barky, where she went around so slow that it didn't have no effect onto me. Soon as I seed that, I called the other men there, an' in the course of the next few hours they all came to their senses. But the cyclone kep' right on. For ten days an' nights that ole hooker kep' goin' round like a pin-wheel on Fourth o' July. Then she begin to slow up. The clouds bruk away, an' the sun peeked out. The cyclone had blowed itself out.

"The ole man got out his pig-yoke an' shot the sun, an' found we'd been travellin' nearly sou'west till we was in the latitude o' the Magellans. You know where that is, of course. Waal, there was a sea runnin'. We shipped water by the acre. Somebody said that them there Guinea-pigs must be all dead. I were sent below to look arter them. Bless you! w'en I got down there, they was all gone!"

"Fur a minute I were kind o' dazed. Then I heard a squeakin' down below, an' I knowed the Guinea-pigs was alive. I went down into the hold, an' there they all was. But the spectacles was all gone."

The boys looked at the Old Sailor in mute amazement. He continued:

"I didn't know wot to think, but jess then one o' the Guinea-pigs bit at my foot, an' I kicked him. Waal, boys, he rattled. Then I had a notion. I picked up one o' them Guineas, took him to the ole man, an' told him wot I thought. He called the cook, an' told him to kill the Guinea. I hope I'm a farmer if the critter weren't full o' spectacles. Durin' them ten days an' nights no one had thought o' feedin' them pigs, an' they'd gnawed their way down into the hold, an' filled up on spectacles. In three days every Guinea died from indigestion. So we put the barky about, an' sailed back to Noo Yawk, havin' been out four months, an' never gittin' anywhere

near our port o' destination. But, bless you! I hope I'm a farmer if this ain't the sequel to this 'ere yarn wot I've been a-tellin' you: Whenever I meets one o' the men wot was shipmates with me aboard the *Central Park*, he looks at me, an' I looks at him, an' then we both falls to goin' around like a pair o' cockchafers, till we gits so full o' laugh that we can't stand up."

The Old Sailor paused, and looked at the boys, who were still transfixed with amazement.

"How do you like the wind, meanin' the yarn?" asked the Old Sailor.

"Oh, very much, thank you!" answered the boys.

"Yes, an' it's putty good, too," said the Old Sailor. And turning his gaze once more upon the distant horizon, he laughed another of his hearty, quiet laughs.

EVERYBODY'S CAT.

"IF I loved birds less, I would love cats more," said Mr. William Thomas, an enthusiastic ornithologist. "But one can't consistently entertain a practical affection and ownership in cats and birds too.

"I am at this moment two-sevenths owner of a beautiful coal-black cat. Up to yesterday I supposed I owned her entirely. But that cat was always peculiar in her habits. She seemed to frequent the house only on Fridays and Sundays. She was fond of fish, and we always had fish ready for her on Fridays. Sundays she devoted to ratting. She was always a splendid ratter, and yesterday, when Tom Grogan offered to bet me five dollars that his cat was a finer ratter than mine, and could kill more rats in a given time, I took him up at once. Then Sam Terry declared that his cat was better than either of them, and he put up his money too.

"Then Grogan insisted that he would have to try the cats some Tuesday or Thursday, for those seemed to be the only days of the week he could ever find his cat. But Terry insisted that the trial must be on Saturday or Wednesday, for he somehow never could manage to catch his cat at home any other days but those. As the day happened to be Sunday, I took the boys down-stairs to look at my cat.

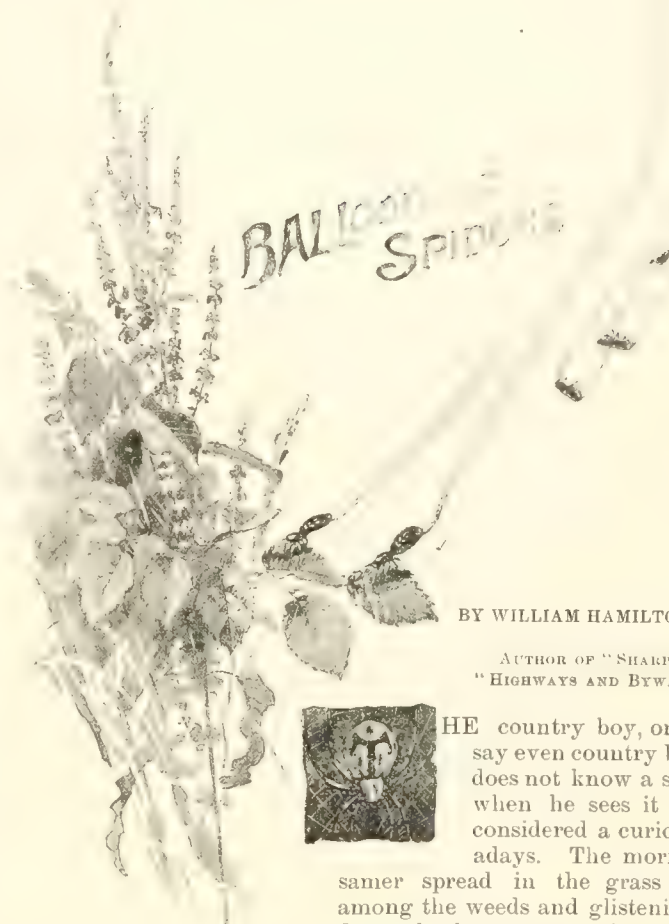
"When they saw her, their eyes stuck out. Each one insisted she belonged to him, and was the same cat who was in the habit of spending two days in each week at his residence. While we were discussing the matter, Fred Porter dropped in, and when he saw that cat he declared he'd know her among a thousand, although he hadn't seen her since last Monday, Monday being the only day she ever seemed to materialize, so to speak, at his home!

"What did we do?

"Well, the cat was a beautiful creature, and I promptly locked her up in my cellar until I could make her recognize the fact that she belonged to me seven days in the week. But, gracious! what was the use? The next morning the cat had disappeared. It was Monday, so I was not surprised when Fred Porter stopped and told me she had spent the day with him. You can't break up the methodical habits of a cat like that."

A PROBLEM.

MY little dog that I have had
So many jolly larks with,
Has teeth he uses when he bites;
But what keeps me awake o' nights,
Is wondering what he barks with.



BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

AUTHOR OF "SHARP EYES,"
"HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS," ETC.



THE country boy, or I might say even country baby, who does not know a spider-web when he sees it would be considered a curiosity nowadays. The morning gossamer spread in the grass or hung among the weeds and glistening in the dew, who has not seen it, and thought of the agile long-legged proprietor somewhere lurking near by? And yet for

ages, and until a comparatively recent date, this cob-web, either trailing lightly in the breeze or spread in the grass, was a mystery as to its source, and was believed to consist of dew burned by the sun. But the spider has hoodwinked even the wise heads in many other ways, and even to-day is an unsolved mystery to many of us. Yes, we all know the spider-web and the spider, but have we tried to solve the puzzle which he spreads before us by every path, in our window-blind, our office, our bedroom, or even, it may be, in mid-ocean. Here, for instance, a puzzled nautical friend propounds the question: "How do those tiny spiders get on my yacht when I am twenty miles at sea? They could not have hatched simultaneously all over the ship, and I find them by the dozens all over the sails and rigging and even on my clothing." I have heard of a little girl who ran in-doors to her mother in great excitement to tell her that it was "snowin' 'pider-webs," a picturesque and true statement as far as it goes, but which tells but half the story, for each of the falling webs held a pretty secret. What that secret was my yachtsman can readily guess, for the two half-stories taken together complete the tale. Various accounts of these gossamer showers have been handed down in history, and were always a mystery. Even the ancient Pliny records a "rain of wool," a phenomenon which, in a greater or less degree, is to be seen by every walker in the country during the late summer and autumn months—the annual picnic of the "ballooning spiders," whose

peculiar aeronautic methods are shown in my illustration.

Gilbert White, in his *History of Selborne*, written over a hundred years ago, gives a most graphic account of one of these cobweb showers:

"On September the 21st, 1741," he says, "being then on a visit, and intent on field diversions, I rose before day-break. When I came into the enclosures, I found the stubbles and clover grounds matted all over with a thick coat of cobweb, in the meshes of which a copious and heavy dew hung so plentifully that the whole face of the country seemed as it were covered with two or three setting nets drawn one over another. When the dogs attempted to hunt, their eyes were so blinded and hood-winked that they could not proceed, but were obliged to



DRAPED IN THE GLISTENING MESHES.

lie down and scrape off the encumbrances from their faces with their fore feet, so that finding my sport interrupted, I returned home musing on the oddness of the occurrence....About nine o'clock an appearance very unusual began to demand my attention—a shower of cobwebs falling from very elevated regions, and continuing without any interruption until the close of day. These webs are not single filmy threads floating in the air in all directions, but perfect flakes or rags, some near an inch broad and five or six long, which fell with a degree of velocity that showed they were considerably heavier than the atmosphere. On every side, as the observer turned his eyes, he might behold a continual succession of fresh flakes falling into his sight, and twinkling like stars as they turned their sides to the sun."

This same shower was witnessed by others, and one observer noted a similar one from the summit of a high mountain, the sky above him to the limit of his vision glistening with the silvery flakes.

White adds, further: "Strange and superstitious as were the notions about gossamers formerly, nobody in these days doubts that they are the real production of small spiders, which swarm in the fields in fine weather in autumn, and have a power of *shooting out webs from their tails*, so as to render themselves buoyant and lighter than the air."

I have italicized a phrase which is most suggestive, for

such is the actual resource of the spider balloonist, a feat which may be witnessed by any one at the expense of a little trouble and patience.

Almost any bright autumn or late summer day is certain to reward our search—indeed, a search will hardly be necessary. The entire meadows are often draped in the glistening meshes. They festoon the grass tips, and wave their silken streamers from every mullein or other tall weed. Our garments are soon faced with a new warp and woof of glistening silk, and an occasional tickling betrays the floating fluffy mass which has encombred our hands or face. The glistening "rain of wool" of Pliny, or the mimic snow-squall of Gilbert White, I have witnessed many times, only in less degree, over the October rowen-fields. This tickling upon our hands is perhaps not all to be accounted for by the mere contact of the silky web. If we examine closely, we shall doubtless find a lively little spider extricating itself from its unsatisfactory anchorage, and creeping to the nearest available position for a new flight. Even as you are examining the web upon your hand the spry midget has mounted to the top of your finger, and is off on his new silken balloon in a twinkling, sailing upward and out of sight even while his fellow-aeronauts are falling right and left. For this flying-machine, though a toy as it were of the wind, is still under control of the wise little sailor at the helm.

Almost any one of these flying tufts intercepted on our finger or upon a small stick will induce its little aeronaut to make a new start, and a careful examination with a pocket magnifier will disclose his secret. No matter how slight the breeze, he seems instantly to head against it, the abdomen is then raised, and in a moment a tiny stream of flossy glistening silk is seen issuing from the spinnerets beneath. Not the ordinary single web which we all know, but a broad band which represents the many hundreds of strands usually combined in the single thread, but now permitted to issue singly from the spinnerets. White speaks of the spider "shooting out" the web, and such is the apparent feat, but doubtless the breeze assists in the operation. It is certainly taking good care of this floating banner from the loom of this little spinner upon our finger-tip. Longer and longer it grows. A yard or more of its length is soon swaying about in the breeze. So buoyant has it now become that the little spider is visibly drawn upward, and now clings barely by his tiptoes. In another second he is off on his travels, where few could follow him even if they would. But this we *must* do if we would see the true "balloon," with its basket and rigging and Captain all in perfect sailing trim.

Up to the point of ascension—to utter a Hibernianism—I have often thus followed my balloonist, but at this point I willingly yield the pursuit to a more competent witness, one whose recognized fame as the historian of the whole spider fraternity needs no emphasis from me. They have kept very few of their secrets from the Rev. Dr. McCook. He has followed them even in their flight, and has brought back all the tricks of their navigation. To have been able to describe as an eye-witness not only the ascension, but the subsequent alert and skilful rigging, trimming of ship, sailing, reefing, and final anchoring in port of this aeronaut with the silken jib, as Dr. McCook has done, acquiring his facts through a wild pantomime in the meadows, which for a time risked his reputation for sanity, is a triumph of patient investigation which deserves conspicuous acknowledgment.

Here is what the doctor observed while his neighbors, as he ran cross-eyed over the meadow, were bewailing the loss of his reason:

"The spider, as she was raised from the perch, had her head downward. She immediately and swiftly reverses her position, clambers up her floating threads, at the

same time throwing out a few filaments, which are cunningly twisted into a sort of basket into which the feet can rest. Now the upper legs grasp the lower of the ray, and the spinnerets, being released therefrom, are again set to work, and with amazing rapidity spin out a second and similar ray which floats up behind her. Thus our aeronaut's balloon is complete, and she sits in the middle of it, drifting whither the breeze may carry her. She is not wholly at the mercy of the wind, however, for if she



SPIDER-EGG COCOON.

wishes to alight, she can gather the threads into a little white ball under her jaws; as they gradually shorten, the spider, having nothing to buoy her, sinks by her own weight, and the striking upon some elevated object, or falling upon the grass, makes her feel at home."

Having once alighted, the little pioneer immediately sets up housekeeping for herself, and the locality of its web in a year hence will doubtless be the scene of a similar balloon ascension, multiplied perhaps a thousand-fold, from the neighborhood of a tuft of eggs somewhere concealed among the herbage—perhaps a brown cocoon-like affair like that of the *Argiope riparia*, hung with its guy threads upon a dried fern.

The ballooning or flying spiders are not confined to any particular species. It seems to be an instinct with them all, but especially with the orb-weavers, or geometrical web-makers, and the wolf spiders; those queer short-legged specimens which dodge about upon the walls and fences, running forward or backwards as the whim takes them, or even sideways in a manner at which a crab might turn green with envy.

A shower of cobwebs of unusual extent fell in the vicinity of Brooklyn about ten years ago, having been especially noted by a party of surveyors in Prospect Park, among whom was a noted scientist and naturalist. The ground was covered with the webs, averaging as many as fifteen to the square foot. The shower was later noticed by the same observers upon the summit of the Brooklyn Bridge tower, and doubtless covered several miles in area.

A SHIRKING BOY.

A NEATLY dressed, bright enough looking boy came to apply for a situation as office-boy, in response to an advertisement inserted in a daily paper by a gentleman with whom it would be an advantage to any boy to be associated. The duties were not irksome, the pay was more than office-boys are usually paid, and the boy would have the kindest treatment. But be-

fore the gentleman could ask the boy the few questions he wished to ask him, the boy began a little catechism of his own.

"How many hours a day would I have to be here?" he asked.

"From eight until six o'clock."

"I know some office-boys who get off at five every day," said the boy.

"I would need you until six."

"How long a time would I have at noon?"

"An hour—from twelve until one."

"Some boys get an hour and a half. Would I have to be here at exactly eight every morning?"

"It would be best for you to make it a rule to be here every morning at that time. Boys ought to learn to be punctual."

"Well, there isn't generally much to do that early in the morning, and I thought maybe it wouldn't make any difference if I didn't get here at just eight every morning. I suppose you wouldn't want me to go out any on my own account if it happened to be a dull day and you didn't need me?"

"I couldn't tell just when I would need you. Besides, if I paid you for your time between six and eight o'clock, that time would rightfully belong to me."

"Do you ever give any half-holidays?"

"Not often."

"Do you pay a fellow for putting in extra time—say, if I had to stay after six some night?"

"If a boy wanted pay for a few minutes' extra service I would pay him."

"I wouldn't ever have to do anybody else's work, would I?"

"I think not."

"I know a boy who's often asked to do things it isn't his business to do. Well, I suppose I might come and try it and see how I liked the place."

"No, I don't think I care to have you do so," replied the gentleman, calmly. "I am quite sure that the place would not suit you. In fact, my boy, I fear that you will never succeed in any place until you get rid of your fear of giving honest, faithful service in return for the wages paid you. The boy who is afraid of doing too much never does enough, and is always ready to shirk his duty. I would in all kindness advise you not to ask any of the questions you have asked me of the next person to whom you apply for a place. They indicate the disposition of a shirk, and the boy who starts out in life determined to do as little as he can for the money paid him is a shirk, and will be a failure in life."

J. L. H.

A GENTLEMAN.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I KNEW him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale—
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time for play—
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street;
Off came his little cap.
My door was shut; he waited there
Until I heard his rap.
He took the bundle from my hand,
And when I dropped my pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me,
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along;
His voice is gently pitched;
He does not fling his books about
As if he were bewitched.
He stands aside to let you pass;
He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself;
He serves you if he can;
For in whatever company
The manners make the man.
At ten or forty 'tis the same,
The manner tells the tale;
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

CANOE MATES:*

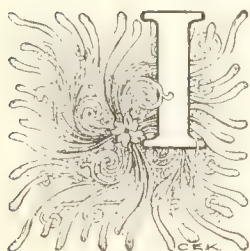
A STORY OF THE EVERGLADES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "CAMPELLES," "DORY MATES," "DERRICK STERLING,"
"CRYSTAL JACK, & CO.," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN ADVENTUROUS DEER HUNT.



In answer to Sumner's call, the others sprang up and hurried in the direction of his voice. As they got beyond the circle of fire-light, they saw that the day was breaking, though in the forest its light was dim and uncertain. It was much stronger ahead of them, and within a minute they stood at the water's edge, where objects near at hand were plainly discernible. Although they more than suspected that the 'Glades had been left behind, they were hardly prepared for the sight that greeted their eyes. Instead of a limitless expanse of grass and water dotted with islands, they saw a broad river flowing dark and silently toward the coming dawn through a dense growth of tall forest trees. But for the direction of its current, it was a counterpart of the one, now so far behind, by which they had entered the 'Glades from the Gulf.

Of more immediate importance even than the river were the objects to which Sumner triumphantly directed their attention. These were the long-unseen canoes and the cruiser, with masts, sails, and paddles in their places, and looking but little the worse for their journey than when their owners had stepped from them nearly a week before. Sumner had discovered them, snugly moored to the bank, a short distance below the landing-place, and had towed them up to where the others now saw them. In the bottom of the *Hu-la-lah* lay their guns and pistols carefully oiled and in perfect order. Everything was in place, and they could not find that a single article of their outfit was missing.

"I declare!" said the Lieutenant, "those Indians are decent fellows, after all, and though I am provoked at them for their obstinacy in not granting us a single interview, as well as for the way they compelled us to journey through their country, I can't help admiring the manner in which they have fulfilled their share of our contract. They have shown the utmost fairness and honesty in all their dealings with us, and I don't know that I blame them for the way in which they have acted. They have been treated so abominably by the government ever since Florida came into our possession that they certainly have ample cause to be suspicious of all white men."

Quorum was sent down to watch the canoes and see that they did not again disappear, while the others ate the scanty breakfast that he had prepared. At it they drank the last of their coffee, and Quorum reported that there was nothing left of their provisions save some corn meal and a few biscuits.

As they talked of this state of affairs, Sumner said that he had started up a deer when he went after the canoes, and Worth was confident that this must be a good place in which to find his favorite game—wild turkeys.

"It looks as though we would have to stop here long enough to do a little hunting before proceeding any further," said the Lieutenant.

To this proposition the boys, eager to use their recovered guns, readily agreed.

So, after making sure that their camp was no longer guarded, and that they were at liberty to go where they pleased, it was decided to devote the morning to hunting, with the hope of replenishing their larder. Quorum and the sailor were left to guard camp and the boats, while the others entered the piny woods, going directly back from the river. The Lieutenant carried a rifle and the boys their shot-guns, while each had his pockets well filled with loaded shells.

The pine forest was filled with a dense undergrowth of saw-palmetto, and the ground beneath these was covered with rough masses of broken coralline rock. It was also slippery with a thick coating of brown pine-needles. Under these circumstances, therefore, it was almost impossible to proceed silently, and whatever game they might have seen received ample warning of their approach in time to make good its escape.

When they at length came to a grassy savanna, on the opposite side of which was a small hummock of green shrubby trees, the Lieutenant proposed that the boys remain concealed where they were, while he made a long circuit around it. He would thus approach from its leeward side, and any game that he might scare up would be almost certain to come in their direction. After stationing them a few hundred feet apart, so that they could cover a greater territory, and warning them to keep perfectly quiet, he left them.

The sky was clouded, and a high wind soughed mournfully through the tops of the pines. Every now and then the boys were startled by the crash of a falling branch, while the grating of the interlocking limbs above them sounded like distressed moanings. It was all so dismal and lonesome that finally Worth could stand it no longer, and made his way to where Sumner was sitting.

"Have you noticed how full the air is of smoke?" he said, as he approached his companion. "My eyes are smarting from it."

"Yes," replied Sumner; "it has given me a choking sensation for some time. I expect the woods are on fire somewhere."

"Really!" said Worth, looking about him, apprehensively. "Then don't you think we ought to be getting back toward the river?"

"No, not yet. The fire must be a long way off still, and it would never do for us to leave without Lieutenant Carey. He would think we were lost, and be terribly anxious. There he is now! Did you hear that?"

Yes, Worth heard the distant rifle-shot that announced the Lieutenant's whereabouts. Instantly his freshly aroused hunting instinct banished all thoughts of the fire, and he hurried back to his post. He had not more than reached it before there came a crashing among the palmettoes, and ere the startled boy realized its cause, two deer, bounding over the undergrowth with superb leaps, dashed past him and disappeared.

"Why didn't you fire?" cried Sumner, hurrying up a moment later. "It was a splendid shot! I would give anything for such a chance!"

"I never thought of it," answered Worth, ruefully. "Besides, they went so quickly that I didn't have time."

"They ought to have stood still for a minute or two, that's a fact," said Sumner, who was rather inclined to laugh at his less experienced companion.

Just then there came another crashing of the palmettoes, and a third deer bounded into sight for an instant, only to disappear immediately as the others had done.

"Why didn't you fire?" laughed Worth. "It was a splendid shot."

"Because this is your station," replied Sumner, anxious to conceal beneath this weak excuse the fact that he had been fully as startled and unnerved as his compan-

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 644.

ion. "I do believe, though," he added, "that this last fellow was wounded, and perhaps we may get him yet."

The discovery of fresh blood on the palmetto leaves through which the flying animal had passed confirmed this belief, and without a thought of the possible consequences the boys set off in hot pursuit of the wounded deer.

They easily followed the trail of the blood-smeared leaves, and in the ardor of their pursuit they might have gone a mile, or they might have gone ten for all they knew, when suddenly, without warning, they came face to face with the deer. He was a full-grown buck, with branching antlers still in the velvet, and by his swaying from side to side he was evidently exhausted. The sight of his enemies seemed to infuse him with renewed strength, and the next instant he was charging fiercely toward them.

Worth, attempting to run, tripped and fell in his path. Sumner, with better luck, sprang aside, and sent a charge of buckshot into the furious animal at such short range that the muzzle of his gun nearly touched it. It fell in a heap on top of Worth, gave one or two convulsive kicks, and was dead.

Its warm life-blood spurted over the prostrate boy, and when Sumner dragged him from beneath the quivering carcass, he was smeared with it from head to foot.

"Are you hurt, old man?" inquired Sumner, anxiously, as his companion leaned heavily on him, trembling from exhaustion and his recent fright.

"I don't know that I am," replied Worth, with a feeble attempt at a smile. "I expect I am only bruised and scratched. But, oh, Sumner, what an awfully ferocious thing a deer is! Seems to me they are as bad as panthers. What wouldn't I give for a drink of water! I can hardly speak, I am so choked with smoke."

With this, Sumner suddenly became aware that the smoke, which they had not noticed in the excitement of their chase, had so increased in density that breathing was becoming difficult. Thoroughly alarmed, he looked about him. In all directions the woods were full of it, and even at a short distance the trees showed indistinctly through its blue haze. Now, for the first time, the boys were conscious of a dull roar with which the air was filled. Their long chase must have led them directly toward the fire.

"We must get back to camp as quickly as possible!" exclaimed Sumner, realizing at once the danger of their situation. "Come on, Worth, we haven't a moment to lose!"

"But what shall we do with our deer?" asked the blood-covered boy, who could not bear the thought of relinquishing their hard-won prize.

"Never mind the deer, but come along!" replied Sumner. "If I am not mistaken, we shall have our hands full taking care of ourselves. That fire is coming down on us faster than we can run, and we haven't any too much start of it as it is."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

HEMMED IN BY A FOREST FIRE.

WHICH way were they to fly? The terrible roar of the burning forest seemed to come from all directions, and the smoke seemed hardly less dense on one side than on another. But there had been no fire where they came from, and they must retrace their steps along the blood-marked trail that they had followed, of course. Although the body of the deer lay near the spot where it had ended, they were at first too bewildered to discover it, and lost several precious minutes in searching among the palmetto leaves for its crimson signs. At length they found them, and started back on a run.

It was exhausting work, trying to run through the

thick scrub, over its loglike roots, and among the rough rock masses strewn in the wildest confusion between them, and their speed was quickly reduced to that of a walk. Sumner went ahead, and with arms uplifted to protect his face from the sawlike edges of the stout leaf stems, forced a way through them, with Worth close behind him.

They had not gone far when Sumner suddenly stopped, and with a despairing gesture pointed ahead. The flames were in front of them, and could be distinctly seen licking the brown tree trunks, and stretching their withering arms aloft toward the green tops.

"We are going right into the fire!" the boy exclaimed, hoarsely. "The deer must have seen it, and been curving away from it when we overtook him!"

So they turned back, and rushed blindly, without trying to follow the trail, in the opposite direction. Before they had gone half a mile Worth's strength became exhausted, and he sank down on a palmetto root gasping for breath.

"I can't go any further, Sumner! Oh, I can't!" he cried, piteously.

"But you must! You can't stay here to be burned to death! We are almost certain to find a slough with water in it, or a stream!" and grasping his comrade by the arm, Sumner pulled him again to his feet.

As he did so, the hammers of Worth's gun became caught in something, and the next instant both barrels were discharged with a startling explosion.

"That's a good idea!" exclaimed Sumner. "Let's fire all our cartridges as fast as we can. Perhaps they are out looking for us, and will hear the shots."

So saying, he fired both barrels of his own gun into the air, and quickly reloading, fired again. Worth followed suit; but just as Sumner was ready to fire for the third time, he was startled by a sharp crackling sound close beside him. He turned quickly. There was a bright blaze within ten feet of him. The first accidental discharge of Worth's gun, as it lay pointed directly into a mass of dry grass and dead palmetto leaves, had set this on fire. Worth instinctively sprang toward it, with the intention of trying to stamp it out, but, with a joyful cry, Sumner restrained him.

"It's the very thing!" he shouted. "A back fire! Why didn't I think of it before? We must set a line of it as quick as we can!"

Worth did not understand, and hesitated; but seeing Sumner, with a bunch of lighted leaves in his hand, rush from one clump of palmetto to another, touching his blazing torch to their dry tinderlike stalks, he realized that his companion knew what he was about, and began to follow his example.

Within five minutes a wall of flame a hundred yards in length was roaring and leaping in front of them, fanned into such fury by the high wind that they were obliged to retreat from its blistering breath. They could not retreat far, however, for during their delay the main fire had gained fearfully upon them, and its awful roar seemed one of rage that they should have attempted to escape from it. Mingled with this were the crash of falling trees and the screams of wild animals that now began to rush frantically past the boys. A herd of flying deer nearly trampled them under foot, and directly afterwards they were confronted with the gleaming eyes of a panther. With an angry snarl he too dashed forward. Great snakes writhed and hissed along the ground, and Worth clutched Sumner's arm in terror.

Seizing his gun, the latter began shooting at the snakes; nor did he stop until his last cartridge was expended.

It was horrible to stand there, helplessly awaiting the result of that life and death race between those mighty columns of flame, but they knew not what else to do. Now they could no longer see in which direction to fly. The swirling smoke-clouds were closing in on them from



THE ORDEAL OF FIRE LASTED BUT A MINUTE.

all sides, and only by holding their faces close to the earth could they catch occasional breaths of fresh air.

Sumner's plan was to remain where they were until the last moment, and then rush out over the smouldering embers of the fire they had set. The main body of this was now rapidly retreating from them. At the same time a fringe of flame from it was working backwards toward them. Though they made feeble efforts to beat this out, their strength was too nearly exhausted for them to make much headway against it. The heat was now so intense that their skin was blistering, and their brains seemed almost ready to burst.

Worth had flung away his gun, just after loading it, when he began to set the back fires, and now the sound of a double report from that direction showed that the flames had found it. The noise of these reports was followed by a loud cry, and out of the smoke-clouds a strange wild figure came leaping. It was a human figure. As the boys recognized it, they echoed its cry. Then by their frantic shouts they guided it to where they were crouching, and making ready for their desperate rush into the hot ashes and still blazing remains of the back fire.

The figure that sprang to their side, and, seizing Worth's arm, uttered the single word "Come!" was that of Ul-we, the young Seminole, though the boys, having never seen him, did not of course recognize him.

With thankful hearts and implicit faith they followed him as he dashed back into the thickest of the smoke-clouds that still hung low over the newly burned space before them. They choked and gasped, and their feet became blistered with the heat that penetrated through the soles of their boots. Worth would have fallen but for the strong hand that upheld him, and dragged him resistlessly forward. The ordeal of fire lasted but a minute, when they emerged in a grass glade at one end of the burned space, and ran to a clump of water-loving shrubs that marked a slough beyond it.

The vanguard of the main fire raced close after them, flashing through the brittle grass as though it were gunpowder, and as they dashed into the bushes, and their feet sank into the mud and water of the slough, its hot breath was mingled with theirs.

In the very centre of the thicket Ul-we threw himself down in water that just covered his body, and held his

head a little above its surface. The boys followed his example, and experienced relief in the cool water. In this position they could breathe easily, for the smoke-clouds seemed unable to touch the surface of the water, but rolled two or three inches above it.

After a while, that appeared to the poor boys a long weary time, the fiercest of the flames swept by, and their roar no longer filled the surrounding space. There were rifts in the smoke-clouds and perceptible intervals of fresh air between them. Finally the boys could sit up, and at length stand, but not until then were they certain that the danger had passed.

Then Sumner grasped the young Indian's right hand in both of his, and tears stood in the boy's eyes as

he said: "I don't know as you can understand me; I don't know who you are, and I don't care. I only know that you saved us from a horrible death, and that from this moment I am your friend for life."

As for poor Worth, the tears fairly streamed down his smoke-begrimed, blood-stained cheeks, as, in faltering words, he also tried to express his gratitude.

The Indian seemed to understand, for he smiled and said: "Me Ul-we. Quor'm know um. You Sumner. You Worf. Me heap glad find um. 'Fraid not. Hunt um, hunt um long time, no find um. Bimeby hear gun, plenty. Hunt um, no find um. Bimeby hear one gun, bang! bang! quick. Then come, find um. *Hindleste*. If me no find um, fire catch um pretty quick, burn up, go big sleep. *Holewagus!* Ul-we feel bad, Quor'm feel bad, all body feel bad. Now all body heap hap, dance, sing, eat, feel plenty glad."

All of which may be translated thus: "I am very glad to have found you, for I was afraid I shouldn't. I hunted and hunted a long time, but couldn't find you. At last I heard guns fired many times, and hunted in that direction, still without finding you. Finally I heard both barrels of a gun fired at once, not far from where I was, and then I found you. It is good. If I had not found you just when I did, the fire would have caught you and burned you to death, which would have been terrible. I should have felt very badly. So would Quorum and all your friends. Now everybody will rejoice."

Ul-we had been ordered to watch the camp of the white men by the river until they left it, but to remain unseen by them. He had noted the departure of the hunting party, and had also been aware of the approach of the forest fire while it was still at a great distance. When, some hours later, the Lieutenant came back full of anxiety concerning the boys, and immediately started off again to hunt for them, Ul-we also started in an another direction, with the happy result already described.

They remained in the slough two hours longer before the surrounding country was sufficiently cooled off for them to travel over it. Then they set out under Ul-we's guidance, though where he would take them to, the boys had not the faintest idea.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



RUBY'S REBELLION.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

I.

ALTHOUGH Pearl and Ruby Viner were twins, they were as unlike in appearance and character as the two gems from which their names were taken. Pearl was small, blue-eyed, and gentle, while Ruby was tall, dark, and of a fiery and unyielding temper.

Their mother had died when they were but a few days old, and various aunts and elder cousins had in succession managed or mismanaged their upbringing.

As they were nearing their seventeenth birthday, Mr. Viner surprised every one by announcing his approaching marriage with a distinguished lady physician.

The twins received the news in a characteristic manner. Pearl was delighted at the prospect of constant companionship with a lovely and cultured woman. Ruby sneered at her as a "conceited old maid," who was to be propitiated on account of her long purse and elegant home.

When the wedding trip was over and the family life fairly begun, the new step-mother pleasantly but very firmly laid down a few regulations, which she asked her daughters to observe. But to Pearl and Ruby, who had known very little restraint, two of these regulations seemed unnecessarily severe. These were that they must carry latch-keys, and thus admit themselves to the house with-

out troubling the servants, and that during the doctor's office hours, from 4 to 6 P.M., the piano must be silent.

When the girls escaped to their own room, Ruby's temper burst forth.

"I will never, never do it!" she exclaimed, flinging on the floor the small key which the doctor had placed in her hand a few moments before. "What are the servants for, I should like to know? And as for the piano, we owned that before we ever even saw her, and I think we'll play on it when we like."

"But this is her house, Ruby," protested Pearl.

"I don't care if it is. I'll show her we have some rights in it. I'm going out now, and that key may lie right there." With a few energetic movements she threw on her outside garments, and dashed out of the room.

Pearl picked up the offending key with a sigh, and then went slowly down stairs, prepared to wait patiently at the parlor window for her sister's return. "I will open the door this time," she thought, "and next time I can probably persuade her to carry the key."

It was somewhat past four o'clock, and the doctor was engaged with her patients when Ruby returned. Her sister saw her coming up the street, and before Ruby had reached the foot of the steps, Pearl stood in the open door awaiting her. Her eyes flashed as she met Pearl's smile,

but without a word she dashed by her and ran up stairs. Pearl returned to the parlor slowly and with a troubled face, for she felt sure that the small roll carried by Ruby was a new piece of music.

In a few moments, Ruby, divested of her hat and cloak, reappeared, waving in her hand an open sheet of music. "I have the loveliest 'gavotte' here," she said, with a forced smile. "I heard Professor Bach play it just now at Baden's, and I bought a copy at once. I am sure you will like it," and stepping to the piano she began to adjust the music.

"But, Ruby," protested Pearl, coming forward, "don't you know it is after four o'clock?"

"Of course I do," said Ruby, pertly; "did you fancy my watch had run down?" and seating herself at the piano, she struck a few chords on the piano.

Pearl darted to the piano and caught the offending hand. "Don't, Ruby," she said, appealingly; "for my sake, don't."

"I have two hands, Miss Viner," was the saucy retort, as she struck some loud bass notes.

Pearl of course could not imprison both hands at once, so she sprang to close the door, saying, as she did so, "If you must play, Ruby, put on the soft pedal."

"You will oblige me by opening that door," commanded Ruby, in her most dignified manner.

Pearl came toward her sister, saying, gently, "Ruby, why will you persist in making yourself disagreeable? You know you are only stirring up trouble for all of us."

In answer to this appeal Ruby arose from the piano, and catching Pearl about the waist, whirled her to the centre of the room; then, before her sister could interfere, she flew to the door and set it again wide open. Pearl then noticed for the first time that the key was in the lock and on the outside of the door. Her resolution was immediately taken, and appearing to yield to her sister's will, she slowly came forward to a chair near the door and sat down. Ruby gave her one triumphant glance, and then plunged into her music. After the first few bars she became so absorbed in her pleasure that she forgot Pearl's presence. So it happened that a few minutes later Ruby heard, in the midst of her music, a sudden swish, the latch clicked, and the door was closed, with Pearl on the other side of it.

She rose impatiently to reopen it, but found, to her great surprise, that it was locked. She called Pearl's name angrily, but with no result, and on further investigation she discovered that the key was withdrawn.

"Well," she thought, after a moment of dumb surprise, "so much the better; I can play in peace now, and the doctor cannot interrupt me even if she wants to."

She played on, forgetting the flight of time, and when she at last arose from the piano she found that it lacked but a few minutes of six o'clock.

"Dinner-time," she thought. "I wonder how long it will be before Pearl will see fit to release me."

The minutes passed on, each one seeming to gain in length. She went to the window and looked out. No, she could not possibly jump from that height. At the farther end of the large room there was a long curtain. As Ruby had been in the new home scarcely twenty-four hours, she had not investigated this curtained space. She now went to it, thinking there might be a window opening on the side street. She lifted the drapery and found a glass door opening on a veranda, which was provided with a short flight of steps. Here was freedom, for the key was in the lock.

But Ruby hesitated. If she escaped by this door she must go to the front entrance and ring for admittance, thus letting the servants know of the escapade, and setting their narrow world agog with gossip. But then what a rare joke it would be to go rushing in upon Pearl! If it wasn't for those dreadful servants!

There was, however, another way out of the difficulty. She could go to the house of her dearest friend, Lily, and borrow some outside garments. But that course required the walk of two blocks through the chilly March air, braving the gaze of the public, which was almost as bad as bearing the servants' gossip. Besides, when Pearl came to set her free and found her gone, she might be alarmed and make no end of trouble about it.

"Better wait here until Pearl comes," said Conscience.

"What, and own yourself beaten!" said Pride.

"What a pity you threw away your latch-key!" said Conscience.

At this moment the large clock in the hall sent its voice through the house. In an instant her decision was made.

II.

When the sound of the piano ceased, Pearl arose to liberate her sister, but her elbow struck a box of spools that stood near, and sent them whirling over the floor, silks and cottons mingling in sad confusion. It was the work of several minutes to gather these up again, and before the task was quite finished the large clock in the hall startled her with its six distinct strokes. She had heard her father declare in the morning that he would be promptly on hand at the dinner hour.

"I must wait now until they come up stairs," she thought, "or I shall run the risk of encountering both papa and the doctor, just as I am in the act of unlocking the parlor door, and thus expose Ruby as well as myself to a battery of questions."

She did not have long to wait, for in a few moments she heard her father and his wife emerge from the office, chatting as they came. She quickly closed the door of her room so that they might not glance in, and missing Ruby, inquire for her. As soon as they were safely shut in their own room, Pearl bounded down stairs and unlocked the parlor door. But the room was empty.

As she stood gazing about, trying in a dazed way to account for Ruby's disappearance, the dinner bell resounded through the house.

"It will never do for both of us to be absent," she thought, and she hurried out to take her place at the dinner table, resolving as she went that if questioned concerning Ruby, she should take refuge in the convenient "don't know."

Before the dessert was served she begged to be excused, and slipped away to her room to construct, if possible, a satisfactory explanation of Ruby's disappearance. She reviewed the situation again and again, when suddenly a new thought came to her.

"How simple of me! Of course she was hidden behind some of the furniture or that long curtain. Perhaps she is there yet. I'll go and see."

When she was about half-way down stairs the front-door bell rang, and at the same moment Mr. and Mrs. Viner came from the dining-room, and the latter promptly stepped forward and opened the door. Ruby came in, carrying her chin in the air in her usual independent manner.

The doctor frowned, Mr. Viner looked surprised, and Pearl was transfixed, struggling between alarm at the situation and amusement at Ruby's appearance, arrayed as she was in a borrowed sacque and hat, both much too large for her. Without giving any one time to say a word, however, Ruby dashed on up stairs, and Pearl hastily followed her.

Some hours later, as the family was about to separate for the night, the doctor asked Ruby to come into the office with her for a few moments. When she again rejoined her sister in their own room she wore a very angry face, but, when questioned in regard to the interview, she absolutely refused to make any report thereof.

Matters went on thus for several days, Ruby persistently ignoring the rule concerning latch-keys, and continuing her afternoon piano practice. But one morning the doctor, on returning from her round of professional visits, summoned Ruby to her presence. The interview lasted nearly an hour, and when Ruby at last escaped, she burst into a torrent of angry tears the instant she came into her sister's presence.

After a few moments, in many broken and incoherent sentences, she told her story. The doctor in the course of her morning visits had heard a highly colored story of her tyrannical treatment of her step-daughters. She had traced the whole disagreeable account to Ruby's unguarded tongue.

"And I have told absolutely no one but Lily and her mamma," added Ruby, with a fresh burst of tears.

"What a misfortune that you have told even them!" said Pearl.

"But I was forced to," protested Ruby. "If you hadn't locked me in the parlor this could not have happened, but, of course, I had to explain why I was there without hat or wrap; and as I know they *never* gossip, I did not suppose any harm could come of it, and I cannot understand even yet how it happened."

"I think I can explain it," said Pearl. "While you were telling the story of your fancied wrongs to Lily and her mamma, you doubtless raised your voice unusually high, as you always do when excited, and you were probably overheard by some gossiping servant, who lost no time in spreading abroad the choice morsel of news."

"But I think it is very unkind of you to speak of my *fancied* wrongs."

"They certainly seem so to me," was the quiet answer.

"Well," said Ruby, rising, "they are very real to me. If you choose to submit to Mrs. Viner's unreasonable exactions you may; I shall not, and I told her so very plainly too."

"Oh, Ruby, how could you!" said Pearl.

To this Ruby made no reply, but began dressing herself to go out, and Pearl, finding her so unresponsive, took refuge in a book, while her sister went on swiftly with her toilet. When she was fully arrayed, she paused at the door, and turning toward Pearl, said:

"Don't worry about me if I am not home to luncheon. I think of taking a trip out to Williamsport to see Mrs. Gray."

"Why, Ruby, what a strange whim! You hardly know Mrs. Gray."

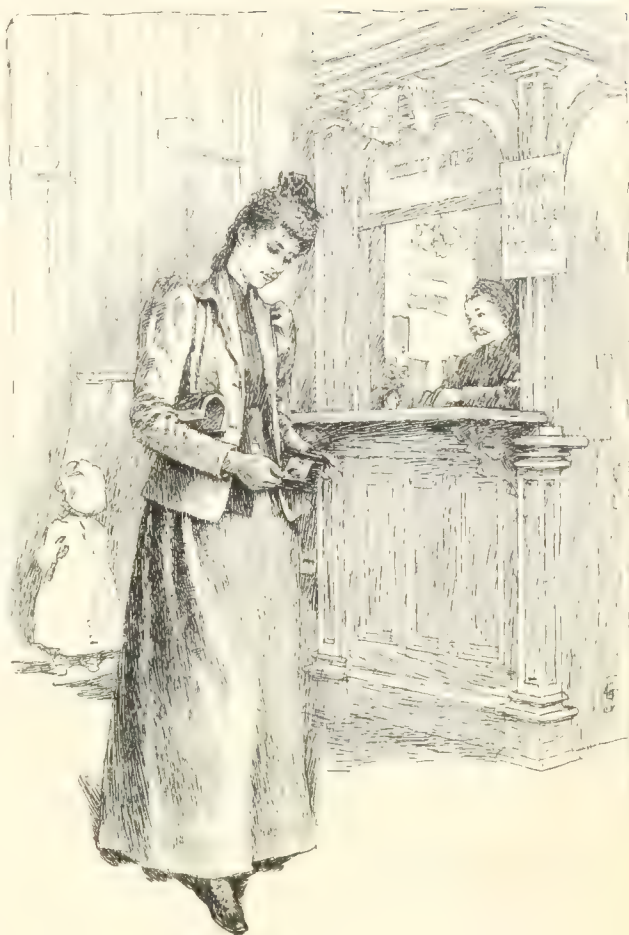
"But she knew our mamma so well, and when I was there last summer with papa, she urged me to come out some time and spend the day, and *this* is the day I have selected," and without giving time for further parley she closed the door behind her.

When she reached the lower hall she went into the sitting-room, and taking up the morning paper, quickly turned it over with the air of one who knows for what she is looking. In a moment she took a pair of scissors from the table and cut an advertisement from the paper. She then read it over carefully, although she already knew its import well.

"WANTED.—A governess for two little girls. Must be able to teach the English branches and the rudiments of music, and come well recommended. Call in person on Mrs. CHARLES GRAY, Williamsport."

"That seems made expressly for me. I little thought when it attracted my attention this morning that I should so soon make use of it. Now if she engages me, as of course she will, I shall take the first return train, so that I may have plenty of time to pack my trunk and start by the early train to-morrow," and dropping the slip of paper into her pocket, she went out hurriedly.

At the dinner table Ruby's chair was still vacant,



"I HAD NO IDEA RAILROAD TRAVELLING WAS SO EXPENSIVE."

and as Mr. Viner inquired for her very sternly, Pearl was forced to tell him of her whereabouts.

"Then it is very plain that I must go down to the ten-o'clock train to meet her. I cannot see why she need make me so much trouble."

"Couldn't she come home in a hack, papa?" said Pearl.

"She has shown so little discretion in the whole matter," was the reply, "that I do not wish to risk her safety any further. No; I must be there when the train arrives."

When Mrs. Viner announced her intention to sit up for her husband, Pearl decided to keep her company. Each was absorbed with an interesting book, and the hours passed so rapidly that they were startled when the clock struck twelve.

"It is surely time for papa and Ruby," said Pearl.

Mrs. Viner assented, adding, "I fear something has happened."

"Why, what could happen?" said Pearl.

As if in answer to her question, they heard the front door open, and the next moment Mr. Viner entered the room alone.

III.

Pearl started up, her voice full of anxiety, as she exclaimed, "Why, papa, where is Ruby?"

Mr. Viner dropped hopelessly into the nearest chair. "She did not come," he said; "so I went immediately to the telephone office, and called up Mrs. Gray, for I know they have a telephone in their house. The answer was that Ruby has not been there at all," and he ended his sentence with a groan.

"I found a private detective," continued her father, "to whom I told all I knew about her, with instructions

to report here at one o'clock, whether he had found a clew or not, and we still have another long hour to wait."

Meanwhile how fared Ruby?

When she left the house she went to the public library to return a book which was due on that day. She there met a young friend, with whom she spent several minutes in chat. So by the time she had taken the long street-car ride necessary to reach the Grand Union Depot, it was somewhat past twelve o'clock. She went immediately to the ticket window, and asked,

"What time does the train start for Williamsport?"

"At 3.30, miss," was the answer.

She decided to go to a restaurant near by and take her dinner, then return, and pass the intervening time in the waiting-room. She would buy a new magazine, and with this to amuse her, she was sure the time would not go heavily. Everything passed on as she had planned, but when she came to pay for her ticket, she found that she had but a dollar left in her purse.

"I had no idea railroad travelling was so expensive," she thought, as she looked at the solitary dollar; but as she had never bought a railroad ticket before in her life, she concluded it must be all right.

She was, on the whole, in a very contented frame of mind when she at last boarded the "through express for Williamsport." But the nervous excitement of the morning and the running about later had brought on a bodily weariness quite new to Ruby. Therefore, soon after she had shown her ticket to the conductor, she settled down snugly in the corner of the seat with a thankful feeling that she could rest until she reached Williamsport. Without the slightest intention of doing anything so foolish, she was sound asleep in ten minutes. Time passed. On and on the train sped. Suddenly she was awakened by the voice of the brakeman shouting, "Williamsport!"

As she adjusted her hat and buttoned her cloak about her, she peered out of the window. She saw a large and busy railroad station. Hacks and omnibuses stood about, electric lights made the place as bright as day, while the confused noise and bustle of a large city startled her.

"It is plain there is a mistake somewhere," she thought.

As the conductor helped her to the ground, she said to him, "What place is this?"

"Williamsport, miss," he answered, promptly.

She moved on, her thoughts in a whirl; but as she came under the electric light she looked at her watch. It was nearly ten o'clock. For a moment she seemed about to faint. It was six hours since she had left home! What could it all mean? Then her presence of mind returned to her. She hurriedly ran back to the train, and intercepted the conductor, who was about to move away.

"Oh, sir," she said, and there was an appeal in her voice that arrested his steps, "surely this is not Williamsport, Pennsylvania?"

"Why, certainly not," he said, smiling a little, yet quickly checking the tendency as he caught sight of Ruby's face. "This is Williamsport, Ohio. We are nearly two hundred miles from Pennsylvania. Mendon, you know, where we started from this afternoon, is quite near the border."

"Yes, yes, I know that, but—" and the sentence ended in a sob.

"Sorry for you, Miss," said the kind-hearted conductor. "Wish I'd known: but your ticket was for this place."

"When does the first train return to Mendon?" said Ruby, bravely forcing back the tears.

"I don't know exactly; my train goes to-morrow afternoon, but there must be one some time in the morning. You'd better inquire at the ticket office, and then ask the hack-driver to take you to some quiet hotel—the Colonnade is a good one—where you can stay safely until the next train leaves here for your home."

She stood a moment considering, and then concluded to take the kind conductor's advice. In a few moments she was whirling away to the Colonnade Hotel, and when she alighted in front of its hospitable doors she deposited her last cent in the hack-driver's hand.

"Now," she thought, "bitter as the task is, there is nothing left but for me to telegraph home for money."

Her first act on entering the hotel parlor was to send for the proprietor. To him she frankly told her story. He proved to be a former resident of Mendon, and knew Mr. Viner by reputation.

"You see, Miss Viner," he said, sympathizingly, "you went to the wrong station. There is a branch road about fifty miles long on which *your* Williamsport is situated, and that road does not terminate at the Grand Union, but has a station of its own. I wonder your folks didn't tell you."

Ruby felt a twinge of conscience as she answered, "Of course they thought I knew about the different depots, but I didn't, for on our frequent trips out of the city we have always taken the train at the Grand Union."

"But," the proprietor continued, "you are all right now. I will send a boy to you with a telegraph blank. When you have filled it out, another boy will take it to the office, and your money will be here in time for you to take the morning train. Now I will send my wife up to see you; she will go out to supper with you, for the dining-room is lonely at this time of night. Then you can go to bed, and rest as quietly as a kitten."

Thus it happened that a few minutes after twelve o'clock the anxious ones at home were made still more anxious by the arrival of a telegram.

Mr. Viner tore the envelope open with trembling fingers. The message ran thus:

"Carried to Williamsport, Ohio, by mistake. Send ten dollars immediately. RUBY."

It was a happy home-coming, for they were all at the train to meet her when she returned the following day.

When Ruby and Pearl were once more alone in their room, the former said, gravely,

"Pearl, if you ever see the least indication of a return of my ugly temper and general naughtiness, just say 'Williamsport' to me."

Pearl kissed her, and gave her a look which plainly said that the charmed word would never be needed. Nor was it; for Ruby, in her few moments of desolation on that chilly March night, had learned that there are harder things in life than obedience to a few simple regulations.

HOW TO LEARN TO SWIM.

BY GUS SUNDSTROM, CHAMPION SWIMMER OF AMERICA.

IT is not hard to learn to swim. Most boys pick that up just as they do skating. To learn to swim correctly, however, is a different thing. Correct swimming is like correct trotting with race-horses and correct sailing with yachtsmen. The boy who swims correctly uses every muscle in his body in precisely the way that it should be used. Correct swimming is as scientific a pastime as running, vaulting, or playing ball. If I had known how to swim correctly when I was a boy, I should have been saved several years of hard work and misspent strength. It is to save you from making the same errors that I made, and that any boy will make who picks up his education in swimming without instruction, that this article is written.

In the New York Athletic Club, where I teach swimming, I always start the boys in shallow water. No boy should practice in water beyond his depth. Except for diving, treading water, and other feats, shallow water is better than deep for the average swimmer. With proper instruction, a boy should be able to swim safely in water of any depth after a dozen lessons. Some boys never learn how to swim. They are the same kind of boys

who never learn how to play ball, and are always last in a foot-race.

A timid boy should never be forced to go into the water. In my teaching, I always let a new youngster stand around and watch the older pupils until he plucks up sufficient courage to step into the tank. Leading from the floor to the water in the club tank there is a staircase. I will tell you how I break a boy in, and from that you may get some suggestions. Of course all boys cannot practise in a tank, but any kind of shallow water with a hard and shelving bottom will do. My boys walk down these stairs slowly when they are beginning, so that they may wet themselves gradually. After a while they plunge in, and that is the way all experienced swimmers take the water when they know the bottom and the depth. When my lads get down to the bottom of the stairs, I have them play with the stairs, pulling themselves up and letting themselves down so that they may get confidence, and learn how easy it is to lift themselves from the bottom by proper efforts. Some boys are always afraid that they will be drowned every time they go into the water. Those boys never become expert swimmers. They always hold their noses when they duck their heads under water, and they never play water polo, which is the best game that swimmers have ever played.

When my boy learns that the water will not drown him so long as his feet are on bottom and his head is above the surface, I get him to "duck." At first he doesn't want to do it, and he always holds his nose and shuts his eyes. That is all right at first, but after a while it is all wrong. The eyes should be closed when the swimmer strikes the water, but when once he is below it, they should be opened. At first it smarts a little, but that soon passes, and a boy can see almost as well under water as he can on land. It is equally easy to keep the water out of the nose without holding it with one hand, and thus impeding his swimming. The water that goes into the nostrils runs out the instant you stand on your feet on the land. It does no more harm, and is no more annoying than the water which gets into a boy's ears, and is danced out on shore.

After I have got my boy into the water and wet all over, I tell him to take hold of the staircase with both hands just above his head. This keeps his chin above the water. Then I make him lie on the water on his stomach, and I take his feet, one in each of my hands, and go through the motions of a correct kick, such as is used in the breast stroke. After two or three exercises of this sort he overcomes in a degree his fear of the water, and learns how to use his legs. Next I take him into the middle of the tank, and put him in front of me, facing me. I lay him on his stomach on the water, and, with his hands in mine, I put him through the motions of a complete stroke. The hands should be outstretched directly in front of the lad, touching each other, palms downward, with the fingers and thumbs close together. The third exercise consists in making the boy combine in practice both the arm and leg movements. I use a belt and pole, fastening the belt around his waist, and attaching a pole to it by a cord, but any one can make the same effect by putting his hand under a boy's stomach, thus supporting him from sinking. In two or three lessons my boys know how to swim.

After a boy can do this with my help, I make him do it alone. Before striking out he must take a deep long breath, and then plunge in boldly. He cannot drown as the water is not deep enough, and a ducking will do him no harm. After a few trials he can swim quite easily. When I try him in deep water, I use a life-buoy at first. This is a cork or rubber rod about three feet long. The boy puts it under his armpits and across his chest. This supports him nicely. Any boy can make a life-buoy out of wood which will answer as well as those that I use.

Now that you know how a boy should be taught the rudiments, I will tell you how he can be perfected in this knowledge. The chief stroke is the breast stroke. (Fig. 1.) This is the fundamental stroke in all kinds of swimming. In making it, the swimmer places his hands directly in front of himself with the hands touching each other outstretched, with the palms downward, and the fingers and thumbs close together. The elbows should be slightly extended, and the forearms brought close into the chest. The artist's sketch will show you precisely what I mean. After inflating his chest, the swimmer launches forward, at the same moment striking out with his arms, thrusting them forward to their entire length, keeping the hands close together until they are fully extended, and bringing them back to their original position in front of the chest.

This makes the stroke so far as the arms are concerned, but the legs play an important part in the exercise. As the arms strike out, the legs are drawn together so that the knees are spread apart as wide as possible, and the inner edges of the feet come together. The legs move during the kick as nearly like the arms as their conformation allows. When the arms are outstretched, the legs are the same. As the arms are brought back into place under the chest, the legs are drawn up, and the feet brought together. The feet should push the water squarely with the sole, and when they are fully extended, the big toes should be stretched out in a straight line with the leg, as a ballet-dancer's toe is when she balances herself upon it in the opera. As the arms are extended, the feet should be pushed down. Here is something that most swimmers do not know, and it adds largely to speed in the water: in pushing down, spread the legs slightly, and just before the kick is ended, bring the knees together with all your strength. This manoeuvre will send you ahead at a great pace.

The overhand side stroke, which is called after my name, is the fastest stroke I know of. (Fig. 2.) I always use it in my long-distance races. In using it, the swimmer can lie either on his right or left side. Supposing him to be lying on his right side, his head is turned toward the left, and his right eye and ear are under water. He swings his left arm around like the arm of a windmill. Half of the time it is out of the water and half of the time it is under it. The movement is ahead of the body, and on a straight line with it. Meanwhile the right arm moves as it does in the breast stroke, except that it stops at the hip and not at the chest, and on the recover it pulls the water directly under the right hip, partly lifting the body out of the water. When the left arm is coming back, the legs are kicking out. When the left hand is fully extended, the legs are outstretched, and the right arm is straightened out back on a line with the chin. When the left arm is coming down, the right is coming back, and the legs are being drawn into place for another kick down. The more downward the stroke of the under

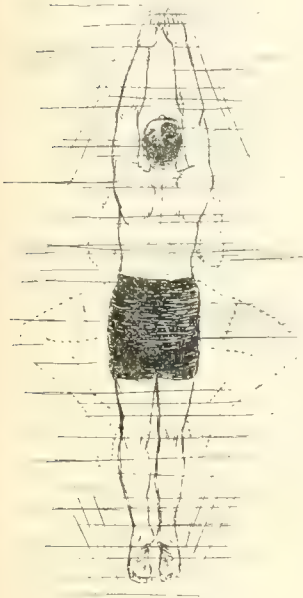


FIG. 1. BREAST STROKE.
(Seen from above.)



FIG. 2. OVERHAND STROKE.
(Seen from above.)

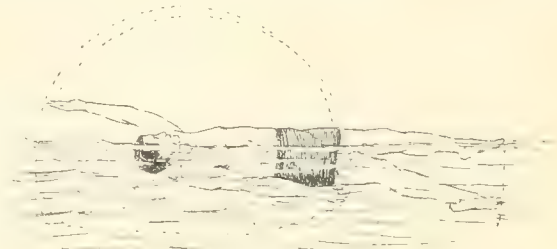


FIG. 3. SWIMMING ON THE BACK.
(Double back stroke.)

hand is, the more the swimmer is lifted out of the water. This is useful in swimming in rough water. This stroke is similar to the ordinary underhand side stroke, save that in mine one hand is reached above the water. This adds speed, as you can easily determine by a trial.

Here is an easy way to learn how to swim on the back. The swimmer should roll over on his back, and let his legs drop a little lower than his body. His hands should be kept close to his sides, and the paddling should be made with the hands in a rotary fashion. The motion should be confined to the hands and wrists. If he keeps his lungs filled with air, he will find swimming on the back to be easy, restful, and enjoyable. The stroke is made in the same way as the breast stroke, except that the swimmer's position is reversed. The fastest stroke for swimming on the back is the overhand, but it is not practicable for general out-door work, and I shall not trouble you with a description of it. There are several fancy back strokes which I use upon exhibitions at the club, but they are not used in practical swimming, and that is what this article aims to describe. Among these strokes are the sword-fish, "Marching down Broadway," and the windmill.

Here is the way to learn how to float: take a long breath on the back in the water, and catch each foot by the toes with each

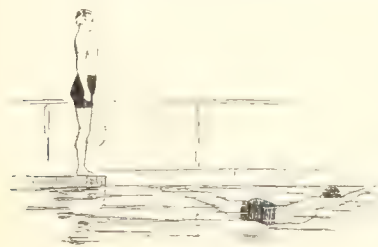


FIG. 4. LOW DIVE.

hand. Now swing the feet outward, and throw the head back. Breathe quickly, and do not let the lungs become empty. When you can do this, let go of the feet, stretch out your legs, and throw your arms above your head. If you do this properly, your face, fingers, and toes are all that show above the water. When you have learned

this, you can fold your arms under your head or on your breast, and you can paddle with your hands or feet, and make progress through the water without tiring yourself.

To tread water, raise your hands above the water, and tread up and down with the feet, pointing the toes downward when you raise the feet up and pushing on the water flat-footed so as to raise yourself up so far as possible.

In learning to dive stoop by the water's edge with your elbows resting on your knees, and your hands in position for the breast stroke. (Fig. 4.) Now plunge in, but do not open your eyes until your head is under water. After you can do this, practise from a higher posture until you can plunge standing erect. In doing this, you extend your arms in front of and above your head, leap upward, and strike the water with your hands. In diving in shallow water it is always best to stoop before the plunge. As I said before, never open your eyes until your head is under water. This is the first rule in diving, and one of the most important of them all.

It is easy to swim under water when you once have learned how to keep your eyes open below the surface. You can tell by the amount of light how deep you are. The best under-water stroke is the breast. When you want to go down deeper raise your hands in making the recover, and when you want to come up, paddle the water down under your stomach and chest.

A BRIEF HINT TO THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.

BY H. S. KELLER.

THE presumption is that you have become thoroughly acquainted with your camera; that you have learned all about the capacity of your lens, and have made yourself conversant with the chemicals used in developing negatives. You have the formulas safely settled in your mind—though a notebook is better, for the mind will, no matter how carefully we stow away things among its recesses, become mixed at times. You know all about how a fine picture should be made; you have scores of subjects, and with pardonable pride you show them to your friends. They are good, bad, and indifferent; and one of these days you will enjoy the weeding-out process, throw away the poor ones, prize more highly the good, and—go back and *retake* the failures if they are really worth preserving.

One of the great stumbling-blocks in the way of successful landscape photography is the proper grouping of figures, and there is nothing that adds so much to a picture as a figure or a group of figures. You have a broad range of subjects to choose from, and it is not necessary for you to go far for them. If you live in the country or a small town, you will readily perceive

what I mean; and even if you are a city resident, you can get far enough from the bustle to find fitting figures for

A COUNTRY LANE.

This is one of the most pleasing subjects that can possibly occur to the mind of the true artist; and the longer you dabble in amateur photography, the more artistic you will become, the better able you will be to choose that which is right and discard that which is wrong or unartistic. One never strolls down a country lane without greeting little midgets—lads and lasses—who are in keeping with the fine surroundings. Here leans a gnarled old maple-tree against a mossy wall; there are brier-bushes in that corner where the zigzag rail fence commences. It will pay you to give a few pennies to the little chaps, and have them assist you to drag that bit of half-burnt stump into that nice old fence corner. Between the corner and the road is a small pool of water. Break up its smooth surface by sticking some flags, weeds, and bits of brush into the mud. You will find your subjects easy, for such as they have been often used by the professional photographer, and next to candy, they like "bein' taken." Upon the stump place the smallest tot of all. Behind her, with his arms thrown across the top of the wall, arrange the boy in a torn hat; and lying upon the grass before the stump have the girl in a gingham sun-bonnet. Only ask her to remove the bonnet, and turn her face up toward the tot seated upon the stump. If there are other figures, arrange them at a distance; but be careful and not have them too conspicuous, for the little fence-corner group is to be the gem of the picture. Have them turn their faces so that the sun does not shine directly in their eyes, else your subjects will all have a squinting as well as a pained expression. After placing your camera—and do that so that your group will figure a little to the right or left of the centre of your picture—tell the children to do something. Tell the boy leaning upon the stone wall to reach over and pluck that brier blossom; ask the girl before the stump to pull off one of baby's shoes and hand it to her. As for the rest of the figures, they will arrange themselves agreeably. Then make your snapshot, and all is over. If you have been careful, I assure you you will hunt for many a day for a more true-to-nature gem than "the country lane."

WASHINGTON.

EVERYTHING pertaining to this great man is interesting to the American people, and, indeed, to all who admire true greatness; and among the many incidents of his eventful career there are a few well-authenticated stories known only through family traditions.

It is well known that Light-Horse Harry Lee was a great favorite of General Washington. It is not so well known, perhaps, that the gallant rider's expenditures sometimes exceeded his means, and this subject was discussed by the two heroes of the Revolution. Upon one occasion, when Light-Horse Harry was visiting General Washington at Mount Vernon, he remarked to his superior officer at the breakfast-table, "I dreamed last night, General, that you gave me your estate in the West."

The estate here referred to was one situated in what is now called West Virginia, and, of course, at that early date, was considered far west of Mount Vernon. Some days after this conversation General Washington handed the title of this estate to Light-Horse Harry, saying at the same time, "There, I present this estate to you, but mind you do not dream Mount Vernon away."

All who knew Washington personally were impressed by the quiet dignity of his demeanor. During the whole time that he was President of the United States he was accustomed to come, unattended, to the Capitol. One morning before his arrival a party of his personal friends stood in one of the chambers discussing the dignified yet modest bearing of their illustrious friend. Prominent among these gentlemen was Gouverneur Morris, whose unflinching good spirits not unfrequently led him to perpetrate a practical joke. One of the company remarked that such was Washington's natural dignity of manner that it was impossible to take a liberty with him. The conversation grew more and more animated, when Gouverneur Morris exclaimed, "I wager, gentlemen, that I can take such a liberty with him without giving the General the slightest offence."

The wager was accepted, of course, and as President Washington entered the building Gouverneur Morris met him, and ac-

costed him with a slap on the shoulder, accompanied by the words, "And how are you this morning, old fellow?"

Washington made no reply, but simply turned and looked at his friend. Gouverneur Morris left him at once, and returning to the company, said, "You are right, gentlemen; it is impossible to take a liberty with Washington, and I shall never attempt such a thing again. You have won the wager, gentlemen." The great man had reproved the familiarity of his friend by a look which was more eloquent than a thousand words.

ZITELLA COCKE.

A BROKEN-HEARTED ROBIN.

EVERY season the robins and other semi-domestic birds seem to get more numerous in my neighborhood. James Russell Lowell, who for more than half a century watched the birds in the same garden, in an essay written not a very long time ago, said that he noticed that as the original forests receded, and the country became more filled with villages and cultivated farms, not only robins and sparrows but all the small song birds became more numerous. Birds of prey—hawks, for instance—do not like to stay for any length of time near houses in which people are living, and therefore in such neighborhoods these small birds find greater security. This probably in a measure accounts for their increase, which, however, is undoubtedly due to a great extent to the fact that where there are gardens and small fruits these beautiful little creatures are very much better fed. Some thrifty gardeners object to the habit these charming little fellows have of helping themselves to whatever they please. And no doubt it is provoking to have them damage a bud of promise so that the expected fruit never amounts to anything. But, on the other hand, these hungry freebooters of the air probably more than earn the wages they exact by killing insects and destructive bugs and worms. The pleasure they give by their beauty and liveliness and by the charming music they make would more than balance the account even if they were more destructive than they are.

But, as I was saying, the robins have been very numerous this spring. The winter was not severe, and it was evident when they appeared that during the cold weather they had been in happy hunting-grounds, and found plenty to eat. They were fat and lively, and puffed their crimson breasts with pride. They seemed early, too, in their arrival, for there was many a flurry of snow after their coming, and it was long before the tree buds began to swell. They seemed happy enough, however, in making the preliminary arrangements for the serious business of the year. The cock-robins were looking for mates, and the hens were modestly waiting to be wooed. When the weather became a little warmer the contests for mates also became more warm, and there was scarcely ever a time when I could not go out among the fruit trees and see a fight waxing hot between two belligerent and rival birds.

A Hottentot, it is said, when he wishes to select a wife, goes out into the bushes, and waits until the girl of his choice passes by. Then he hits her over the head with a club. When she regains consciousness after the blow she knows that she has been wooed and won. But robins are more civilized and gallant than Hottentots. They do not attack the hens and subdue them into submission, but fight among themselves for the choice of mates. Sometimes these fights are to the death, and on three occasions this spring I have found dead robins in my garden. For nearly a week I noticed two birds, who must have been very equally matched, fighting with might and main around a cherry-tree near my window. The feathers flew from them as they fought, and after the first day it was easy to recognize them, for they were the shabbiest-looking birds anywhere to be seen.

After a week of fighting one of them was whipped and gave up the contest, and the victor, with the lady robin who was the cause of the war, went to work to build a nest in the cherry-tree. I did not expect to see the whipped robin any more. I took for granted that he would, like a wise bird, seek another mate. But this he does not seem inclined to do. Every day he sits in a little hawthorn-bush close by the cherry-tree and looks the picture of woe. He hangs his head, and his scant plumage is ruffled. The busy pair in the neighboring tree seem to take no notice of him as he sits disconsolate.

What ails the gallant fellow is what I should like to know. For three days past he has been joined in the hawthorn-bush, now in full flower, by a beautiful little red finch. For hours they sit within a foot of each other, and every now and then the finch chirps and shows its black-barred wings as if to cheer up

the sad cock-robin. But it is all to no purpose. I can see them together at this moment while I write. And now the mated robins with straws in their bills fly over the hawthorn-bush on their way to their home in the cherry-tree. The sad robin does not seem to notice them as they pass, but the finch hops to the topmost branch of the hawthorn and chirps a protest that they should haunt their comfortable happiness in the very face of him who will not be comforted. Then back again the bright little fellow comes to its perch beside the whipped cock-robin, and sings its cheerful little song. A little girl who has with me watched this comedy in bird life says that she is sure the robin of the hawthorn-bush is broken-hearted over his defeat and the loss of his coveted mate. I don't know that this is so, but if it is, I am sure he would show better taste if he moved off to other quarters, and left the nest-builders alone to their happiness. But she thinks the finch too lovely for anything, and in this I thoroughly agree with her.

JNO. GILMER SPEED.

SOME OLD STORIES OF PADDY.

OUR grandfathers used to laugh over the wit of Paddy quite as much as we do to-day, and I am not at all sure that in the olden time Paddy was not much brighter than his descendants are now. In looking over an old volume of curious anecdotes, published quite seventy years ago, which has been lying upon my shelf for many a day, I find quite a number of evidences that our ancestors had a deal of fun provided for them at Paddy's expense, and of very rare quality too.

One of these stories is told of the Irish servant of a naval commander, who had the misfortune one day to let a teakettle fall overboard. In fear and trembling he rushed to his master, and cried out to him,

"Plaze, yer honor, can anything be said to be losht whin ye know where it is?"

"Certainly not," replied the officer. "Why?"

"Why, thin, yer honor, ye may tink the taykettle is losht, but it ain't, sorr. I know where it is, sorr. It's at the botthom of the ocean, sorr."

It would certainly be difficult to find fault with one who made such a beautiful bull as that just because he had lost so insignificant an article as a teakettle.

Another anecdote teaches in mirthful guise a lesson our boys and girls cannot afford to leave unlearned, which is, that true politeness always pays. The story states that an Irish officer in the midst of a hot battle happening to indulge in the courtesy of a bow to some one on the field, a cannon-ball passed directly over his head and took off that of the soldier immediately behind him. The bow alone saved his life, which he had the wit to see apparently, for turning to a soldier near him, he observed, "You see, my man, a fellow never loses anything by politeness."

An Irish judge who was much annoyed by loud conversation in the court-room cried out,

"Silence! Keep silence in the court. Here I have decided a dozen cases this morning without hearing what one of 'em was about."

In General Moore's command was an Irish soldier who, having been asked if the Hollanders were a hospitable people, immediately replied, "They are that. Too much so. Oi was in the hoshpital all the toime oi was there."

This criticism is quite on a par with that of the Englishman who objected to the French because he said the stupid idiots couldn't understand their own language when he spoke it to them.

Another good story in the collection over which we can imagine our grandfathers laughing heartily is of an Irish gentleman who was visited one day by a friend who found him very much vexed.

"What is the matter?" asked the visitor. "You seem much disturbed."

"I am," he answered. "I've just lost a new pair of black silk stockings out of my room that cost me eighteen shillings."

"Have you searched everywhere?" asked the friend.

"Yes," he said, "everywhere; and not finding them I have sent for the town-crier, who will cry them and offer a half-crown reward."

The friend expressed his surprise that the owner should offer so small a reward for the recovery of stockings of silk, and of such value.

"That's all right," he replied, in a confidential tone. "Nobody 'll know. I ordered the crier to say they were worsted."

It is to be hoped he got them.



PARADOXICAL.

HARRY to Edith. "I say, so fair coming so close! You're nearer than I am."

AN AXE TO GRIND.

"Is your father at home?" asked Mr. Smith.

"No, sir," answered Dan; "but you will find the grindstone in the shed."

"I do not care for the grindstone," replied Mr. Smith. "What made you think that I did?"

"Because papa says you never come here unless you have an axe to grind," answered Dan, innocently.

JUMBLE RHYME.

(Who can read it aright?)

The bats fly high
the town,
Having a circus in mid-air,
Enjoying a jolly time there.

The Chinese read
I suppose they do it because
the world, They live
And defy all our common laws.

SPORTING RULES FOR BOYS.

FOX-HUNTING.

THE real fox-hunter chases the fox upon horseback and with the aid of dogs. Hence you must never attempt to hunt the fox riding on a goat, behind a pack of tabby cats.

Remember always that foxes are very sensitive animals, so that if you by some fortunate chance happen to be in at the death, do not make his last moments unhappy by saying that you would rather have a hair-brush than his brush.

Never attempt to tire a fox you may be hunting by shouting funny stories after him, making him laugh so heartily that he loses his breath and lies down and dies.

If you have a pet fox and he happens to get loose in your room at night, you have a perfect right to hunt for him under your bed with a broomstick or anything else you may have handy, not relying on horses and hounds, which would be out of place in a bedroom.

Do not attend a fox-hunt on foot unless you have a 120-yard hurdle record of under two and a quarter seconds. You would not be in the chase after the first hurdle otherwise.

It is not considered good sport to lie in waiting for a fox at the entrance to his home in the expectation of hitting him on his head with a club when he comes back at night from business.

Should the fox happen to be unusually spunky, and turn about and chase you, do not think it necessary to stop and argue with him, trying to convince him that his course is not in accordance with the rules of the game, but put on all the speed you can and go home. If you have no speed, climb a tree and stay there until the fox goes home.

When you have caught the fox do not cut off his tail and let him go, but kill him at once. He would never forgive you if

you broke this rule, and he might be of a revengeful spirit and return at night and bite the heads off your favorite bantams.

If in the course of the chase your horse should stumble and throw you off, do not insist that the fox shall wait until you can get aboard again and catch up. This is asking favors of your adversary, which sportsmen never do.

Never go fox-hunting dressed in your Fauntleroy velveteen suit. Your sash might get caught on a barbed wire fence and pull you off your horse, or if it were a red sash and you were passing through a field where a vicious bull was grazing, the bull would probably chase you and make you forget all about the fox.

If any great sportsman tells you that he once caught a fox by putting salt on his tail don't laugh because it is an old joke, but reply that you have heard of its being done. If you add that you thought, however, it was only elephants and anacondas that were caught that way, he will probably tell you that you are a bright boy and give you a nickel.

If you ever catch a fox in a mouse-trap alive be very kind to him, but pull his teeth before you let him eat out of your hand.

CARLYLE SMITH.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.

HARVEY. "Where you going, mamma?"

MAMMA. "I am going to a reception, dearie."

And half an hour later, Harvey, who was playing out in the yard, said to a lady who was about to ring the door-bell: "My mamma isn't at home; she's gone to a deception."

VERY RICH.

RACHEL. "My father is the richest man in town."

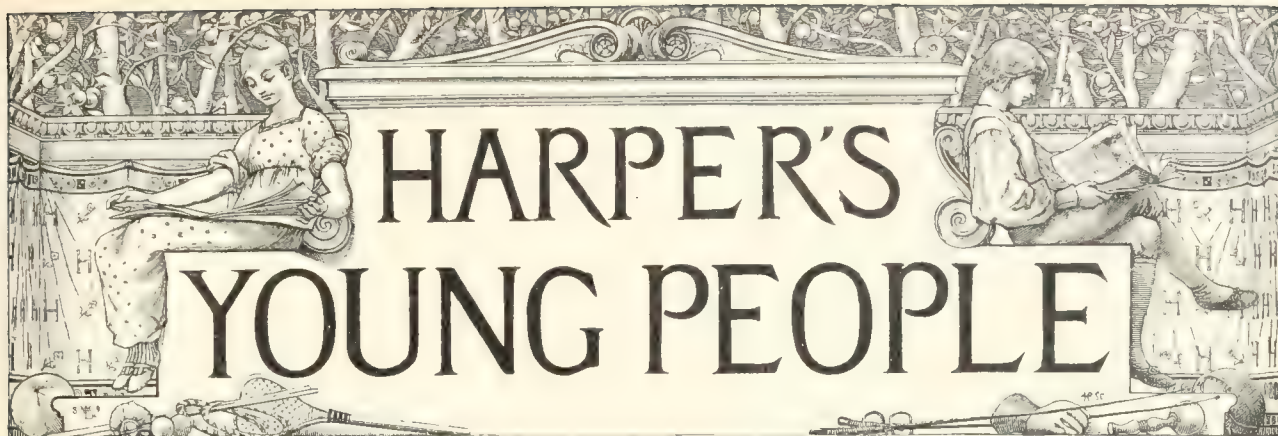
MAY. "My father is richer than yours. He has his teeth trimmed with gold."



PARTLY.

AUNT RACHEL. "PEGGY GIRL, WHAT KIND OF A BOTCH HAVE YE MADE OF THIS SLEEVE? 'PEARS LIKE YE MUST BE LEFT-HANDED, AIN'T YE?"

NEW PROTÉGÉE. "WAAL, YES 'M, PATTY. 'ON ONE SIDE I'S LEI-HANDED, AN' 'ON TUDDER SIDE I'S RIGHT-HANDED."



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THE DULCOVE LIFE-SAVING STATION.

BY M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE, JUN.

IT all came out of Harry Blake's visit to Narragansett Pier, while enjoying his vacation. If he had not gone from there to see the life-saving station at Point Judith, the Dulcove shore would have remained unequipped. But when Harry returned to Dulcove, a quiet spot on Narragansett Bay, where his father and a few other gentlemen had their summer cottages, the contrast distressed him. He felt that a life-saving station would give Dulcove existence just the spice of variety it needed.

"Wrecks!" said his matter-of-fact cousin Tom Dow. "There are about as many shipwrecks in Central Park as here. Why, not more than ten boats beside the *Back Ache* and the *Jonah* come into Dulcove all summer long."

"That may all be," said Harry; "but if they should come, and the wind blew great guns from the northeast, where would they be? That's what I want to know."

Aleck Johnston, a Washington boy of the Dulcove settlement, had more imagination than Tom, and took kindly to the scheme. Even Tom at length caught enough of the other boys' enthusiasm to give his aid to the enterprise.

They debated about applying to the Secretary of the Navy or Interior for an outfit. In some doubt as to which official cared for the region near high-water mark, they decided as a compromise to build the station themselves.

Some boards left over from Mr. Blake's new stable served for raw material. The building had

so few architectural pretensions that even the question of a flag-pole was deferred.

Harry had talked a great deal about the mortar, breeches buoy, and uncapsizable life-boat the Point Judith men had shown him. For the first year, however, they were fain to content themselves with a boat alone. Everything else, they said, would come next year.

"But where is the boat to come from?" asked Aleck, when the rude building was finished.



"Oh, that's all arranged," said Harry. "Jake Glad ding, the 'native' that brings us scallops out of season, has a glorious old skiff, steady as a church for a skiff—a 'good burdensome bowt,' he calls her. He's told me we can have her for six dollars."

For six dollars she was bought. Her leaks were calked, her sides built up a board higher, and what the boys called air-tight compartments put under the bow and stern seats. When Harry painted D. L. S. S. No. 13, in green on each side of her bow, Aleck and Tom thought him little short of inspired, and the Dulcove Life-saving Station complete. Why 13, none of them could have said, but it looked remarkably well.

And now that all things were ready, and the boys had drilled themselves into getting No. 13 under way with the speed of fire-engine horses, it did seem as if Dulcove was a poor place for wrecks. The August weather was very fine, and nothing happened to the few boats that brought Newport people up to see their Dulcove friends.

"If that miserable old buoy wasn't off the point," said Aleck, "they might get on the rocks." Yet somehow they never did.

The boys did not like the way the visitors always laughed when the object of the new shed was explained. They bore themselves with dignity, however, and once rescued Mrs. Blake's maiden aunt from a crab on the bathing beach when every one thought she was drowning. They did not say much about that feat or the few other false alarms that brought them out. Their day was yet to come. Patiently they waited for it, and in this wise it came.

Aleck Johnston had a sister. She was engaged to be married, and towards the end of August the young man of her choice came from Washington to spend his vacation with the Johnstons. The boys soon found out that he knew more about girls—one at least—than boats. They scorned him accordingly. He made a bad beginning by asking if their life-saving station was meant for gulls or fishes. Even Aleck called his future brother-in-law, when out of hearing, a lubber. To Harry Blake he was simply exasperating.

"When a fellow doesn't know any more," he said, "than to leave the *Back Ache's* centre board down when he's sailing before the wind, he'd better go back to school, or Washington, or somewhere. I'm glad he's not going to marry my sister."

Mr. Mutchmore, however, like many another young man in the summer, thought he knew only a little less than the wisest about boats. In truth, he did not even know that yachtsmen, unlike poets, are both born and made; that they are dressed is not enough. And his perfect yachting costume, white from cap to shoes, did not make a yachtsman of him. One afternoon, when the boys were off in the *Back Ache*, he asked his *fiancée* to take a sail with him in the *Jonah*. Now the *Jonah* belonged to Mr. Johnston, and was notoriously a clumsy thing to handle. She had been bought as an ordinary New Bedford whale-boat, thirty feet long, and without sails. Mr. Johnston had put two masts into her, rigged her with jib, fore, and main sail, and made her steer with a wheel. Taken for all in all, she demanded as nimble sailing as any craft afloat. Mr. Johnston, a quick sailor himself, had learned to manage her, but, if he had been asked, he would no more have let his daughter go out with Mutchmore alone than he would have thought himself of trying to manage a frigate single-handed.

He was not consulted, however, and Miss Johnston was not proof against Mutchmore's persuasions. Luckily there was a light breeze, and except for a general clumsiness in handling sheets, halyards, and wheel, Mutchmore did far better than he ought to have expected.

The boys returning in the *Back Ache* were delighted to see him "miss stays" nearly every time he tried to

go about, having recourse in each case to an oar to get the *Jonah* off on the next tack.

Not without hopes of something interesting, the boys, when they had put up the *Back Ache*, repaired to the station. Awkwardly enough, Mutchmore stood down the cove and out a little way into the bay. Back again he came at last, trying first to sail too close into the wind, and then, when he headed for the landing to put Miss Johnston ashore, keeping his sheets trimmed flat, with the wind well in the quarter.

He made the pier in the poorest style, bumping the boats so hard that Aleck was really glad his father was not at hand to express an opinion of the harm probably done. Miss Johnston, however, was safely landed at last.

"Now we'll have some fun, boys," said Harry Blake. "He will have a merry old time picking up the moorings."

The *Jonah's* buoy was northeast of the landing, so that her course lay directly before the moderate southwest breeze. A light skiff, used for going between the shore and the boat, was made fast to the end of the buoy-rope.

With the liveliest interest the boys watched the whale-boat under Mutchmore's curious handling.

"She won't begin to round to in the room he's left her," laughed Harry, as she came almost opposite the buoy.

"Of course she won't," joyously exclaimed the others.

"Look at him, look at him!" cried Aleck in delight.

"He's going right over the buoy-rope!"

Sure enough, the tender's bow swung rapidly round, and drew nearer and nearer to the side of the moving craft. Then she bumped hard against the *Jonah's* side almost at the stern, and the buoy, dragged by its tightening line, quickly disappeared under water.

The boys had all run to the water's edge, and were looking eagerly to see what would happen next.

"I do believe the rope's caught between the rudder and the stern-post," cried Harry. "Yes, yes, it has!"

And just then everything cleared away. The skiff swung with a snap up into the wind, the buoy reared itself up out of the water, and the *Jonah* moved majestically on; but, to the boys' untold delight, with the rudder unshipped. The strain of the buoy-rope had raised the rudder-pins right out of the rings which held it to the stern-post. It dangled behind her like an unhinged door.

"Here's sport!" said Aleck. "He's sailing off before the wind wing and wing without a rudder, or an idea how to bring her up into the wind! Boys, we've got to save him! Our chance has come. Man No. 13!"

As quick as thought the life-boat was launched, and her two pair of oars cut the water as fast as the strong young arms could drive them. Tom Dow, as coxswain, half standing in the stern, leaned eagerly forward, and between his cries of "Hit her up, boys! Put it to her!" kept them informed of Mutchmore's frantic movements.

The poor youth was completely demoralized. He nearly fell over the stern trying to ship the rudder, which would not ship. He rushed forward and let go the jib-halyards, thinking some good might come of the thing always done first when Mr. Johnston's afternoon sails were over. He tore madly back to the stern, hauled in both fore and main sheets; but as the boat made no response, except to go a little more slowly, let them out again.

His worst torture was the sight of No. 13 steadily drawing nearer to him, manned by those horrible boys he had snubbed ever since he came to Dulcove.

They must not help him. The humiliation would be beyond bearing. He bravely told himself he would perish first.

Meanwhile the boys had come almost alongside.

"Lower your sails and let go your anchor," yelled Aleck. "We'll tow you in."

"Mind your own business!" replied Mutchmore. "I know what I'm about."

"What in the world *are* you about?" came back with a wicked chuckle from No. 13.

"None of your business," cried Mutchmore, angrily.

Rather slowly but very surely the *Jonah* was nearing the rocks inside the buoy off Dulcove Point, and as the tide was out, their black line showed above the water.

A few more shots were exchanged between the two boats. The boys saw the situation was growing critical.

"I won't stand by," said Aleck to the other two, "and see my father's boat knocked to pieces by such a man as Mutchmore. We must board him." Then he cried out, "If you don't get down those sails and drop your anchor, we'll have to come aboard and take care of you."

The resolute tone of the offer was anything but pleasing to Mutchmore. "Don't you dare," he replied. "I'll knock down the first one of you that touches this boat."

"Oh, don't be a fool!" said Aleck. "We're not going to hurt you, and we *are* coming aboard."

Mutchmore blustered, and made a faintly decent show of resistance as No. 13 came alongside, and the boys scrambled over the *Jonah's* high gunwale.

"Hurry up," said Harry. "We'll be on those rocks before we know it."

The anchor went over like a shot, Mutchmore protesting all the while, and saying that was just what he meant to do when it was necessary; he only wanted to scare them. The old *Jonah* swung round to the wind, so near the rocks that the dangling rudder almost touched them.

"It would take all night to beat back against this breeze steering with an oar. We must tow her over. Mutchmore," Harry ordered, sternly, dropping the Mr. for the first time, "get into the life-boat, and take the bow oar. I suppose you know how to row?"

Beaten, but still fuming, Mutchmore did as he was bid. It took half an hour to row to the moorings. The *Jonah* was heavy, and the boys took turns at the stroke oar, keeping Mutchmore to his bow seat without respite.

At length the old whale-boat was safely moored, the sails furled, and the rudder shipped with unexpected ease by the boys standing in No. 13, hitched astern.

The knowledge that Aleck's sister had seen the whole affair added not a little to Mutchmore's ill grace as he crawled up the landing-steps. And when Mr. Johnston, laughing, said, "The next time you want to go sailing, Mutchmore, don't leave me out of your crew," he merely muttered something about a clumsy old tub, and sulked off to the house alone.

Before the evening was over, he admitted in confidence to Miss Johnston that perhaps there was a funny side to it all; and when he left Dulcove, a few days later, he actually laughed at Aleck's last words:

"Don't forget to see the Secretary of the Navy, and speak about those medals for the D. L. S. S. We saved your life, you know, even if you did object."

The boys felt that the station was a success, and their summer not wasted.

THE PRESIDENTS.

OF the first seven Presidents of the United States, four were from Virginia, two from Massachusetts, and one from Tennessee. Three of the seven died on July 4th, and two on the same day and year. Two of them were on the committee of three that drafted the Declaration of Independence, which two died on the same day and year, on the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Of the first five only one had a son, and that son became President. The initial letter of the surnames of two out of the seven is the same; the initial of two others the same, and the initial of remaining two the same. The one whose initials stand alone is he who stands alone in greatness and the unalloyed admiration of the world, George Washington.



When thistle down so soft and white is floating in the air,
We may be sure the Thistle Boy is blowing bubbles there.

MY GRANDFATHER'S REMINISCENCES OF THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

MY mother's father, grandsire Hugh Duncan, served through the whole period of the Revolutionary war, and when he died, in Ohio, in 1846, at the advanced age of ninety-one years, he left all his books and papers to me.

One day, while looking over the latter, I found an old diary, beginning in 1775 and extending down to 1831, in which was recorded not only a complete family history, but also many interesting incidents of the war-times.

From this ancient document I transcribe (literally, except for some slight changes in spelling) two excerpts, the first of which contains a never heretofore published anecdote of George Washington. For the reader's better understanding of the second, I may explain that my grandfather had a dearly beloved brother, Andrew, two years older than himself, who, when the colonies revolted against the rule of King George, took part with the royalists and enlisted in the British army, in which his father had been at one time a distinguished officer. These two brothers parted in June, 1775, and fighting on opposite sides, never saw or heard of each other for several years.

But let the time-worn record speak.

"And so the weary war, big with the liberties of mankind, went on, sometimes wellnigh quenching in defeat the hopes of the long-enduring patriots, and again cheering them to fresh sacrifices by achievement of brilliant victories.

"Amidst all the chances of battle I had escaped without a wound, and during that terrible winter of 1777-8, when Washington shared the miseries of his half-naked, half-starved troops at Valley Forge, I remained in perfect bodily health, though my labor and anxiety of mind had been greatly increased by my promotion to the rank of Captain of a volunteer company.

"I may properly record here a slight incident, tending to prove—if such proof be needed—that our revered Commander-in-chief, though so grand and stately in demeanor and carriage, and so inaccessible to unduly familiar approach, yet possessed a heart kindly and compassionate, and ever in sympathy with the sorrows of the lowly. No historian, to my knowledge, has noted the circumstance, esteeming it, perhaps, too trifling, but such trifles are the brightest jewels in the crown of great lives.

"In my company there was a young Virginian, a mere boy of seventeen, named John Woodville. This youth, naturally of a delicate constitution, was utterly unfit to endure the privations and hardships to which we were at that time subjected; yet so ardent was his patriotism, so indomitable his courage, that even when scarce able to walk no persuasion could induce him to abandon the ranks.

"One bleak day in February my command was detailed for outpost duty, and we had to tramp several miles through muddy slush and half-melted snow. Young Woodville, though barely strong enough to carry a musket, would not accept the leave I offered, but insisted upon taking his usual place; and so bravely and uncomplainingly he staggered along that none suspected his true condition, until, after marching a half-mile, he suddenly sank down upon a log by the road-side, entirely incapable of taking another step.

"I at once ordered four of his comrades to carry him back to camp, but the noble boy said:

"No, Captain, you will need all your men. Leave me here till the relieved company comes. I only want a short rest."

"Forcing my heavy overcoat upon the poor fellow, I very reluctantly acceded to his request, and our duty being urgent, we passed on. Shortly afterwards (as we learned later), General Washington, riding alone, a not unusual habit with him, came to the spot. Seeing the helpless soldier, he dismounted and kindly questioned him.

"The young hero was almost too far gone for speech, but recognizing his adored commander, managed to murmur, while feebly attempting a salute, 'Oh, General, I am only tired out, and will be fit for duty again in an hour or two.'

"Washington closely scanned the boy's pale face, felt of his pulse, and pityingly said: 'Poor child! you must be returned to your home. Are your parents living?'

"My—mother—is—General—and—she—has—no—other—child," the fainting boy gasped.

"'Heavenly Father!' exclaimed the deeply moved General, 'does our cause demand such a sacrifice as this—the only son of a widow?'

"Then, without another word, the great soldier lifted his humble follower into his own saddle, mounted behind him, and, supporting him in his arms, conveyed him tenderly to headquarters, where he himself assisted to nurse him back to some degree of strength; and four days afterwards sent him, with an honorable discharge, home to his mother, strictly enjoining her not to part with her only child again. Yet three years thereafter this same John Woodville, then a robust man and holding a Lieutenant's commission, fought beside me at Yorktown!

"From this time and up to September, 1781, it was not my fortune to be engaged in any important battle, but in that month Washington, having previously despatched General Lafayette with a small force to keep the enemy in play, marched at the head of twenty thousand men to attack Cornwallis, who was then intrenched at Yorktown, Virginia.

"The American troops were on this occasion greatly superior to those of the British both in numbers and condition, and early in October we had completely surrounded their works.

"As the hovering French fleet cut off all supplies by sea, the capture of the place was but a question of time, unless, indeed, General Clinton should speedily arrive with re-enforcements for the enemy, which, however, he failed to do.

"While the short siege was in progress, a good deal of hard fighting occasionally occurred outside the works, the besieged making many desperate sallies in the hope of destroying our batteries, a purpose in which they more than once partially succeeded, though without much detriment to us, all damages being quickly made good.

"On a certain morning, the regiment to which I belonged was stationed with two others to guard a six-gun battery, when the enemy sent out a force of one thousand picked men with orders to silence our fire, if possible, and spike the guns—a forlorn hope indeed!

"As this splendidly drilled column swept, with the precision of a machine, along our left front, I noticed at its head a company of grenadiers whose proud bearing and resolute advance compelled my admiration despite the absorbing anxiety of the moment.

"But now, before a shot was fired on either side, the flashing bayonets of the doomed host came down to a level wall of steel, and, with loud cheers, they charged straight upon us. Ah, hopeless valor! reckless sacrifice of life! The odds were too great! the venture too desperate!

"A quick command, the thunder of grape-laden cannon, a long, rolling volley of musketry from thrice their own number, and the rash assailants were stopped in mid-career. Scores upon scores fell in their tracks; the whole body wavered for an instant, as wavers a field of ripe corn shaken by the wind, then turned and fled back to cover—all but the grenadier company!

"These grand soldiers still held their ground, and filled up the gaps in their formation as steadily as if on parade, but, alas! only to be, while they stubbornly stood, overwhelmed and cut off by the immediate rush of our own battalions. Nearly all threw down their arms on being fairly surrounded, but a few there were who, disdaining surrender, seemed to choose death rather than captivity.

"Now our men, not being yet worked up to the pitch of blood-thirstiness, did not shoot down these persistent fighters, but rushing upon them in a body disarmed all, save one gigantic

Sergeant, who, with clubbed musket and savage strength, kept his foes at bay, or knocked them about like so many children, whenever they sought to lay hands on him.

"This contemptuous and useless resistance proved too much for the patience of our mercifully inclined soldiers, and just as I, attracted by the strange struggle, arrived upon the scene, one of them stepped back out of the *mêlée*, hastily loaded his gun, and levelled it at the head of the foolhardy Britisher. One half-second more, and the defiant grenadier would have lain among the dead, had not I, at the instant my man pulled trigger, struck up his musket and called out:

"Do not kill the poor fellow. It is needless slaughter. And now, sir,' addressing the Sergeant, 'surrender your—'

"But I got no further. The moment the man heard my voice he cast upon me one searching glance, threw down his musket, and joyfully shouting, 'Hugh! my brother Hugh!' rushed into my extended arms.

"At this singular *dénouement* the tumult around us suddenly ceased, and the American soldiers, struck dumb by astonishment, stood for a brief space silent and motionless. Then, their chivalrous instincts prevailing, they broke into hearty and oft-repeated cheers; while we, Andrew and I, thus strangely reunited after a separation of six years, had, I fear, a little of the grime of battle washed off our bearded cheeks by very unsoldierlike tears. We had parted when fair-faced boys, and it is no wonder that, covered as both now were with blood and dust, we had not sooner recognized each other, though I ought to have known Andrew anywhere from his unusual stature—he being six feet and four inches in height and strong as a giant.

"As I write these lines I am six-and-seventy years old; I have known many joys during my long pilgrimage on earth; and yet, on looking back, it seems to me that this was the happiest moment of my life—it meant so much to our aged father and mother, to our only sister, and to ourselves!" W. THOMSON.

CANOEMATES:*

A STORY OF THE EVERGLADES.

BY KIRK MUNROE,

AUTHOR OF "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," "DERRICK STERLING,"
"CRYSTAL, JACK, & CO.," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE BOYS IN A SEMINOLE CAMP.

ALTHOUGH Ul-we started out from the slough that had proved such a haven of safety in one direction, he quickly found cause to change it for another. This cause was the lameness of the boys, for their blistered feet felt as though parboiled, and each step was so painful that it seemed as if they could not take another. They were also faint for want of food, and exhausted by their recent terrible experience. The young Indian was also suffering greatly. The moccasins had been burned from his feet, and the act of walking caused him the keenest pain; but no trace of limp or hesitation betrayed it, nor did he utter a murmur of complaint.

He had intended leading them directly to their own camp; but that was miles away, and seeing that they would be unable to reach it in their present condition, he changed his course toward a much nearer place of refuge. He soon found that to get Worth even that far he must support and almost carry him. As for Sumner, he clinched his teeth, and mentally vowing that he would hold out as long as the barefooted Indian, he strode manfully along behind the others with his gun, which he had retained through all their struggles, on his shoulder.

In this way, after an hour of weary marching, they entered a live-oak hummock, into which even the fierce forest fire had not been able to penetrate. Here they were soon greeted by a barking of dogs that announced the presence of some sort of a camp. It was that of the Seminole party which had been detailed to conduct our

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 644.

explorers across the Everglades, and act as guards about their halting-places. There were about twenty men in this party, and as they had brought their women and children with them, and had erected at this place a number of palmetto huts, the camp presented the aspect of a regular village. Poor Worth had just strength enough to turn to Sumner, with a feeble smile, and say, "At last we are going to see one," when he sank down, unable to walk another step.

A shout from Ul-we brought the inmates of the camp flocking to the spot. Both the boys were tenderly lifted in strong arms and borne to one of the huts, where they were laid on couches of skins and blankets. They were spectacles calculated to move an Indian's heart. Their clothes were in rags, while their faces and hands were torn by the saw-palmettoes through which they had forced their way. Worth was found to have received several cuts from the sharp hoofs of the wounded deer, and he was blood-stained from head to foot. Besides this, they were begrimed with smoke and soot until their original color had entirely disappeared. They were water-soaked and plastered with mud and ashes. Certainly two more forlorn and thoroughly wretched-looking objects had never been seen there or elsewhere than were our canoemates at that moment.

But no people know better how to deal with just such cases than the Indians into whose hands the boys had so fortunately fallen, and within an hour their condition was materially changed for the better. Their soaked and ragged clothing had been removed, they had been bathed in hot water and briskly rubbed from head to foot. A salve of bear's grease had been applied to their cuts and to their blistered feet, which latter were also bound with strips of cotton cloth. Each was clad in a clean calico shirt of gaudy colors and fanciful ornamentation. Each had a gay handkerchief bound about his head, and a pair of loose moccasins drawn over his bandaged feet. Each was also provided with a red blanket which, belted about the waist and hanging to the ground, took the place of trousers.

Thus arrayed, and sitting on their fur couches, with a steaming sofkee kettle and its great wooden spoon between them, it is doubtful if their own parents would have recognized them. For all that they were very comfortable, and by the way the sofkee was disappearing, it was evident that their appetites at least had suffered no injury. They had at once recognized sofkee from Quorum's description. They also knew the history of the wooden spoon; but just now they were too hungry to remember it, or to care if they did.

At length, when they had almost reached the limit of their capacity in the eating line, and began to find time for conversation, Worth remarked, meditatively:

"I believe, after all, that I like fishing better than hunting. There isn't so much excitement about it, but, on the whole, I think it is more satisfactory."

"Fishing for what?" laughed Sumner. "For bits of meat, with a wooden spoon, in a Seminole sofkee kettle,



SUMNER AND WORTH IN THE SEMINOLE CAMP.

and looking so much like an Indian that your own father would refuse to recognize you?"

"If I thought I looked as much like an Indian as you do, I would never claim to be a white boy again," retorted Worth.

"I only wish that I could hold a mirror up in front of you," replied Sumner; and then each was so struck by the comical appearance of the other that they laughed until out of breath; while the stolid-faced Seminole boys, stealthily staring at them from outside the hut, exchanged looks of pitying amazement.

After this Sumner still further excited the wonder of the young Indians by performing several clever sleight-of-hand tricks, while Worth regretted his inability to dance a clog for their benefit. Then calling Ul-we into the hut, Sumner presented him with his shot-gun, greatly to the "Tall One's" satisfaction. Worth was again distressed that he had nothing to give the brave young fellow; but brightened at Sumner's suggestion that perhaps Ul-we would go with them to Cape Florida, where Mr. Manton would be certain to present him with some suitable reward for his recent service.

When Ul-we was made to comprehend what was wanted of him, he explained that it would be impossible to go with them then, but that he would meet them at Cape Florida on any date that they might fix. So Sumner fixed the date as the first night of the next new moon, and Worth added a request that he should bring with him all the occupants of the present camp, which he promised to do, if possible.

Although the boys had no idea of where they were, they felt confident that somehow or other they would be able to keep the appointment thus made, and also that the Mantons' yacht would be on hand about the same time. They tried to find out from Ul-we how far they were from Cape Florida at the present moment; but he, having received orders not to afford any member of Lieutenant Carey's party the slightest information regarding the country through which they were passing, pretended not to understand the boys' questions, and only answered, vaguely, "Un-cah" to all of them.

By this time the day was nearly spent, and it was sunset when the boys' own clothes were returned to them, dried, cleaned, and with their rents neatly mended by

the skilful needles of the Seminole squaws. Then Ul-we said he was ready to take them to their own camp, and though they would gladly have staid longer in this interesting village, the boys realized that they ought to relieve Lieutenant Carey's anxiety as soon as possible. So they expressed their willingness to accompany Ul-we, but hoped that the walk would not be a long one.

"No walk," replied Ul-we, smiling. "Go Injun boat. Heep quick."

Accompanied by half the camp, and shouting back, "Heep-a-non-est-cha," which they had learned meant good-by, to the rest, they followed their guide a short distance to the head of a narrow ditch that had evidently been dug by the Indians. Here they entered Ul-we's canoe, and after a few minutes of poling they realized, in spite of the darkness, that they were once more on the edge of the Everglades.

After skirting the forest line for some time, they turned sharply into a stream that entered it, and again the boys found themselves borne rapidly along on a swift current through a cypress belt. An hour later they saw the glow of a camp fire through the trees, and their canoe was directed toward it. Stepping out as the canoe slid silently up to the bank, the boys, wishing to surprise their friends, stole softly in the direction of the circle of fire-light. On its edge they paused.

At one side of the fire sat Lieutenant Carey, looking worn and haggard; Quorum stood near him gazing into the flames with an expression of the deepest dejection; while the sailor, looking very solemn, was toasting a bit of fresh meat on the end of a stick.

"No," they heard the Lieutenant say, "I can't conceive any hope that they have escaped, for the only traces that I found of them led directly toward the fire. How I can ever muster up courage to face Mrs. Rankin or meet the Mantons with the news of this tragedy, I don't know."

"Hit's a terrible ting, sah. Ole Quorum know him couldn't do hit."

"Then it's lucky you won't have to try," exclaimed Sumner, joyously, stepping into sight, closely followed by Worth.

"Oh, you precious young rascals! You villains, you!" cried the Lieutenant, springing to his feet, and seizing the boys by the shoulders, as though about to shake them. "How dared you give us such a fright? Where have you been?"

"Out deer-hunting, sir," answered Sumner, demurely.

Quorum was dancing about them, uttering uncouth and inarticulate expressions of joy; while the sailor, having dropped his meat into the fire, where it burned unheeded, gazed at them in speechless amazement.

They told their story in disjointed sentences, from which their hearers only gathered a vague idea that they had killed a deer in the burning forest, been rescued from the flames by an Indian, and borne in his arms to a Seminole village in the Everglades, from which, by some unseen means, they had just come.

"I'll bring him up, and he can tell you all about it himself," concluded Sumner, turning toward the landing-place, to which the Lieutenant insisted on accompanying him, apparently not willing to trust him out of sight.

But neither Ul-we nor his canoe was there. He had taken advantage of the momentary confusion to disappear, and the Lieutenant said he was thankful their canoes had not disappeared at the same time.

When they returned to the fire, they found Quorum hard at work cooking venison steaks.

"Then you did get a deer, sir, after all?" queried Sumner.

"No; I only wounded one, and he escaped. This fellow was one of a herd that, terrified by the fire, came crashing right into camp, and was shot by the sailor."

"That's the way I shall hunt hereafter," exclaimed

Worth—"stay quietly and safely in camp, and let the game come to me."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ONE OF THE RAREST ANIMALS IN THE WORLD.

AFTER their day of excitement, terror, and anxiety, the explorers passed a happy evening around their camp fire, and Lieutenant Carey gained a clearer idea of the boys' adventures and escapes. He admitted that the kindness shown them in the Seminole camp gave him a new insight into the Indian character, and wished that he might have had a chance to thank and reward Ul-we for his brave rescue of the young canoemates. He also regretted that he could not have visited that Indian camp, and hoped that the appointment made by the boys with Ul-we might be kept.

In spite of their recent hearty meal of sofkee, a preparation of which they spoke in the highest terms, the boys were able to do ample justice to Quorum's venison steaks, greatly to the satisfaction of the old negro. He would have felt deeply grieved if they had allowed any amount of feasting in an Indian camp to interfere with their enjoyment of a meal that he had cooked, no matter how short an interval might have elapsed between the two.

Although the boys felt rather stiff and lame the next morning, it did not prevent their being ready bright and early to continue their journey. It was a great pleasure to be once more afloat in their own canoes, and this was increased by the fact that they now had a swift current with them. It was a glorious March day, and all nature seemed to share their high spirits as they glided smoothly down the beautiful river. The water swarmed with fish and alligators, and the adjacent forests were alive with birds. Among the innumerable fish that darted beneath them, they soon began to recognize several salt-water varieties, which assured them that the ocean could not be far off.

As the three canoes were moving very quietly along abreast and close together, the *Psyche* suddenly glided over a huge black object that for an instant seemed inclined to rise and lift it bodily into the air. As it was dropped back, there was a tremendous floundering, and all three of the light craft were rocked so violently that only the skill of their navigators saved them from capsizing.

"Was it a waterquake?" inquired Worth, with a very pale face, as soon as his fright would allow him to speak.

"Yes; and there it goes," laughed the Lieutenant, pointing to a great dim form that could just be seen moving swiftly off through the clear water.

"It must have been a whale," said Sumner.

"No," answered Lieutenant Carey; "but it was the next thing to it. It was a manatee, or sea-cow. I have seen them in the lower Indian River, but did not know they were found down here. I wish you boys might have had a good look at him, though, for the manatee is one of the rarest animals in the world. It is warm-blooded and amphibious, lives on water-grasses and other aquatic plants, grows to be twelve or fifteen feet long, weighs nearly a ton, and is one of the most timid and harmless of creatures. It is the only living representative of its family, all the other members being extinct. The Indians hunt it for its meat, which is said to be very good eating, and for its bones, which are as fine-grained and as hard as ivory. In general appearance it is not unlike a seal. It can strike a powerful blow with its great flat tail, but is otherwise unarmed and incapable of injuring an enemy. Several have been caught in nets, and shipped North for exhibition, but none of them has lived more than a few weeks in captivity."

"What made that fellow go for us if he isn't a fighter?" asked Worth.

"He didn't," laughed the Lieutenant. "He was probably asleep, and is wondering why we went for him. I can assure you that he was vastly more scared than we were."

"He must have been frightened almost to death then," said Sumner.

Soon after this they saw a landing-place on the left bank. Stopping to examine it, they discovered a trail leading through a fringe of bushes, behind which was an Indian field covering an old shell mound, and in a high state of cultivation. In it were growing sweet-potatoes, melons, squashes, sugar-cane, and beans—a supply of which they would gladly have purchased had the proprietors been present. As they were not, and necessity knows no law, our canoe-men helped themselves to what they needed, and when they left, the load of the cruiser was materially increased.

At length they heard the dull boom of surf, and realized that only a narrow strip of land separated them from the ocean. Late in the afternoon they reached the mouth of the river, and the boys uttered joyous shouts as they looked out over its bar and saw a limitless expanse of blue waters, unbroken by islands, glistening in the light of the setting sun.

With light hearts they went into camp on the inner side of the sandy point separating the quiet waters on which they had been floating from the long swells of the open sea. They intended running out of the river and down the coast in the morning, for from their surroundings, as well as from the general course they had taken through the 'Glades, the Lieutenant was satisfied that they must be considerably to the north of Cape Florida.

The boys determined to sleep in their canoes that night, and rigged up the little-used striped canoe tents for that purpose. While they were doing this, and the Lieutenant was pitching his own tent on shore, and the others were collecting drift-wood on the beach, there came a hail from across the river.

"Hello, there! Bring a boat over here, can't ye?"

It was the first white man they had seen since leaving the *Transit*, and going over in the cruiser Sumner brought him back. He proved to be a barefooted boy, a year younger than Worth, and yet he was the mail-carrier over the most southerly land route, and one of the most lonesome, in the United States. It is the seventy-mile stretch between Lake Worth and Biscayne Bay, and every week this boy or his younger brother walked the whole distance and back along the beach with a mail-sack on his back. He had to cross the mouths of two rivers, for which purpose he kept an old skiff at each one. It sometimes happened, as in the present case, that some other beach traveller would appropriate his boat, and leave it on the wrong side. Then, unless fortunate enough to find some one to set him across, he would be obliged to brave the sharks and other sea-monsters with which these rivers swarm, and swim over after his own boat. Along his route were three houses of refuge, situated twenty miles apart, and belonging to the Life-saving Service. Each of them contained a single keeper, and these were the only persons seen by the lonely mail-boy while on his toilsome tramps.

The boy was greatly interested in the canoes, which he declared were the neatest little tricks he ever did see, but he scouted the idea of sleeping in them. "Why," said he, "some of them sharks or porpusses what uses round here nights will run inter ye an' upstot ye quicker'n wink."

He was amazed that they should cruise in such tiny craft, and begged them not to think of attempting to run down the coast in them. On the whole he regarded our young canoemates as particularly daring and reckless fellows, and they regarded him in much the same light, though he made light of his lonely beach tramps, on which he often met bears, panthers, or other wild animals.

He told them that they were about twenty-five miles north of Cape Florida; that there was a "station" on the beach six miles north of them; that turtle were beginning to lay eggs, and bears to frequent the beach in search of them; that sharks grew larger in those very waters than anywhere else on the coast; and that an easterly wind would blow in the morning, which would prevent their crossing the bar. Having delivered himself of this information, the boy slung his mail-sack over his shoulders, and started off at a brisk pace up the soft shelving beach.

After what he had told them about sharks, Sumner and Worth concluded not to sleep in their canoes that night. They might have done so with perfect safety, for no shark was ever known to overturn a boat for the sake of getting at a human being inside of it.

The next morning the mail-boy's prediction in regard to the east wind was verified. It was blowing briskly at sunrise, and already a big sea was rolling in. Their boats would not live in it a moment, and consequently they must stay where they were until the wind changed.

After breakfast the Lieutenant sat in his tent writing, the sailor was repairing a torn sail, Quorum was taking a nap, and the boys were left to their own devices for amusement. An hour or so later Lieutenant Carey, the sailor, and Quorum were startled by loud calls for help from the beach, and hurried in that direction to see what new scrape the boys had got into now.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE COMPANY WHO TRY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

YES, I love the little winner
With the medal and the mark;
He has gained the prize he sought for,
He is joyous as a lark.
Every one will haste to praise him,
He is on the honor list;
I're a tender thought, my darlings,
For the one who tried, and missed.

One? Ah me! They count by thousands,
Those who have not gained the race,
Though they did their best and fairest,
Striving for the winner's place.
Only few can reach the laurel,
Many see their chance flit by;
I're a tender thought, my darlings,
For the earnest band who try.

'Tis the trying that is noble.
If you're made of sterner stuff
Than the laggards who are daunted
When the bit of road is rough.
All will praise the happy winners,
But when they have hurried by,
I've a song to cheer, my darlings,
The great company who try.

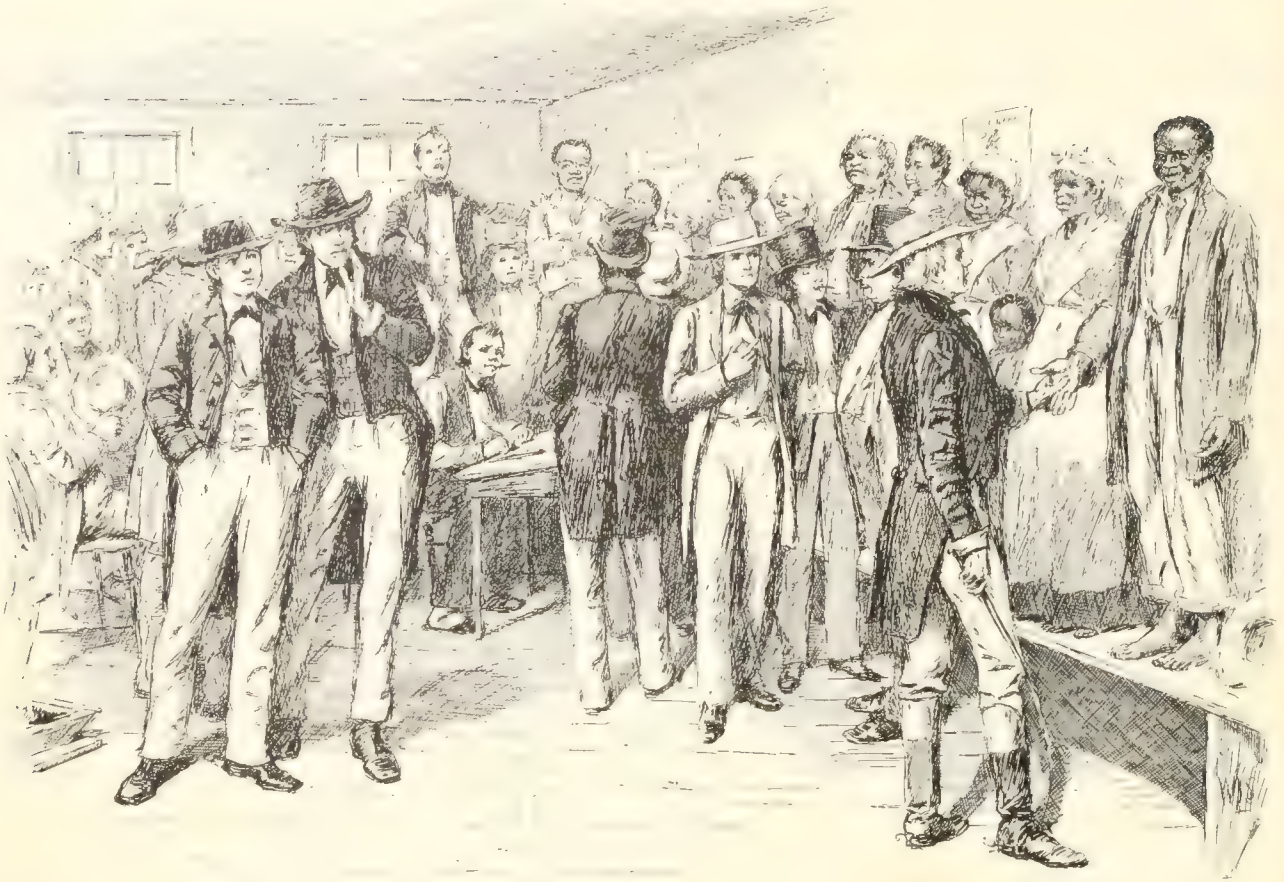
ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S EARLY YEARS.*

BY CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

VI.

DENTON OFFUT, merchant, of Springfield, Illinois, in the summer of 1831, wanted to send a lot of corn, pork, and live pigs to market. He could load a flat-boat on the Sangamon, float it to the Illinois, down that stream to the Mississippi, and thence to New Orleans. He could not go himself, but must have somebody whom he could trust. Just how it came about we do not know, but in some way he learned that Abraham Lincoln, who had just driven an ox team from Indiana, and who was living near Decatur, had already made a successful trip down the Mississippi, and that he was honest and could be trusted. Offut had no boat, and must build one. Lin-

* The previous articles in this series were published in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE Nos. 627, 630, 636, 642, and 650.



THE SLAVE AUCTION AT NEW ORLEANS.

coln was just the man, for he had worked with his father as carpenter, could hew timber, and make mortises.

A few weeks later Lincoln and John Hanks were at work on the banks of the Sangamon, cutting down trees, sawing planks, and building the boat. They were so diligent that in four weeks from felling the first tree it was completed, launched, loaded with barrels of pork and bags filled with corn, and floating down the Sangamon. It was supposed that the boat would glide over the dam at New Salem, but it grounded instead, and they were obliged to obtain a canoe, carry the corn to the shore, and reload it after getting the boat below the dam. Farther down stream they were to take a herd of pigs. But the animals had no intention of being driven on board. They could not be coaxed by corn strewn on the ground. Lincoln was not to be foiled, and by main strength carried them in his arms one by one upon the boat. The cargo completed, they floated into the Illinois, and upon the current of that river to the Mississippi, and thence to New Orleans.

Planters are there from Mississippi and Louisiana to obtain slaves to work in the cotton-fields. The two boatmen saunter into the mart, and behold negro men, women, boys, and girls standing on a bench around the walls of the room, the planters looking into their mouths, as they would look at the teeth of a horse. The auctioneer proclaims their good qualities as he would those of a horse or mule. Maybe they are members of a church—Christians—therefore regarded as more valuable than irreligious slaves. His hammer falls. A husband and wife are forever separated. Children never again will behold their father and mother. Abraham Lincoln goes out from the auction-room with his blood on fire. There is a choking in his throat, a quivering of his lips, as he turns to his fellow-boatman, "If I ever get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard, by the eternal God!"

Who is he to hit the "thing" a blow? He is a boatman, splitter of rails, teamster, backwoodsman. Nothing more. His poverty is so deep that his clothes were in tatters, and he could hardly appear in public till Nancy Miller made him a pair of trousers. What position of influence or power is he likely to attain to enable him to strike a blow? The "thing" which he would like to hit is incorporated into the frame-work of society, and legalized in half of the States composing the republic. It is entrenched in church and state alike, accepted by doctors of divinity as beneficent to the human race, as authorized and blessed by Almighty God. It is a political force, recognized in the Constitution, entering into the basis of representation. Is there the remotest probability that he ever will be able to smite such an institution? Why utter the words? Why raise the right hand toward heaven and swear a solemn oath? Was it that some dim vision of what might come to him through divine Providence in the unfolding years? Was it an illumination of spirit that for the moment forecast an impending conflict between right and wrong in which he would take a conspicuous part? Was it the whispering to him by a divine messenger of the unseen realm that he was to be a chosen one to wipe the "thing" from the earth, and give deliverance from bonds to millions of his fellow-men? If we conclude that the words only fell from his lips by chance, their utterance, taken in connection with what he did in after-years in giving freedom to four millions of slaves, is very wonderful.

The pigs, pork, and corn sold and the boat disposed of, Lincoln and Hanks took passage for St. Louis on a steamboat. There were slaves on board. As he saw their abject condition and recalled the scene he had witnessed at New Orleans, he became silent, thoughtful, and sad. Through life he remembered it.

A ROMANCE OF LAKE GEORGE.

BY CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

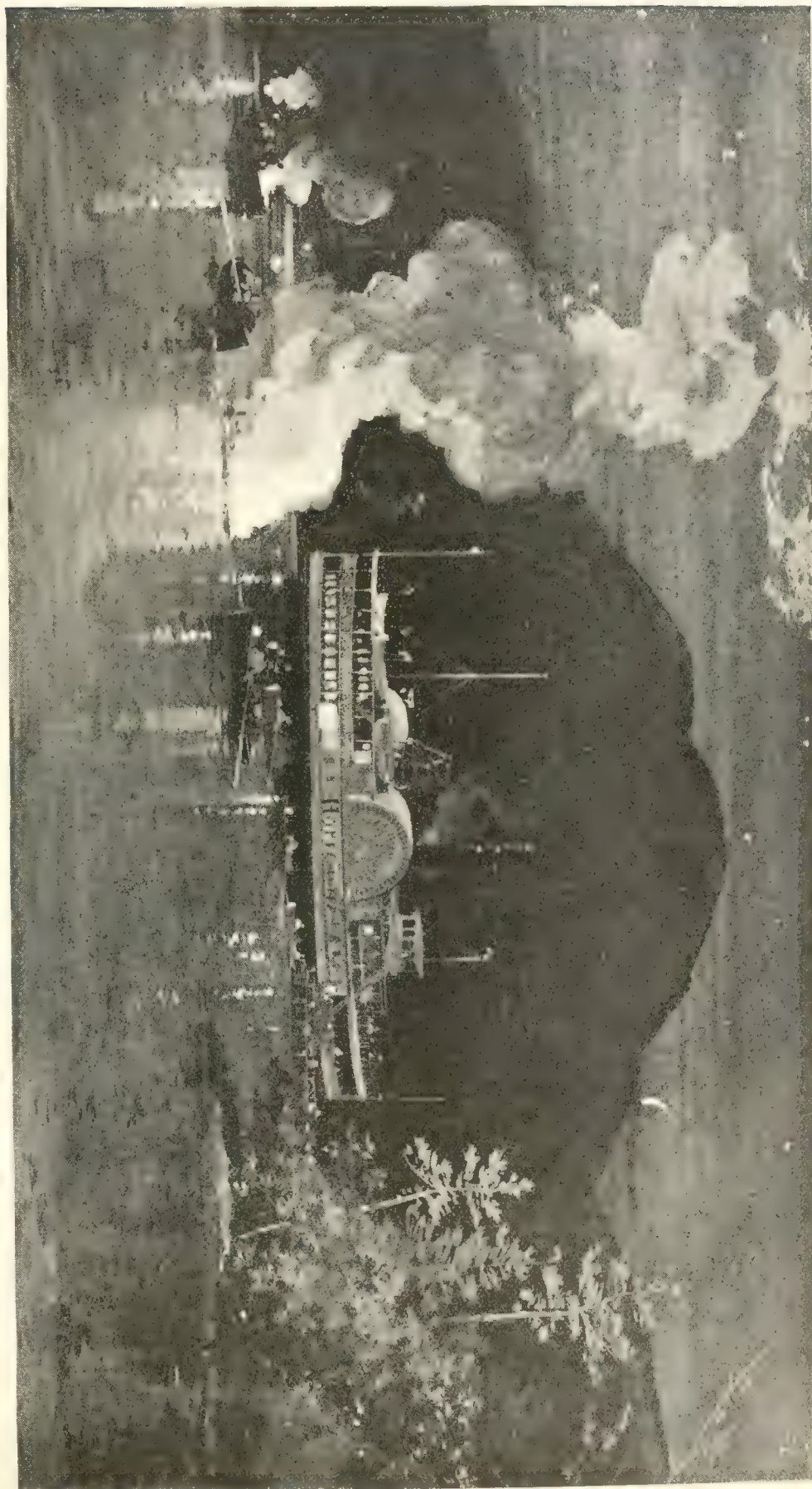
"IS your name of French origin, Alphonse?"

"Yes, Miss Cora, Blumpy was French," answered the old voyageur. "My—w'at you call him?—my great-gran'—great-père, he was name Whitefoot. The first one he come over with the Sieur de Champlain. I have his pique and his iron hat still in my cabane on the Richelieu. His name was Blancpied."

Cora looked puzzled.

Alphonse was our cook, boatman, guide, and man of all work in camp on a lovely little island on Lake George. We were lying about on the fragrant pine needles, watching the Fourth-of-July fireworks up at the head of the lake, near the distant hotel. We could see a red glow on the paddle-boxes of the *Horicon* as she steamed to her wharf; the rockets mounted slowly up above the solemn mountains, and now and then the reverberation of a bursting bomb boomed down the lake, mellowed by distance. For the most part the water was like burnished silver, save where it was rippled by oars or paddles, and for every rocket that mounted skyward another went down, down into the clear black depths below.

Cora had been trying to keep up her French by talking with Alphonse, but it must be confessed that her choicest Parisian accent failed miserably when confronted with the pure article of Canadian patois. The result was that she used a sort of combination of French and English when talking with Alphonse, which Fred irreverently called "Jay-bird Kanuck," and described as a local variety of pidgin-English.



"Blancpied, dites-vous, Alphonse" queried Cora, after a silence, during which the fireworks ended in a discharge of a grand sheaf of rockets.

"Mais oui, Mees—Blancpied—yes, Mamselle."

"That is funny—Blancpied, Whitefoot, Blumpy. Don't you see, mamma? Alphonse says his people came over with Champlain. Then they settled in Massachusetts. N'est pas, Alphonse?"

"Yes, Mamselle."

"Well, of course no good British colonist could bring himself to say Blancpied, so they translated it into English Whitefoot. Don't you see? And then they went to Canada and became Blancpied again, till after the Revolution; and when they came back this side the line they did not get translated again, for the American of that day had declared his independence, and knew enough French to pronounce Blancpied, 'Blumpy.' Voyez-vous, Alphonse?"

"Oui, Mees."

Cora had gone far beyond Alphonse's comprehension, but he would have agreed to anything she said, out of mere politeness.

"Bravo, Cora!" cried Fred. "Who would have thought you had so much logic in that little head of yours?"

"Oh, girls have some sense at times, though their brothers don't always think so."

Cora had, in fact, partly by intuition and partly by native wit, hit upon the true solution of a question that long puzzled the lawyers in northern New York. They could not discover why the titles to certain lands stood in such oddly different names and yet belonged to the same family. "They should have consulted Cora," was papa's comment, when he learned the facts afterward.*

Alphonse on rare occasions seemed to crave society, and this was one of the occasions. He never sat down in front of the camp till he was asked, however, for he regarded that part of the grounds as a sort of drawing-room.

"Sit down, Alphonse, and tell us about the helmet and the pike. Have you them, really?"

"Mais oui, madame. I show them some time—much old, much rust, but can see 'Jean Blancpied' mark on him yet."

"I should so much like to see them. Do you know anything about him?"

"Nothing at all, except Injuns kill him. You ever hear of the bon Père Jogues, Mees Cora? Non? Well, I tell you some time." And Alphonse made as if to return to his own domain.

"I think I have heard of him," said mamma, "but very likely you know him better than we do."

"Drive ahead, Alphonse," cried Fred; "let's have the Kanuck version by all means."

"Pourquoi you call me 'Kanuck'? I no Kanuck, moi; you Kanuck vous même."

The old fellow jumped up, for he had a peppery temper of his own, and, refusing to be pacified, retired to the shanty that served him as quarters.

"Fred," said mamma, reproachfully, "why can't you be a little more considerate? Alphonse is awfully good to you, I am sure. Now you have sent the kind old fellow away quite angry. Can't you be more thoughtful of other people's feelings?"

Fred hung his head rather shamefacedly, saying something about folks being awful touchy.

"And it may be quite true what he says about not being a Kanuck," mamma went on. "I read a story somewhere that when the English gained possession of Canada, the French habitants went by the name of Ganoques, an Iroquois word which bothered the Englishmen's tongues.

* That the transition from Blancpied to Blumpy is very easy will be apparent to any one who will repeat the name rapidly several times, giving the French pronunciation.

so that through them it soon became Kanuck, upon which the French contemptuously gave them back their own mispronunciation for a nickname; so there was the queer spectacle of the two races, traditional enemies, calling one another by the same nickname, and each being rather angered thereby."

Fred paid dearly for his discourtesy, for the next day Alphonse would not comprehend the simplest remarks in English, and was always too busy to do the hundred and one things that Fred was forever wanting.

At about ten o'clock papa and Fred took the row-boat and started for the mail down at Fort William Henry; and no sooner had they turned the point of the island than Alphonse, barely waiting a decent interval for politeness' sake, presented himself, looking in the most angelic mood possible, very different from the morose air that he had cultivated thus far during the day.

"Would madame and Mees Cora," he said, hat in hand, "like to visit the cabane of mine frère? He lif in the hills back of Tongue Mountain Bay, and he at home to day. He show you the book I tell you of about Père Jogues."

The wind was fair, and although mamma had some qualms of conscience about going without Fred, the chance was too good to be lost, and it was arranged that they should start at once. So, within half an hour, a luncheon was prepared and they were off in the cat-boat, bowling along toward Tongue Mountain at a great rate.

When they were well clear of the island, Cora reminded Alphonse of his promise to tell the story of Isaac Jogues; and the old man, after apologizing for his broken English, began.

Cora can tell the story, bringing in a thousand quaint provincialisms in French and English, for she is an excellent mimic; but for the most part these are not attempted in this narrative, as it is not a dialect story.

"It was long, long ago, I know not how long—the book I shall show you it tells—there was a young man, a gentleman of Orleans in la belle France, a scholar in the college of priests, for he was by nature peace-loving, though he came of a fighting race who had borne arms under Charles the Great; his name was Isaac Jogues. In the same town there was a convent, and in its care was a school for girls; and the demoiselles used to walk in the garden, and the young student could see the garden from the window, and—well, madame, you know how it is to-day, so it was yesterday and forever. The boy saw a young girl in the convent garden, a young girl whom he had played with when a child, and she had grown up so fair that it seemed to him as if his heart went right out and laid itself before her feet on the garden walk. He was not yet a priest, you understand, and it was no sin that he should love the maiden, having taken no vow.

"I know not how it could be, Mees Cora, madame; the good fathers and the holy sisters are very careful; but the story is that young Isaac Jogues did contrive to let the young maiden know how he worshipped her. But she never returned a word, never so much as raised her eyes toward the monastery walls, at least while she walked in the garden. Well, it was given out after a while that she was to take the veil. But young Isaac vowed that this must not be; and he told his story so well to the good Bishop and the maiden's parents, that the young people were let to meet, with their parents' consent, to see if the betrothal could be arranged after the manner that is in France. So the young maiden came with the Sister Supérieure, and in the presence of the good Bishop the young man stood up, and with his voice trembling so that he could hardly speak, he asked for the maiden in marriage; and the fathers and mothers said yes, and the good Bishop said yes, but the Sister Supérieure said never a word. And then the young maiden spoke in a low voice, 'Truly I do love Isaac Jogues, even as I loved him when

we were children together: but now I am the bride of Heaven, and in the name of Heaven I bid him go and preach Christ in the wilderness of la nouvelle France.' Not another word would the maiden say; she only crossed her hands on her bosom, and raised her eyes toward the image of the blessed Virgin on the wall.

"Then every one was silent, till the good Bishop said, 'My children, it is the will of Heaven.' And then he gave them his blessing and sent them away, all but the young man, who stood as if entranced.

"Nobody knows what the good Bishop said to Isaac Jogues, but so soon as might be he joined the Society of Jesus, and sailed presently for Canada. It is said—I know not if it be true—that before he went he prayed so earnestly that he might receive the blessing of the young maiden that his prayer was granted, and before the high altar in the cathedral she laid her hands on his head and bade him bear the cross. From that moment he was changed; the light of heaven was in his eyes. He was shipwrecked, he was lost in the woods, he was wounded and many times almost killed by the Indians, but every time, so soon as he could raise his head, he pointed to the crucifix, and when that was taken from him, he made a little cross of wood, and hung it round his neck by a string of bark. It is told that he baptized many Indians, and after a long time he escaped, almost dead, and went back to France, and once more he was allowed to see the holy sister and receive her blessing; and then again he could not rest for thinking of the heathen in America, and he sailed once more with new strength, and was soon a captive among the fierce Mohawks. Again he was tortured, and at last there was a quarrel about him among the warriors, and one of them put an end to the whole matter by driving his tomahawk through the good father's head. He was buried in the North Woods by some of the Indians who loved him; but they tell me that in the great cathedral in France there is a marble figure of him, and the story of his life cut in stone."

They were all silent for a while when this simple story was ended. Cora said afterwards that she felt just as if she had been to church.

The cabane of Jean Blancpied proved to be a comfort-

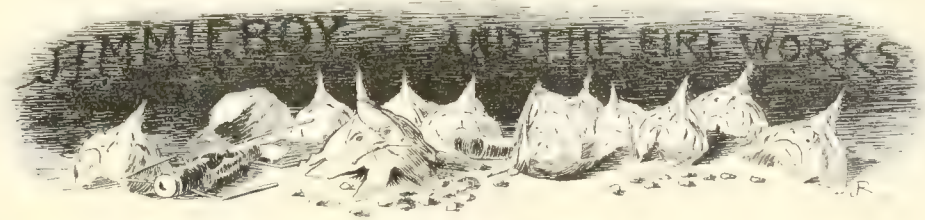
able little log house far up the bay, out of the usual route of tourists, and, in fact, almost on the edge of the Saranac wilderness. Jean was part lumberman, part fisherman, and part hunter, and lived here the year round with his half-Indian wife and two shy brown children.

After they had eaten their luncheon on the beach, Alphonse told his brother that the ladies would much like to see the bon père's book. Jean glanced a little suspiciously at his guests, for, as they afterward found, he looked upon the manuscript with a certain superstitious reverence; but finally he went to an ancient-looking carved chest in the corner, and brought out an old leather portfolio that had once been flexible, but was now stiff with age. Within, stitched together and to the leather cover with deer sinews, were a number of parchment leaves evidently very, very old; but the ink was still tolerably black, and the ladies had no trouble in reading:

"La Nouvelle Hollande," it began, "que les Hollandois appellent en Latin Novum Belgium, en leur langue Nieuw Nederland, c'est à dire, Nouveaux Pays-bas, est située entre la Virginie et la Nouvelle Angleterre."

There was not time, even if they had been so disposed, to decipher the whole manuscript, which was of considerable length, but they turned the leaves over one after another, reading a few words here and there, greatly to the admiration of the simple hunter's family, to whom all save the very plainest of handwriting was as obscure as Greek or Hebrew. They went on slowly to the end; and when Cora turned the last leaf, she felt almost as though she had called up an apparition, for there, written in a large hand, was the signature, "Isaac Jogues," and the date, 1644. She could hardly believe that she and her own mamma had made such a rare discovery on the shore of this remote lake which Father Jogues himself had helped to discover, and had named St. Sacrament, and where he had suffered martyrdom for Christ and his lady-love as gallantly as ever did crusader of old.

NOTE.—This story of Father Jogues is well known. Alphonse's version is, no doubt, somewhat mythical. The manuscript seen by Cora and her mother in the hunter's cabin need not be searched for in that locality. It was no doubt a copy of the letter published with notes in 1862 by the late John Gilmary Shea.



BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

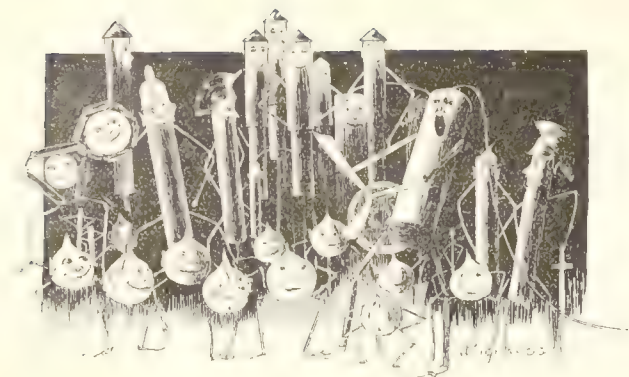
THERE was whispering going on somewhere, and Jimmieboy felt that it was his duty to find out where it was, who it was that was doing it, and what it was that was being whispered. It was about an hour after supper on the evening of July 3d when it all happened. A huge box full of fireworks had arrived only a few hours before, and Jimmieboy was somewhat afraid that the whisperings might have come from burglars who, knowing that there were thirty-five rockets, twenty Roman candles, colored lights by the dozens, and no end of torpedoes and fire-crackers and other things in the house, had come to steal them, and, if he could help himself, Jimmieboy was not going to allow that. So he began to search about, and in a few minutes he had located the whispers in the very room at the foot of the back stairs in which the fireworks were. His little heart almost stopped beating for a moment when he realized this. It isn't pleasant to feel that perhaps you will be deprived,

after all, of something you have looked forward to for a whole month, and upon the very eve of the fulfilment of your dearest hopes at that.

"I'll have to tell papa about this," he said; and then, realizing that his papa was not at home, and that his mamma was upstairs trying to convince his small brother that it would be impossible to get the moon into the nursery, although it looked much smaller even than the nursery window, Jimmieboy resolved that he would take the matter in hand himself.

"A boygler wouldn't hurt me, and maybe if I talk gruff and keep out of sight, he'll think I'm papa and run," he said.

Then he tried his gruff voice, and it really was tremendously gruff—about as gruff as the bark of a fox-terrier. After he had done this, he tiptoed softly down the stairs until he stood directly opposite the door of the room where the fireworks were.



THE GIANT CRACKER SINGING HIS SONG.

"Move on, you boygler you!" he cried, just as he thought his father would have said it.

The answer was an explosion—not exactly of fireworks, but of mirth.

"He thinks somebody's trying to steal us," said a funny little voice, the like of which Jimmieboy had never heard before.

"How siss-siss-sissingular of him," said another voice that sounded like a fire-cracker missing fire.

"He thinks he can fool us by imitating the voice of his pop-pop-pop-popper," put in a third voice, with a laugh.

At which Jimmieboy opened the door and looked in, and then he saw whence the whispering had come, and to say that he was surprised at what he saw is a too mild way of putting it. He was so astonished that he lost all control over his joints, and the first thing he knew he was sitting on the floor. The spectacle had, in fact, knocked him over, as well it might, for there, walking up and down the floor, swarming over chairs and tables, playing pranks with each other, and acting in a generally strange fashion, were the fireworks themselves. It was interesting, and at the same time alarming, for one or two more reckless sky-rockets were smoking, a lot of little foolish fire-crackers were playing with matches in one corner, and a number of the great big cannon torpedoes were balancing themselves on the arms of the gas-fixture, utterly heedless of the fact that if they were to fall to the floor they would explode and be done for forever.

"Hullo, Jimmieboy!" said one of the larger rockets, taking off his funny little cap at the astonished youngster. "I suppose you've come down to see us rehearse?"

"I thought somebody was stealing you, and I came down to frighten them away," Jimmieboy replied.

The Rocket laughed. "Nobody can steal us," it said. "If anybody came to steal us, we'd cry, and get so soaked with tears nobody could get us to go off, so what good would we be?"

"Not much, I guess," said Jimmieboy.

"That's the answer," returned the Rocket. "You seem to be good at riddles. Let me give you another. What's the difference between a man who steals a whole wig and a fire-cracker?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Jimmieboy, still too full of wonderment to think out an answer to a riddle like that.

"Why, one goes off with a whole head of hair," said the Rocket, "and the other goes off only with a bang."

"That's good," said Jimmieboy. "Make it up yourself?"

"No," said the Rocket. "I got that out of the magazine."

"What magazine?" asked Jimmieboy, innocently.

"The powder-magazine," roared the Rocket, and then

the Pin Wheels and other fire-works danced about, and threw themselves on the floor with laughter—all except the Torpedoes, which jumped up and down on a soft plush chair, where they were safe.

When the laughter over the Rocket's wit had subsided, one of the Roman Candles called to the Giant Cracker, and asked him to sing a song for Jimmieboy.

"I can't sing to-night," said the Cracker. "I'm very busy making ready my report for to-morrow."

Here the Cracker winked at Jimmieboy, as much as to say, "How is that for a joke?" Whereat Jimmieboy winked back to show that he thought it wasn't bad; which so pleased the Cracker that he said he guessed, after all, he would sing his song if the little Crackers would stop playing until he got through. The little Crackers promised, and the Giant Cracker sang this song:

"THE GIANT CRACKER AND THE MANDARIN'S DAUGHTER.

"He was a Giant Cracker bold,
His name was Wing-Hi-Ee.
He wore a dress of red and gold—
Was handsome as could be.
His master was a Mandarin,
Who lived in old Shang-Hai,
And had a daughter named Ah Din,
With sweet blue almond eye.

"Now Wing he loved this saffron Queen,
And Ah Din she loved him;
But Chinese law came in between
Them with its measures grim.
For you must know, in that far land
Where dwell the heathen wild,
A Cracker may not win the hand
Of any noble's child.

"This made their love a hopeless one—
Alas! that it should be
That anywhere beneath the sun
Exists such misery!
So they resolved, since she could not
Become his cherished bride,
Together they'd seek out some spot
And there they'd suicide.

"They hastened weeping from the town,
Wing Hi and fair Ah Din,
And on the river-bank sat down
Until the tide came in.
Then Wing Hi whispered, sitting there,
With tear-drops in his eye,
'Good-by, Ah Din,' And in despair
She answered him, 'Good-by.'

"And then she grasped a sulphur match;
She lit it on her shoe,
Whereat, with neatness and despatch,
Wing Hi she touched it to.
There came a flash, then came a shriek,
A sound surpassing weird,
And Wing Hi brave and Ah Din meek
In pieces disappeared."

"Isn't that lovely?" asked the Rocket, his voice husky with emotion.

"It's very fine," said Jimmieboy. "It's rather sad, though."

"Yes; but it might have been sadder, you know," said the Giant Cracker. "She might not have loved him at all; and if she hadn't loved him, he wouldn't have wasted a match committing suicide for her sake, and then there wouldn't have been any tragedy, and, of course, no song would have been written about it. Why, there is no end to the misery there might have been."

Here one of the torpedoes fell off the gas-fixture to the floor, where he exploded with a loud noise. There was a rush from all sides to see whether the poor little fellow was done for forever.

"Send for the doctor," said the Pin Wheel. "I think he can be mended."

"No, don't," said the injured Torpedo. "I can fix myself up again. Send for a whisk broom and bring me a parlor match, and I'll be all right."

"What's the whisk broom for?" asked Jimmieboy, somewhat surprised at the remedies suggested.

"Why," said the Torpedo, "if you will sweep me together with the whisk broom and wrap me up carefully, I'll eat the head off the parlor match, and I'll be all right again. The match head will give me all the snap I need, and if you'll wrap me up in the proper way, I'll show you what noise is to-morrow. You'll think I'm some relation to that Miss Din in the Giant Cracker's song, unless I'm mistaken, when you hear me explode."

The Fire-crackers jeered a little at this, because there has always been more or less jealousy between the Torpedoes and the Fire-crackers, but the Rocket soon put a stop to their sneers.

"What's the use of jeering?" he said. "You don't know whether he'll make much noise or not. The chances are he'll make more noise than a great many of you Crackers, who are just as likely as not to turn out sissers in the long-run, for all you know."

The Fire-crackers were very much abashed by the Rocket's rebuke, and retired shamefacedly into their various packs, whereupon the Pin Wheel suggested that the Rocket recite his poem telling the singular story of Nate and the Rocket.

"Would you like to hear that story, Jimmieboy?" asked the Rocket.

"Very much," said Jimmieboy. "The name of it sounds interesting."

"Well, I'll try to tell it. It's pretty long, and your ears are short; but we can try it, as the boy observed to the man who said he didn't think the boy's mouth was large enough to hold four pieces of strawberry short-cake. So here goes. The real title of the poem is

"THE DREADFUL FATE OF NAUGHTY NATE.

"Way back in eighty-two or three—
I don't recall the date—
There lived somewhere—twixt you and me,
I really can't locate
The place exact; say Kankakee—
A lad; we'll call him Nate.

"His father was a grocer, or
A banker, or maybe
He kept a thriving candy store,
For all that's known to me.
Perhaps he was the Governor
Of Maine or Floridee.

"At any rate he had a dad—
Or so the story's told;
Most youngsters that I've known have had—
And Nate's had stacks of gold,
And those who knew him used to add,
He spent it free and bold.

"If Nate should ask his father for
A dollar or a cent,
His father'd always give him more
Than for to get he went;
And then, before the day was o'er,
Nate always had it spent.

"Molasses taffy, circus, cake,
Tarts, soda-water, pie,
Hot butter-scotch or rare beefsteak
Or silk hats, Nate could buy.
His father'd never at him shake
His head and ask him, 'Why?'

"For but one thing," his father cried,
'You must not spend your store:
Sky-rockets I cannot abide,
So buy them never more.
Let such, I pray, be never spied
Inside of my front door.'

"But Nate, alas! did not obey
His father's orders wise.
He hied him forth without delay,
Ignoring tarts and pies,
And bought a rocket huge, size A,
'The Monarch of the Skies.'

"He clasped it tightly to his breast,
And smiled a smile of glee;
And as the sun sank in the west,
He sat beneath a tree,
And then the rocket he invest-
ed—
I-a-t-e-d.

"Alas for Nate! The night was warm;
June bugs and great fire flies
Around about his head did swarm;
The mercury did rise;
And then a fine electric storm
Played havoc in the skies.

"Now if perchance it was a fly,
I'm not prepared to say,
Or if 'twas lightning from the sky
That came along that way,
Or if 'twas only brought on by
The heat of that warm day,

"I am not certain, but 'tis clear
There came a sudden boom,
And high up in the atmosphere,
Enlightening the gloom,
The rocket flew, a fiery spear,
And Nate, too, I presume.

"For never since that July day
Has any man seen Nate,
But far off in the Milky Way,
Astronomers do state,
A comet brilliant, so they say,
Doth round about gyrate.

"It's head so like small Natty's face,
They think it's surely he,
Aboard that rocket stick in space
Still mounting constantly;
And still must mount until no trace
Of it at all we see.

"Isn't that the most fearfully awfully terribly horrible terrible horrible fearful bit of awfulness you ever heard?" queried the Rocket when he had finished.

"It is indeed," said Jimmieboy. "It really makes me feel unhappy, and I wish you hadn't told it to me."

"I would not bother about it," said the Rocket; "because really the best thing about it is that it never happened."

"Suppose it did happen," said Jimmieboy, after thinking it over for a minute or two. "Would Nate ever get back home again?"

"Oh, he might," returned the Rocket. "But not before six or seven million years, and that would make him late for tea, you know. By-the-way," the Rocket added, "do you know the best kind of tea to have on Fourth of July?"

"No," said Jimmieboy. "What?"

"R-o-c-k-e-tea," said the Rocket.

The Pin Wheels laughed so heartily at this that one of them fell over on a box of Blue Lights and set them off, and the Rocket endeavoring to put them out was set going himself, and the first thing Jimmieboy knew, his friend gave a fearful hiss, and disappeared up the chimney. The sparks from the Rocket falling on the Roman Candles started them along, and three or four balls from them landed on a flower piece which was soon putting forth the most beautiful fiery roses imaginable, one of which, as it gave its dying sputter, flew up and landed on



NATE AS A COMET.

the fuse of a great set piece that was supposed to have a motto on it. Jimmieboy was almost too frightened to move, so he just sat where he was, and stared at the set piece until he could read the motto, which was, strange to say, no motto at all, but simply these words in red, white, and blue fire, "Wake up, and go to bed right." Whereupon Jimmieboy rubbed his eyes, and opened them wider than ever to find his papa bending over him, and saying the very words he had seen on the set piece.

Probably the reason why his papa was saying this was that Jimmieboy had been found by him on his return home lying fast asleep, snuggled up in the corner of the library lounge.

As for the fireworks, in some way or other they all managed to get back into the box again in good condition, except the broken torpedo, which was found in the middle of the floor just where it had fallen. Which Jimmieboy thinks was very singular.

THE HISTORY OF THE FLAG.

OUR splendid national emblem is a very familiar sight to the young people of this great country, but it is probable that very many who hail it with enthusiastic cheers are quite ignorant of the circumstances which gave rise to its adoption. There is a striking resemblance between the design of our flag and the arms of General Washington, which consisted of three stars in the upper portion, and three bars running across the escutcheon, and it is believed by many that the American flag was derived from this heraldic design. A careful investigation of facts reveals the truth that several flags were used by the people of the States before the present one was adopted. In the month of March, 1775, a red flag was hoisted in New York, bearing on one side the inscription, "George Rex and the liberties of America," and on the other side, "No Popery." In July, 1775, on Prospect Hill, General Israel Putnam raised a flag, upon which was inscribed the motto of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, "*Qui transtulit sustinet*," and on the reverse were written the words, "An Appeal to Heaven." In October, 1775, the floating batteries of Boston carried a flag with the motto, "An Appeal to Heaven," the design being a pine-tree on a white field. Virginia carried a flag in 1775—design, a rattlesnake coiled as if about to strike, and the motto, "Don't tread on me." Her State motto in the present time resembles this, "*Seu semper tyrannis*," but it was not until January 18, 1776, that the grand union flag, bearing stars and stripes, was raised on the heights near Boston. It has been said that when the regulars—British troops—saw it, they supposed it was an evidence of submission to the King, who had just issued his proclamation.

An extract from the *British Register* of 1776 reads thus: "The rebels burnt the King's speech, and changed their colors from a plain red ground to a flag with thirteen stripes, as a symbol of the number and union of the colonies." A letter written from Boston to the *Pennsylvania Gazette* in 1776 says: "The union flag was raised on the second, a compliment to the united colonies."

So we see that a series and number of flags appeared—the rattlesnake, the pine-tree, and the stripes, the various designs of the different colonies—until July, 1777, when the blue union of the stars was added to the stripes, and the law adopted this flag as the great national emblem. After the adoption of this flag, a stripe was added with every new State; but as it became manifest that in time the beauty of the emblem would be marred by the enormous proportions acquired with additional States, Congress reduced the stripes to the original thirteen, and the stars were made to correspond with the number of States.

Perhaps no flag on sea or land shows its grace and beauty of design so well as the emblem of the United States, as its proportions are perfect when it is accurately and properly made—one-half as broad as it is long—the first stripe at the top red, the next white, and these alternating colors make the last stripe red, the blue field for the stars being the width and square of the first seven stripes.

The Continental Congress appointed a committee to supervise the union of the different parts of the national flag, and the following description of their design and significance was prepared:

"The stars of the new flag represent the new constellation of States rising in the West. The idea was taken from the great

constellation of Lyra, which in the land of Orpheus signifies harmony. The blue in the field was taken from the edges of the Covenanters' banner in Scotland, significant of the league covenant of the United States against oppression, incidentally involving the virtues of vigilance, perseverance, and justice. The stars were disposed in a circle, symbolizing the perpetuity of the union; the ring, like the serpent of the Egyptians, signifying eternity. The thirteen stripes showed with the stars the number of the united colonies, and denoted the subordination of the States to the Union, as well as equality among themselves. The whole was the blending of the various flags of the army, and the white ones of the floating batteries. The red color, which in Roman days was the signal of defiance, denoted daring; and the white, purity."

ZITELLA COCKE.

A FOURTH OF JULY STATE.

BY CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

THERE was a small boy once living in Texas
Who bought a small cannon on purpose to vex us.

He poured in the powder, and said, "They'll be lucky
If soon they don't hear from me there in Kentucky."

But the small cannon burst with such terrible fury,
That pieces—not peace—reigned from Maine to Missouri.

And Johnny was blown, with other small boys,
To a State which some persons pronounce Illynoise!

HOW TO TAKE PICTURES OF ANIMALS.

BY H. S. KELLER

I HAVE told you—and I trust I am addressing an amateur photographer—how to take a picture of a group of children in a country lane. The few brief hints which I have given you in that paper have, I hope, helped you. As a professional photographer, I am busy under the skylight. If you could visit me for half a day, which other amateurs do who live near my gallery, I could show you many things about the art of photography that would interest you. You would be surprised to see the variety of subjects that come to pose before my camera. Some naughty little midgets, who *will* persist in screwing up their faces just when I am ready to press the rubber ball that opens and closes the shutter; now and then a well-behaved baby, that cannot help but act properly; and sometimes a bright chap in short trousers, who gets so familiar that I must of necessity invite him into the dark-room, and show him how the various chemicals are used to produce the image upon the film; and he asks me many strange questions, which I try to answer as best I can, and some of them no living man can answer.

It is not such a hard matter as you might think, the making of a picture of animals. They are always natural, and the only object for you to aim at is to get them when they are *most* natural. Take a pair of kittens, for instance. What is more natural for them than when they are cutting up pranks or chasing a ball or eating out of a saucer? You cannot always have the advantages of a skylight under which to make your animal pictures, but most of you have a garden, a lawn, or a field. If you have neither, there is the street; and you can make many fine animal pictures in the street, I assure you. In the back yard is a rose-bush. Use it for a ground-work. And back of that, of course, comes a wall, a fence, or a porch. Did you ever see a pair of kittens at play upon a stepladder? Just try it. Place your stepladder against the rose-bush, but be careful to draw some of the vines over and against the ladder, so as to break up its regular lines. Pile a few small branches against the foot of the ladder; in fact, hide the ladder as much as possible. Bring out your kittens, focus your camera, and place a ball upon the top of the ladder, and then go away. After about ten minutes, return, and your picture is ready to be taken. The cats have found the ladder. One is at the top playing with the ball, and the other is playing with the topmost cat's tail. That is perfectly natural, and you cannot improve the pose; in fact, you will spoil it or stampede the cats if you attempt a change. Take that picture, or you will miss one of the most pleasing effects of kitten life you ever saw.

Dogs are among the easiest of animals to photograph, and no amateur of taste should neglect to have plenty of dog pictures

among his subjects. A common street cur growling over a bone by an ash-barrel is not bad; a big St. Bernard holding a folded newspaper in his mouth is good; but the best of all is a fine sporting dog making a point. This is an easy subject, and you should have it among your collection. If you do not own a dog of this sort, you surely know some one who does.

Procure a stuffed bird. The other sort of birds are failures in photography. Put the bird in the brightest spot in the garden you can find, and focus your camera upon it beforehand. Then bring in the dog. It will not take him long to spy the bird. Note the fine pose that a good pointer dog takes. When he is at his best, *take him*. I will venture to say that you will be satisfied with the picture; and if the owner of the dog doesn't appreciate the attempt enough to take several of the pictures to distribute among his friends, thus advertising you as a successful animal photographer, he doesn't care for the dog.

A donkey nibbling a thistle is very easy, and makes a very striking picture, with his long sleepy face and meek look. Cows in a pasture are not hard subjects, and most amateurs have fine collections of cow studies. The great trouble in general is that too many cows are in the picture. Three or four cows grouped under an apple-tree are much better than twenty scattered about the field. The *bird's-eye* idea of photography is a failure in animal life; it spoils the nicety of the affair, and is *too* easy—so easy, indeed, that it is passed at a glance.

Horses are not a success; they almost always look alike. I have seen but few pictures of horses that were in the least interesting. A pet old Dobbin leaning against the sunny side of a fence is good, and should be gathered into the fold of your photographic lore. Sheep are easy to take, and no more than two or three studies of sheep should be allowed; they look like balls of cotton on four sticks, and have but little interest. A few lambs playing around a stump will please you.

The field of animal photography is large and varied. There is no more interesting line of amateur picture-making than animal life; and as it is constantly changing, you who possess a camera should not fail to ensnare a goodly lot of nature's creatures as you see them in various moods.

AN INTERESTING STUDY.

"I DON'T like this as much as I thought I would," said Harry, looking up from his algebra. "It's stupid. There's too many rules to learn."

"Things always seem so until we get through some of the drudgery," answered mamma, encouragingly. "Mammas are always ready to inculcate moral lessons. 'It will be more interesting after a while. Everything is so at first.'"

Harry looked solemn.

"I know one thing that isn't stupid from the beginning," said he; "you don't have to wait for it to be interesting!"

"Well, what is it?"

"Eating ice-cream!"

THE PENNY PROVIDENT FUND.

THOUGH conducted under the auspices of the New York Charities Organization, it is in no sense a charitable enterprise. Contrariwise, it tends to make charity unnecessary by fostering a thrifty instinct of self-denial. Now, as much as in King Solomon's days, "The poor is destroyed by his poverty." That is to say, he lives from hand to mouth, pays ruinous rates because of small buying, and in time of stress and pinch often goes to the wall for lack of a very little ready money.

So much everybody knows. Four years ago seventeen persons, who through the Charities Organization had been impressed with the knowledge, put their heads together, looking for a remedy—result, the Penny Provident Fund.

Each of the seventeen guaranteed in the beginning an annual subscription to cover expenses—cards, stamps, printing, the salaries of secretary and cashier. The plan is the simplest possible. Stations are established all about, where, upon stated times, weekly or oftener, a treasurer attends. The station may be in a school, a mission, a private house, club, great store, restaurant, even a bank. Each depositor is given a stamp card with the society's few rules on the outside. At the top his name is written, along with the date of issue. At the bottom, on the back of the other leaf, he signs his name in receipt when he draws out the money represented by the stamps. Inside there are thirty-six squares for stamps. They are issued in six denominations—one cent, five, ten, twenty-five, fifty cents, and one

dollar. The American Bank-note Company lithographs them, each in a separate color; hence counterfeiting is so difficult as to be wellnigh impossible.

Each depositor keeps his own card. Deposits begin often with a penny stamp. Sometimes, though very rarely, they end there. When the card is full, a new one is begun with stamps of high denominations, representing the face value of the first one. If, though, the amount reaches five dollars, the depositor is advised and helped to open a savings-bank account, so as to get interest on his small hoard, his new card meantime laying up a further deposit.

Station treasurers pay over their weekly collections as soon as made to the fund treasurer, who is under sufficient bond. He in turn places it with the State Trust Company, by whom it is paid out upon requisition of the cashier. The *personnel* of the Fund Committee—Otto T. Barnard, Chairman and Treasurer; Abram S. Hewitt, Charles S. Fairchild, Robert W. De Forest, Charles C. Beaman, George E. Dodge, and Walter Jennings—is a sufficient guarantee that its affairs are well administered.

So much of the fund's origin and methods. Its growth is a matter for wondering congratulation from all who have it in heart to feel the needs of their brothers less well placed in life. There are now in New York city one hundred and seventeen stations. Outside of it there are forty-three, in seven different States. Their aggregate deposits, April 1, 1892, by no means show adequately the fund's good work. Of that you get some idea when you are told that the sale of stamps, which in the beginning was less than one hundred dollars monthly, now foots up four thousand dollars for the same space of time.

This is not an affair of children any more than of charity, though the little folk are most welcome, so are their elders. Men save for the rent, or the winter's coal, or heavy clothes, or maybe to meet a life-insurance premium otherwise impossible of payment. One lately drew out a hundred dollars to go to see his mother down in Virginia, and he would not go back without taking her a little money. Very old people save for burial expenses, sometimes too for the sake of "leaving something" to a young favorite. Mothers save for pretty well everything, but more particularly for the rainy day, when work fails, and the little hoard may suffice to turn the corner. Young women, especially those employed in the big shops, are fond of saving for a vacation—two blissful weeks of idleness amid grass and leaves.

The children? Oh, what do they not save for? Caps, mittens, leggings, new jackets and frocks, a ball and bat, a doll, a sled—oftener, though, for gifts to grown folk. One little cash-girl is saving up two cents a week to buy mother a big Christmas gift. A blue-eyed miss of seven told the treasurer, as she laid down five cents, that it was "the first money for my wedding outfit." A small womanly person of eight saves the family rent each month. Her father, a skilful workman, would spend the money in drink but that she takes possession of him as soon as his wages are in hand, and insists upon money for herself and her two sisters "to put in the fund."

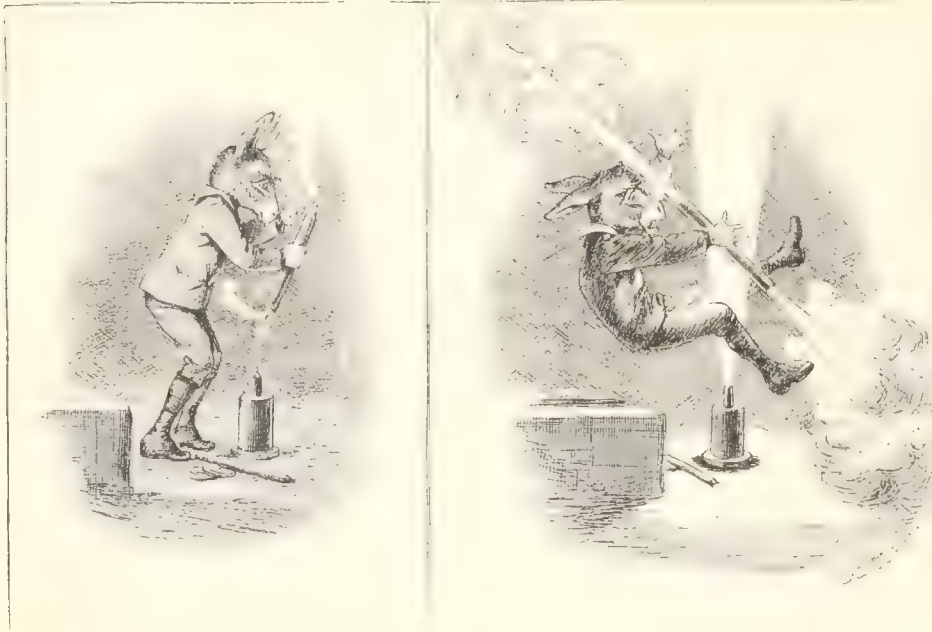
So the tale goes on. The fund is as yet too much an experiment to speculate as to results. But reason and experiment unite to declare that the good habit of saving once formed is unlikely to be lost. To most of its depositors the fund is a revelation of the power lying in aggregated trifles. Without such an agent ready to the hand, they drop here a penny, there a penny, never thinking what the sum of them may mean.

Anybody can establish a station—anybody, that is, with time and inclination thus to help his fellows to help themselves. Stamp cards, envelopes, blanks, and so on, are sent out free of charge to applicants. Five dollars' worth of stamps will do to begin—increasing the amount weekly as depositors or deposits increase. There is no sort of risk in the investment, for if the experiment fails to the ground the stamps are good for their price. Application to Miss Messemmer, 21 University Place, New York city, will secure everything requisite to a station, along with explicit instruction in every working detail.

Once a wise poet sang:

"In the seed save the forest."

Workers in the cause of the Provident Fund base much of their hopefulness on its influence with and through the children. Those thus taught, even in the mission schools, that penny to penny very soon means a dollar, go back into their homes each a missionary of thrift, whose silent sermons their elders cannot disregard. For they preach more than material betterment—faith, hope, courage, patience, generous self-denial. If such seed goes on to fair fruition, the forest will be goodly indeed.



A DOUBLE-HEADER

"VERGE! DO YOU LIGHT, ANYHOW? THE
THEY BOTH LIES TO MAKE STAGE."

ANSWER TO JUMBLE RHYME.

Printed in the last number.

THE bats fly high above the town,
Having a circus in mid-air,
Tumbling merrily upside down,
Enjoying a jolly time there.

The Chinese read both up and down;
I suppose they do it because
They live on the other side of the world,
And defy all our common laws.

!!!

The Judge had to send in to a member of the committee before he could enter.

A HARD RACE.

DR. PUNCHEON. "Your son Tom is pursuing his studies at college now, I believe."

FARMER PLOUGHSHARE. "Ya-as, I s'pose so. He's a-pursuin' of 'em, Doctor, but whether he'll ever ketch up with 'em is a question."



BAD COMPANY.

TWO HORNS, A TAIL, AND A PERSUASIVE VOICE.

JULIUS OBEYS ORDERS.

JULIUS had been placed in charge of the umbrella and hat stand at the Tiptop Club reception. Over the stand was this legend in big letters:

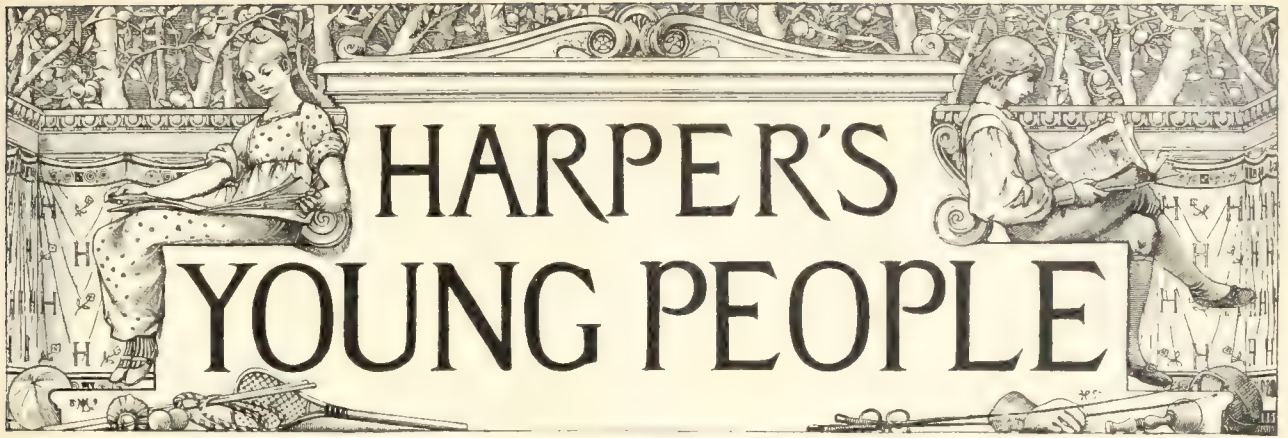
"CANES AND UMBRELLAS MUST
BE LEFT HERE."

and Julius was determined to allow no visitor to enter the parlors until he obeyed this injunction. Several gentlemen passed in after depositing their sticks and receiving checks, but as Judge Pounder walked by the stand and sought to enter the door of the reception-room, the faithful Julius halted him.

"You mus' excuse me, Jedge," said he; "but has you studied out dat ar sign? You carn't go in dar, sah, twell you leaves yo' cane or yo' umbrell wid me, sah."

"But, Julius, I never carry either cane or umbrella," said Judge Pounder, smiling.

"Den you carn't go in, Jedge," said Julius. "Dar's de ordah, sah, an' I mus' see dat it's obeyed."



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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

NDOBO.

A CENTRAL AFRICAN STORY.

BY E. J. GLAVE.

NDOBO was an African savage; his father was the chief Ncossi; his mother, Molumbu, was a slave woman.

When old Ncossi died, his son Ndobó took his place as chief of Ikengo, a village far away in the heart of Africa on the banks of the Congo River.

control, and threatened with barbarous punishment all who opposed him. The slave who disobeyed him was killed, and a discontented district was fiercely assailed till the entire land tendered submission and homage to the young tyrant.

In single combat Ndobó had vanquished every warrior



In former days it had been the custom for the different chieftains of the whole country to combine and form themselves into a council for the shaping of laws for the ruling of the land, but when the young and ambitious Ndobó came into power, he refused to admit such division of authority. He at once assumed supreme

who had dared to draw his blade. He was proud of the ugly scars which stood out in long wales all over his body, recording savage fights with man and beast.

In this land the utterance of a malicious wish is a direct challenge to whomsoever it is addressed, and the speaker never fails to support his words by grasping

his knife in readiness. "Owee nar mai!" (May you get drowned!) "Owee nar ncorlee!" (May a crocodile eat you!) are insults which will unsheathe two glistening blades and throw two stalwart savages into angry conflict, and due satisfaction is not acknowledged till both are ashy pale from loss of blood, and the vanquished drops his knife and gasps out his surrender. So feared had Ndobo become that he would stand unarmed and heap offensive threats on both chieftains and slaves with impunity, for no one dared to resent them. Though brave in war and fearless in the chase, he was withal a cruel and merciless savage, the life of a human being to him was no more than that of a fowl or a goat.

On the roof of Ndobo's hut a score of whitened skulls bore evidence of how his father's death was signalized, and how thoroughly the son and heir had fulfilled the grim demand of tribal fashion, which decides that upon the death of a chief half of the number of slaves owned by the deceased shall be sacrificed, so they may accompany their master into the next world, and do his bidding there as they had done on earth. The chief believes that when he dies, he will occupy in another world a position corresponding to the one held in the African village, but he must appear accompanied by a certain following to establish his right; hence the horrible custom of human sacrifice.

When the village is not roused to brutish frenzy by some hideous exhibition of savagery, prompted by national custom or resulting from Ndobo's cruel whim or anger, then there is an air of calm and content about this African settlement. The neat bamboo huts roofed with grass, embedded in a mass of tropical verdure, and shaded by stately palm-trees, the throngs of orderly beings quietly engaging in cheerful and friendly conversation, and the hearty laughter of the rollicking youngsters form a picturesque and peaceful scene.

Recently several large canoes had come down stream from Lulanga loaded with slaves and ivory, the owners of which had sold to the Ikengo chieftains the entire human freight and all the costly elephant tusks. Ndobo, who was a keen trader, had bought the bulk of the cargo, and set to work at once to organize an expedition to convey the newly acquired wealth down stream several hundred miles, and there make exchange with the Chumbiri people for cloth, brass wire, metal ornaments, beads, and the variety of trinkets which go to make up the currency.

Five large canoes had been selected, each to be manned by a crew of twenty-five stalwart paddlers; the hardiest men of the land had been pressed into Ndobo's service. Some of the chieftains of the surrounding country would accompany the expedition, others were detailed to remain in defence of the villages.

For several days all the women had been busily engaged in preparing provisions for the trip, not only for the journey down stream, but for their stay down stream, and also for the return journey, for the Chumbiri people would take advantage of their hungry condition to charge them ridiculous prices for any food they might need.

Maniack is the bread of that land, the most popular and general preparation of it being she-kwonga. Maniack is a vegetable resembling in appearance a very large potato, several of which grow in a cluster at the roots of a bush which reaches ten feet in height, with lanky limbs and a scant covering of dainty foliage. Just a small twig of the maniack-bush planted in due season will develop to maturity after fifteen months, and about a score of large potatolike vegetables ripened to perfection will be clinging to the roots a few inches below the surface of the ground. The African woman, who conducts all agricultural arrangements, cuts down the bush and digs out the roots. When taken from the ground, the vegetable is of the substance of an artichoke, but very stringy through-

out. Big baskets are loaded with these roots and sunk into the water, and after a few days taken out, when a great change has taken place by fermentation; the nature of the maniack has now become quite mealy, and all the threads can be easily removed. The maniack is then kneaded into dough, and made into round puddings weighing about three pounds, and then boiled for several hours. When properly cooked it is white, and looks like a white duff pudding, and is very wholesome and nourishing. It is rather difficult at first for a white man to learn to like this dish, which tastes somewhat like sour milk. But the white man in this land has no bakeries and restaurants catering to his wants, and after a while, if he is deprived of she-kwonga (maniack bread), he feels the want as keenly as any native.

All preparations for the journey had now been completed, and early one morning the sharp rattle of Ndobo's drum sounding the nkoondeela (all aboard) signal summoned the paddlers for the start and threw the village into a state of bustle and commotion. The canoes, lying swamped to protect them from the sun, were soon lifted and baled out dry ready to be loaded, and then Ndobo himself stood on the beach and superintended operations. The ponderous ivory (some tusks weighing ninety pounds) was carried down and laid along the bottoms of the dugouts; then the bales of fish and she-kwonga were snugly stowed, also bundles of ngula (powdered red-wood), which the "swells" in that country mix into paste with fat and smear their bodies all over with when wishing to appear fully "dressed." Everything is packed so that the canoe is kept in perfect trim all the time. The slaves to be sold down stream are led down and crowded together in a sitting posture, all securely handcuffed, on the bottoms of the dugouts.

Every canoe now being properly loaded and in perfect trim, Ndobo gave the order, "Nkoondeela!" (all aboard), and every paddler was soon in his place, and the dugouts pushed into the stream. Before making the actual start they paddled two or three times up and down in front of the village to receive for their formidable appearance the admiration of the girls they left behind them. It was a barbaric but impressive display, and the sweethearts and wives who remained in the village viewing that well-equipped and well-armed force need feel no anxiety for the result if some hostile tribe should attack them on the way down stream, for they were perfectly capable of rendering a good account of themselves.

The warriors, all standing, with their heads bedecked with feathers, strained on the pliant paddles till the long heavily laden dugouts leaped along the water in graceful curves, ably steered by four stout paddlers at the stern. Drums were beaten on board and on shore, loud blasts were blown through large ivory trumpets, crude cymbals were dashed together, and every voice shouted a tribal war-song. Every now and then the warriors laid down their paddles and grasped their knives and shields and spears, and stabbed and slashed in mimic warfare. Finally they wheeled around, each warrior laid his weapons by his side, within easy reach, and took up the paddle, and the journey commenced in real earnest.

"Cooma!" (beat time), shouted Ndobo, and one man in each canoe raised a foot to the gunwale of the dugout, and hammered out the time for the paddlers' strokes.

When on an expedition, and the weather is favorable, the natives will travel fifty miles without a halt on the water; their canoes when loaded sink down so deep that they cannot venture out when the river is rough, so when they get a spell of fine weather they will paddle till exhausted. And when on a trading venture, and they have a cargo of slaves, the fewer nights spent *en route* the better, for there is always the fear that some may escape.

Ndobo's flotilla, propelled by powerful strokes and

aided by a swift current, was soon many miles away from Ikengo. These canoes raced along down stream amidst an incessant tumult of singing and drumming, now threading their way through a scattering of pretty tropical islands, then past immense sand banks upon which monster crocodiles lay basking in the sun with opened jaws, which closed with a sharp snap at an unusual approach, and the loathsome reptiles waddled lazily into the stream. Herds of hippopotami, lying huddled in shallow water with only the tops of their heads and backs showing above the surface, startled by the strange intrusion, reared up angrily, and clumsily stampeded away and plunged out of sight into deep water, to appear again presently, scattered all over the surface of the water, each animal, however, showing only his eyes and the tips of his ears above the surface.

Each night the canoes were firmly fastened to the shore, the big earthen cooking pots loaded with manioc and dried fish were steaming over log fires. When the cooking was done, the crowd divided themselves into parties of a dozen, each with a pot of its own, around which they swarmed and ate out of it with their fingers, those in the background being greatly handicapped by having to reach over the others' heads, but they always try in such a case to dip their paws in the dish more frequently and regulate the result that way. After having eaten, they spread out their mats near the fires, and having had a comfortable smoke, roll off to sleep. When the mosquitoes are bad (and it is seldom they are not), the African lies on the edge of his mat and throws the remainder of it over him as a roof; he builds a smoky fire at each end to deny admittance to the hateful torment.

After a few days' hard paddling, Ndobo and his flotilla arrived at Chumbiri without having suffered any mishap. The young tyrant chief was duly greeted by the various chieftains at this place, to whom he was well known, having made frequent journeys here before.

In this land in the heart of Africa there is a game of chance called lobesi; pieces of pottery are chipped into wheels about the size of a quarter of a dollar; one side is whitened, the other burnt black. The player takes an odd number of these pieces in one hand, and throws them on to a mat, first betting upon either black or white; and, of course, if the majority turn up his color, then he wins. Upon Ndobo's arrival here a party of Chumbiri natives was earnestly engaged in a game of lobesi. They were playing for very low stakes—a few beads, a piece of fine brass wire, or perhaps a fathom of cotton cloth. Young Ndobo at once joined the game, and at first he began to win; he then bet more heavily, and instead of playing for beads and brass wire, he staked his valuable knife and spear, and lost both. Then he lost all the smaller trinkets he had previously won. He became excited and reckless, and he ordered one of his men to bring up a slave from the gang in his canoes, and upon his arrival, Ndobo challenged all to stake their slaves. Only one player, however, accepted and agreed to continue the play; the remainder who had been gambling left the game.

The whole village now became interested, and a dense dusky throng gathered round to watch the play.

Ndobo's opponent was rapidly winning. Slave after slave was brought up from the canoes, till the whole lot was gambled away. Then Ndobo produced a tusk of ivory, lost it, and staked another, and played till he had lost all.



A CENTRAL AFRICAN VILLAGE.

The young tyrant chief of Ikengo was a ruined man. Every form of wealth was gone; but he was yet a free man himself, and at liberty to gamble away his own existence. He hesitated for a few minutes, in angry meditation, then nervously gathered up the seven lobesi wheels, bet on white, and threw. The little pieces rolled and twirled, and finally settled—three white and four black. He had lost.

Several years previously Ndobo had come down to Chumbiri with a cargo of slaves for sale, amongst them a boy named Molumbay. This boy had grown to be a man, and it was he who had dared to play Ndobo for so high a stake, and who had in one short afternoon won all the property of his former master, and even deprived him of his freedom.

That afternoon the young tyrant Ndobo, whose word was law in his own country, and at whose threat his whole dominion trembled, was seated handcuffed and shackled amidst the gang of half-starved slaves he had brought down stream; like them, he was now "for sale."

Ndobo, sitting with his arms outstretched on his drawn-up knees and face hidden, was struck to the quick by his former slave Molumbay's quiet irony:

"My slave Ndobo! Pesa 'ngai loosakoo!" (Tender me homage.)

Ndobo, the once tyrant, was helpless to resist. He answered, "Loosakoo, Nkooloo!" (I am your slave, my master.)

IRISH BULLS.

AS a producer of this curious breed of cattle the late Sir Boyle Roche stood without a peer, although it is probable he has been credited with more than should go to his account.

There is a wonderful harvest of drollery to be gleaned from his speeches in Parliament, the funniest thing being that he himself was often very earnest in his remarks, and was entirely unconscious of the pathos to which he was giving utterance. "What, Mr. Speaker," said he, on one occasion, "and so we are to beggar ourselves for fear of vexing posterity! Now I would ask the honorable gentleman, and this most honorable House, why should we put ourselves out of our way to do anything for posterity? What has posterity done for us?"

The orator, after this declaration, expecting loud applause from his own party, was extremely disconcerted to have the whole House burst into a roar of laughter at his most serious appeal, so he began to anxiously explain "that by posterity he did not at all mean our ancestors, but those who came immediately after them"—an explanation which of course only made the cacinnatory confusion worse confounded.

Sir Boyle was very indignant at the doings of the Parisian

Jacobins, and on one occasion he thus gave vent to his feelings concerning them: "If we once permitted the villainous French masons to meddle with the buttresses and walls of our ancient constitution, they would never stop nor stay, sir, until they brought the foundation-stones tumbling down about the ears of the nation. If these Gallican villains should invade us, 'tis on that very table, maybe, these honorable members might see their own destinies lying in a heap atop of one another. Here, perhaps, sir, the Marshallaw [Marseillaise] men would break in, cut us in mince-meat, and throw our heads bleeding on that table to stare us in the face."

One of his famous Union speeches concluded with the pithy remark that "this excellent union will convert our barren hills into fruitful valleys." In another speech, directed against the Jacobins and their intrigues, Sir Boyle angrily exclaimed: "Sir, I smell a rat, I see him brewing in the air; but mark me, Mr. Speaker, I shall yet nip him in the bud." Hearing that Admiral Howe was in search of the French, he remarked that he trusted that "he would sweep the Gallic fleet off the face of the earth." He expressed his loyalty in one speech by the sublime utterance, "I stood prostrate at the feet of my sovereign." He also held up to the ridicule of the House "the man who had turned his back on himself." He lamented that single misfortunes never came alone, and that the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a greater.

J. M. O.

COLOSSAL SCULPTURE AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY M. A. LANE.

THE colossal in sculpture has always pleased the people. It is more than mere idle curiosity that makes us eager to behold a gigantic man. Size impresses us. The very idea of immensity thrills us. We look with marvel and wonder at what is simply a vast mass of matter put together without order or design other than that

in nature. What is more noble than a great mountain swelling up and away from us until it gathers clouds on its broad breast, and mingles its towering head with the skies?

Man will never become so old or so cultured or so philosophical as to outgrow this innate admiration of the simply vast that his ancient fathers gratified in the erection of wonderfully large buildings, towers, and statues. The Eiffel Tower at Paris, the Washington Monument, the Goddess of Liberty in New York Harbor stand as being utterly without use or purpose if this primeval passion for merely great proportion be condemned. And who is there that does not feel a debt of gratitude to Bartholdi after having once looked upon the lofty figure on Bedloe's Island? The massive in architecture and the colossal in sculpture are now in process of revival at the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago. Its buildings are to be very large, the largest group of great buildings that has been known. And most of its sculpture will be, if not exactly of the colossal order, at least a near approach to it. A colossus representing the republic of the United States will arise at the water entrance to the grand court out of the inlet from Lake Michigan. Kretschmar, the sculptor, will put up a 30-foot figure of Columbus on the lake front, which will become the property of the city of Chicago after the close of the World's Fair; and most of the groups and figures that will adorn the various buildings in the grounds will be of a size commensurate with the proportions of the structures themselves, and therefore of no mean or mediocre extent. That part of the sculpture which will not be of colossal size will consist mainly of the reliefs and friezes of some of the buildings, and a few groups of heroic size (that is to say, figures measuring seven feet in height or thereabouts) that will

be placed in the porches, and on the staircases or balustrades of some of the buildings, such as the work of Mr. John J. Boyle on the Transportation Building.

All the direct work on the sculpture that will be used to decorate the World's Fair is done in studios on the exhibition grounds at Jackson Park, and it goes without saying that the most interesting work of all is that on the colossal figures. Approach closely a statue 20 or 30 feet in height, and at once all the beauty and symmetry that it seems to possess when viewed from a distance vanish. The face presents an entirely new and uncouth appearance; the limbs and arms are ungainly; the lines run this way and that, and give a grossness to the outline that mars it, and the whole figure seems to be quite incongruous.

Somewhere there is a story told of two Greek sculptors who were asked to compete for the work of erecting a monument to a great man. When the judges examined the statues, they found that one was a clever portrait, correct in every detail; the other, a very rough affair, full of imperfections. They were about to award the prize to the first sculptor, but at the request of the second they delayed their decision until the two monuments were placed upon their lofty pedestals. Then they found that the distance mellowed and unified the second sculptor's work, showing a perfect likeness of the man, and rendered the other's indistinct, whereupon they declared the second sculptor to be the greater artist, and, of course, honored him with the award. Modern sculptors understand this condition of art well, and



DESIGNING A COLOSSAL FIGURE.

the sculptures at Jackson Park when examined narrowly present the roughest of outlines only. Studied detail here is wasted; an impediment, in fact, that only serves to mar the general effect. The sculptor works, you might say, by the yard; and were it not that he has a carefully graded scale to guide him, he would make a failure of his task. The colossi are done in this wise: The sculptor first works out of clay a perfect model of his group or his figure. In this all the details are brought out, and every attention is paid to harmony. Of this clay a plaster cast is prepared, and along the plaster cast is contrived a sliding scale called a pointing measure. Another similar pointing measure is then contrived, only that the second is to apply to the colossal statue, and scales feet to inches on the smaller one.

The model and the scale being ready, the sculptor next prepares the groundwork for the colossus. The figures are founded on a skeleton of wood and wire netting work roughly resembling the human form. About this skeleton is wrapped excelsior, and over this is laid plaster of Paris. Now the figure is ready for modelling. The pointing measure is brought into play, and the legs, arms, trunk, and head are filled in and modelled with the soft plaster in the exact proportions of the cast model, inches on the model becoming feet on the colossus. The minor detail of the model is suggested only in the larger work, the lines of the latter being bolder and more direct and the curves drawn with a freer hand. The head and face present the most difficult task, for the sculptor must be careful to throw into these an expression of life that will harmonize with the laws of optics, and improve with distance.

The studio of a sculptor for ordinary work need not be of dimensions greater than those of an ordinary room; but the work studio for such work as the decorative sculpture of the World's Fair has an entirely different meaning. To model a figure thirty feet high, or even twenty feet high, a capacious room is necessary, well illuminated by windows or skylights, and with leeway sufficient for the erection of scaffolding, whereon the sculptor standing at work upon the arm or face of the figure is diminished to the size of a Lilliputian. The real meaning of the magnitude of one of the sculps cannot be understood except in comparison with a full-grown man placed against it.

The buildings on which the chief groups of sculpture will be placed are the Administration, the Agricultural Hall, the Horticultural, Fine Arts Gallery, Machinery Hall, Mines and Mining, and Electricity. The groups on the Administration Building will symbolize Industry, Commerce, Art, Science, and other general themes. About the dome will be placed eight groups, twelve groups on the first story, and eight groups at the sides of the main entrance. Models for the statuary to be placed on the Agricultural and Machinery halls are sent by the contracting sculptors in one-sixth and one-fifth size from Boston and New York. The exposition has engaged sculptors from Paris and Rome to carry out the designs on the full-size scale. Mr. Carl Bitter has furnished the models for the Administration Building, Mr. Phillip Martini those for the Agricultural Building, and Mr. M. A. Waagen those for Machinery Hall. Mr. Larado Taft has



THE COLOSSUS COMPLETED.

the work for the Horticultural Hall, and Miss Rideout is doing the work for the Woman's Building.

When the buildings are ready for their reception these great figures will be removed from the studios in sections and then placed in position. When the exposition comes to an end they will be sold.

THE BUSY BEE AND THE IDLE BUTTERFLY.

"IF to-morrow be fine," said the busy bee,
 "I'll do the task that is given me,
 And work from breakfast-time till tea,
 If it be fine."

"If to-morrow be fine," said the butterfly,
 "I'll stretch my wings and soar so high,
 Perhaps I'll reach the very sky,
 If it be fine."

But when the morrow came it rained;
 The busy bee fussed and complained,
 And said with every other breath,
 She knew they all should starve to death.

But the butterfly said, "You dear little things,
 To travel so far without any wings!"
 And invited the raindrops in to tea,
 And all were as merry as they could be.

MORAL.

Know when to work and when to play,
 And you'll be happy every day.

H. C. W.

CANOE MATES:*

A STORY OF THE EVERGLADES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," "DERRICK STERLING,"
"CRYSTAL, JACK, & CO.," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FISHING FOR SHARKS.



IN strolling along the outer beach, picking up curious sponges and bits of coral, the attention of the boys was also attracted to the shadowy forms of great fish that they could distinguish every now and then darting along the green base of the combers just before they broke.

"Do you think they can be sharks?" asked Worth.

"Yes," replied Sumner; "I am almost sure they are."

"My! but I wish we could catch one! I have never seen a shark out of water."

"I shouldn't wonder if we could. I've got a shark-hook in the *Psyche*, and our Manila cables knotted together will make just the kind of line we want."

Fifteen minutes later the hook and line had been prepared. For bait, they took one of a number of fish that Quorum had caught that morning.

The shark-hook was a huge affair, a foot long and made of steel a quarter of an inch thick. To it were attached by a swivel several feet of chain terminating in a ring to which the line was made fast.

Sumner had caught many sharks off the Key West wharves, but they had been comparatively small, and with the monsters of the reef he had hitherto had no dealings. Consequently he was almost as ignorant of their strength as was Worth. Therefore, without reflecting on the folly of the act, and fearing that the line might be jerked from his hands, he made its inner end fast about his waist.

Then whirling the heavy hook above his head, he cast it far out in the breakers. Within a minute it was tossed back to the beach, and had to be thrown again. This operation was repeated so many times without any result that the boys were beginning to tire of it, when all at once there came a jerk on the line that nearly threw Sumner off his feet.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "We've got him at last! Catch hold, Worth, and help me haul him in."

But it was soon evident that instead of their catching the shark, he had caught them. In spite of all their efforts, and no matter how deeply they dug their feet into the sand, the boys found themselves being dragged slowly but surely toward the water. At first they did not realize their danger; but when they were within a few yards of the creamy froth churned up by the breakers, it flashed upon them, and they began to utter those shouts for help that attracted the attention of their companions in the camp.

Although Worth could have let go of the line at any minute, the thought of doing such a thing never entered his head. Even when the water was about their feet, and the wet sand was slipping rapidly from beneath them, the plucky fellow held on and struggled with all his might to avert the fate that threatened his friend.

They were nearly hopeless when the three men reached them, and rushing into the water, seized the line with such a powerful grasp, that its seaward motion was in-

stantly arrested. Not only that, but they walked away with it so easily that a minute later the shark was landed high and dry on the beach, where the sailor despatched it with an axe.

It was a white shark of moderate size, being not more than seven or eight feet long. For all that, it was a monster as compared with those Sumner had been in the habit of catching, and he gazed with a curious sensation at its wicked eyes, and the row upon row of curved gleaming teeth with which the gaping mouth was provided.

"It was a close call for you, my boy," said the Lieutenant, gravely, "and has taught you a lesson that I am sure you will never forget. You may thank your lucky stars that the hook was taken by this little fellow instead of by one of his grandfathers or uncles. Now that we have started in this business, I am going to try and show you what might have happened."

Under his direction a hole some five feet deep was dug, a heavy timber, selected from those with which the beach was strewn, was thrust into it, and the sand was repacked solidly about it. To this, instead of to Sumner's body, the end of the line was attached, and the fishing for sharks was resumed. While the post was being set, Lieutenant Carey had brought his rifle from the camp. Several sharks, some smaller and some larger than the first, were caught; but not until the hook was seized by one that dragged the entire party clinging to it slowly down the beach did the Lieutenant express himself as satisfied.

"Hold on to it!" he cried. "Brace yourselves! Snub him all you can!"

The strain on the line was tremendous, and it hummed like a harp string. But for the post to aid them, they must have let go. At length even the enormous strength at the other end of the line began to be exhausted. Foot by foot the slack was gathered in and held at the post. Then a great ugly-looking head could be seen in the edge of the breakers, and the next minute a rifle-ball crashed into it.

In the flurry that followed the line snapped, and the boys uttered a cry of dismay. But the bullet had done its work, and a few minutes later the huge carcass was rolling like a log in the surf. The sailor managed to get a bight of the line over its tail, and by their united efforts the great fish was drawn partly from the water; but beyond there they could not move it. It was over twelve feet long, and Sumner shuddered as he realized how easily and quickly such a monster as that could have dragged him out to sea.

"It seems to me," said Worth, "that some kinds of fishing are as dangerous as deer-hunting, and just as exciting."

While they were still looking at the big shark their attention was attracted to a loud barking in the beach scrub behind them, and by a man's voice shouting: "Wus-le! Wus-le! You, sir! Come here!" It was evident that Wus-le was a dog, and that he was engaged in some absorbing occupation that forbade him to pay any attention to the calls of his unseen master.

Going to the place from which the barking came, the shark-fishers were in time to witness a most interesting performance. A small brindled bull-terrier was tearing in a circle round and round a coiled rattlesnake. The former was barking furiously, and the sound so enraged the snake that the angry whirr-r-r of its rattles was almost continuous. At the same time he was dazed by the rapidity of the dog's motions. At length he sprang forward, struck viciously, and missed his mark. At the same moment the dog dashed in, seized the snake by the back, gave one furious shake, and jumped away. The snake was evidently injured, for he recoiled slowly. Once more, enraged beyond endurance, he struck at his agile adversary, and then the dog had him. In an instant

the snake's back was broken, and a minute later he lay motionless and dead.

As soon as he was certain of his victory, the dog paid no more attention to his late enemy, but with panting breath and lolling tongue that betrayed the energy of his exertions, he ran to meet his master, who appeared at that moment from the direction of the river.

He was a powerfully built man, dressed partly as a hunter and partly as a sailor. He carried a rifle, and introduced himself as the keeper of the station a few miles up the coast. He upbraided the dog as though it were a human being for tackling a rattlesnake, and then remarked apologetically to the spectators of the recent fight: "I have to scold him on general principles, but it don't do any good. He is bound to fight and kill snakes till they kill him, which I am always expecting they will. They haven't done it yet, though, and he has killed more than twenty rattlers, besides more of other kinds than I can count. He's a good dog, Wus-le is, and he's a terror to snakes."

The man said he had learned of the Lieutenant and his companions being in the river from the mail-carrier, and feeling lonely, had come to invite them to go to the station and stay with him until the wind changed. As he assured them that this was not likely to happen for several days, and as they were ahead of the time set for their arrival at Cape Florida, Lieutenant Carey accepted the invitation.

On their way up the river their guide pointed out a grove of cocoanut-palms marking the site of a fort erected during the Seminole war, the name of which was at one time familiar to all Americans. It was the scene of the treacherous seizure of the famous chief Osceola, who was lured into it under the pretext of considering a treaty. From there he was hurried to Fort Moultrie in Charleston Harbor, where he soon afterwards died of a broken heart.

They found the station to be a low, roomy structure, surrounded by broad piazzas, built in the most solid manner so as to withstand hurricanes. It stood on top of the beach ridge, and commanded a glorious view of the ocean, as well as of the low-lying back country. At one end was a small separate house containing a great cistern in which a supply of water was collected during the rainy season of summer, to last through the long winter drought. At the opposite end stood a building in which were kept a metallic life-boat and a quantity of canned provisions for the use of sailors who might be wrecked on that lonely coast.

Here the exploring party remained for nearly a week, while the wind still held steadily to the east, and they all declared it to be the happiest and most interesting week of their cruise.

They hunted, fished, and sailed on the inland waters behind the beach ridge to their heart's content. Quorum was kept constantly busy cooking the venison, fish, turtle, ducks, quail, possum, and other food supplies with which the surrounding country abounded.

Worth felt that his reputation as a hunter was fully restored when he shot a wild-cat that Wus-le had treed, and Sumner was more than proud over the killing of a black bear, which the same enterprising dog discovered one night digging for turtle eggs on the beach but a short distance from the station. The Lieutenant worked away at the report of his expedition, while the sailor and the keeper labored at the frame of a light-draught, sea-going boat, for which Sumner furnished the plans and model.

At length the wind, which in that country always boxes the compass, worked around to the westward, and as it was the end of March, the canoes were again loaded, and the pleasant life at the station came to an end.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LITTLE KO-WIK-A SAILS OUT TO SEA.

THERE was a long swell heaving in over the bar at the mouth of the river, but no breakers; and the little fleet, crossing it easily, laid a course down the coast. A stretch of twenty miles lay before them ere they would find another opening into which they could run for shelter, and they were therefore desirous to make the run before night. On most waters this would not have been difficult; but here there was a strong current, that of the Gulf Stream, running fully three miles an hour, and they knew that to overcome this, and also to make twenty miles during the day, would tax the sailing powers of their small craft to the utmost. Nor could they all sail. The *Hu-lu-lah* had no centre board, and with the wind somewhat forward of abeam, the use of her sail would only have driven her off shore. The Lieutenant was therefore obliged to rely upon his paddle and keep close to the coast. The cruiser, being a slow sailer close hauled, kept him company, but the *Psyche* and *Cupid* drew gradually ahead, and were soon out of hailing distance.

It was so delightful to find themselves again sailing, and their canoes were doing so splendidly, that the boys hated to stop. And why should they? There was nothing to fear. They knew where they were going, the others were in company, and a halting-place for the night had been agreed upon. They would stop when they reached it, and that would be soon enough.

Until noon the breeze was very light, but after that it freshened, and soon came off the land in angry little gusts that suggested the propriety of reefing. With a single reef in each of their sails, they ran until late in the afternoon, when they sighted a cut leading into the great landlocked sheet of Biscayne Bay. They were to enter this bay and cruise down behind its outer keys to Cape Florida, but it had been decided that they should camp on the upper side of the cut for that night.

The wind had increased in strength, until now even double-reefed sails could hardly be carried on the canoes. The whole sky was covered with dark clouds, while a bank of inky blackness was rising in the west. It was evident that a wind-squall of unusual violence would shortly burst upon them, and almost at the same moment both the canoemates lowered their sails, jointed their paddles, and headed straight in for land. As he lowered his sail and cast his glance astern in search of the other boats, Sumner noticed a large steamer coming down the coast. He wondered if she were not too close in for safety, but the immediate demands of his situation quickly drove all thoughts of her from his mind.

In the teeth of the spiteful gusts, and facing the ominous blackness, they worked their way until they could see the very place that the station-keeper had described to them as being a suitable camping-ground. Five minutes more would take them to its shelter. Just then Sumner shouted to Worth, and drew his attention to a strange craft that he had been watching for several minutes. It was coming out of the cut, running dead before the wind, but yawing and gybing in a manner that indicated either utter recklessness or absolute ignorance on the part of its crew. The two canoes were so close together that Worth could hear Sumner plainly as he shouted:

"It's an Indian canoe, and apparently unmanageable. I'm going to up sail and run down for a look at it. Do you paddle in to shore, and be out of harm's way before that squall bursts."

"Oh, Sumner, don't run any risks!" shouted Worth.

"All right; I'll be careful. But you'll make things a great deal easier for me if you will start at once for shore. That's a good fellow."



SUMNER RESCUES KO WIK A.

So Worth did as his friend desired, and Sumner, hoisting his double-reefed mainsail, bore down on the strange canoe, which would otherwise have passed him at quite a distance. It was going at a tremendous pace, and as the two craft neared each other, Sumner saw to his consternation that the sole occupant of the dugout was a child who stretched out its little arms imploringly towards him. He saw this as the runaway canoe, under full sail, shot across his bow.

A tumult of thought flashed through the boy's mind like lightning. He was near enough to land to reach it in safety. That child, if left alone, was rushing to certain destruction. He might be able to rescue it, and he might not. The chances were that he would lose his own life in the attempt. Very well; could he lose it in a better cause? What would his father have done under similar circumstances? That last question was sufficient. There was no longer any room for argument.

Even during his moment of hesitation the boy had been loosening the reef line of his mainsail, and simultaneously with his decision a quick pull at the halyard exposed its full surface to the wind. Over heeled the canoe, with Sumner leaning far out on the weather side. Then her head paid off, and under the influence of the first blast of the squall, she sprang away like a frightened animal in the direction taken by the runaway.

That same afternoon a fleet of Indian canoes, containing Ul-we and his companions, had crossed Biscayne Bay from the mainland. Instead of descending the river on which they had left our explorers, they had skirted the edge of the 'Glades to another that flowed into the bay, the secret of which they did not choose to have Lieutenant Carey learn. Although it still lacked a day of new moon, they decided to take advantage of the fair

wind, cross the bay, and spend the intervening time in catching and smoking a supply of fish at a point several miles above Cape Florida.

In the canoe with Ul-we was his six-year-old brother, the little Ko-wik-a, who was sometimes allowed to hold the sheet while they were sailing, and who considered himself fully competent to manage the boat alone. However, being very wise in some things, he did not say this or express in words his longing for a chance to prove his skill. He simply waited for an opportunity that was not long in coming.

After the Indians had pitched their camp, Ul-we, taking Ko-wik-a with him, went up to the cut to set a net into which the fish would run with the flood tide. Reaching the place, he went into the mangroves to cut some poles, leaving his little brother in the canoe.

This was Ko-wik-a's chance, and he was quick to seize it. He would now show Ul-we that if he was little, he could sail a boat. The big brother had hardly

disappeared when the little one shoved the canoe out from the mangroves and grasped the sheet in his chubby hands. A minute later and he was running out of the cut at racing speed. When he got ready to turn round and go back, he became a little frightened to find out that something more than wishing to do so was necessary. When his craft shot out from the cut, and, leaving the land behind, headed out into an infinitely larger body of water than the little fellow had ever before seen, he became thoroughly demoralized, and began to call loudly for Ul-we.

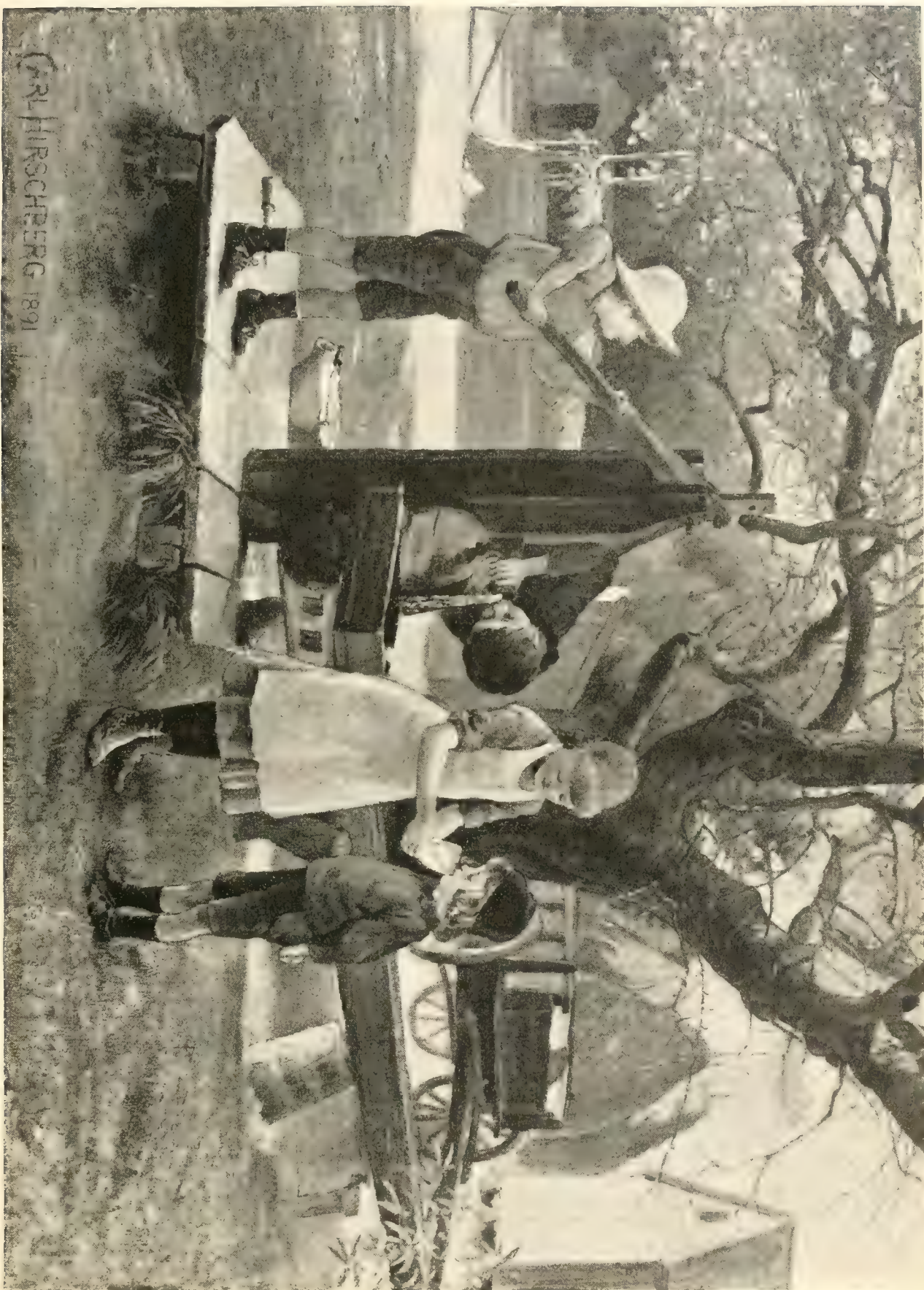
Poor Ul-we had just discovered that both his little brother, whom he loved better than anybody or anything in the world and his canoe, had disappeared, and was rushing frantically toward the outer beach. His instinct told him what had happened, and his one hope was to reach the end of the cut in time to swim off and intercept the runaway.

When he did get there it was only in time to catch a fleeting glimpse of his own well-known sail far out at sea, with another much whiter and smaller one behind it. Then the cruel squall burst over the ocean. In a cloud of rain and mist, borne forward by a fierce wind, the two sails disappeared and the whole landscape was blotted from view.

From a place of safety on the opposite side of the cut, though unseen by Ul-we, Worth Manton strained his eyes for a last glimpse of the *Psyche's* fluttering signal flag, and the others, rapidly nearing him, wondered at his gesture of despair as it was blotted out.

The squall was long and fierce, and by the time it had passed, the darkness of night had shut in and the stars were shining.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



CARL HIRSCHBERG 1891

AT THE PUMP.—DRAWN BY CARL HIRSCHBERG.

THE GENERAL'S NAMESAKE.

BY KATE WHITING.

MY grandmother told me this story. It all happened to her uncle, and he told it to her long, long ago, when she was a little girl.

This uncle was General Salem Towne—a brave old soldier, and one who had done good service in the war of 1812. The General was a splendid story-teller, and he dearly loved to gather about him his children and nieces and nephews and relate to them the many thrilling adventures and very curious things that had happened to him.

At the time of my story the war of 1812 was a thing of the past, and this beautiful country was as fresh and peaceful as though such cruel things as war and strife had never stained its purity.

It was the fall of the year, and General Towne was obliged to make a journey up into the western part of New York State, which was considered quite "out West" at that time. The General met very few people as he jogged slowly along the rough road. The daylight was beginning to fade out, but he did not hurry his tired steed, for he knew that about a mile ahead was a comfortable little inn, at which he might put up for the night.

Just as the sun was sinking below the western hills, lighting up the autumn foliage with a good-night smile, the General reined in his horse before the patriotic sign of the American Eagle, and, tired and hungry, dismounted, and called for a room and supper.

He was shown into a neat little parlor, precisely furnished in mahogany and hair-cloth, and drawing his chair up before the not unwelcome wood fire that was crackling on the hearth, watched with no little interest, not to say expectation, the comfortable landlady as she invitingly set forth a tempting supper on the marble-topped table.

"I give you supper in here, sir," remarked this good creature, as she placed a mug of home-brewed ale beside his plate, "because I mistrust from your walk an' the way you rid up to the door that you're a military gentleman; an' as my husband was in the war himself, sir, he's always pertickeler as to how we treats other soldiers, sir."

"Thank you, my good woman; you surmise correctly," replied the General, with his courtly bow. "I am an old soldier, and I shall be glad to have a chat with your good man after I have done justice to your good supper."

The woman, flattered and pleased, as were all women by the General's smile and bow, courtesied herself out of the room, and the General industriously applied himself to the hearty meal.

He had hardly drawn back his chair, and was again contemplating the fire, when the door was pushed open, and a roguish, boyish face peeped into the room.

Now General Towne was very fond of children, and so he welcomed the new-comer with a fatherly smile. "Come in, my lad," he said, and patted his knee invitingly.

The door was pushed farther open, and, thus encouraged, a little boy with a shock of golden curls and two very bright blue eyes came slowly into the room.

"I thought you might like an apple," said the small boy, seating himself on the edge of one of the hair-cloth chairs.

General Towne glanced at the brown hands, each of which clasped a large russet apple.

"That's right, sonny. And you have two? Very well, we will eat them together," and in a very few minutes the little fellow was seated on the General's knee, and they were having a most sociable time.

"And what made you think of bringing me this?" asked the General, looking down with amused interest at his little entertainer.

"'Cause I wanted to see you," answered the boy, frankly, as he took another bite of his apple.

"And why did you want to see me?"

"'Cause mother said you were a military gentleman, and I like military gentlemen. I'm going to be one—at least a soldier—when I'm a man. My father was a soldier."

"And does your father tell you stories about the war?" questioned the General, who enjoyed hearing the lad talk.

"Oh yes," was the reply, "lots of fine stories; and that's the gun he carried, up there over the fireplace," and the little fellow quite forgot his apple, and pointed with reverent awe to the old fire-arm which hung in state above the mantel-shelf.

"My father was a very brave man," he added, proudly, looking from the old musket up into the kind eyes of the General.

"I dare say he was, a brave man and soldier, and I hope he has a brave son."

The boy looked up with a pleased flush spreading over his eager young face. "I hope so too, sir," he answered, soberly; and he slipped off the General's knee, as if he felt suddenly too old and large to occupy that childish seat.

"And are you going to be a soldier too?" asked the General, still more pleased and amused.

"Yes, sir," replied the little fellow, with a ring in his voice and a fire in his blue eyes. "I wish I could have been a soldier in my father's war, but I was not born then. Maybe there'll be another war, though, when I'm a man. I hope it will be like my father's war. My father says I ought to be a good man and a brave soldier, 'cause I was named after a good man and a brave soldier."

"And what is your name, my man?"

The boy folded his arms, threw back his head, and drawing his little figure up as far as possible, replied, proudly, "Salem Towne Clifford."

The General started. Leaning forward in the fire-light, he asked, curiously, "And who was this Salem Towne whose name you bear?"

"He was the General in my father's war, sir. That's one of my father's stories. When he was wounded General Towne was good to my father, and called him a brave man." The boy's eyes flashed proudly. "My father loved him, and he said then that if he ever had a son he should name him Salem Towne. I am glad that I am that son, sir."

"And so am I, sir; so am I," exclaimed the General, seizing the little fellow's hand. "I am proud of you, Salem. Shake hands, my man, shake hands; and tell me your father's name."

"John Clifford is my father's name," answered the boy, well pleased, but a little astonished at the gentleman's manner. "John Clifford is his name, and he was a sergeant in the war."

"Is your father at home, Salem? Then please go and inform him that an old military comrade would like to see him. I too fought in your father's war."

The boy obediently left the room, and the General strode restlessly up and down before the fire.

"Sergeant Clifford—I remember a brave fellow—a good fellow—and to think—to think—" The General pulled out his capacious handkerchief and blew his nose very vigorously.

Before he had cleared his throat a half-dozen times the door opened again, and the boy reappeared, followed by a tall man, whose frank blue eyes and open face showed him to be the father of the lad.

"Clifford—Sergeant Clifford—do you remember me?" asked the General, standing with his back to the flickering fire-light.

The man started forward, peering anxiously in the uncertain light into the face of his guest. "My General!" he exclaimed, eagerly. "Oh, that surely is the voice of my General."

"You are right," replied the other, holding out his hand. "I am General Salem Towne." The two men stood silently, with clasped hands, and neither noticed the white, excited face of the little lad behind them.

Finally a young, eager voice broke the stillness. "Are you truly my father's General? Are you the real Salem Towne?"

The General turned and took the boy's hand in his. "Yes, I am Salem Towne, my lad; and I hope you will not be too greatly disappointed in your father's General."

"Oh, I am so glad," exclaimed the young Salem; "and, father, I will try to be like him, for I love him too."

"You can't do better, my son," said the father, with a suspicion of huskiness in his voice. "I remember my General in war and peace, and I know."

"Tut, tut, Sergeant," interrupted the General; and then he turned to the boy again: "My lad," he said, placing his hand on the golden curls and looking down into the reverent upturned eyes—"my lad, your father does not know what a faulty man his General is. He has thrown over him the glory woven by affection and the lapse of many years; but if you live up to the noble desires you have expressed to me this evening, and become as brave a man as your father, you will make a soldier and a namesake I shall be proud of."

At this point the good wife and mother came in with the candles, and when she heard the story she was so greatly overcome as to indulge in a few furtive tears, and could hardly express the joy and honor she felt at meeting so great a man as her husband's General, whose name her boy was so proud to bear.

It was late before the little Salem went to bed that night. No one could have been cruel enough to tear him away from the fireside, where, perched upon the General's knee—for surely the knee of his father's General could not be too childish a seat for any boy—he listened with wide-open eyes to the tales of war and peace that fell from the lips of the two soldiers. Not until the fire had died out did the little group break up, and then, as he bade his guest good-night, Sergeant Clifford gave him the old military salute due to his superior officer.

"And if you are my father's General, you are my General too," exclaimed the little lad, and standing by his father's side he also very gravely saluted the General and bade him good-night.

When, next morning, the General came to take his leave, John Clifford and his wife would not for a moment hear of accepting any of their guest's money in return for their hospitality.

"You've done us an honor by staying under our roof, sir," protested the landlady. "And it's by far the greatest thing that has happened in our lives since we've kept the Eagle."

"And," added her husband, "we won't forget it, sir; and as for me, General, I can never forget—"

"No, I sha'n't let you forget me," laughed the General. "I shall be coming around again before long, for I want to keep an eye on this namesake of mine. You won't forget me, will you, Salem?"

"Forget my father's General!" The boy opened his eyes in amazement.

"Here is something to help you remember," and into the small brown hand the General slipped a gold eagle.

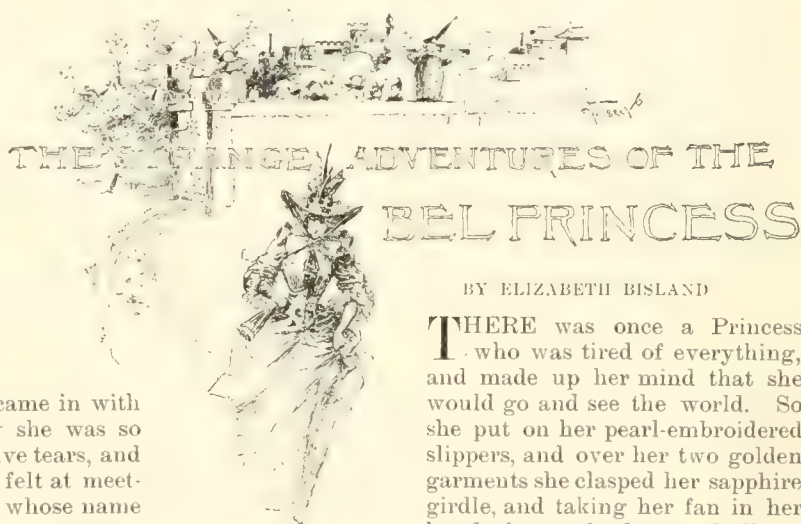
"Oh, sir!" the lad cried, catching his breath.

But the General had leaped on his horse. "Come, shake hands with me again, Salem," he said, bending down from his saddle, "and if I should not see you for a long time you must remember me; and remember, too, that although you are to be a soldier, your name means 'peace'; and, Salem, the end of all righteous war is peace."

"Oh, if I can ever be a General like you!" exclaimed the boy.

"A better General than I, I hope," was the reply; "but even then, Salem, you must never forget your father's General." He gave the small hand a final pressure, and with a hearty farewell to all, turned his horse's head away.

It was some time before there was a turn in the road, and whenever the rider looked back he could still see in the distance the figure of his admiring little namesake waving a lingering good-by to his father's General.



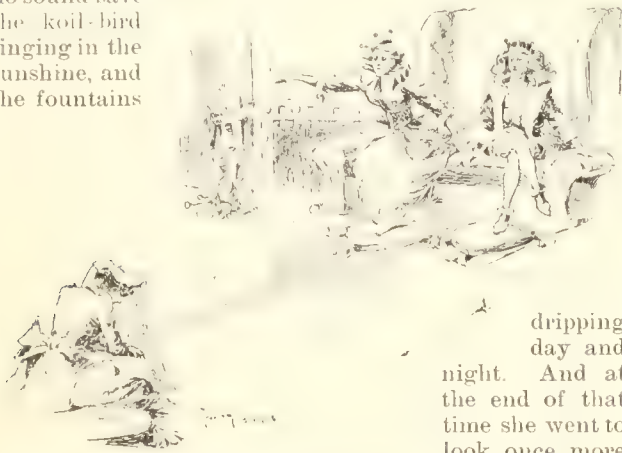
BY ELIZABETH BISLAND

THERE was once a Princess who was tired of everything, and made up her mind that she would go and see the world. So she put on her pearl-embroidered slippers, and over her two golden garments she clasped her sapphire girdle, and taking her fan in her hand, she set forth. And all the people leaned over the city wall and said: "There goes the Bel Princess to make a journey in the world. I wonder what she will find?" and they stopped to watch her until she disappeared into the jungle, after which they all went back to their work.

The Princess never turned to look back—walking straight on, and finding nothing new; only the same green parrots flying from branch to branch, the same monkeys playing among the banyan-trees, and the same tall palms waving the leaves in the sky. So she had very nearly made up her mind that the whole world was just as dull as the palace at home, when all at once there appeared across the end of the path a large house of white marble, whose windows were carved in patterns of lace. About the house were paved courts and fountains and great cool tanks; and roses were growing in the gardens and mangoes ripening by the wall; but no one was to be seen anywhere, and no sound was heard but the dripping of the fountains and the little koil-bird singing in the rose-trees. So the Princess thought she would like to live here a while and see what would come of it, and for three days and nights she lived in the palace, picking the flowers and eating the fruits, but no one was to be seen, and no sound was heard but the bird and the fountains. And on the third day she looked through every room in the palace, and found that the door of the great hall was locked and the key gone.

And after three days more, as she walked in the gardens, she found a nail in the wall in the corner where the mango-trees grew, and on the nail was hanging a

silken bag, and in the silken bag was a golden key. So the Princess ran at once to unlock the great hall, but when the door was pushed open, she found it quite empty, save that exactly in the middle stood a bed of carved silver, and in the bed were many pillows of blue silk, and on the pillows lay the most beautiful Prince in all the world. His long golden hair was spread about on the pillows, and all his body glittered as if it were covered with little diamonds; but he lay quite still, and did not move or speak, or even open his eyes. So when the Princess saw this, she shut the door quickly and went away. And three days more she lived in the palace, and eat the fruit and picked the flowers, and as she walked in the garden she thought of the Prince, but she heard no sound save the koil-bird singing in the sunshine, and the fountains



SHE FOUND THE SERVING-MAID SET UPON THE THRONE.

dripping day and night. And at the end of that time she went to look once more at the Prince, who slept so long and so soundly; and she spoke to him and told him her name, yet still he did not move or speak; and she went away, and waited another three days for him to wake. Then a third time she went, and this time she touched the Prince, and found him stuck full of needles from top to toe, whose ends glittered in the light as if he were covered with little diamonds. So the Princess went back to the garden for three more days, and thought of all these things. And from that time she sat on the bed of carved silver with the silken pillows, and every day and all night she picked out the needles one by one. By day the sun shone through the marble lattices and made on the floor patterns of gold, and by night the moon made patterns of silver. And all the palace was so silent that by day she heard the koil singing and the dripping of the fountains, and by night she heard the leopards crying in the jungle and the rustling of the long pythons writhing through the grass. And after thirty days had gone by the Princess heard a footstep in the garden, and shortly there entered into the hall where she sat a tall woman dressed as a serving-maid, and the Princess said,

"What do you here?"

And the serving-maid answered: "I have lost my way in the jungle, and am in fear of the wild beasts. Let me stay here, and I will serve you."

So the Princess said: "It shall be as you wish. I have now drawn out ten thousand needles and three. But twelve more are left, and these twelve are one in each of his fingers and one in each of his eyes. And when these are drawn out the Prince will wake up; but I have sat here thirty days and thirty nights, and wish to go and eat and bathe before the Prince sees me. Do you stay here and watch over him while I am gone."

So the serving-maid staid to watch; and the Princess, laying aside her pearl-embroidered slippers, her two golden garments, and the sapphire girdle, went down to the

tank to bathe. Now no sooner had she done this than the serving-maid slipped out of her own coarse garments and put on those of the Princess; after which she drew out the twelve needles, so that the Prince waked and sat up at once; and seeing the serving-maid sitting by his side, he said,

"Who has done this good deed, and lifted the enchantment of needles laid upon me by the wicked Rakshas in the wood?"

So the serving-maid answered: "Thirty days have gone by since I and my maid lost our way in the jungle and came upon this palace. And through all that time I have sat by your side and plucked forth the needles; and counting them as I drew them out, I know that there were ten thousand and fifteen."

Then the Prince said, "What is your name, and from whence do you come?"

And the wicked serving-maid replied, "I am called the Bel Princess, and I come from the City of the Palm-trees, but I fear to go home with my serving-maid, because she is an evil creature, and will do me harm when we are alone in the forest."

So the Prince, though he liked her looks but little, set her upon his throne and kissed her, and said that she should go no more to the City of Palm-trees, but stay and be his wife, because she had rid him of the enchantment put upon him by the Rakshas in the wood.

Now while he did this, the real Princess returned from the bath, and not finding her two golden garments, was obliged to clothe herself in those of the maid, which were left there in their stead. So she made haste to do this and go and draw forth the needles from the Prince's eyes; but in the great hall she found the serving-maid set upon the throne, and clothed in the two golden garments, and the Prince sat by her side and kissed her. So the Princess said not a word, but she was very sorrowful.

And after a time the serving-maid called to her, and said, "Come here, girl, and tie me this shoe that is loose."

But the Princess made no answer.

And the serving-maid said, "Go into the garden, girl, and fetch me fruit to eat."

But the Princess did not look at her.

And a third time the serving-maid said, "Go to the tank and fetch water that I may bathe, and if you do not do what you are bidden, I will order that you be beaten with bamboo rods."

So this being said, the Princess rose up from where she sat upon the ground with her veil drawn over her head, and went out into the jungle and wandered far away, not knowing where she went.

And after a time she met a Fakir, and said, "I am very sad, and I know not where to go or what to do; give me some help?"

So the Fakir replied, "Wait here till the moon rises, and see what will come of it," and then he went on his way.

So the Princess sat down and covered her head with her veil. And after a while the night came, and when it was come, she felt herself begin to grow and grow under the veil, and she grew and spread, and became taller and taller till she reached above the tree-tops, and when the moon rose she turned into a splendid temple. Her head was a silver dome that shone in the moonlight, and her arms were tall white columns that stood round about. Her cheeks had become rose gardens, and her lips two scarlet doors, and her eyes were changed to a great cool tank with marble walls where two doves sat and cooed to each other all night long.

Now after a year and a day had passed by the Prince went to hunt in the jungle, and each day he hunted further and further from home, for he hated the ill-favored

serving-maid. But because he believed her to be the Bel Princess who had drawn all the needles from his body, and saved him from the enchantment of the Rakshas, he



RAKSHAS THE ENCHANTRESS.

made her his wife, and set her on his throne. So each day he went further and further into the jungle hunting the wild beasts. Now one day when he had gone further than ever before, and had left behind all his attendants, he came upon a great temple with a silver dome and two scarlet doors, and being weary with the heat and the long way he lay down by the tank and slept. And when he woke he heard two doves talking, so he lay quite still with his eyes

closed, waiting to hear what they might say.

And the first dove said, "Who is this man who lies asleep by the tank?"

And the other dove answered, "He is the Prince who married the wicked serving-maid instead of the Bel Princess."

Now the Prince was so surprised to hear this that he opened his eyes at once, and instantly when the doves saw that he was awake, they flew to the top of the dome and would talk no more.

So the Prince went home and knew not what to make of what he had heard. And again the hunt led him near the temple with the scarlet doors, and again he slept by the tank, and waking heard the doves talking.

And the first dove said, "Why did this foolish Prince who sleeps here marry the serving-maid instead of the real Princess?"

And the other replied, "Because he was a foolish Prince. For thirty days and nights she sat by his side and drew out the needles, and when but twelve were left she bade her serving-maid watch by his side till she returned from her bath."

"And what happened then?" asked the first dove.

And the Prince wished so much to know what the answer might be that he opened his eyes quite wide, at which both of the doves flew away to the top of the dome.

Then a third day the Prince came once more and listened to the doves as they talked.

And the first dove said, "I wish much to know how it was that the Prince was deceived."

And the other replied: "The wicked serving-maid, who was none other than the same cruel Rakshas who had laid the Prince under enchantment, came in disguise to the Princess. And when she was gone to her bath, the Rakshas seized her two golden garments and at once pulled the needles from the Prince's eyes, so that he awoke and believed her to be the real Princess, though she was mean and ill-favored."

"And what happened next?" inquired the first dove.

And the second dove answered: "Then the Prince kissed her, and set her on the throne, and they drove the real Princess out to wander in the jungle to be devoured by wild beasts. And after wandering a long time, she came here and was turned into a temple with a silver

dome. And since all this happened a year and a day have passed."

And once more the doves flew away, and the Prince heard no more. But this time he would not return home, wandering instead through the forest, weeping and tearing his hair because of his cruel treatment of the Bel Princess, who had rid him of his enchantment, and still more because he knew not how to see her ever again since she had been changed into a temple with scarlet doors.

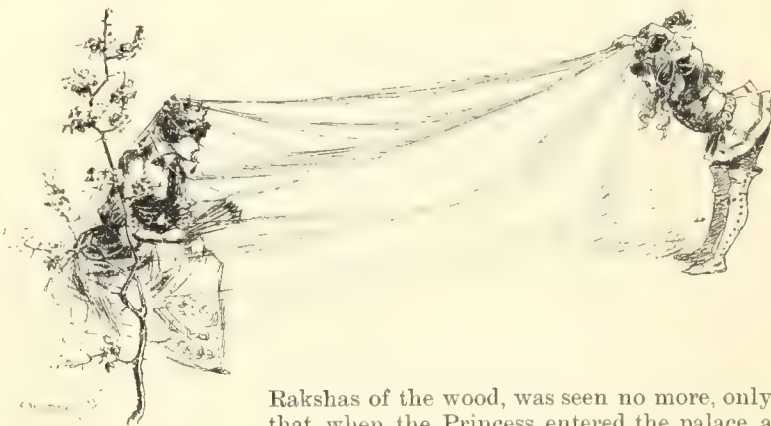
After a time he met a Fakir and said to him:

"The real Princess has been changed into a temple with a silver dome, and I know not how to act. Tell me what to do."

And the Fakir thought a long time, and then answered, "Wait here till the moon rises, and see what will come of it."

So the Prince waited till the sun went down and the jungle grew dark, when a mist rose and hid the temple to the very top, the silver dome and the scarlet doors, the rose garden and tank where the doves sat and talked, so that no more of it could be seen, and the only sounds the Prince heard were the leopards calling to one another in the jungle, and the rustle of the long pythons slipping through the grass.

And as the night went by the mist grew thicker, and the temple shrank more and more, so that when the moon rose the mist had turned to a silken veil, under which, when the Prince lifted it, he found the Bel Princess sitting with her pearl-embroidered shoes on her feet, her fan in her hand, and her two golden garments bound around with a sapphire girdle. And so the Prince took her by the hand, and they went home together through the jungle, and the serving-maid, who was the wicked



Rakshas of the wood, was seen no more, only that when the Princess entered the palace a great green serpent slid from the hall, and disappeared into the thick jungles of the forest.*

A NEW USE FOR KANGAROOS.

A NEW branch of the morocco business in this country has been the tanning and preparing of kangaroo-skins. Some ten years ago kangaroos were one of the pests of Australia. The Australians were at their wits' end to devise ways of getting rid of them. They hunted and shot kangaroos, but two seemed to spring up where one was killed. Some bright genius, as an experiment, sent a small consignment of skins to this country. They were tanned, and found a ready market. More were called for. Kangaroo-skin became fashionable, and it is said that the factories of America now use 1,000,000 kangaroo-skins yearly. The price of the skins in Australia has gone up from twenty-five cents to a dollar a pound.

* It is such stories as these that are told to Anglo-Indian children by their ayahs.

REMARKS ABOUT SAILING.

BY CAPTAIN HOWARD PATTERSON.

Getting Under Way. Let us imagine the yacht to be at anchor, riding to wind and tide. Heave in the chain until the vessel is almost over her anchor, which act is known as *heaving short*, then avast (stop) heaving, and hoist the mainsail. To do this latter properly, it is necessary to observe the few points suggested following: Cast adrift the boom guys, take away the crutch (boom support), overhaul the main-sheet about a fathom (six feet), top up the boom, say three feet, by the quarter lifts, then hoist away the throat and peak halyards together, keeping the gaff horizontal until the throat is belayed, then peaking it; this is to prevent the gaff from jamming against the mast.

You may now set the topsail or leave it until the boat is under way, but it will be set according to this simple rule: Send a man aloft to untie the sail and to hook on the sheet, then sheet the clew out to the end of the gaff, hoist the head of the sail to the topmast head by means of the halyards, and come down (haul) on the tack line. Now ease the main-sheet a little, hoist the head-sails, heave away on the chain until the anchor leaves the ground, and if necessary hold the head-sheets to windward to assist the vessel to pay off (turn); then sheet them down, and finish heaving up the anchor. Coil down the throat and peak halyards on the deck on their respective sides of the mast, and turn the coil over so that when the mainsail is lowered the halyards will unwind from the top part instead of being pulled out from underneath. Slack the topping-lift so that the weight of the boom will come on the leach of the sail; this will make the sail set well.

Going About, or Tacking.—Call out *ready about*, and put the tiller down (press it over to the lee side). At the first call the crew will go to the head-sheets and stand by to slack them at the words "hard down," which will be given by the steersman when the tiller is hard-a-lee—pressed over to leeward as far as it will go. By slacking the head-sheets the vessel will come quickly to the wind under the influence of the mainsail. As soon as the vessel is in stays, which situation is announced by the boat coming on an even keel and all the sails flapping wildly, the crew will trim down the head-sheets on the opposite side, anticipating the new tack. The mainsail and topsail require no handling, as they take care of and adjust themselves to the new position without assistance.

Gybing Over.—This is another method of changing the tack by having the wind cross the vessel's stern instead of her head. We will suppose that the boom is well off, and that there is only a moderate sea and breeze. Haul in the main-sheet, so that the boom will not have too great a sweep when it gybes, otherwise there would be danger of springing the spar or carrying away the rigging; put the helm up slowly; set taut the lee runner, and slack up the weather one; and after the boom has swung across the stern and the wind brought on the opposite quarter, slack off main-sheet. During this manœuvre no attention is paid to the head-sheets. When the sea is rough and the wind strong it will be found advisable to drop the end of the gaff by letting go the peak halyards, for this will greatly lessen the force of the wind upon the sail.

To Bear Away.—If the vessel is close-hauled, and you desire to sail free, bear away by putting the helm (tiller) up to windward, and at the same time slack the main-sheet, after which ease the head-sheets a little.

Sailing by the Wind.—This is also known as sailing *full-and-by* and as *close-hauled*, signifying that the vessel has her boom hauled in until it is almost parallel to the line of the keel. In this case the effort is made to sail as close as possible in the direction from which the wind is coming. Under these circumstances the steersman will keep the vessel pointing so that all the sails draw without shivering, ascertaining by experiment that should he bring the boat a little closer to the wind the luff of the jib would begin to dance.

Pilot's Luff.—Oftentimes when it is necessary to sail very close to the wind in order to weather a buoy or point of land, advantage may be derived by creeping to windward under what is known as a *pilot's luff*. This consists of luffing (throwing the vessel up into the wind), and allowing her momentum to shoot her ahead—known as *forerunning*—then paying her off again on her old tack before her way is entirely lost.

Taking in a Reef.—Bring the boat to the wind and settle away the throat and peak halyards until the desired reef-band is a little lower than the boom; haul the sail out toward the outer end of the boom by means of the reef pendant; lash the leach reef-criingle to the boom with a short length of rope called

a *reef-caring*; treat the tack of the sail in the same manner by lashing the reef-criingle on the luff of the sail to the inboard end of the boom; roll up the loose folds of canvas, holding the same in place by tucking one set (row) of reef-points under the bolt-rope on the foot of the sail, and uniting them to the reef-points on the opposite side by a flat or reef knot (same knot); now set up (hoist) again on the throat and peak halyards, ease the main-sheet, and put the helm up a little, and the boat will be under way once more.

Squally Weather.—If sailing close-hauled, luff the vessel a little just before the squalls strike you, and keep the vessel luffing until their force is spent, and see to it that some one is stationed at the jib-sheets to let fly if necessary in order to bring the boat quickly into the wind. Before the outbreak of a thunder-storm, provided you have plenty of sea-room, either lower the mainsail altogether and stand by to run before the squall under the fore-staysail alone, or scandalize the mainsail by dropping the peak. It is understood that the topsail and jib-topsail have been taken in when the weather commenced to threaten.

Heaving To.—In order to render the vessel nearly motionless, haul the sheets of the stay-sail and jib to windward, and the boom in flat. Now lash the tiller to leeward, and the yacht will ride nearly head to wind, for the flattened mainsail will prevent her head from falling off, and the head-sails will not allow her to come round. This, however, only applies to moderate weather; for in a gale all this canvas could not be exposed, so the boat would be hove to under a close-reefed mainsail and the fore-staysail, or under a try-sail (jib-headed sail) alone, hoisted in place of the mainsail, the latter being furled.

To Come to Anchor.—If sailing by the wind, simply put the tiller down and throw the vessel up, and when her way is stopped, let go the anchor and lower the sails. If, however, you are sailing with the boom way off, and wish to round to, lower the head-sails, drop the peak of the mainsail if the breeze is fresh, haul in main-sheet, put the tiller down, and when the yacht is head to wind and her way lost, let go the anchor. For ordinary anchorage, let the vessel ride to a length of cable three times the depth of her sounding. For example, if she anchors in five fathoms of water, pay out fifteen fathoms of chain. Take the weight of the boom off the topping-lift and mast-head by allowing the former to rest on a long upright timber, called a *crutch*, and guy the boom from each quarter to prevent it from swaying.

A FOX STORY.

WE are accustomed to lavishing a great deal of sympathy on the fox that is chased over hill and dale, through wood and meadow, by packs of hounds and red-coated huntsmen, and men have been known to state their opinion that this is a very hard world because the fox gets chased all about, but never has much sport in the hunting line himself, which is a very mistaken notion. If any creature gets sport out of life it is no less a being than Master Reynard himself, who terrorizes Brer Rabbit, is an inveterate wild and tame goose-chaser, and who as a hunter of mice is unsurpassed. One fox that I was reading about a short time since retired early from the hunt in which it was intended he should be victim, and to escape the hounds took refuge in a magpie's nest, where he whiled away the hours of the afternoon eating up the magpies as they returned home in very finished style.

Another story is said to have been told by a "gentleman of the strictest veracity," who got the tale in France. A friend of his was in the habit of shooting in a very wild and rocky section of the country. Part of the rocky ground was on the side of a very high hill, not accessible to sportsmen, and from this hill the hares and foxes, which were the chief game of the region, would at night betake themselves to the plains below. Leading from these rocks to the lower ground were two gullies made by the rains, near one of which the voracious gentleman who tells the story stationed himself and his attendant one night in the hope of bagging some hares.

Hardly had they taken up their position when they perceived a fox creeping stealthily down through the gully, followed closely by another. After they had played together for a few minutes, one of the foxes went into hiding under one of the larger rocks at the end of the gully, and the other having apparently bidden him good-night, sneaked back up the hill again. In a moment he was back; but before him, racing down through the gully—being chased, in fact—was a hare fleeing for her life; and as the intended victim was passing the rock where the first fox

lay concealed, he tried to seize her by suddenly springing upon her, but his aim was bad, and he missed. The pursuing fox came up at this moment, and finding that the lack of skill of his co-conspirator had resulted in the loss of his supper, he began to snap and snarl at the other in such a fashion that the spirit of the offending fox was aroused, and a rough-and-tumble fight resulted. They fought fiercely for several minutes, but as neither seemed to be getting the better of the other, the huntsman himself took the matter in hand, and shot them.

It is true that this little story ended in a tragedy for the foxes, but there can be no doubt that they had all the sport out of the hare that they were entitled to, nor is there any reason to believe that had they caught her they would have treated her any more gently than the fox-hunter is accustomed to treat his prey, so that after all the cunning creatures are not entitled to very much of our sympathy.

SOLDIERS' JOKES.

SAIID old Colonel Whately to a crowd of youngsters: "Soldiers joke often enough upon the field of battle. Living always in the midst of danger, they grow used to it. Who wouldn't? With the minie balls whistling about his ears, a man in the ranks would turn with a quick jest to his comrades, and perhaps fall dead the next second. You should think him wrong to laugh? Well, I don't know. The soldier did his duty none the less bravely that he laughed. And that's all we are here to do, I reckon. These same minie balls made a curious sound as they shot by. It was like this, 'Cous-is-is-is-in! Cous-is-is-is-in!' The soldiers cracked many a joke about the sound. One day, as they flew around us, a tall fellow in front of me jumped up, and shouted: 'By George, you can pass on, sir! You're no relation to me!' A Lieutenant in my command stuttered badly. When he was under great excitement, his infirmity became worse. During one battle, when the shells seemed flying particularly thick, Lieutenant Drake, who was standing near me, turned with an excited face, and stammered out: 'Gr-gr gr-great heavens, Co-co-co-colonel! Th-th-this is a pl-pl-place wh-wh-where it's d-d-d-dangerous to b-b-b-be safe!'"

A BRAVE MAN AND HIS INVENTION.

LIEUTENANT MANSFIELD, of the English Royal Naval Reserve, is a very brave man, if accounts speak truly. Not many months ago it was considered desirable by the authorities to test the value of a new style of navigable parachute which the Lieutenant had devised, and the officer's belief in the virtues of his apparatus was so strong that he expressed his willingness to make the necessary experiments himself. Fastening his patent appliance to his balloon, and sitting upon a trapeze, which was substituted for the usual balloon car, the Lieutenant made the ascent from the Victoria Gardens in London. Desirous of making his experiment as notable as possible, the aeronaut sat motionless upon the trapeze bar until he and his craft had risen to a height of 11,400 feet, or somewhat over two miles; then reaching out his hand, and making sure that his apparatus was entirely free and ready for use, he grasped the balloon ring, and drawing himself out clear of the trapeze, dropped into space.

The first one hundred feet of the Lieutenant's fall was at a terrible rate of speed, and then the parachute began to open. "At 10,200 feet," he says, "I was still falling at a great speed, but was fully able to control my apparatus." At 10,000 feet he was sailing downward as calmly as though he were on the surface of a lake, when, after drifting to and fro in the air in various counter-currents until he was at an altitude of 1000 feet from the ground, the Lieutenant felt the heat from a tall red iron chimney beneath him.

Then it was that the inventor showed the especial value of his apparatus. He naturally had no desire to land on top of a tall red iron chimney the heat of which could be felt over nine hundred feet away, so he brought his invention into play, and steered the parachute off to the eastward, chose a nice flat-roofed house to land on, and dropped down upon it.

An eye-witness of the Lieutenant's feat gives in one of the London papers a vivid account of straining the eyes till he was just able to discern a tiny white speck on the blue sky. After what seemed a terrible length of time, Lieutenant Mansfield became visible, swinging under the parachute, and working the

valve lines so as to insure a safe landing when he chose to make it.

"Such a complete master of the air," says this eye-witness, "has never been seen before in this country." The balloon fell, as was intended, in the sea, where, being fitted with cork belts for the purpose, it was easily recovered. Lieutenant Mansfield, who looks for great advantages from his manageable parachute in naval operations, has announced that his next ascent will be with an entirely new apparatus specially adapted to military warfare.

SPORTING RULES FOR BOYS.

III.—ELEPHANT-CHASING.

IT is not considered good manners to chase elephants in large and populous cities like New York, Philadelphia, or Yonkers. The reason for this is that the affrighted beasts, in a mad endeavor to escape from you, may tread on the toes of people walking in the streets, which is not desirable, and is likely to make you disliked by the neighbors.

Chasing elephants with fox-hounds is very improper, since the shrill barking of hounds of this sort would be liable to give the elephant a headache, and when you consider how large the head of an elephant is, you will see how needlessly cruel this would be.

If an elephant turns upon you, jump on his back. This is the only place you can get where he will be unlikely to step on you.

Do not try to shoot elephants with the hard pease you use for your tin-soldier battles. It will only be a waste of pease; the elephant will never know that he is being hunted, and it is not polite to hunt any poor dumb beast without giving him some inkling as to what is going on.

Before hunting the elephant, study the appearance of the creature well. The head of an elephant can always be told from his tail by the fact that it has ears on it.

If the elephant is tired and doesn't want to be hunted, respect his feelings and let him alone. Do not, under any circumstances, try to rouse him to action by sticking pins into him or placing a fresh-roasted peanut just out of his reach. Boys who do this are not huntsmen, but teasers, and there is nothing meaner than teasing an animal that does not wish to be teased.

Of course most hunters chase the elephant for the sake of the ivory in his tusks, but it is not the correct thing to sneak up to him when he is asleep and pull his teeth while he doesn't know it. Actions of this sort are cowardly, and in no sense partake of the element of sport.

Elephants have been known to be killed by being run over by railway trains. Jumbo was killed in this way; but very few hunters care to go to the expense of killing elephants in this manner. Gatling-guns are a great deal cheaper and more efficacious. This last word is rather large, but you must remember that so is the elephant. Your father may be able to tell you what it means.

Do not try to get an elephant down so that you can hit him by tripping him up with your foot. This is dangerous, and seldom works.

After you have caught your elephant do not try to lead him back home by means of a leather strap. Coax him with kindness. Give him a bun, and lead him gently on by holding out to him a hope of more buns at the end of his journey.

Always be plentifully supplied with boxing-gloves, to put on the ends of the captured elephant's tusks and trunk. This will enable you to bear more easily such slaps and blows as he may give you on the way into captivity.

Do not be greedy about your elephants. If you catch a dozen in an afternoon be satisfied with your good fortune. More than twelve you would find hard to manage, and the thirteenth—thirteen being an unlucky number—might prove a disastrous acquisition. What this is the dictionary will tell you—only look for the definition under "disastrous" and "acquisition." You won't find it under "elephants." CARLYLE SMITH.

THE ROSE'S HORNS.

LITTLE ADA was walking in the garden. Noticing for the first time the briars on the rose, she cried, "Oh, see that rose's horns."

WHY?

"PAPA," said Jamie, "why does birdies go lookin' for worms to eat when they can lay theirselves a egg and eat that? Eggs is neeter than worms."

HARD TO TELL.

"PAPA," asked Brownie, who has a way of putting questions that are hard to answer, "is goose-feathers softer than straw?"

"Oh my, yes! A feather bed is much better than a straw one," said papa.

"Then why ain't gooseberries better than strawberries?" asked Brownie.

A GOOD DESCRIPTION.

WILTON," said the boy's uncle, "do you know what a cricket is?"

"Yeth," lisped Wilton. "It's a bug with a voithe like a canary."

VACATION SONG.

VACATION is here now, and I can forget
For ten weeks all I know;
I don't have to study and worry and fret
If this is thus or so.

Such as $2+4-3\times 9$.
The rivers of Mozambique,
I need not remember, nor must I define
Each word I chance to speak.

And I can imagine the world is flat,
Or square, if I desire;
For a rod and a boat and a baseball bat
Are all that I require.

A VACATION HINT.

A VERY profitable occupation for vacation-time is hunting white crows. The profitable part comes in when you catch the crows, for they may be sold for quite a large sum of money.

PLENTY OF COMPANY.

"You didn't get a prize at school, I understand," remarked Louis's father.

"No, sir," said Louis; "there was only one prize and thirty boys, and I was one of the twenty-nine that got left. I wasn't a bit selfish."

A PROBLEM.

MORRISON, who is now about five years of age, asked his father, "Poppy, s'pose you'd been born a rabbit, would you've stayed home and played with me, or gone to business every day just the same?"

RODNEY'S KITE.

RODNEY was flying his kite when Adams came by.

"I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll give you the twenty-five cents for the kite you said you'd take," said Adams.

"No, I want a dollar," answered Rodney.

"You said twenty-five cents," said Adams.

"I know," said Rodney; "but can't you see the kite is much higher now?"

NOT DOING.

"How do you do?" said mamma's caller to little Fay.

"I don't do anything now," answered Fay. "It's vacation, and mamma said I could have a rest."

THE SKY HAD FALLEN.

GEORGIE was taking a walk one damp day, when the fog was so dense that one could not see a yard before him on the sidewalk. After going a few blocks the child said, "Oh, see, the sky is on the sidewalk; we are walking through it."

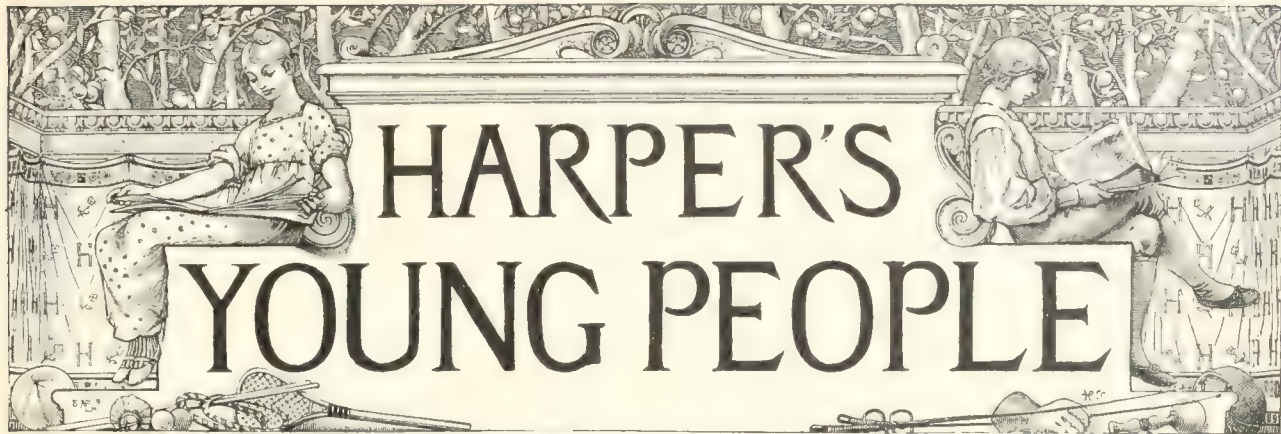
IT OVERGREW HER.

GRANDMA. "I hear that you are to have a new dress."

ALLIE. "Yes, I have got to have a bigger one. My old dress has outgrown me."



THE CHICK'S MEAL.



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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

MAMSELLE MISS'S BOYS.

BY M. E. M. DAVIS.

CHAPTER I.

TOM WOODRUFF'S SON.

"YES," said Mamselle Miss, reluctantly, "they can have some bread and milk, I suppose. After all, it might have been worse. They might have been boys. I am at least thankful that they are girls."

An indignant snuffle shook the dirty crumpled bundles huddled together on the bottom step of the stair.

M'sieu Paul smiled under his curling gray mustache, and then coughed awkwardly.

"The truth is, *ma sœur*," he said, poking the point of his slender cane between the flag-stones, and looking at the rain-washed honeysuckle swinging out from its high trellis, at the parrot humping himself along a balcony railing, at the tawny cat stealing like a shadow across the twilight court—looking, in short, everywhere but at his maiden half-sister—"the truth is—well, they *are* boys."



Mamselle Miss's prim angular figure became suddenly rigid, her pale blue eyes flashed angrily, and then filled with reproachful tears. She turned without a word, and went into the house leaving M'sieu Paul to fello w with a forlorn petticoated charge in either hand.

Suzette almost as prim and angular as her mistress, standing in the kitchen door with her hands on her hips, watched their progress up the flight of steps. The stair, stained and waxed, shone like a polished mirror, and the muddy little feet left a distinct trail on each side of M'sieu Paul from the paved arcade of the court to the hall above.

"Hélas!" groaned Suzette, her brown old face fairly turning pale. "What Mamselle Mees goes to say?"

Mamselle Miss was, properly speaking, Miss Rebecca Barelay.

Some dozen or more years before, when Miss Rebecca, even then a staid and settled spinster, had come from the dilapidated Barelay plantation in Alabama to live with her creole half brother Paul, her junior by many years, she had found Suzette in charge of the old family mansion in Toulouse Street. She opened the door the day of Miss Rebecca's arrival, and followed that intruder, muttering and mumbling, along the dim corridor into that house over which for so many years she had held undisputed sway. For a day or two the sky was ominous; a domestic cyclone seemed inevitable. Suddenly, however, and without apparent intervention from the head of the house, the air cleared. The danger was over.

Mistress and maid had, in truth, much in common, though Miss Rebecca at that time could speak no French, and Suzette had much ado to comprehend a word of English. Both had a horror of noise and dirt; both were quiet and methodical; both fostered an unreasoning dislike of children, particularly of boys.

Suzette's creole tongue, however, absolutely refused to wrestle with the barbaric syllables of the new-comer's name. She called her Mamselle Miss, or *Mees* (which is as much as to say *Miss*); and Mamselle Miss, Miss Rebecca gradually became to all the world of the old French quarter into which she had been transplanted.

So placidly and peacefully enough they had lived on in the supernaturally quiet, specklessly clean old house with M'sieu Paul now here, now at Westfield, the sugar plantation on the Têche, whose old-time prosperity he was trying to restore—until the close of the short rainy February day when M'sieu Paul himself had appeared suddenly in the corridor with a pair of chubby soiled, unknown waifs at his heels. He followed his half-sister into the library, where a low fire burned in the grate, and a spray of orange blossoms in a vase scented the warm air.

"*Pauvres petits*!" murmured M'sieu Paul, under his breath, lifting the small estrays—certainly not more than three years old, and ridiculously alike, even to the dirt on their faces—one after another to the high sofa, where they sat, quite quiet and bolt-upright, with their fat legs sticking straight out and their hands folded. "Imagine, *ma sœur*," he said, coming over to his sister and laying a hand caressingly on her shoulder, "they cannot speak plainly; they do not know their names even! They only—How is it you call yourselves, my little men?" he said, cheerily, turning to the twins, who were listening with a sort of grave interest to their own story.

"Sharlo," replied one, promptly, showing his small white teeth in a sudden smile.

"Yak," said the other, more slowly, with his eyes fixed steadily upon Mamselle Miss's unresponsive face.

"Sharlo and Yak!" M'sieu Paul stepped over to the sofa to pat the curly heads, reassuringly. "You see, *ma sœur*?" he continued, appealingly; "and there they were, as I said, sitting on the edge of the banquette, in Elysian Fields Street, with their feet in the gutter, when I came across from my train. They were crying softly, both of

them, and as I passed, one of them—I don't know which—laid hold of my leg. No one seemed to know where they came from."

"We comed on a shoo-shoo," interrupted Yak, solemnly.

"You see *ma sœur*?" said M'sieu Paul again. "There was nobody to look after them, and so—Oh, of course their people will claim them at once," he added, hastily, in answer to the frown on his listener's face. "I will make all possible inquiries myself. If they could only tell us. Where is your papa, Yak?"

Yak opened his arms wide, and folded them again on his breast. "My papa don't sleep," he sighed.

"An' Paky says mamma done don't sleep too," whimpered Sharlo. And they collapsed all at once, and sank, a weeping mass, on the hard sofa.

Mamselle Miss looked on grimly, while her brother dried the tears on their grimy faces with his dainty pocket-handkerchief.

"At least you will keep them for the night?" he looked up to say. And then came that rare and wonderful smile of his, which no one—least of all Mamselle Miss—was ever known to resist. And, of course, Mamselle Miss said "Yes." She was repaid in advance for many of the unknown and undreamed of troubles then marching upon her by a grateful look from his dark eyes.

"When Suzette has washed them, and put some clean clothes on them," he began again.

"Clean clothes!" echoed his sister, all but wringing her hands; "and *where* am I to get clean clothes for them, at this hour?"

"To be sure, *pauvres petits*!" he ejaculated, so helplessly that she relented a little. "Well, never mind, Paul," she said, "we will manage somehow."

Great was Suzette's indignation at having to assist in the undressing and bathing of the interlopers. But when they were lifted, wriggling and howling, from the tub, and wrapped in a couple of Mamselle Miss's old lace-trimmed sacques, and laid, after a generous supper of bread and milk, in Suzette's bed, even these two boy-hating women were fain to confess that they were as goodly a pair of twins as ever cuddled on a pillow together. Their sleepy eyes were as blue as the violets abloom by the marble basin in the court-yard; the long brown lashes that swept their cheeks were soft as silk; their heads were crowned with clustering yellow curls that glistened in the fire-light, their plump little bodies were white as snow. Hard indeed would have been the heart that could have grudged a night's lodging to these pretty stragglers, who had drifted out of the great world into the quiet house in Toulouse Street.

It was very old, this three-storied, sharp-roofed house. Its pink stuccoed walls were splotted with mould; the batten doors and shutters were streaked with warm browns and yellows laid on by the suns and rains of fourscore and more of years; the broad galleries were black, softening in places to velvety gray. The gray walls were half hidden by luxuriant creepers. The ground-floor—the state dining-room of more prosperous days—had long fallen into disuse, and was closed and empty. An arched arcade protected the stair that led from the court into the house. Low-hung galleries and a great many odd little balconies overlooked the court, which was, in fact, a sort of out-of-doors sitting-room.

Here it was that M'sieu Paul found the twins when he came in the next morning, after an absence of some hours. They were scampering gayly about in their freshly washed and ironed frocks. At sight of him they set up a joyous shout that completed the conquest of his tender heart. He gave them each a kiss and a toss into the air, and passed on into the house.

"I have been unable to find any clew," he said to his

sister, with visible trepidation, "and I must go back to Westfield to-day, you know. Can—can they remain here for the moment, *ma sœur*? Unless you would prefer to send them to an orphan asylum," he added, falteringly.

Now that was precisely what Mamselle Miss, in solemn conference with Suzette not ten minutes before, had decided upon doing. But to her own surprise she found herself promptly declaring: "Oh no; certainly not. I will keep them until their people are found."

"I am surely living in a nightmare," Mamselle Miss declared to herself over and over again during the days that succeeded. Four or five times a day with unflinching regularity, or so at least it seemed to their unhappy benefactress, did those nameless aliens tumble down the stairs, bumping their heads, bruising their shins, and barking their knees. Between times they upset Suzette's slop-pails, or pitched head-foremost into her tubs; they turned on the hydrant water and waded, shoes and all, in the yellow flood that rushed over the flag-stones then trailed, dripping, across her immaculate floors. They banged doors; they pulled up Mamselle Miss's flowers by the roots; they teased her old cat, Joan; and they would have teased M'sieu Paul's old parrot had they dared. They were, in short, the noisiest, most mischievous, troublesome, trying, kissable little rogues that were ever scolded or petted.

There was a woful lack of petting indeed; but there was no lack of scolding! "An' I don' think it strange that their peop' don' claim 'em. I wouldn'," said Suzette. And whatever may have been the reason, their people did not claim them.

One morning, some three weeks after their advent, Mamselle Miss was at work among her flower beds in the court. Sharlo and Yak, mightily interested in her proceedings, were tagging after her, much to her annoyance. She longed, but somehow had not the heart, to send them into the house. Suddenly the door-bell gave a loud peal. "'Sieu Paul! 'Sieu Paul!" cried the twins, as if they had been brought up to the watchword of the house.

Mamselle Miss thought so too, perhaps, for she listened expectantly while Suzette opened the door. There was a rush of footsteps along the corridor, and the next moment two boys entered the court. One was an open-faced, handsome lad about eleven years old. He smiled with easy assurance upon Mamselle Miss as he approached. His companion, a year or so younger, was very timid-looking. He hung back, turning his cap awkwardly in his hands, and dropping his eyelids over a pair of pretty brown eyes.

"How d'ye do, Aunt Rebecca?" said the older boy, doffing his hat gracefully; "don't you know us? But of course you don't, for you've never seen us before. But mamma told us exactly how you would look; and sure enough she does, don't she, Vic?"

Mamselle Miss, with a small garden trowel in one hand and a shapely sweet-olive plant in the other, stared blankly at the speaker, frowning her worst.

"I'm Paul Roy, from St. Louis," he continued, coming closer to her, and holding out his hand; "and that's my brother Victor. He's awful bashful."

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Mamselle Miss, "Juliette's boys. Where is your mother?" she demanded, sharply.

"Oh, mamma's gone to Europe with papa. She didn't have time to write, papa hurried her so. She sent her love, and we are to divide the year between you and Uncle Paul—"

"The year!" gasped Mamselle Miss.

"And you are to make us study at home. We are to have Professor Lefort, mamma's old teacher. Mamma will write the minute she gets to Paris. We came by



THE SINGULAR PAIR STOOD FOR A MOMENT IN THE DOORWAY.

ourselves from St. Louis—in the cars. It was awful fun."

Mamselle Miss sank on a bench and submitted passively while her nephews kissed her on both cheeks.

"Say, Vic, what a funny old house!" cried Paul, nothing daunted by the coldness of his welcome. "Hullo!" he added, "what cute little monkeys! Are they yours, Aunt Rebecca?" He had caught sight of Sharlo and Yak hiding behind the water-jar, round-eyed and open-mouthed.

His aunt glared at him, but said nothing. Her head was in a whirl. She remembered the spoiled youngest half-sister of old, and her easy, almost joyous way of shifting her responsibilities. And realizing the hopelessness of the situation, she ordered Suzette to prepare Mademoiselle Juliette's old room for her boys.

"I will not worry Paul with it now," she murmured, as she followed the clattering troop up the stair; "anyway, nothing more can happen to me—of this kind!"

Alas! Mamselle Miss, like many another mortal before her, had, to use the homely saying, "hollered before she was out of the woods!"

Her scant gray locks became scantier and grayer still during the next ten days. The four boys ran riot in the old house; and the hitherto respectable court and corridor resounded with wild shrieks and savage yells that more than once provoked alarmed or angry inquiry from the neighbors.

The baby pranks of Sharlo and Yak sank into utter insignificance beside the mischief set on foot by Paul and Victor Roy. Mamselle Miss commanded, scolded, threatened, entreated, all to no purpose. Her spoiled nephews laughed in her face. The twins—such is the force of example—from being merely noisy and troublesome, became unmanageable.

Suzette, overworked and outdone, but obstinately refusing help, threatened to leave. Suzette!

"What *shall* I do?" groaned her mistress.

The second instalment of boys had been turning the house topsy-turvy for about a fortnight, when Mamselle

Miss sat one afternoon in her favorite corner in the library, watching through the wide doors the progress of the children's dinner in the next room. The air was soft and calm, though the rain had set the season down as winter.

Suzette had gone to answer a timid ring at the door-bell, leaving behind her a scene of indescribable confusion. Yak, perched on a high chair, was choking and coughing violently over his bread and milk. His round cheeks were red, and his eyes seemed well-nigh bursting from their sockets. Victor, with his chair tilted back on its hind legs, was drumming loudly on his plate with his knife and fork, and singing at the top of his voice. Paul had chased Sharlo from his place at the table into a corner of the room, and there was teasing him.

Mamselle Miss made a feeble sortie from her position into the dining-room, and sought ineffectually to help Yak and to restore order. Failing in both undertakings, she retreated, abandoning the case as hopeless, and sat staring at the choking child as he went from red to purple, and was apparently on the verge of suffocation. She seemed to be quietly awaiting the end of the tragedy. But in truth, though her eyes were fixed upon Yak, her thoughts, in spite of herself, were on a letter which she had received that morning, and which was lying in her lap. It was addressed in a bold sprawling hand to "Miss Rebecca Barclay, Toolose Streete, New Orleans." It bore the postmark of a little town in West Texas, and ran thus:

"DEAR COUSIN REBECCA,—My father used to talk to me a *grate deal* about you. His name was Tom Woodruff, and he married Miss Sally Jett. I think they Ran Away. She dide before I was born. Pa married again, he married my mother and Now he is *Dead* two. He use to say that if you knew About me you would take an *Intrust* in me because I Look *like* you. Ma has eight children. I am the oldest. She is Married again and I don't like Him. I am going to *Leeve*. I thought I would come and stay with you Until I can learn to Be a *teacher*. I have enough money to Come on and some Over. I will start as soon as my close are ready. Ma has given her consent.

"From your affectionate cousin,

"CHRISTOPHER C. WOODRUFF.

"P.S. I am going to take Jin with me. Jin is my boddy servant."

Mamselle Miss's soul was filled with wrath as she read and re-read this letter. Bitter memories of the handsome second cousin who had jilted her for baby-faced Sally Jett—memories which had slept in her heart for thirty years—stirred and woke at the sight of his name. Another boy in her already boy-ridden establishment! That would be bad enough. But the son of Tom Woodruff! Never!

She had reached this point in her reflections, and Yak was hard upon the last stage of strangulation, when the outer door of the dining-room opened suddenly, and two figures appeared upon the threshold. One was a girl of twelve or possibly fourteen years. She was tall and gawky. Her thin sallow face was lightly dusted with freckles; her large eyes had a certain wistfulness in their dark blue depths; but her rather wide mouth and square resolute chin gave her an air of great determination. A mass of fair hair flowed over her shoulders. She wore an ill-made frock of some cheap woollen material, short enough to show her ankles in gray home-knit stockings; her feet were encased in clumsy leather shoes. Her companion was a very black negro girl about her own age, clad in bright yellow calico, and with a plaid turban on her kinky head.

This singular pair stood for a moment in the doorway, the tall girl looking about her with a timid air, the little darky tossing her head defiantly and rolling her eyes.

All at once, however, a change came over both faces. The tall girl's eyes flashed; she flew, rather than ran, to poor little Yak. She thumped him on the back until the strangling ceased, then she gave him a drink of water and wiped his eyes with his napkin. "There! now you're all right, I reckon, ain't you, honey?" she said, caressingly, as she bent to hers the tear-washed cheek.

Yak broke into a cooing satisfied laugh, and cuddled his head against her arm. She turned from him with a backward glancing smile, and seized the astonished Victor by the shoulders, bringing his chair forcibly down to its proper position, and straightened the crumpled tablecloth in front of him. "Don't you know it ain't manners to sing at the table?" she inquired, calmly. "Now you just finish your dinner."

Victor looked angrily up at her, and opened his lips as if to speak, but thought better of it, and sat perfectly still, with his eyes fixed upon his plate.

Meantime the negress had darted into the corner and rescued Sharlo from his tormentor.

"Ain' you shame' o' yo'self to be worritin' de chile dat a-way?" she cried, indignantly. "Is he done hu'ted you, lil' gal? Er is you a lil' boy? Neb' min': come 'long, honey; I gwine ter feed you, I is."

She lifted Sharlo, who, in his bewilderment, had ceased to cry, into his chair, and began feeding him with a spoon.

Paul at the same moment obeyed an authoritative look and gesture from the tall girl, and somewhat shamefacedly resumed his own place at the table.

Mamselle Miss had watched these summary proceedings with increasing surprise and satisfaction. The decorous calm that fell like magic upon the group around the table filled her with a sense of comfort and well-being which she had not known for weeks. She was conscious of a relaxation throughout her whole mental and physical being. "The girl has no doubt come to ask for sewing; or, no, she must be the child of the new washer-woman"—these were the thoughts that ran rapidly through her mind. "I wonder whether I could get her to come and look after the boys—if Suzette would allow it—at least until Paul comes in from Westfield; I might take the negro girl too. Yes, I'll try it."

Here she became aware that Suzette had thrust a small card into her hand and was murmuring something in her ear. She gazed mechanically at the bit of pasteboard. It bore upon its glazed surface, in large printed letters, the name, *Christopher C. Woodruff*.

This was too much for Mamselle Miss's bruised nerves. She sprang to her feet with a shrill cry. "I will not have Tom Woodruff's son in my house!" she exclaimed, turning savagely upon her attendant; "go instantly and say so! I will not even see Christopher Woodruff."

The tall girl had entered the library, and was advancing toward its mistress with a smile that lighted singularly her thin features. She stopped abruptly as Mamselle Miss sank back exhausted into her chair; the smile died away from her lips; a dull pallor crept over her cheeks. She turned, stumbling blindly, dropped to the floor, and burying her face in her hands burst into a passion of tears.

Mamselle Miss looked helplessly from Suzette to her strange visitor for a full minute. Then she arose, and walked impatiently over to where the girl knelt, and seized her by the shoulder.

"What is the matter?" she demanded, shaking her vigorously. "What do you want? Who are you?"

The girl lifted her streaming eyes, and gazed humbly at the questioner.

"I—I—don't wa-wa-nt *any*-th-thing," she sobbed, "and I'll g-go b-back as s-oon as I c-c-can! And please, 'm, I'm Chris-Chris-to-ph-pher Wood-d-ruff!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN THE LOWER BUREAU DRAWER.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

MANY strange things have happened in the old Iturbide Palace, in the city of Mexico, which, since that Emperor's downfall, has been called the Iturbide Hotel; but it is doubtful whether its thick stone walls were ever more surprised than on the night when an American boy was aroused in his room almost at midnight by a lad clad in ragged Aztec costume, who made the astonishing demand:

"You have my grandfather's skull here. I want it, please!"

The Iturbide Hotel is not a ghostly old place, full of dark corners and mysterious passages, but a modern structure, built, after the Mexican fashion, around large court-yards, with plenty of light and air. And Harry Spaulding, upon whom the demand was made, was not there alone with the Aztecs and the remains of their ancestors. There were other Americans in the building that night, some of them perhaps immediately beneath him; for Harry was the youngest member of a party of American tourists who were visiting the old Aztec capital, and a small room had been given him in an upper part of the house.

There were even more visiting Americans than these in the Mexican capital at the time. A company of American performers were playing in the National Theatre, or, as the Mexicans call it, the Teatro Nacional. These players, like many other companies, made a business of travelling among the capitals of Central and South America, Mexico, and the larger towns of the West Indies, and often they were away from home for months at a time; and losing a comrade here and another there by desertion or fever, and engaging some local performer when they could to fill the vacant place, they always returned from a tour with several new members.

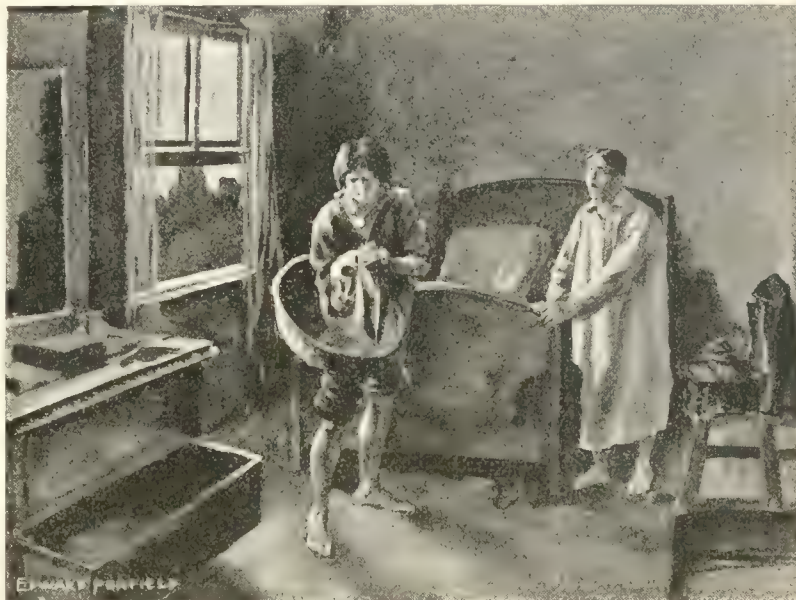
Yet with all these Americans in the same city with him, and many more who live there permanently, Harry Spaulding was asked to give up the skull of the Aztec lad's grandfather. And the worst of it was, on that night he had two skulls in the lower drawer of his bureau.

It was through following a bad example that he happened to have those skulls in his bureau drawer that night. The native Mexicans, that is, the Aztecs, as distinguished from the Spaniards and other foreigners who have driven them out of power, have a strange custom of leaving the skulls of their ancestors exposed in the old cemeteries. Sometimes these skulls, hundreds of them, are piled up in pyramids; more frequently they are laid in rows or geometrical figures on old tombstones. But wherever they are, they are regarded with the greatest veneration, and are treated as sacred. For a foreigner to touch one of them, or to interfere with them in any way, would bring a mob of infuriated natives about him in a moment if he should be discovered; and if he escaped with only a severe handling, without being killed on the spot, he might count himself fortunate.

Several of the Americans in Harry's party had been mean enough to steal some of these skulls for relics. Probably they did not know what severe consequences would follow if they should be caught, but even the despised Aztecs know better than to desecrate a tomb. However, the Americans stole the skulls, and they were not

caught, and for several days the secret was whispered about among the Americans in the hotel, and the skulls were occasionally shown to particular friends. Then came the news that these vandals had risked their lives without knowing it to get the skulls, and the ghastly relics were thought more valuable than ever.

Unfortunately Harry Spaulding heard about the skulls, and as a great favor he was allowed to see them; and when he learned what a risk was run in getting them, he



"ALL RIGHT, GRANDPOP," SAID JOSE WITH THE UTMOST COOLNESS

determined to have a skull himself. Let us charitably believe that if he had stopped to consider, he would not have done such a thing, and that it was the love of adventure, not a desire to possess a skull, that induced him to do it; but while his father was away for several days, making the ascent of the mountain Popocatepetl, he ran the risk successfully, reached the hotel with two skulls, and locked them in his room.

From that moment he knew no peace of mind while the wretched skulls were in his possession. Elated with the success of his venture, proud to have done something that was highly dangerous for a man, he ran down stairs. In the front court-yard he found the Americans gathered in groups, all talking earnestly and in low tones. Evidently something was wrong.

"What is it? What's it all about?" he asked of a young fellow-traveller whom he knew well.

"It means that there are some blockheads in America as well as in other countries," was the reply. "But they don't always stay at home. Some of them are in Mexico at this minute, and a nice scrape they've got themselves into. They'll be locked up at the very least, if the mob doesn't kill them on the way to jail."

"Locked up!" Harry exclaimed. "Why, have any of our fellows been doing anything?"

"Doing anything! They've been robbing graveyards, that's all; and it's a wonder they weren't killed on the spot. But it's made a nice row all over the city, with a great crowd of dagoes hunting for the Americanos with knives, and the American consul's been here, and officers with search-warrants. Some of our party have been stealing skulls out of a graveyard, and if they're found out, I don't doubt they'll be killed."

The flush on Harry's cheeks was no longer a flush of triumph. It came from a very different emotion. Mobs!

search, wardrobes' and two stone skulls lying in his room! He turned away, and walked several times up and down the big courtyard. What could he do? If there was only some way to get rid of the miserable relics! He thought over every possible plan. Throw them out of the window? Yes, and have a crowd collect around them in the street or the yard; that would be suicidal. Burn them! He had no stove or fireplace. Hire the "after" boy to take them away! He spoke no Spanish. Besides, how could he trust this boy, who was himself an Aztec, and would doubtless betray him? Then, being an American boy, he hit upon the right idea.

In one of the groups in the court-yard was an intimate friend of his father, a middle-aged man, who had not joined in the Popocatepetl party on account of a slight illness. He would tell him everything, and ask his advice. Waiting for an opportunity, he drew this gentleman aside.

"Is there going to be trouble about the skulls, Mr. Gray?" he asked in a low voice.

"Serious trouble, I am afraid," Mr. Gray answered.

"I have two of them, sir, up in my room!"

"What!" Mr. Gray exclaimed.

"Two of them, sir," Harry repeated. "I got them this afternoon before there was any trouble about them. Now all I want is to get rid of them, and as father is away, I thought I would come to you for advice."

"My dear boy," said Mr. Gray, laying his hand affectionately upon Harry's shoulder, "what a thousand pities you did not come to me for advice before you did such a thing! This is serious business. Does any one know you have them?"

"Not a soul, sir," Harry replied.

"Then let me think a moment. In your father's absence I shall try to act for you just as he would if he were here, but you must do just as I tell you. You say these—these articles are in your room. Then go to your room, and wait there till I come. When I come, I shall bring a large satchel with me, and take them away in it. It is better that they should be found in my possession than in yours."

"No, sir," Harry replied, firmly. "Excuse me, but I cannot do that."

"You were to do just as I told you," Mr. Gray said.

"Yes, sir; but not that. I too want to act in this trouble just as I should if my father were here, and he would not let me shift my own danger to the shoulders of a friend. Some other way than that, please, sir."

"Harry, you are too brave a boy to be robbing graveyards," said Mr. Gray, with a mellow look in his eye. "Then go up to your room, and I will follow in a few moments, without a satchel, and we will make some temporary disposition of the miserable things."

Ten minutes later the two skulls were, by Mr. Gray's advice, laid away in the lower drawer of Harry's bureau, from which all the boy's clothes had been taken.

"They are better so than locked in your trunk," Mr. Gray said. "If they are found here, there is no proof that you put them here; they might have been left in the drawer by some former occupant of the room. But if they should be found in your trunk, that would be strong circumstantial evidence against you. Now I will devise some way to dispose of them."

But how? It was no easy matter in a strange city, whose customs and language he was entirely unfamiliar with, to dispose of two such large articles that would be sure to cause him trouble if he were found with them. He took a cigar and went out into the street, the Calle San Francisco. His walk was interrupted by a young man who put out his hand, saying:

"Good-evening, Mr. Gray. This is a great time you Americanos have been making over at the Iturbide. I you are not one of the skull-stealers."

"Why José Molina?" Mr. Gray exclaimed, warmly grasping the proffered hand. "I heard you were in the city, but I have not been able to look you up, as you know I do not go to the theatre. I hear you have become a great actor."

"Hardly so much as that," the young man laughed; "but things have changed a little with me since I was one of your office-boys in New York. I tell them I am not an actor at all, but a trickster, an acrobat, a ventriloquist. But they seem to like me, and it pays. Tell me how you happen to be in Mexico. It is natural enough for me to be here, for I am a strolling player, and know Mexico as well as I know New York. You know I am a native of Rio Janeiro, and this American company picked me up there, and we are working our way slowly toward New York. But you?"

"I am merely making a short visit here with a party of American tourists," Mr. Gray replied. "And they have, as you say, been doing foolish things with the skulls. By-the-way, José Molina, you say you are acquainted with Mexico; then you are just the man to give me some assistance. If I should tell you that a particular friend of mine has two of those skulls in his possession, and that we are at a loss to know how to dispose of them, could you help us?"

"Decidedly!" the young man exclaimed. "Help you? I'll do much more than that to oblige Mr. Gray. I'll take them away myself. It's perfectly easy. Where is your friend?"

"He is at the Iturbide Hotel," Mr. Gray answered. "He is only a boy, who has thoughtlessly done this foolish thing. Do I say that he has done it? I mean to say that the two—the two objects are in his room, and that who put them there remains to be seen. But they must be taken away."

"I see, I see!" the young man laughed again. "They shall disappear to-night. And how I shall enjoy a little lark like this! I've not had one of my frolics since I came to Mexico. A boy, you say? Then here's a bargain: The two objects shall disappear to-night immediately after the performance, which will end shortly before midnight. A boy? Ha! ha! You know I have turned ventriloquist, Mr. Gray, and I'll give this grave-robbing boy just a little bit of a fright. But meanwhile you are to mention this to nobody, not even to the boy. When the sun rises, the objects are gone. I do not care to know the boy's name. If you agree, I need only know the number of his room and the location of the objects."

"But how is it possible, José, for you to—"

"It is the easiest thing in the world," José replied, "if you leave it to me. Is it a bargain?"

"You were always worthy of trust, José, and I trust you now," Mr. Gray replied, taking his hand again. "But you must not frighten the boy too badly. The number of his room is 88, and the objects are in the lower drawer of his bureau."

As José Molina stepped gayly off to the theatre, he might easily have been mistaken for a Mexican, with his short stature, his rich brown complexion, and his velvety eyes and straight black hair.

Thus it happened that a little before twelve that night a peon boy, in bare feet, hatless, trousers rolled up to his knees, shirt open at the throat, carrying a covered basket upon his head, and with a porter's badge, carefully made of tin foil, hung from his neck by a leather thong, entered the Iturbide Hotel, his badge taking him past the watchman without question. Midnight would be a late hour for delivering bundles in other countries, but it is early enough to excite no comment in a Mexican hotel.

Tap! tap! tap! at the door of Number Eighty-and-eight.

"Who is it?" asked Harry Spaulding from within, starting nervously from the uneasy sleep into which he had fallen.

"A friend," responded the peon boy, in a low voice. "A friend from Mr. Gray. Be quick!"

The mention of Mr. Gray's name disarmed Harry's fears, and he unbolted the door. The peon boy instantly pushed his way into the room, set down his basket, and bolted the door again.

"You have my grandfather's skull here," said he, in the most matter-of-fact way. "I want it, please."

"Your—did you say you—" Harry gasped, leaning against the bed and holding to the post by one hand, all the color gone from his face in an instant.

"Don't keep me waiting, please," said the peon boy. "I have brought a basket for it."

Did ever messenger go about an errand with such fatal coolness? His grandfather's skull, please; and he had brought a basket for it!

Harry seized the bedpost now with both hands, and a cold perspiration moistened his brow.

"I—I know n-n-nothing about your gr—" he stammered.

But before he could finish the sentence there came a sepulchral voice from the bureau:

"I'm in the lower bureau drawer, José!"

Harry shook like a leaf. His knees refused to support him, and he sank upon the bed, his teeth chattering. Had an ordinary conventional white ghost appeared in the night, he would most likely have laughed, and thrown the pitcher at it, for he was not in the least superstitious. But a common street boy, a young Aztec Indian boy, coming to his room at midnight, and coolly demanding his grandfather's skull, was too much for his overstrained nerves, and his muscles gave way.

José paid no attention to the frightened boy, but stepped quietly to the bureau and opened the drawer. Then he took up one of the skulls, held it in his arms, patted its smooth crown, and stroked it as one might stroke the curly head of his child. After a moment of this, he picked up the basket, and began making a nest in the loose straw with which it was filled.

Then the skull spoke again: "*There's another one there!*"

"All right, grandpop," said José, with the utmost coolness, as he took a handkerchief from his pocket, wrapped it around the skull, and laid it carefully in the basket.

Having deposited the basket again upon the floor, José returned to the bureau, and lifted out the other skull. The instant he looked at it he had every appearance of being nearly as much frightened as Harry. He set it down upon the bureau as quickly as though it had been red-hot, and cried out as loudly as he thought he could cry with safety. Then he sprang to Harry's side, and shook him.

"Boy, boy, what have you done? Fly, fly for your life, before it is too late! Yonder lies the skull of Montezuma, the beloved father of his people!"

The shaking and this latest fright brought Harry partially to his senses. He was about to speak, when the words were taken out of his mouth by the skull upon the bureau, which hoarsely mumbled:

"*Water! Water! As you hope for mercy, give me water!*"

This was too much, apparently, for the stoical José. He sprang from Harry's side, snatched up his basket, and in an instant was unbolting the door, as if to escape.

The horror of his situation gave Harry new strength, and he bounded to the door, and seized José by the arms. "Do not leave me with that that—gentleman on the bureau!" he begged. "I did not mean to do you any harm. I didn't know the other gentleman was your grandfather; upon my word, I didn't. Please don't leave me alone with that skull that talks." Then a bright idea struck him. "Take him, too!" he added.

"Boy," José responded, in cool but thoughtful tones, "you know not what you ask. And yet—and yet—" he hesitated—"if one of us must die, why not I, and let him live who has everything to live for? But my aged father! I am his sole support. If I make the sacrifice, I leave the aged one penniless."

"No, no," Harry exclaimed, snatching his purse from the wash-stand, where he had laid it. "Here is gold; take all I have. If anything happens, they shall all be provided for—your whole family—when my father gets back. Oh, *do* take them both away!"

José looked contemptuously at the purse, but took it. "Ah! Gold! gold!" he muttered. "Base, treacherous gold, what awful sacrifices for thy worthless sake are made! But" (turning to Harry) "it is not enough. Remember, my young life is at stake."

"My watch," Harry gasped, "my rings, my clothes—everything in the room! Oh, do, please, take them both away!"

"A watch," José repeated, soliloquizing again. "Watches mark the swift passing of the hours, and 'mind us every moment that that may be our last. Get me the watch, boy."

So saying, he turned from the door, and Harry released his hold. While the quaking boy produced the watch, which, together with the purse, José thrust into his pocket, the peon boy lifted the other skull from the bureau, and saying,

"Come, Monty, we're going now," thrust it quickly into the basket beside the other, and was gone.

A minute later an ordinary peon boy, with a porter's badge that protected him from police interference, was walking leisurely down the street, with a basket on his head.

When José Molina met Mr. Gray at breakfast next morning, he handed over to him the watch and purse. But Harry Spaulding lay abed with a headache.

YACHTING PAST AND PRESENT.

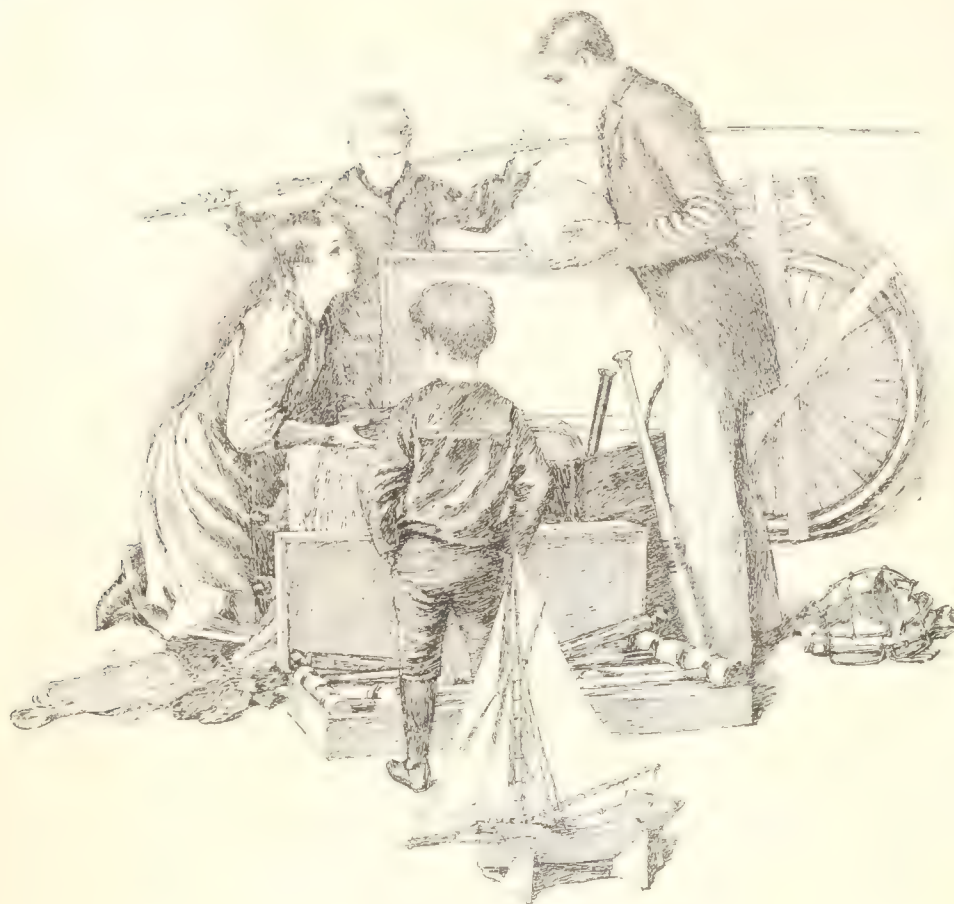
BY CAPTAIN HOWARD PATTERSON.

WHEN it is stated that the first yacht-club in the United States was organized in the year 1844, it will perhaps surprise some of the boys and girls who read HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE to learn that in England the sport goes back over three hundred years.

Queen Elizabeth instituted the idea of sovereign pleasure-vessels in Europe, having in the year 1588 ordered to be built for her at Cowes a "royal pleasure-yacht," the name and size of which are uncertain, and this vessel was the nucleus of the Cowes Yachting Association, the parent of the Royal Yacht Squadron which was founded at Cowes in the same year that hostilities commenced for a second time between England and the United States. The Prince of Wales has been commodore of this organization for about twenty years.

In 1660 Charles II. of England received as a present from the Dutch a "pleasure-vessel" called the *Mary*. This King, known in history as the Merrie Monarch, was a noted Corinthian sailor, and in 1662 designed for his own use a yacht of 25 tons which he named the *Jamie*. It was constructed at Lambeth, and followed by several other yachts built after designs from the same royal draughting-board. In this year (1662) a challenge was issued by Charles II. and accepted by the Duke of York, to sail a race from Greenwich to Gravesend and return for £25, further conditions being that the boats were to be steered by the respective owners. In this, the first Corinthian yacht-race on record, the honors went to Charles II., who pocketed with much pride the modest stakes as his reward for superior skill in seamanship.

During the last series of international yacht-races held in New York Harbor in the years 1885, 1886, and 1887, vessels specially built in this country and in England were pitted against one another to decide superiority of speed, and to determine whether the cup representing the yachting supremacy of the world, won by the famous schooner-yacht *America* many years ago in England, and held by this country ever since against all comers, was to be retained here or whether it was to be wrested from us



NOW FOR THE COUNTRY!—DRAWN BY JESSIE SHEPHERD.

and carried back in triumph to our English relations across the Atlantic.

In the year 1850, Mr. J. C. Stevens, of New York, commissioned George Steers, a celebrated ship-builder of his day, to construct for him a schooner-yacht of 170 tons, to which was given the name *America*. In 1851 the *America* crossed the Atlantic and competed with fifteen yachts for the Queen's Challenge Cup, an elegant design in silver which has been known since that time as the *America Cup*. The course sailed in this race was around the Isle of Wight, and the finishing line was crossed by the *America* eighteen minutes ahead of the cutter *Amora*, the foremost of the English yachts.

Time and again during the past forty-two years formidable vessels have been constructed and sent to this country to win from us the cherished trophy, but an unbroken series of defeats is the history of the struggle.

In 1884 the beautiful cutter *Genesta* was built on the Clyde and came to the United States a year later. This notable yacht lost the championship race, but won several minor prizes in the way of the Cape May and Brenton Reef Challenge Cups. The owner of the *Genesta* at that time, Sir Richard Sutton, whose death was announced a short time ago, made many friends during his stay among us, being highly esteemed for his many noble qualities. He was a true sportsman, a most courteous gentleman, and a worthy representative of his great nation. The yacht built in the United States to compete with the *Genesta* in the above race was the sloop *Panther*, designed by the late Edward Burgess, of Boston, the most celebrated naval architect of his day, for General Paine of the same city.

In the following year, 1886, the cutter *Galatea*, owned and commanded by Lieutenant Hoar of the Royal Navy, tried conclusions unsuccessfully with the sloop *Mayflower*, also designed by Mr. Burgess for General Paine.

The last international race was sailed in 1887 between the English cutter *Thistle* and the American sloop *Volunteer*, General Paine for the third time generously contributing the large amount of money necessary to build the "cup defender." Since the defeat of the *Thistle* by the *Volunteer* we have been left in quiet possession of the championship, although at the present writing

the subject of renewing the struggle is being agitated by prominent English yachtsmen.

In accounts of yacht-races, to which the newspapers devote much space during the regatta season, a number of terms are employed the meaning of which it is necessary to be familiar with in order to appreciate and thoroughly enjoy the article, and for that reason the following definitions, covering the yacht-racing vocabulary, are given:

Blanketing.—Should one yacht pass to windward of another vessel so as to becalm the other's sails, the vessel to leeward is said to be blanketed.

Corinthian Race.—Helmsman and crew composed of amateur seamen.

Crowding.—When one yacht interferes with another's course, either by luffing or by bearing away, the vessel so interfering is said to crowd upon the other's course.

Corrected Time.—When vessels of various size compete in the same race, the smaller one is allowed to subtract from the time consumed in sailing over the course a certain number of minutes, according to length, in order to equalize the difference in size—it being considered that the larger vessel will naturally make better time over the course than her smaller competitor. After this time allowance has been applied to

the exact time taken by the vessel to sail over the course, the result is known as the corrected time.

Flying Start.—When the yachts commence the race from an anchorage upon the firing of the starting gun—the sails supposed to be set and the chain hove short.

Handicap.—After the starting gun is fired, a specified number of minutes is allowed for the vessels to cross the line, and if they go over within this limit their actual time of crossing is noted; but if a yacht does not succeed in crossing the line within the prescribed interval, the time of crossing is considered as the expiration of the limit.

Imaginary Line.—As its name implies, a line supposed to extend between two objects. In yacht-racing this line is imagined to exist between the race committee's vessel and an anchored stake-boat flying a distinguishing flag, and over this line the yachts cross and are timed at the commencement of the race.

Inside Course.—A sheltered race-course, such as afforded in New York Bay and other land-locked harbors.

Mark Boat.—A boat anchored at a turning-point on the course.

Overlap.—When a yacht has overtaken another and is hanging on the weather quarter of her opponent, so that the leeward one by luffing, or the weather one by bearing away, would invite a collision, an overlap is said to be established. The yachting law in regard to this is that the overtaking yacht shall, so long as the overlap exists, keep clear of the overtaken yacht.

Preparatory Gun.—A signal notifying the yachts to be prepared to cross the line.

Preparatory Flag.—This when displayed has the same significance as explained for the preparatory gun.

Protest.—A complaint made in writing to the race committee, in which another yacht is charged with violation of the racing rules of the club.

Professional Race.—Sailing master and crew composed of professional seamen.

Stake-boat.—See "Imaginary Line."

Time Allowance.—See "Corrected Time."

Triangular Course.—A course having three sides, or legs, as it is called.



CANOEMATES:

A STORY OF THE EVERGLADES.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

AUTHOR OF "CAMPMATES," "DORYMATES," "DERRICK STERLING," "CRYSTAL, JACK, & CO.," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A BLACK SQUALL AND THE STRANDED STEAMER.

ALTHOUGH the *Psyche* was flying at racing speed dead before the wind, which freshened with each moment, and was rolling frightfully under her press of canvas, she was no match in running for the long dug-out of which she was in pursuit. Had the latter been properly trimmed and steered, the light cedar canoe could never have caught it. As it was, Sumner saw that he was gaining, but so slowly that he could not hope to overtake it before being carried miles out to sea. In that weather and with night coming on, this was by no means a cheerful prospect. Still he had no thought of turning back. He had entered upon this race with a full knowledge of its possible consequences, and he would either save the helpless little figure that had appealed to him so imploringly, or perish with it.

So the clutch on his deck tiller tightened, and the taut main-sheet held in the other hand was not slackened a single inch, until the hissing rush of the black squall was in his ears. Then the canoe was sharply luffed, the sheet was dropped, the halyard cast off, and the white sail fell to the deck like a broken wing. As it was gathered in and made fast with a turn of the sheet the squall burst on the stanch little craft and heeled it far over. It offered too little resistance to be capsized, and a minute later, steadied by the double-bladed paddle, it was once

more got before the wind and was scudding under bare poles.

While doing all this, Sumner had been too busy to look after the object of his pursuit. Now he could not see it, and he almost choked with the thought that his brave effort had been made in vain, after all. No, there it was, close at hand, but no longer showing a sail or flying from him. Heeling over before the blast, its long boom had been thrust into the water, and in an instant the slender craft had been upset. Now, full of water, it floated on one side like a log. At first Sumner failed to see its tiny occupant, and the thought that he had been drowned almost within reach was a bitter one. But no. Hurrah! There he is! With head just above the water, and chubby hands clutching at the slippery sides of his craft, the plucky little fellow was still fighting for life.

As the *Psyche* swept alongside, steered to a nicety, Sumner reached out, and, nearly overturning his canoe by the effort, caught the little fellow by an arm. The water was pouring in over the cockpit coaming, and had the child been a pound heavier, the next instant would have seen two helplessly drifting canoes instead of one. As it was, he was hauled in and safely deposited in the inch or more of water that swashed above the cockpit floor.

With infinite self-possession the child smiled up into the face of his rescuer and lisped, "How, Sumner?"

Then the boy recognized the little Ko-wik-a, whose ac-

quittance he had made in Ul-we's camp, and as a relief to his own overstrained nerves, called him a little imp, and abused him, ironically for getting them into such a scrape. At the same time tears stood in his eyes, and he could not repress the child cuddling between his knees and smiling so confidently in his face.

Even the rescue of Ko-wik-a had been so happily accomplished, they were still in a sad plight, driving out to sea in an egg-shell, with no chance of battling back against the tempest, and the darkness of night enshrouding them. With each moment the storm-lashed waves were mounting higher. All Sumner's skill was required to prevent the canoe from broaching to and turning over. How much longer would his strength hold out? Already he felt it failing. He would soon become exhausted, and then—

Hark! What was that? A steam-whistle? Yes, and another, and still others, struggling back hoarsely against the wind. Then a light twinkled through the darkness, and directly other lights were outlining a huge black shape right in their track.

Sumner remembered the steamer he had seen just before parting from Worth. Could this be she? What was she doing there, apparently at anchor?

Driving under her stern, a few minutes' hard paddling brought the canoe into the quiet calm of the towering lee. Then Sumner shouted again and again, but the voice of the ship calling for aid in her own distress drowned his cries. After a while the whistle notes ceased, and he shouted again. This time he was heard, and an answering hail came from the deck high above him. "Who is it, and where are you?"

Sumner answered, and in a few minutes a port low down in the ship's side was flung open, and a flood of light poured from it. Ropes were lowered, and Sumner getting the bights under the bow and stern of his canoe, it, with its occupants, was lifted to the level of the open port. Strong arms first received the little Ko-wik-a, and then helped the young canoe-man aboard the steamer.

"Where is your vessel?" demanded the Captain, who was among those assembled to witness this unexpected arrival.

"There," answered Sumner, pointing to the *Psyche*.

"You don't mean to say that you are navigating the ocean in that cockle shell?"

"Yes, I do; though I don't expect I should have navigated it much longer if I hadn't fallen in with you just as I did. How do you happen to be at anchor here, and what are you whistling for?"

"We are not at anchor. We are aground, and I was blowing the whistle in the hope of attracting some vessel or vessels, into which we could lighter our cargo. Now I suppose I shall have to throw it overboard."

"What for?" asked Sumner. "With this off-shore wind there won't be any heavy sea, and unless you have stove a hole in her bottom she ought to float with the flood tide."

"Flood tide! Isn't it the top of the flood now?" exclaimed the Captain.

"No; it's the very last of the ebb, and the flood will give you a couple of feet more water."

"Are you certain of that?"

"Certain."

"Then you are a trump!" cried the Captain. "And I'm away out of my reckoning, somehow. Your coming just as you have has undoubtedly saved my cargo, for I should have begun heaving it overboard by this time. You see, I was hugging the coast to escape the force of the Gulf as much as possible, but was keeping a sharp lookout for the red buoy that marks the end of the reef. I can't imagine how we missed it, unless it has gone; but we did, and when Fowey was lighted, I saw that we were in shore. I didn't know that we were inside

the reef; but we struck within five minutes after I altered her course, and that was nearly half an hour ago. We don't seem to have hit very hard, and she lies easy without making any water; but she's here to stay, unless, as you say, the flood tide will lift her off. You are certain that this is the last of the ebb?"

"As certain as that I am standing here."

"Then let us go up into my room and have some supper. There you can tell me how you happened to be out here in such weather with a pickaninny aboard while we wait for the tide."

The squall passed and the sea smoothed out its wrinkles soon after the crew of the *Psyche* came aboard, and shortly before midnight the rising tide lifted the great ship gently off the reef. She was backed to a safe distance from it, and there anchored to await the coming of daylight.

Knowing what anxiety his friends and Ko-wik-a's friends must be suffering on their account, Sumner determined to return to them at the earliest possible moment. The first signs of dawn, therefore, found the *Psyche*, with her crew and passenger, once more afloat. A hearty cheer followed the brave little craft as she glided away from the great ship, and in less than an hour she was paddled gently up to where the other canoes and the cruiser lay on the beach.

It had been a sad night to the inmates of that little camp, and most of its long hours had been spent in a fruitless watching for the return of the well-loved lad whom most of them had such slight hopes of ever again seeing. Toward morning their anxiety had found relief in a troubled sleep, and as Sumner walked into the camp there was none to greet him or note his coming.

"Hello, here in the camp!" he shouted.

No surprise could be more complete or more joyful than that. Worth was the first to spring to his feet.

"He's come back safe and sound!" he shouted. "Oh, Sumner, I knew you would! I was sure of it, and I told them so!"

"The next time I let you away from my side, it will only be at the end of a long rope, you young rascal, you!" said the Lieutenant, after the extravagant joy of the first greeting had somewhat subsided.

After an unusually late and happy breakfast, they sailed through the cut and into the beautiful bay to which it led. They soon discovered the camp to which Ko-wik-a belonged, and the canoe that had rescued him had the honor of bearing him to it. He was received with a wondering joy that was none the less real for its lack of extravagant manifestation. As Ul-we took the child from Sumner's arms, he turned his face away to hide the emotion that would be unbecoming in an Indian and a warrior. It was there, however, and the look of intense gratitude that he gave the boy was more expressive than any words that he could have uttered.

Then the Indians broke their camp, and they and the whites sailed away together to the appointed rendezvous on Cape Florida.

CHAPTER XL.

THE HAPPY ENDING OF THE CRUISE.

ON their entire cruise our young canoemates had not enjoyed a day's run so much as they did this one in company with the Indians who had crossed the Everglades with them, but of whom they had seen so little. The wind was so fair that the boats without centre boards could sail as well as those with, and the run was a series of match races, of which the *Psyche* and *Cupid* were winners in nearly every case.

As Ul-we's canoe had been lost the night before, the Lieutenant invited both him and the little Ko-wik-a to sail in the *Hu-la-lah*, and even the self-contained young Indian was compelled to express his admiration of the

graceful craft. When he ventured to ask what such a canoe would cost, and the price was named, his face indicated his despair at ever being able to accumulate such a sum, and he murmured:

"Heap money! Injun no get um."

At Cape Florida, while the camps were being pitched but a short distance from each other, the boys went with Ul-we to set another fish-trap, such as he had been about to prepare when Ko-wik-a ran away with his canoe the day before. The little fellow went with them, but he no longer showed any inclination to go sailing on his own hook. After Ul-we had fixed his trap, they went over to a submerged bank that extended southward several miles from the cape. Here, while the boys waded in the shoal water collecting sea porcupines, urchins, tiny squids, bits of live coral, and numberless other marine curiosities, Ul-we was busy gathering and throwing into his canoe a quantity of big greenish shells that looked like so many rocks. When they were ready to go back, and Sumner saw this novel cargo, he exclaimed:

"Good! Now we will have some conch soup for dinner."

"How do you know?" asked Worth.

"Because here are the conchs, and Ul-we has enough for all of us."

"Those things!" cried Worth, in a tone of disgust.

"You surely don't mean that they are good to eat?"

"Yes, I do," laughed Sumner, picking up one of the shells, and showing Worth the white meat with which its exquisite pink interior was filled. "I mean that these fellows can be made into the very best soup I know of."

"Seems to me I have seen that kind of a shell before," said Worth; "but I never knew that any one ever ate their contents."

"Of course you have seen the shells. You will find them in half the farm-houses of the country, where, with the point of the small end cut off, they are used as dinner horns. As for the eating part, you wait till Quorum gives you a chance to test it this evening. If you don't find it fully as good as sofkee, then I shall be mistaken."

The boys had been greatly disappointed at not finding either the Mantons' yacht or the *Transit* awaiting them at the cape. Several times in the course of the afternoon they climbed to the top of an abandoned light-house tower near their camp, in the hope of sighting a sail bound in that direction. Just before sunset they saw several far over toward the mainland, but they were too distant for their character to be distinguished.

Never had they seen anything so exquisitely beautiful or so royally gorgeous as that Southern sunset, and they lingered at the top of the tower until the last of its marvellous flame tints had burned out, and the delicate crescent of the new moon was sinking into the 'Glades behind the distant pine-trees of the mainland.

After supper the boys strolled over to the Indian camp, to which Lieutenant Carey was attracted soon afterwards by their shouts of laughter. He did not recognize the boys until they spoke to him, for they had persuaded Ul-we to array them as he had after the forest fire, and they were now in full Indian costume.

In the mean time the distant sails that they had sighted from the top of the old tower had been running across the bay before a brisk breeze, and two vessels had quietly come to anchor just inside the cape. The glow of the camp fires could be seen from these, and from one of them a boat containing several persons pulled in to the beach. A minute later two gentlemen, whose footsteps were unheard in the sand, stood on the edge of the circle of fire-light, and one of them said to the other, in a low and disappointed tone,

"It's only an Indian camp after all, Tracy."

"So it is," replied the other, regretfully. "Still, they

may be able to give us some news. Let's go in and inquire."

At that moment the attention of the Indians was equally divided between Sumner, who was apparently accumulating a fortune by taking half-dollars from little Ko-wik-a's mouth and ears, and Worth, who was attempting to dance what he called a clog with Indian variations, to the music of Lieutenant Carey's whistle. Suddenly little Ko-wik-a, who was already greatly excited over Sumner's wonderful performance, uttered a startled cry and sprang to one side, staring into the darkness.

All the others looked in the same direction, and probably the dignified Mr. Manton was never more surprised in his life than when a young Indian bounded to his side, flung his arms about his neck, and called him "Dear father!" His brother was equally amazed when another young Indian sprang to where he was standing, seized his hand, and called him "Mr. Tracy!"

When they discovered, by their voices and by what they were incoherently saying, that these young Indians were not Indians at all, but the very boys of whom they were in search, tanned to the color of mahogany and dressed in borrowed finery, the surprise and delight of the two gentlemen can be better imagined than described.

"Is it possible," cried Mr. Manton, holding Worth off at arm's-length so that the fire-light shone full upon him, "that this can be the pale-faced chap with a cough who left me in St. Augustine a couple of months ago? Why, son, you've grown an inch taller and, I should say, six in breadth!" Then, turning to the other boy, and scanning his features closely, he added: "And is this Sumner Rankin, the son of my old schoolmate Rankin, whom I lost sight of after he went into the navy? My boy, for your father's sake, and for the sake of what you have done for Worth this winter, I want you hereafter to regard me as a father, and continue to act as this boy's elder brother. Ever since Tracy told me of you, I have been almost as impatient to meet you as to rejoin Worth, for as schoolmates, your father and I were as dear to each other as own brothers."

While this joyful meeting was taking place, a boat from the *Transit* had come ashore, and Ensign Sloe was reporting to Lieutenant Carey. Then the whole party had to sit down where they were, and surrounded by the grave-faced Indians, tell and listen to as much of the past two months' experience as could be crowded into as many hours.

The Mantons were charmed with Lieutenant Carey, and he with them, while towards Ul-we their gratitude was unbounded. Old Quorum, too, was introduced, and warmly thanked for his fidelity to the young canoe-mates.

Before the schooners sailed for Key West, which they did the next day, Lieutenant Carey presented Ul-we with the *Hu-la-lah*, and Worth gave him the handsomest rifle in his father's collection, besides promising to send little Ko-wik-a a light canoe for his very own. Mr. Manton and Uncle Tracy between them not only purchased from the Indians, at fabulous prices, the costumes in which they found the boys, but everything else they could think of that would aid in reproducing their present appearance and surroundings for the benefit of their Northern friends. The properties they thus acquired included bear, wolf, panther, and deer skins, and even a sofkee kettle with its great wooden spoon. Besides this, they and the Lieutenant so loaded the Indian canoes with provisions, tobacco, cartridges for their rifles and shot-guns, and other useful things, that this occasion formed a theme for conversation about every camp fire throughout the length and breadth of the Everglades for many a long day. Should Lieutenant Carey and his party ever care to penetrate those wilds again, they will be certain of a hearty welcome, and of being allowed to go where they please.

Then the two yachts set sail for their run down the

reef to Key West, where another joyful greeting awaited the young canoe-mates.

Before the Mantons left there, it was arranged that Mrs. Manton should dispose of her Key West house as soon as possible, and sail for New York, where Mr. Manton said he had a cozy little house waiting for just such tenants as herself and Sumner.

"Be sure and come as quickly as you can," he said, "for I want my new boy to design and build me a yacht this summer for next winter's cruising."

"I shall need one too," added Uncle Tracy; "and I think I know of several more that will be wanted."

"Don't forget to bring the *Psyche* with you, Sumner," shouted Worth, the last thing.

"As if I would!" answered Sumner. "Whatever boats I may own, I will never part with that dear canoe so long as I live."

That evening, as the boy and his mother sat discussing their pleasant prospects for the future, Sumner said:

"Well, mother, I have learned one thing from the past two months' experience, and that is that wealthy people can be just as kind and considerate, and may be as dearly loved, as poor ones. I didn't believe it at one time, but now I know it."

THE END

THE STORY OF AN ELEPHANT-TRAINER.

BY BENJAMIN NORTHROP.

IT is hard to say which attracts the greater attention, Snyder, the elephant-trainer, or Lizzie, the trained elephant. Every pleasant morning and afternoon during the week the elephant-house in the menagerie in Central Park, New York city, is crowded with children and their nurses, boys and girls, and men and women. When the audience is sufficiently large, a tall young man wearing a blue checked jumper and a cap with a gold band of braid around it walks down the inside of the iron railing to the cage where two elephants stand munching hay, and reaching out with their long trunks for peanuts and candies. The young man steps between the big iron bars into the apartment, and one of the elephants comes obediently to his side, rubbing her forehead affectionately against his shoulder. She is Lizzie, and the tall young man is Snyder. The trainer pulls from his trousers pocket a small sharp-pointed iron hook, and gives the command, "Ground arms!"

Slowly Lizzie sinks down to the floor, her hind legs bending first, and her fore legs bulging out at the knees until it looks as if she were about to topple over on what would be her nose, had she such a feature. An elephant does not look pretty when it is lying down, and there is nothing graceful about this performance. After Lizzie has stretched herself out upon her side, another command calls her to her feet, and she is put through her other tricks. She blows her nose with a handkerchief and a loud snort. She fans herself, rings a bell, kneels upon her knees and forehead in an attitude of devotion. She sits upon her hind legs, and shakes hands like a trained dog. She stands upon her hind legs, and salutes by flourishing her trunk in mid-air and trumpeting; and she finishes by walking on three legs, and stepping carefully over her trainer, who lies outstretched upon the floor.

Elephants do not learn to stand upon their hind legs and salute, as ducks learn to swim and pigeons to fly. The elephant is not naturally inclined to tricks. He is unwieldy and awkward at the best, and circus performances are about as far out of his chosen line as dancing is out of a camel's. Besides this trait of seriousness in the elephant's character, there is another trait which makes elephant-training exceedingly dangerous. Probably very

few of the boys and girls who have watched Snyder go into Lizzie's cage, and walk between her and Tom, her big cagemate, realize that the trainer takes his life in his hands every time he puts Lizzie through her tricks; but this is really the case. More than one brave trainer has met an instant and terrible death when it was least expected, and from the trunk of the pet elephant he was exhibiting.

It takes a brave man to become an elephant-trainer—a brave and a cool man, who never hesitates, whatever the danger may be, and who never loses his wits. I asked Snyder the other day, just after he had put Lizzie through her tricks, how he happened to adopt his peculiar line of business.

"It is rather odd, isn't it?" he replied, with a little laugh. "I was a farmer before I became an elephant-trainer. I went from cows and horses, calves, chickens, and colts directly into the elephant business. Did I like it? Not altogether at first. It was hard work, and sometimes it was too dangerous to be pleasant, but I grew to like it in time, and now I do nothing else."

William Snyder is a farmer's son. He was born and brought up in Dutchess County, less than a hundred miles from this city. His cousin has been employed as a tent-man in the horse department of Barnum's circus ever since the elephant-trainer was a little boy, and his first experience in the show business was with his cousin. Snyder had wanted to be a circus-man for a good many years, but he never dreamed of training elephants. He wanted to be a bareback rider, and wear red tights and spangles. He trained for this exciting kind of business long and patiently. He practised upon his father's farm horses in an old meadow lot back of the big barns. He usually practised early in the morning, when his father was in bed, because the old farmer did not approve of his son's ambitions. At length he became so expert that he could ride standing up in his bare feet upon the horse's bare back, and then he spoke to his cousin about the matter. The old tent-man was wise. He explained to the boy how much better it was to be a farmer than to ride around the country on horses' backs, and run the risk of breaking his own. This advice, together with his cousin's refusal to help him to get a place, put a sudden stop to the boyish plans. This was good, for otherwise Lizzie might never have been trained, and Central Park might never have had its free circus.

The next year after his failure Snyder's elder brother joined the circus as his cousin's helper, and for several years William thought no more of the sawdust ring. About nine years ago this elder brother went home, married, and gave up tents for farming, and William, sadly against his father's will, took his brother's place. For one year he worked with the tents. When the show went to Bridgeport, where Mr. Barnum lived, and where the winter-quarters were, he was made one of the six night watchmen. Among the hundreds of animals they had under their charge were thirty-four elephants, among which were Jumbo, and Queen, his consort; Albert; Pilot, the bad elephant, who was shot in Madison Square Garden the following spring because he had become dangerous; and Babe, the baby elephant. The next spring Arstingstall, the great elephant-trainer, who left Barnum to train elephants for the King of Siam, asked Snyder how he would like to work in the elephant department. Snyder said that he would like it. That was eight years ago, and Snyder has been in the elephant department ever since.

"How did you like it?" I asked.

"I have had more fun," replied Snyder, with another little laugh. "The first morning that I went to work, Queen nearly killed me. They had just taken Babe away from her, and she was mad. When I came within reach of her trunk, she struck me, and knocked me about

twenty feet away. When I came to my senses, I thought that the building had fallen on me. Arstingstall was standing near by. He made me get up and take a pitchfork and punish Queen until she screamed. When an elephant 'hollers,' you can tell that it is conquered. You must keep on punishing it, though, until it squeals, otherwise it will kill you or some one else the first chance that it gets."

After Snyder got up from his bed, where Queen's blow had sent him, he got along nicely until autumn. He had many narrow escapes, but his pluck and agility saved him from broken bones. That year he was set to work breaking in new elephants. This was done in the big elephant-house, which was at one end of the menagerie village. It was a wooden structure over 100 feet long, and had rafters running from side to side at the top of the walls strong enough to hold up a stone tower. On these rafters were the pulleys used in breaking in new elephants. There were other pulleys fastened to stakes driven into the ground. These stakes are called "dead men" by the elephant-men. Then there were big ropes and massive chains. All these things are needed to train elephants with. When a new recruit is taught to "ground arms," its legs are pulled apart, and it is thrown violently upon its side. This is repeated until it learns to go through the manœuvre of its own accord. The pulleys on the rafters are used in forcing the novice to stand on its hind legs and on its head, two very attractive but difficult feats.

Snyder spent his summers with the show travelling over the country, and his winters in Bridgeport training elephants, until the spring of 1886, when he came to this city as the foreman in charge of fourteen elephants, which were kept all summer in Central Park on the land where the out-door tanks of the hippopotamus family are situated. Snyder had charge of the animals during the day, and Tom Donaghue, the brave night watchman of the menagerie, looked after them at night. As most of the summer boarders were sent to the Park because they were too wicked to be trusted on the road, the work was full of danger. Once Snyder was picked up by old Samson, the worst elephant in the paddock, and carried several

feet with the old fellow's trunk wound around his body. When Samson came to the end of his chain, he gave the trainer a toss into the air, expecting him to alight at his feet, when he would put an end to him by stamping on him. But Snyder was too cool and too quick. He came down upon his feet, and a second later he was armed with a pitchfork and doing valiant battle for his life. In less than a minute Samson was bellowing with pain, as thoroughly subdued as a whipped puppy.

Snyder went back to Bridgeport later, and returned the following spring with another herd of eighteen elephants. The next winter was eventful. About Christmas-time the menagerie buildings were burned, and the only animals that were saved were twenty-four elephants that were under Snyder's care. Four elephants were killed, but the rest were saved. During the long and bitterly cold night the frightened fugitives wandered through the streets of Bridgeport, greatly alarming the citizens. Some men took to flight, and a small army of boys were found in the morning perched at the top of telegraph poles, nearly frozen to death.

Four years ago Snyder gave up the circus business, in which he had won fame and had reached the top round of his profession, and became elephant-trainer for the Park Commissioners. Since he has been here he has taught Lizzie all her tricks without the use of chains and ropes, pulleys and tackle. It has been the work of years, but it has been conscientiously performed. It has had its risks, but there have likewise been pleasures. Lizzie has been an obedient pupil, and Timmy and Tip have become less troublesome than they ever were known to be before. Still, there are times when they are mischievous, and during those periods the trainer never enters their cages without a pitchfork, which is to the elephant-trainer what a whip is to a dog-trainer. Even with this there have been some narrow escapes which would make a man less brave than Snyder retire from the business for rabbit-training, sheep-raising, or some other zoological pastime where broken ribs and a cracked head are not to be expected every time the little Park visitors call for their daily circus with the trained elephant.



AN AMATEUR ORCHESTRA.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

THERE was a fire next door to a house occupied by a young friend of mine. The lad was sound asleep, when the smoke woke him. This is the way he told me of his personal adventures: "The first thing I knew I was in the street, half dressed, and under one arm was my viola, and under the other my Chopin scores." If after that you have doubts as to our living in a musical neighborhood, it must be hard to convince you about anything.

With that much for an introduction, I can approach my subject, which will be to tell how an amateur orchestra was born in our neighborhood, and how it is coming on

to-day. I cannot give its exact name, because it does not wish notoriety, for merit must be modest. I have, however, to call it something, and so I will make out that it is known as the Adams Musical Society.

I live in the outskirts of a large city, and that city stands as the number 4 in the census. Just opposite to my house there lived for many years an old gentleman who was a thorough musician. He was a university man, and the title of Doctor of Music had been conferred on him by Amherst. He might have been a clergyman, because he came from a race of New England divines, the

first of his name having crossed the seas in the *May flower*.

Early in life he lost a leg and was forced to take a sedentary occupation. He lived all his days with Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. There was perhaps never a moment that he did not suffer acute pain from his amputation. His man's consolation then was in God, who alone gives solace and he forgot suffering in the practice of his art, which was music. He was an excellent piano-player, thoroughly versed in harmony, and the most painstaking of teachers.

There happened to live near the old master two boys. One, fourteen, played piano, and was to be educated as a professional musician; the other, who was eleven, was fond of music, and he wrestled with the violin. The old gentleman taught the young pianist, and was interested in the violinist. In time the boys played duos, the master advising them as to the performance of their music.

To the great sorrow of the lads, the professor died. The character of the old musician was so noble, his courage so great under years of suffering, the love of his art was so supreme, that there came into the minds of the boys and the older people a pleasant thought to perpetuate the memory of one dear to them. But how? Who suggested it is not known. Some one said, "Let us start a little musical society, and play trios and quartets, and we will call it after the name of our old master." Then at once the idea took root, and soon began to sprout and bud.

To the two boys came a third violinist. Left to themselves, the music they played may have had a good deal of lilt and go to it, pleasant enough to hear, but not quite up to the mark. Popular airs or tunes are all nice enough in their way, but from their character they do not live long. One of the fathers of the lads, just for the fun of the thing, would take his cornet and help them out with a note or two. Soon another gentleman, only to see how they could manage, played the 'cello with them. It was a kind of scratch quintet. Then it got to be a sextet, for a piano came in.

The music played was good enough to dance to. Then the funniest thing happened, for from one extreme the sextet went to the other. Chopin's "Funeral March" had been a favorite of the old master's, and one of the lads had heard Theodore Thomas's fine arrangement of it. It was musically cheeky and absurd for the sextet to attempt such a thing as Chopin, but work at it they did. Now all of a sudden the sextet became ambitious, and perhaps a trifle gloomy, but as the little party became more proficient, tastes were chastened. Then were born aspirations for classical music, and such terrible off-hand questions were asked by the youngsters of those who were supposed to know something, as "Who was the greater, Mozart or Beethoven?" The influence of the old master was beginning to tell.

It was wonderful how the fact that there was a society of musical boys, with a grown man or two to help them out, interested a rather prosaic neighborhood. It was found out that there was lying round loose much more music than was supposed. People when asked to join were shy at first. They would say: "We have heard of that kind of thing before. It won't work. Can't hang together six months. The first violin gets a position in dry goods—*la Omama*—see! and then where are you? Sure to burst up in a regular row. It's jealousy that wrecks such things."

Somehow with the Adams Musical Society nothing of this kind came to pass. The second violin never wanted to kill the first violin, and the first violin never seemed to show any contempt for the second fiddle. Then there came accessions—two more first violins, and as many seconds, and then a flute dropped in. It was soon apparent that the concern, though perfectly harmonious in personal

relationship, was wanting in balance. A musical column was rearing itself without solid tonal foundation. Soon a viola came in, and more flutes. At one time in the beginning it rained flutes.

Now came the superb, the apparently presumptuous, idea of having a true-for-true orchestra. That was in 1889, and now the boys of eleven and fourteen were fifteen and eighteen. They very wisely kept for the moment in the background, for they did not know much about constitutions and by-laws. They let the older members do the writing and thinking. Copies of the rules and regulations governing the leading professional and amateur associations in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, were consulted. Finally something was drawn up which, it was believed, would govern the future of the Adams Musical Society. The young members thought there was "lots of red tape" about it, which probably was the case; but all hands signed the constitution, and have stuck nobly to it, and experience shows that it was a fairly able compilation. Then the Adams Musical Society, as an amateur orchestra, was really launched, and it has been ever since swimming on a flood of sound. Though entrance fees were small and weekly subscriptions moderate, a hall was rented, and a capital conductor, a professional leader of orchestras and a composer, was engaged at a salary.

At once the conductor took the rough musical element in hand, and smoothed it down. At the beginning it was hard work to lick that little orchestra of twelve into shape. Have you ever seen a boat's crew when they are first put to work? All the oars on one side try to pull the rowlocks out, and then the other side does the same thing; or one fellow, bent on showing his strength, wants to get the upper hand of the other chaps in the boat; and now the coach goes crazy.

The conductor of the Adams Musical Society was endowed with patience and serenity. He never once lost his temper. He may have splintered a baton or so beating time, and rapped out numberless admonishing tattoos on music stands. It was amusing to find out that some of the players, as will do all amateurs, thought they knew more than their conductor. It took time before the Adams found out that too great individuality in an orchestra, save in a solo, is a disturbing element.

Sooner than was expected there came new members. Now there was an addition to the brass, now to the reeds, and to the heavy strings. More applications for drums, snare and bass, were put in than were wanted. The amount of genius going to seed in the whacking of sheepskins or clashing of cymbals can be hardly estimated.

It is wonderful how sound advertises itself. Honest folk, walking of summer evenings in the neighborhood of the hall where the rehearsals were held, would hear a crash of sound—for there was much more quantity than quality about it at first—and listening to the music, would be attracted, and say:

"Why, I wonder if our Billy could join. He has had one quarter on the flute."

By degrees the Adams assumed better shape and a stronger development. Now came disinterestedness on the part of some of the original founders. One young gentleman, who played violin or piano, took to the viola; the pianist climbed up the double-bass; one of the cornets wrestled with the French-horn. But it was the 'cellist who showed his devotion. He clutched the sticks of the kettle-drums. Now you must know that when you say "kettle-drums," or, to be very much finer, you call them "timpani," you assume that an orchestra using them is well balanced or of an ample composition. It takes brains to play the kettle-drums. A mistake as to time is simply fatal. But there is something more than counting the bars. You must have a good ear, and in an instant use your tuning-key so as to change the tension on the skins and the tone.

Now I have told you quite correctly the beginning of the Adams. To-day it has some twenty-seven members, all amateurs. It might double its members if it wanted to, but it exercises choice in its selection. It does not admit ladies as performing members. The young gentlemen are not wanting in gallantry, nor do they say that they can play violin better than can the girls; but then, one day when the question was mooted, somebody having said "he had never seen a young lady yet who was willing to play second violin," that brought out the negative votes in large majority.

There is a kind of musical civil service examination before an applicant can become a member. He has to play something at sight. If he is an adult, and muffs his music, he is not accepted. If he is a lad, and is a trifle misty in his notes, he may become a member, because the hope is entertained that by dint of practice he may become efficient. One thing, however, is closely looked after, and it is the correct habits and good manners of the applicants.

One excellent scheme peculiar to the Adams is the purchase of instruments for members. Say somebody wants a 'cello, or a double-bass, a pair of clarinets—anything save a grand-piano or an Amati violin. The Adams buys the instrument at the lowest cash price and makes it over to the applicant, who pays for it in weekly instalments, without advance of cost or even interest. The society owns quite a number of excellent instruments, for performers on the 'cello or double-bass cannot be expected to lug around the instruments. Fancy a man with a double-bass on his back on a slippery pavement of a winter's night. In the hall rented by the society, members who are learning such instruments as the double-bass or trombone or 'cello can saw or bellow or scrape and practise without agonizing the neighborhood.

As to the music tackled by the Adams, it is excellent, and comprises Haydn, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Schubert, Berlioz, Rubenstein, Raff, Brahms, and Wagner.

It is amusing to note the extreme dilettanteism of some of the youngest members of the Adams, those whose opportunities to have heard music generally have been limited. When such pieces are mentioned to these youthful performers as "General Romulus Q. Jones's Quickstep," or the "Ruby Flash Waltz," or the "Grangers' Grand Galop," their faces become ghastly, and the only response is one of withering scorn. Questions of the classical school I need not enter into, only to say that an amateur orchestra must not try solely to please itself, but to render others happy, for even out of our little neighborhood there are many who are dull when the finest symphony of Beethoven is played, but who go wild when they listen to "Plantation Echoes."

If this subject interests readers, I should be glad to submit some simple plan of organization for amateur orchestras. I am opposed to the exclusion of young ladies. One of the main reasons for barring out young ladies is that their instruments are the piano and violin, and that the piano is out of place in an orchestra, which it is, and that you do not want too many violins. These objections might hold good in cities, but not in smaller centres of population. The fact is that as violinists, though girls have not the endurance of boys, they generally are more accurate as to time, and more patient.—B. P.

AT SIASCONSET.

JOHNNY. "Is that the sea mew, mamma?"

MAMMA. "I suppose so."

JOHNNY. "Is it the cat-fish that makes the sea mew?"

LEMONADE BY RULE.

ELEANOR HAMILTON was fourteen years old, and like most girls of fourteen she was fond of the society of young women even more advanced in age than herself. So when Kitty Williams, her dearest friend, aged fifteen, brought her cousin Maud Williams, aged seventeen, to call—well, Eleanor felt like a grown-up young lady.

It was a warm summer afternoon, and Eleanor had taken her guests to the broad piazza that was already furnished with two little tables, a hammock, and a number of chairs. It was so sheltered by vines that only a stray sunbeam found its way into the green retreat.

Kitty and Maud had been seated about five minutes, when a trim little maid appeared, bearing a pitcher and three tumblers.

"Miss Jessie sent you this, with her compliments."

"Oh, lemonade! How kind of your sister!" exclaimed Kitty. "I hope we will see her this afternoon."

"Jessie is up to her eyes in dough, so to speak," answered Eleanor. "Ever since she graduated from the cooking-school nothing will keep her and her cook-book out of the kitchen."

"And did she make this delicious lemonade?"

"Of course she did," said a fresh blithe voice. "She made it, as she makes everything else, by rule."

"Oh, Jessie, do tell us your rule. Somehow I never get it quite right. Do tell me exactly how you made this, and I'll promise to follow your directions 'ever after,' as the fairy-books say."

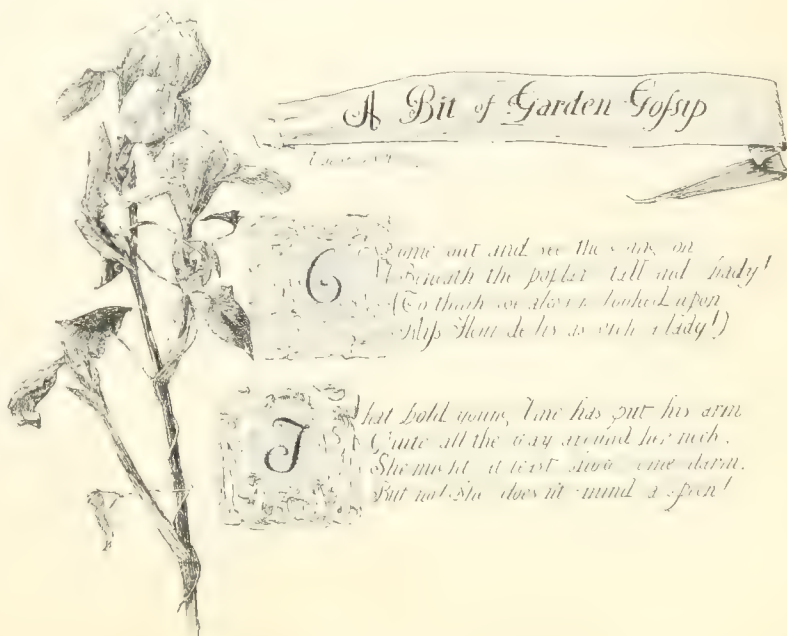
"I've got some *mousse* packed in the freezer that I must go back to in a minute. But here's the receipt: To begin with, allow one lemon to each tumbler of water. If you want to make lemonade for four persons, use four lemons. Squeeze three and a half into a pitcher, and slice up the last half-lemon. Use a sharp knife, and slice it very thin."

"Why not squeeze all four lemons?" asked Maud. "Why add the sliced lemon?"

"For ornament only," answered Jessie. "It looks pretty in the glasses with the ice. Then," she continued, "add four tumblers of water, but don't fill the tumblers quite full. The ice will melt some, and that weakens the lemonade a trifle. Add three heaping teaspoonfuls of granulated sugar for every lemon used, unless you want it very sweet. Then stir it thoroughly, so that when the last glassful is poured out, it won't be a mass of syrup. Last of all, add some cracked ice."

"How much?" asked Eleanor.

"As much as the cook will give you," answered Jessie, laughing. "Oh, dear!" she added, in mock despair. "My *mousse*! my *mousse*!" And bidding a hasty good-by to her friends, the little cook betook herself to her kitchen and to the interesting concoction known as *mousse*, leaving Eleanor, Kitty, and Maud to their own devices.





THE CAUSE OF HER ALARM.

"WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU, BEN, THAT YOU SHOULD LOOK SO SERIOUS?"
 "WHY, I OVERHEARD LITTLE NED SAY THAT HE WAS GOING TO TIP THE BOATMAN,
 AND I DON'T SEE HOW HE COULD DO IT WITHOUT TIPPING ALL OF US INTO THE WATER."

BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE little King of Spain is honored by having his picture on the postage-stamps and coins of his country.

A recent article in a leading paper says that Wilhelmina, the eleven-year-old Queen of Holland, becomes very tired of bowing to the crowds that greet her while she is out riding with her mother. She considers it a great punishment to have to nod her head to everybody; and when her dollies have been naughty, she has them bow their heads for a quarter of an hour to imaginary crowds.

A little boy in Lewiston, Maine, recently went to church with his mamma one Sunday morning. The little man was all attention while the collection plate was being passed, and once he cried out in a loud voice, "Oh, mamma, Mr. Jones didn't put anything in."

Ruthie is a little girl whose papa preaches in Bangor, Maine. The other day she was looking over one of her father's sermons, and seeing a large cross where he had marked out several lines, she asked, "What's that, papa? Is that where you holler?"

MAY'S RECITATION.

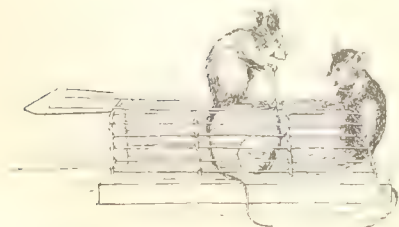
MAY had to speak a verse in school, and asked papa to teach her one. So papa thought of something very easy, and repeated it slowly:

"The rose is red,
 The violet blue,
 Honey is sweet
 And so are you."

"I can say that," returned May, as soon as papa had finished.

"Let's hear you," answered papa, and May recited,

"Woses is wed,
 And violets too,
 Honey's sweet,
 And so am I."



"YOU GO TO THE SHOP, TIBBIE, WHILE I SAVOR THE CHEESE OVER."

DOLL FASHION NOTES.

DOLLS' bouquets will be made this season out of straw taken from the hats their little girl mamas used to wear.

DOLLS' hats will be trimmed with second-hand hair ribbons.

Mamma dolls will wear red napkins for shawls.

Baby dolls will wear lace caps made out of old silk mitts.

A GREAT DEAL.

ROB. "Is there anything your father doesn't know?"

SAM. "Yes; he doesn't know where I hid his slippers last night."

THE LEARNED MAN.

A MAN in New York was so dreadfully bright, He knew sixty-eight ways of saying "Good-night."

He said he could speak

Every language but Greek,

But no one could tell if he ever was right.

HIS LITTLE WAY.

It's very queer Mr. Buttermen's pounds never seem as large as yours, mamma," said Willie, watching his careful mother weighing out her stores.

"Don't they?" asked mamma, busy measuring flour.

"No, indeed! If I go to him for a pound of butter, it isn't near as big as the pound you give Bridget. And I've found out why," solemnly.

"Why is it, Willie?"

"Why" with a twinkle of his eye—"it's just one of Mr. Buttermen's little weighs!"

A DETERMINATION.

I'm going to get the bellows man,
 Down in the blacksmith's shop,
 To blow me up—he says he can—
 'Till I'm as big as pop.

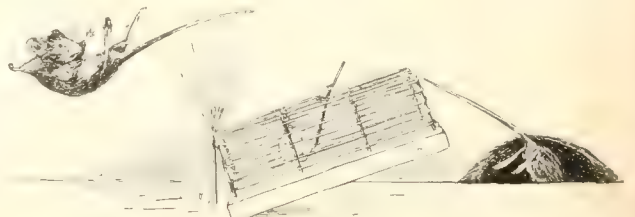
THE BRINY DEEP.

LOUISE. "Where is your brother now?"

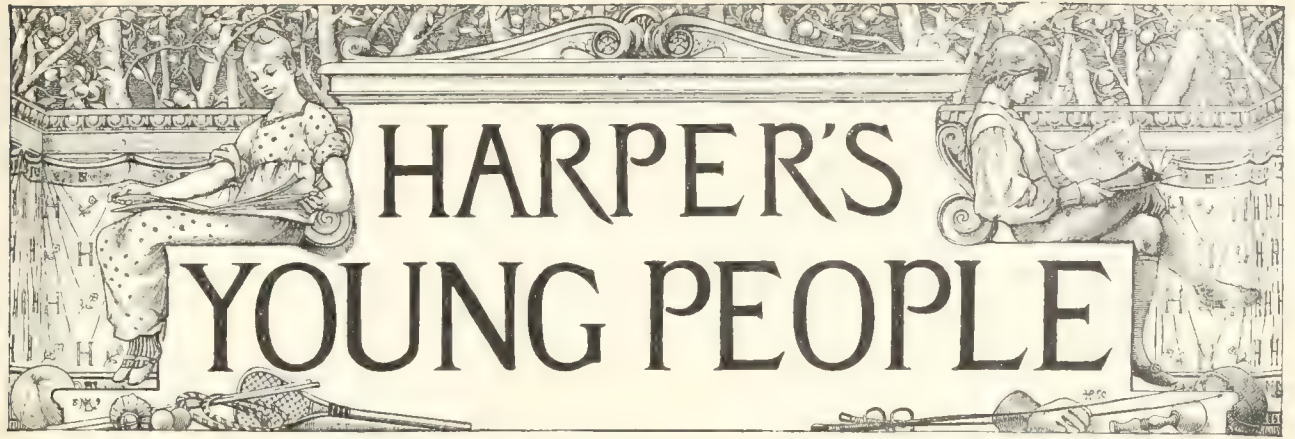
KITTY (*whose brother has just sailed for Europe*). "Why, don't you know? He's on the brawny deep."

A CAT CONCERT.

A CURIOUS old volume tells of a cat concert, which was part of the entertainment at a great religious festival at Brussels in Ascension week in 1549. A bear played the organ. This organ was composed of twenty cats shut in narrow boxes; their tails were tied to cords connected with the notes of the organ. Each time the bear struck the keys he pulled the tail of a poor cat, and forced it to mew in tune. Historians also tell us of such organs with pigs and cats together. It is related that an ancient German King was cured of a deep melancholy by having played to him an organ composed of cats, their voices, attached to their tails, being arranged in scales, and their tails pinched to make them give the proper notes.



"OH, DEAR ME!"



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

THE GOAT COMPANY, LIMITED.

BY FRANCES COLE BURR.

THIS was the sign the big sister read on the back of Mr. Burleigh's barn, as she picked her way down the muddy cross street that led to the avenue:

JACKSON AND BURLEIGH,
DEALERS IN
GOATS, RABBITS, AND PIGGINS.

It was by no means a new firm; the partnership had existed for some six years, ever since the Burleighs, with their large family, which included the junior member of the firm, moved into the quiet neighborhood, where Buddy Jackson had found a sphere of untiring activity since his appearance on the scene, some fourteen years before.

No, as we were saying, the firm was not a new one. "Only they never had a sign before," reflected the big sister, as she crossed the street to read the smaller lettering below the names: "Dealers in Goats, Rabbits, and"—what is that—"piggins"—well, of all things! I do hope papa will not let Buddy keep a goat, with the flowers just coming up, after the mischief done by those last dogs the boys had." And she hurried on with a half frown for the prospective trials. But a meeting of the club, with rather an exciting election of officers, made her forget the matter until that evening, when she sud-

denly dropped her embroidery and went into the dining-room, where the boy sat studying his grammar lesson.

"If you could tear yourself from those engrossing studies for a moment, Buddy," she said, "I'd like to ask you a question."

"All right," said Buddy, cheerfully, dropping his absorbed air with great ease.

"Well, what are you and Bob going to do now? How long have you been dealing in goats and things?"

"Oh!" said Buddy, with a beaming smile, closing the grammar. "Well, it's a real necessity for some one in



IT WAS THROUGH THE GOOD OFFICES OF CON, THE BUTCHER'S BOY.

this neighborhood to go into that business; there's a great deal of trading done among the boys, but there doesn't seem to be any standard. Why, Joe Brown sold those pouter pigeons of his last week—you know his pouters, don't you?"

"No," interrupted the sister, "but I want to know about the goats. Have you really a stock of goats, and does Mr. Burleigh let you keep them in his barn? I warn you in time, Buddy, that if those goats touch my sweet-pease or trample down the pansies again as the dogs did, I shall ask papa to make you give them up."

"Oh, well," said Buddy, "the goats will be just for dealing, of course, and we sha'n't let them out except for proper exercise."

"But what have you, really, and where did you get all these animals? I thought you and Bob were saving up for a double-runner next winter," and the big sister closed the door behind her, and perched on the arm of a chair with evident curiosity.

"Well, we haven't so much yet," said Buddy, with a slight clouding of his hopeful face. "Dick Marston has promised us some young rabbits if he has any more, and Bob is sure he can whistle down a pair of stray pigeons which have been about for a few days, and—"

"And the goats?" said the sister, soberly, but with eyes brimful of merriment.

"Well, the goat is the only thing we haven't really got yet. Capital comes slow at first, of course, but it's a great thing to get a start, you know."

"Yes, I know, and I've had my start for nothing, I imagine," said the sister, with a hearty laugh. "I guess my sweet-pease are safe; but I'll wish the firm success all the same." And still laughing, she went back to her embroidery, and to tell mother of the new enterprise; while Buddy, charging her amusement to a girl's natural inability to comprehend business, again fixed his big glasses, and this time his thoughts, on the elusive verb. But, strangely enough, though the strays were not beguiled by Bob's whistle, and the promised rabbits never came, the boys did have a goat that very week.

It was through the good offices of Con, the white aproned butcher's boy, who daily delivered Mrs. Burleigh's meat. He saw the sign, and stopped to tell the boys of a remarkable animal owned by a cousin, a former dealer in garden vegetables, delivered to his customers by means of a small cart drawn by the goat, but whose present position as janitor of a down-town building made the goat an idle member of the energetic Irish family, and placed him and the cart on the market cheap. The intelligence, fidelity, and other admirable qualities ascribed by Con to this animal have never been equalled since the days of old dog Tray, and Buddy and Bob felt that to allow him to pass into other hands was not to be thought of.

A visit to the cousin's home, where the goat was inspected as he peacefully browsed in the front yard, strengthened this conviction; and two days spent in a frantic accumulation of capital, which involved the appropriation of the double-runner fund and the sale of Bob's stamp album, ended in the boys driving home the goat in a sort of triumphal procession, whose ranks were filled with all the neighboring small-fry.

Billy was installed in the barn, which straightway became an assembling-place for all the other boys at noon-time and after school. But though described as the sum of all lamblike virtues, a vicious tendency to butt was immediately manifested, which, however, rather added to his interest; and there was never a lack of volunteers to assist in taking him out for his proper exercise, which, in the boys' opinion, he needed at least twice a day. They soon discovered that while in harness Billy was moderately well behaved and reliable, he was apt to carry exercise pure and simple to rather an extreme

But the keenest pleasures pall, especially when associated with some of the drawbacks which are linked to the possession of a goat, and this thought was dimly in Bob's mind as he sat one early twilight in his accustomed place on the fence, Buddy standing somewhat stiffly beside him, a particularly exciting encounter with Billy the day before having reduced him to this necessity.

Bob sat staring at the sign on the barn door, and finally remarked, "Not much business, pard."

"No," said Buddy. "It's those boys. Of course they don't want to buy goats when they have all the fun of ours."

Bob was silent a few moments longer, and then asked, hesitatingly, "Has your mother made any rules about the goat?"

"Mother doesn't say so much as Kate does," said Buddy. "Kate won't sit next me at the table, and she got mother to say I must run around the block three times before I come home from the barn."

Bob nodded sympathetically.

"I have to sit on the steps evenings when it's warm enough," he said. "Do you know Joe Brown's sister, that girl with the long yellow braid—always has on some kind of blue things?" asked Buddy, after another pause.

Bob grunted an indifferent assent. "What of her?"

"She goes to our Sunday-school, and her class is next to mine. She used to sit in the end—and I'm in the end. She changed her seat last Sunday," he concluded, looking as though he wished he had not begun.

But Bob was too much absorbed in the seriousness of the subject to smile.

"Seems as if," Buddy added, desperately—"seems as if I'd 'most give up the whole business to have my own natural smell once more."

"You're right," said Bob, with feeling. "Say, Buddy, I've been thinking—let's make a stock company of the goat, and sell shares to the boys."

Buddy looked bewildered a moment before he said, "How do you do it?"

"Oh, easy enough. Father and George were talking last evening, and I was listening and got the idea; and then I asked father a little, and I'm sure we can do it. You see, the goat cost us five dollars. Now we can make fifty shares for ten cents each. You and I will keep, say, fifteen apiece to control the goat, you know; then we'll sell the other twenty to the fellows. That will give us back two dollars toward our double-runner for next winter. The other boys have him as much as we do, anyhow, and they might as well help own him, and take part care of him, and that will give us a chance to sort of *air*."

This ingenious idea won Buddy at once, and that evening the certificates of stock were written.

"This certifies," they read, "that the holder owns one share of a goat. Value of this certificate, ten cents."

Next day, at recess, the sale opened, and all the twenty shares were sold. One boy who had a birthday, and with it a bright new silver dollar, invested in ten shares. He was the first at the barn after school, and let Billy out just to realize his ownership. Billy enforced the realization from his point of view by promptly knocking him down just as the other nine owners appeared. But this had happened too often before to cause remark, and the stockholders were left to discuss their new possession, while the original company, with many directions as to Billy's supper and bedding, departed with a certain sense of relief and lightened responsibilities.

The next day was Friday, and at the dinner-table Mrs. Jackson said: "Buddy, do you think you and Bob and the goat can carry a bundle to the city for me? I will give you the ten cents for car fare it would cost."

"Yes, m," said Buddy.

"And if you think you can take my dress to the dress-

maker's without hurting it, I'll give you the car fares I meant to use in taking it myself," said Kate.

"All right, Kate; now aren't you glad we have a goat?"

"Well, you certainly have kept it away from the flowers, and it may be useful as a pony express," admitted Kate.

The last word arrested Buddy's hand midway to his mouth; he gazed into space for a moment, then with a subdued whoop of sudden delight was gone, reappearing long enough to throw a kiss and a penitent "excuse me, mamma," to the wise woman who overlooked these bursts of enthusiasm.

That day, after school, a festive but decorous procession moved slowly through the neighboring streets.

"For the land!" said old Mrs. Decker, "what's them boys up to now?" as she peered through the window at the goat cart, decorated with flags, and containing Bob and Buddy, who bore a banner inscribed: "Goat express! Packages delivered right side up to any part of town for ten cents." "Who'd trust them flighty boys with a bundle?" said she; then suddenly remembering the balls of carpet rags ready to go to the weaver's, she rapped sharply on the window. This was their first order; others followed rapidly. As half owners of the goat they claimed one-half of Saturday, and the varied commissions were attended to, and at noon they proudly divided the seven silver dimes and six nickels.

"Just an even fifty apiece, and we'll have twice as much next Saturday, hey, Bob?" exulted Buddy.

But Bob's big brother quenched his animated report at dinner by saying, quietly:

"Of course you'll declare a dividend? That money was earned by the goat, and belongs to the stockholders."

"Not much," said Bob; "we thought of it and we did it."

"But the goat earned it for you, and it's only honorable to divide," persisted George, teasingly.

There was a grave discussion on the fence that afternoon, and in the end a dividend was declared of two cents a share. Then goat stock went up. The possibilities of business seemed so immense, as each boy reflected on the unlimited number of errands experienced in the past and anticipated in the future, that the shares changed hands rapidly and at greatly inflated values. It was soon impossible to know who owned the goat from hour to hour. There were many troublesome side issues, also. Little Jimmy Brown, whose mother had forbidden him to play with the Stevens twins, had difficulty in convincing her that they were not playing together when they were seen driving by in the cart. It merely happened that they owned most of the goat that day.

Similarly the respective heroes of Linden and Dale streets, who had been daring each other to come near enough to have their heads punched for a week back, were embarrassed to find themselves the sole owners of the half of the goat which was on the market for a whole dreary afternoon. While they endeavored to sell out, Billy had a welcome rest and opportunity to collect his bewildered mind; he also composed a new and startling mode of attack with which he greeted his next owners.

The express business was pushed every afternoon, and the next Saturday night a five-cent dividend was declared. Perhaps it's just as well that what happened *did* happen, for what effect on the excited speculators another dividend would have produced it is hard to say. But after a whole week of this exemplary attention to business, Billy brought consternation and distress upon those who trusted him.

Buddy, who was driving, was too badly bumped to describe the scene, though he afterward confided to Bob that as near as he could recollect, Billy turned around in the harness and butted him out of the cart and then

dashed away. A woman just turning the corner met him, and there was a wild chaos of goat and cart and woman for a brief moment, of which Bob and Joe Brown had a horrified glimpse as they came out of a house where they had delivered a bundle. Then they ran around the corner in time to see Billy plunge across the street and around another corner. Still following, they heard the crash of a broken shop window, then a welcome policeman headed Billy off, and prevented further calamities, and Buddy came up bruised and panting in time to



THERE WAS A WILD CHAOS OF GOAT AND CART AND WOMAN.

be recognized by the angry shop-keeper, who went back to his desk to make out a bill to Mr. Jackson.

"You miserable beast!" exploded Bob, and then stopped, feeling the weakness of words.

"Glad I'm not in it," chuckled Joe.

Buddy gazed about ruefully. "We pay for this, I suppose. You know our fathers said we must be responsible for the goat when we got him."

"Responsible! Why, how much do you suppose that glass will cost?"

"I don't know," said Buddy, gloomily. "And there's that woman, too; she's killed, maybe. Let's go back and see."

"You come home, and let her go home; we've got enough bills to pay, without taking care of her. Come on, you Billy," and Bob jerked the head of the now meek and subdued goat.

But Buddy ran back to the scene of disaster. "She's gone," he said in a relieved tone as he returned. "So she isn't killed. I don't believe she knows what hit her. It was awful sudden."

"Well, there won't be anything sudden about our getting out of this scrape; it'll take all the money we are likely to see for six months if we have to pay for it."

"Make an assessment," said Brother George, when he heard the dismal tale at supper that night. "The other owners of the goat are responsible, too."

This was a gleam of hope, but surely the goat never before belonged to such irresponsible parties as he did that fatal afternoon. First, there was little Jimmy Brown. By patient swapping he had managed to accumulate five shares, which represented all his possessions. Even his baseball bat had gone to secure an ownership in the goat. And no one could ask poor Mrs. Brown to give even a half-dollar from her scanty income.

Two shares were found to be owned by a small dorky, who had purchased them by divulging his secret of a certain back-handed spring, much envied and admired.

He grinned cheerfully when the nature of an assessment was explained, and evidently regarded the process as some form of dignity connected with property holding. But worst of all, five shares were held by "a girl."

"That girl with the yellow braid," said Buddy, with deep disgust. "She got 'em of her brother, and she says of course she won't pay a cent. She says she wasn't there and didn't break the window, and she never saw the goat anyhow, and she hasn't anything to do with it, and she wants to know," he concluded, in a tone of awe, "when we will pay another dividend!"

"She does? Well, now, isn't that just like a girl? They can't understand business, somehow, and you can't make 'em do anything," said Bob, with impotent wrath. "We might as well count her out; I'd never have looked at the goat if I'd supposed a girl could get mixed up with it. Say, I hate girls!"

But he hated debts more before the final settlement was made. Again the double-runner fund was drawn, and with divers sacrifices of future pleasures, and advances from the fathers, and with some help from the tender-hearted mothers, the bill was paid.

The goat stock was bought up by Mr. Burleigh's instructions, and he also made some restrictions in regard to future visitors to the barn. The sign came down from the barn, to reappear in altered form on the side fence, where it informed the public that Jackson & Burleigh managed a reliable express.

Two weeks after Billy's runaway, Buddy joined Bob one Monday morning with an air of excitement. "Say," he said, "I know who that woman was that Billy butted."

"Well?" inquired Bob.

"She's that girl's mother's washer-woman."

"What girl?"

"Why, that girl with the yellow braid—Joe Brown's sister—the one that wouldn't pay, you know."

"Oh!" said Bob, with volumes of contempt.

"Well, and that girl—her mother sent her to see why the woman didn't come to wash, and she found her in bed and lame and crying."

"Was she hurt bad?" said Bob, with some tardy anxiety.

"No," said Buddy; "only a little by Billy—and she didn't know what hit her that day, just as I thought—but she had rheumatism, and it made her worse, and there

were other things too that made her cry. I can't remember them all—something about the children—there's a lot of little kids—and she didn't have the money for the landlord, and that girl she ran home and got a five-dollar gold piece—her own, she'd had it a long time—and she gave it to that woman—yes, sir, she did!"

"How do you know?" said Bob, suspiciously.

"Why, some of the kids are in Kate's class at the mission, and she went to see them yesterday. The woman told her, and I heard her telling mother, and when she said the woman said something knocked her down and she didn't know what, mother said she hoped the woman didn't drink; but I knew in a minute, and I guess that girl knew too, for she's Joe's sister, you know, and he was with us that day."

There was silence for a few minutes, then Buddy continued, slowly: "Girls are awful queer; they can't understand business, but they sort of know about lots of other things that are a great deal harder without having them explained at all—just like your mother does. And they do things; now that was no *business* of hers, but it was sort of—well, sort of queer—and *good*, you know."

"Yes," said Bob, as once before, but in a different tone; "just like a girl."

"I suppose," said Buddy, still more slowly, "that some of that sort of a feeling is good to have in business too."

"Some of that sort of a feeling" did come into their business, for the goat express made a business trip to the washer-woman's cottage one evening. It was after dark, for the boys would have perished before letting their errand be known. There were groceries bought with express money, and vegetables from Buddy's garden. The two mothers had contributed to the load, and the kids were remembered by Kate, and it was with a thrill of new emotion that the boys listened to Mrs. McCarthy's eloquent Irish gratitude.

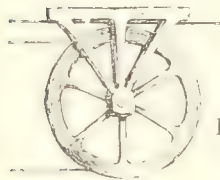
The yellow-haired girl heard of it too, and the next Sunday, as she and her blue ribbons fluttered into her seat at the end of the class, she whispered, loud enough for the other boys to hear, "I know, and I think you're splendid."

And, with a painful blush, Buddy thought again, "Just like a girl!"

The Spider's Span

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON,

AUTHOR OF "SHARP EYES," "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS," ETC.



BSERVERS who witnessed from day to day the construction of the great Brooklyn Bridge

were often heard to remark, as they looked up with awe from the ferry-boats beneath at the workmen suspended everywhere among the net-work of cables, "Those men look just like spiders in a web." The comparison seemed irresistible, and the writer heard it expressed many times. But how few who gave utterance to the sentiment realized the full significance of the "spider" allusion, or for a moment reflected that the span itself was in many particulars of its construction but a parallel of an engineering feat of which the spider was the earliest discoverer. Yet among all the distinguished names engraved upon

the memorial tablet upon the stone bridge-tower the spider gets no credit.

Day after day and week after week we might have seen, travelling back and forth against the sky, a wheel-shaped messenger reeling off its tiny wire. Night and day it was busy, each trip adding one more strand to the growing cable which was to support the great substructure below. And what was this travelling wheel called? "The carrier," or "traveller," if I remember rightly. Why this obviously intentional slight and discourtesy when every field and wood and copse in the country—indeed, on the globe—showed its living example, and bore its myriadfold witness that the "spider" was the only legitimate and proper designation?

In the other most notable suspension-bridge, at Ni

ara, the time-honored methods of the spider were further and conspicuously recognized, but here again without any courteous engraven acknowledgment on the tablet of fame so far as I have learned.

A kite was flown from the American shore, and reeled out so as to fall upon the Canadian side, and this initial strand was drawn across, and subsequently strengthened by the travelling reel.

The ends of the added wires were firmly secured at their anchorage, and the completed cable at length re-enforced by guy-ropes.

What is the method of our spider? Ages before the advent of the human engineer he followed the same tactics which we now

see him performing in every meadow, or even at our window-sill, or on the bouquet upon our table, linking flower with flower, window-sill with garden fence, bush with t bush, tree with tree, with his glistening suspension-bridge spanning the stream, river, and meadow. This wiry thread that tightens across our face as we ride in our carriage, and leaves its tingling "snap" upon our nose, what is this but the model suspension cable of Arachne strengthened a hundred fold by the spider which has travelled back and forth over its course for hours perhaps, each trip leaving a fresh strand, one extremity being anchored on yonder oak in the meadow and the other on the church steeple? Such a cable twenty feet in length is a common challenge in our walks in the open wood road, even making a perceptible motion among the leaves and bending twigs on either side ere it yields to our advance. And to the walker who cares to investigate, a silken bridge a hundred feet in length is not a very exceptional find.

This bridge-building is not confined to any particular month or season, nor to any one species of spider. The autumn will afford us the best opportunity for observation. At that season the spider-egg tufts are turning out their baby spiders by the millions, each a perfect grown spider in miniature, and apparently as skilled at birth in the peculiar arts of its kind as its parents were in their ripe old age. Here is a troop of them upon this drooping branch of wild grape by the river brink. Its leaves are glistening in the loose rambling tangle which marks their wanderings. They are evidently not satisfied with their present surroundings, and would seem desirous of getting as far as possible from the neighborhood of their cradle and swaddling-clothes. They are the most independent and self-reliant babies on record. They ask advice from no one—indeed their mother died a year ago, perhaps—but each determines to leave his brothers and sisters,

to "see the world" for himself, and paddle his own canoe.

Fancy a first trial trip on a tight-rope from the torch of the Statue of Liberty to Governor's Island! Yet such is the corresponding feat accomplished by this self-reliant acrobat, which a few days or perhaps hours ago was but an egg!

Here is one family of spiderlings upon the grape-vine

spray, for instance. They are hanging several yards above the water, and with an ocean as it were between them and the distant country upon which their hearts are set. But there is no hesitation or misgiving. Let us closely observe this eager youngster far out upon the point of the leaf. The breeze is blowing across the brook.

In an instant, upon reaching the edge of the leaf, the spiderling has thrown up the tip of its body, and a tiny glistening stream is seen to pour out from its group of spinnerets. Further and further it floats, waving across the water like a pennant. Two, three, five, ten, fifteen feet are now seen glistening in the sun. Now

it floats in among the herbage upon the opposite bank, and seems reaching out for a foothold. In a minute more its tip has brushed against a tall group of asters, and clings fast, the loose span sagging in the breeze, and as we turn our attention to the spider, we see that he has turned about, and is now "hauling in the slack," which he contin-

ues to do until the span is taut, when he anchors it firmly to the leaf, and without a moment's ceremony steps out upon his tight-rope, and makes the "trial trip" across the abyss—a feat which Dr. McCook, the spider specialist and historian, has most felicitously compared to the similar trial trip of Engineer Farrington across the cable of the East River Bridge, a thrilling event which was witnessed by thousands of spectators from sailing craft and house-tops.

Our spider has now reached the asters twenty feet away, and is doubtless busying himself by further securing the anchorage at this terminus. It is quickly done, for see, he is even now far out over the water on his return trip, arriving at the grape leaf a moment later. His strand is now three times as strong as at first, and will be many times stronger before he is satisfied with it. An



care to go up stream half a mile to the bridge, or half a mile below to the crossing pole, for the sake of examining those asters across the brook, we shall find our splashing nicely settled in a tiny little home of his own. The glistening span is now like a tough silken thread, and is moored to the head of flowers by a half dozen gray threads in all directions, while in their midst, in the "nave of his tiny wheel of lace," our smart young baby rests from his labors.

Such is the probable course which he would follow, unless, perhaps, his roving spirit, thus tempted, has further asserted itself, and not content with this exploit, he has concluded to span the clouds, and is even now sailing a thousand feet aloft in his "balloon."

As a bridge-builder he has had many successful imitators, but as a balloonist he is yet more than a match for his bigger copyist, *homo sapiens*, as I shall explain in a subsequent paper.

JEN'S LEGACY.

"GOING again to old Madame Skinflint's, and in this sun!"

Teddy's voice, usually a good-humored drawl, had an accent now keener and sharper than Jen was accustomed to. She was pinning on her hat in front of the kitchen mirror, while Teddy, his long legs dangling down, sat on the edge of the table, regarding his step-cousin with an expression in which surprise and annoyance were mingled. Jen's face reflected the look. She had been long used to regarding Teddy in the light of an abject slave to all her caprices, and this faint sigh of disapprobation startled her.

"Well, *Teddy Barry*!" Jen said, turning full around.

"That's the name," said the undisconcerted Ted. "I was only wondering, my child, why you wasted so much time over that old French woman. You broil yourself every day going down there to make up her room, and wash her, and cook for her, and read to her. Oh, I know, Jen, you're always back when the milk comes in to do your duty here; but what hurts me is that you seem to feel it equally your mission in life to waste your sweet strength on her."

Ted's harangue was over. He clasped his strong bronzed hands back of his head, and looked to Jen for an answer. She was a slim slip of a girl, not quite eighteen, but there was a look in her fearless gray eyes and something in the curve of her very sweet but proud young lips which made one feel instinctively that she not only had the "courage



of her convictions," but she had weighed those convictions before accepting them. She was the niece of Teddy's step-uncle, old John Barry, and since her aunt's death a year ago, had kept house for him. Ted, brought up with her from childhood, had just returned after a two years' absence West, to find ill health, worry of mind, and advancing age had so enfeebled his uncle that the old homestead was now in the hands of a man only waiting for his date to foreclose.

"Ted," said Jen, very gravely, "do you think if you were a poor lonely old woman, you would like to be *entirely* deserted? You

know Madame Dupré came here first trying to find some of her old friends. Her daughter was to have been married during the war, and the officer was shot down in battle the day set for the wedding. She was looking for his people. She couldn't find them. She is so sick and poor!"

Teddy's face was decidedly gentler in expression by this time. "Jen," he said, smiling, in his slow way, "you're all right. It's only that I know how hard you work at home; and when I see you going down to spend your leisure over the French lady—well, it goes against me."

"I'll be back to tea for sure," said Jen, "because—"

As Jen hesitated, Teddy supplemented with a wicked but triumphant laugh: "Oh, *Jen*! *Because*. Does the old miser *ever* give you anything to eat?"

"Teddy!" Jen's eyes were grave with reproach. "Do you know, she has just a very little money in an old silk glove? I take a few cents at a time, and spend it for her on the barest necessities. There have been times my heart has ached to think I could not do more for her."

By this time the step-cousins were in the porch of the old farm-house. It was at the back, facing the garden which they both had known and loved from childhood. Jen's bed of valley lilies, her sweet-pea vines, the long strip of box border, belonged to her earliest recollection; and where the bean poles stood near an old plum-tree was the place made years ago for a special planting of radishes, which Jen, a six-year-old girl, had declared would thrive best there! Teddy and she had been so proud of that special garden given them long ago! The real farm lands stretched below—rich, fertile, beautiful to see, save for the one fact that they lay under the dreadful weight of Dall's mortgage.

"Poor old garden!" sighed Jen. "Well, Teddy, we'll have to do the best we can, I suppose, when we leave it."

Ted watched the girl's slim upright young figure down the road a few moments in silence. His Western venture had proved unsuccessful, but through no fault of his. At twenty he had, sorely against his will, given up his chosen career in life—civil engineering—to settle matters on the

old farm, after which he went back to the West, resuming work under hampered conditions. All his savings had been sunk in trying to extricate his uncle from his bondage. He had returned to find Hiram Dall ready and anxious to foreclose at once.

Meanwhile Jenny had reached the bridge which spanned a small brook near old Madame Dupré's lodgings. Her eyes were downbent in earnest thought. She felt as though a step from childhood to woman's kingdom had been taken since she had learned the actual emergency which confronted her home life, and like many another girl similarly placed, the question "What can I do?" was uppermost in her mind. There were her nimble fingers ready with the needle; there was her farming life—dairy-work was a specialty with her. She was young, strong, unhampered by "nerves" or foolish fancies.

"I *ought* to do something," Jen thought, almost audibly, and lifted her eyes, with a deep earnest look in them, to suddenly meet the small sharp orbs of Lawyer Dall. He, too, was crossing the little bridge.

"Well, Jenny," he half sneered, "what do you want—all the earth, and the bridge too? Now I guess I know your errand: you're bound for madame's."

"Yes, Mr. Dall," Jen said, with an effort at composure. "I must hurry on—she is very ill."

"Oh, I know!" said the lawyer. And as Jen was hurrying on he added, "Mind you tell your uncle not to forget the 20th—it's my latest date."

Jen did not so much as turn her head to show the old man she had heard his last words, and a few moments later she was mounting the old staircase leading to Madame Dupré's room.

Poor as the old lady really was, bare as were her surroundings, there was something about her which had always appealed to something in little Jen's nature of which she had not before been conscious. It was the refinement of the sufferer, her delicate courtesy, which showed itself in the way she accepted a kindness or tried to extend a hospitality, the latter being at present only the bright smile and outstretched hand with which Jen was welcomed.

"You are like sunshine to me, *chérie*," the old lady said, as Jen, according to custom, divested herself of hat and gloves and sat down by the invalid's bedside. She saw at once a change in the clear dark face. Dr. Byrnes had told her only that morning the poor lady's hours were numbered, yet Jenny, strong in youth and health, felt a keen shock from what she saw as proof of his words. Only for a moment, however. The wan face of the invalid had such a peaceful, holy calm about it—it was so *content*.

"There are many things I have wanted to say to-day, dear little girl," Madame Dupré half whispered. "I have thought so much of what brought me here—to find some trace of Colonel Royerson's brother. As you know, I only heard of his death. And now, Jenny, I am going to leave you what I would have given him, the one wedding present prepared for my darling Angélique. Alas, it was too late! She was ten miles away from our plantation. I had but one person to trust with it, an old negro who was faithful to us through all. I gave it to him to carry to my darling with my blessing. Well, her betrothed had been killed that day, and a week later she yielded to the dreadful fever raging in New Orleans at the time. Caspar brought back the cushion—only a little cushion, child, but it shall be yours. It has been my one memento of that time."

"Dear madame," said Jenny, very gently, "do not think of what will sadden you."

"But it does not," exclaimed the old lady, softly. "Oh no; it is my happiness. Go, my dear, to the chest of drawers; open the small one; there you will find it. We had strange ways in those hard war times," the old

lady continued, as Jen, firmly convinced madame was wandering, quietly did her bidding. "It is only an old pin-cushion, but it could tell its story."

Jen opened the small drawer, and saw, pinned in a yellowish piece of linen, the cushion. Fashioned of faded blue and white brocade, edged with old lace, there was something about it which appealed to Jen strangely. The old "war days" were only history to eighteen-year-old Jen, and this cushion, made of what had once been a splendid fabric, might have represented Revolutionary times as well as those of the early sixties. Then it had been meant for the wedding gift of Angélique, who was, from Madame's stories, an ideal creature to the young girl. Jen carried the old cushion with reverent fingers to madame's bed.

"Yours, dearest," murmured the old lady. "All I have to leave you—and for that I have made my will."

Only Jen and Teddy Barry, and the people with whom Madame Dupré had lodged, followed the old lady to her grave on the 19th. An hour later Hiram Dall was at the farm-house, with, if possible, a more disagreeable expression than usual on his face.

"I wish you joy, Jenny," he said, with a sneer. "You are the old madame's sole heir! He! he! She sent for me to draw up the will! All for a pin-cushion!"

He tossed it across the table contemptuously. Jenny could scarcely control herself. She felt as though her old friend's legacy was desecrated.

"Got a running-string in it, too," continued the old man, "like a bag."

Jenny was looking at the cushion with wet eyes. She had really loved the old creole lady. Now, as Dall spoke, she looked under the lace at one side of Angélique's "one wedding gift," and saw, sure enough, the thin silken ribbon run in and tied at the end. Her loosening of the knot so long ago fastened was almost mechanical, and then—how no one present ever could exactly say, but as the brocade drew back, out from the sawdust rolled upon Jenny's lap a heap of shining jewels, rubies and opals, and bank notes in what seemed to the girl an Aladdin-like profusion! After all, it was easily explained. Situated as she had been, Madame Dupré's one means of sending money and the jewels to her only child had been in this fashion. No one would suspect old Caspar of carrying such a treasure in a pin-cushion of faded brocade, and since Angélique's death, the sentiment in the French woman's nature—perhaps a touch of superstition—had led her to keeping it intact. Who can say?

This is a true story, a chapter out of the life of one of my friends, who now, happy mistress of the bonniest farm in Connecticut, tells her children the "cushion story," and in a corner cabinet in her parlor the blue and white brocade and old lace have their especial niche. Jenny indulged in no mean triumph over old Dall when with madame's queer legacy she bought back the farm, but she and Teddy had their own hour of rejoicing, and whenever he does any specially fine piece of work in his profession Jen likes to say, "That's a bit of our cushion."

THE MEANING OF SOME PLAYTHINGS.

BY LEE J. VANCE.

YOUNG people are not supposed to know that many of their playthings were once the serious things of grown-up men. Yet such is the fact. A few examples will make our meaning plain.

The rattle is one of the first playthings put in the hands of our babies, who really enjoy it.

"Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

In this respect the savage is a grown-up child. He appreciates the rattle. His most common kind of a rattle



WAITING FOR PAPA—DRAWN BY HENRIK HILBOM

is a gourd with pebbles, shells, or bones inside; another kind is a bunch of hoops tied together; and still another is a blown bladder with dried pease within.

Our Indians on the Northwest coast have rattles of cedar wood elaborately carved and painted. Some of these are patterned after the human face, even ornamented with human hair taken from the scalp of some enemy. Others are carved in form of the head of some animal. I wish you could see the Haida rattle in the United States National Museum at Washington, showing Hoorts, the Bear, with his tongue sticking out. You would laugh.

These elaborate rattles are used in dances and religious ceremonies. They serve to call the performers together, to warn away intruders, and to mark time in the dance. Mr. Derby says that the Indians of the Upper Xingu use the rattle in their sacred dances, which the women are forbidden to see. Not only that, but the rattle itself is hid away from the women. When used in secret dances or mysteries, the rattle is always a sacred and magical instrument. In brief, it is the symbol of the priest among the Indians, among South American tribes, and in Africa.

Again, our American boys have a toy known as a "whizzer." It is a flat piece of wood, usually fish-shaped, tied at one end to a bit of string. Then the boys wind the string around the forefinger and whirl the whizzer round and round, causing a peculiar muffled roar. For that reason English lads call it the "bull roarer."

Now the whizzer has been found among savage people in different quarters of the globe. Like the rattle, it is also used in sacred dances and ceremonies; hence it is

always a sacred instrument. In Australia the whizzer is regarded with fear and awe; the women run and hide themselves when the roaring sound is heard. If the *brib-bun*, as the Chepara tribe call it, "is seen by a woman, or shown by a man to a woman, the punishment for both is death."

All sorts of magical powers are ascribed to the little toy, which is used by magicians in South Africa to "raise the wind." At stated intervals in the awful "snake dance" of the Moquis, who carry venomous rattlesnakes in their hands and mouths without being harmed, the whizzer is whirled round and round.

In some parts of Brazil the natives have no whizzers, but they have what are called "jumpari pipes," with which they make "devil music," or, in other words, a loud noise. These pipes are sacred instruments. They are never shown to women. Indeed, a woman caught looking at the pipes would be killed at once. Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace bought a pair of these pipes, but he had to promise to leave the village immediately.

Every boy wants a drum, and so does the savage. The drum is the favorite instrument of the "medicine-man," who uses it in his songs, in curing the sick, and in driving away evil spirits. A "medicine drum" is generally painted with magical figures. There is a dance drum from Alaska in the National Museum. It is made of tanned deer-skin stretched over a wooden frame. On the head a totem-figure of the bear is rudely painted. In conclusion, the drum is an important implement of the sorcerer, says Dr. E. B. Tylor, in Lapland, in Siberia, among some North American and some South American tribes.



SOAP-BUBBLES.—DRAWN FOR HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE BY JEAN GEOFFROY

BRAVE DOROTHY OSBORNE.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

THERE was great consternation one morning in a little inn on the Isle of Wight. The house-maid ran out of the parlor, where she had been cleaning, and the landlord hurried in, and his wife soon followed him, and messengers were sent out, and in a few minutes a file of soldiers marched into the house.

All this commotion was caused by the discovery of a few words written with a diamond upon a pane of glass in one of the parlor windows. There were only two or three sentences, but they were terribly treasonable. The first of them was "God save the King," a sentence that we can hardly imagine ever to have been thought treasonable in England. But at that time the King, Charles I., had incurred the enmity of a large body of his subjects, and the country was ruled by Parliament and the army; so in some places it was as dangerous to express loyalty to the King as in others it was unsafe to wish well to Cromwell and his army.

It would have been dangerous to let those treasonable words remain on the parlor window, and very likely the landlord did not think of a cheap and safe way of getting rid of them by simply breaking the glass. At any rate, he sent word to the authorities, and an investigation was begun.

The inn people were all strictly loyal to the Cromwell government, and as there were only three guests in the house, one of them must have been the guilty person. Two of the guests were a beautiful boy and a still more beautiful girl—brother and sister. Handsomely and expensively dressed, with rings on their fingers and gold chains about their necks, they were travelling from London to the island of Guernsey. The other guest was a very young gentleman who had just taken his degree at Cambridge, and was on his way to France to begin a tour of the Continent. He too was well bred and handsomely dressed and, like the others, he was too proud to exhibit any alarm—if, indeed, he felt any—when the soldiers arrested him with the other two to answer to the capital charge of treason.

All three of the young people were loyal to their King, and they all knew that the handsome boy who travelled with his sister was the one who had written the words upon the glass. But their knowing it and the authorities being able to prove it were very different matters. Between files of soldiers they were all marched to the castle and arraigned before the Governor. The Governor of the island was an old gentleman, but not too old to notice the beautiful face and modest but dignified bearing of the young lady prisoner.

The young gentleman who was travelling alone was first questioned, and described himself as William Temple, eldest son of Sir John Temple. He was a student, he said, and was about to leave the country on a Continental tour. About the writing on the glass he declined to answer any questions.

"There is a traitor among you," said the Governor, "and I am determined to find him out. Who are you, boy? Step forward and make yourself known."

At this command the boy stepped up.

"My name is George Osborne," he said, "and I am travelling through his Majesty's dominions with my sister, on my own proper concerns."

"Oho!" the Governor exclaimed. "His Majesty's dominions, indeed! Know you not that his late Majesty is a fugitive, who has no dominions? Here is our young rebel, I doubt not. But you are over-young to be travelling on your own proper concerns; and visiting a sea port, too, no doubt to take passage for some distant country. You have a father, perhaps; what is his name?"

The boy drew himself up proudly as he answered,

"My father is called Sir Peter Osborne, his Majesty's loyal Governor of the neighboring Isle of Guernsey."

"So ho! so ho!" cried the Governor; "a young Osborne of Guernsey going about the country writing his treason on inn windows. And you wrote—"

But before the Governor could finish his sentence, the beautiful girl pushed her brother aside and stepped into his place.

"Your Excellency had best ask *me* about the writing on the window," she said. "I am Dorothy Osborne, and I wrote nothing on the inn window that I am ashamed to repeat here. God save the King!"

Neither the boy nor the young man had known that Dorothy Osborne intended to make this avowal to save her brother, and for an instant they were speechless with surprise. The blood rushed to young Temple's face, and without stopping to think of the consequences, in an outburst of loyalty and gallantry he exclaimed:

"So say we all. God save the King!"

"God save King Charles!" shouted George Osborne.

Here was a pretty scene for the walls of the Parliamentary castle, and under the Governor's very nose. Three young "traitors" asserting their loyalty to the tottering King.

But Dorothy Osborne knew what she was doing. Little birds had whispered to her that she was fair and comely, and she knew that neither King nor Commonwealth made war upon women or children. She, a pretty young girl, could do with impunity what her brother might be imprisoned or hanged for. The event proved that her judgment was as good as her courage was great.

"You are a silly child!" the Governor exclaimed, making this an excuse for taking no more notice of her offence, and looking at her as though he would add, "but a very pretty one." "As for you two boys, you are too young and foolish to be at large, and I shall keep you all here in my castle until your ship sails. If you were too ready with your tongues, I do not forget that you are English boys, and that you could do no less than stand by the maiden in her peril."

The Governor was as good as his word, and kept them all in his castle—not as prisoners, but as guests—until their ship came and carried them safely away.

Of course there can be only one sequel to such a scene, either in fact or fiction. William Temple must fall desperately in love with Dorothy Osborne for her beauty and her bravery. That was precisely what happened, and Dorothy returned his love. But Dorothy Osborne was too beautiful and accomplished a girl not to have many other admirers. In a short time Oliver Cromwell became the Chief Magistrate of England, and his son, Henry Cromwell, also fell in love with Dorothy. Nothing was too much trouble for Henry Cromwell to do for Dorothy Osborne. She was fond of large dogs, as some pretty girls of our own time are, and young Cromwell had orders sent to his father's officers in Ireland to procure for her the finest greyhound to be found in that kingdom.

Temple was an unknown young man, and Cromwell was the son of the Lord Protector, and Dorothy's family frowned upon Temple, and gave every encouragement to Cromwell. But Dorothy was true to her love. One of her brothers (let us be sure it was not Brother George) remonstrated with her, and she wrote to Temple, "We talked ourselves weary; he renounced me, and I defied him." After an interval of two centuries and a half every American boy and girl will say that Dorothy Osborne was full of pure grit.

Both were very young, and the courtship lasted for seven years before they were married. Twenty years later young Cromwell was forgotten, and Sir William Temple was one of the greatest men and Lady Dorothy Temple one of the greatest ladies in England. He held

so many important public offices that a mere list of them is too long to print. Twice he refused to be made Secretary of State. He and Dorothy lived happily together for many years, and at length they were laid side by side in Westminster Abbey, where they still lie. Dorothy died in 1694, and Sir William Temple in 1699. Perhaps we should call her Lady Temple; but who can think of her standing before the Parliamentary Governor, shouting "God save the King!" and call her anything but Dorothy?

The basis of this true story may be found in Lord Macaulay's essay on Sir William Temple.

MAMSELLE MISS'S BOYS.

BY M. E. M. DAVIS.

CHAPTER II.

LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH.

THE next morning Christopher C. Woodruff turned drowsily on her pillow, half awakened by a gruff voice which demanded from somewhere near the foot of the bed, "*Have you had your coffee?*"

"Not any, thank you," she murmured, in a sleepy tone, and drifted back to dreamland.

"*Have you had your coffee?*" persisted the voice.

This time Crissy opened her eyes. For a second she did not know where she was. Certainly this was not the little shed-room, with the rifle above the door and the ragged shot-pouch slung over the bed-post, where she had slept ever since she could remember. Gradually her confused recollections took shape; one thing after another came back to her, and then she remembered that the night before, when old Suzette had conducted herself and Jin up to the low-ceilinged room under the roof, she had asked rather crossly as she turned to go whether the little Mamselle would like a cup of coffee in the morning before leaving her bed. "No, indeed," the little Mamselle had replied, promptly and somewhat indignantly. Only sick people and lazy folks, in Crissy's opinion, would do such a thing. And Crissy was neither sick nor lazy. As she lay staring at the faded blue tester overhead and turning this and other new experiences over in her mind, the voice made itself heard again, "*Have you had your coffee?*"

She sat up in bed and looked around. There was no one in sight except Jin, who was squirming about on her pallet in the corner; and when a hollow and derisive laugh rang suddenly through the room, Jin sprang up, and came flying over to her young mistress, screaming at every step, and threw herself on her knees beside the bed.

"Oh, Miss Cris, Miss Cris," she groaned, "I's a ba-ad, wicket li'l nigger, I is! Hit wa'n't de cat dat tuk de milk ontu yo' maw's blue pitcher las' week. I tuk dat milk, an' I tuk dem sweet-taters outn de safe. An' dat bunnell o' doll rags o' yo'n dat me an' you is look fer high an' low, I knowed all de time wher dey wuz. I done hid dat bunnell in de cotton-gin, 'hine a ole cotton-baskit. Ow! he jes a rollin' dem eyes o' hisn at me! Oh!"

"*Shut up! Ha! ha! I've got you! Come along. Quel bonheur-r-r!*"

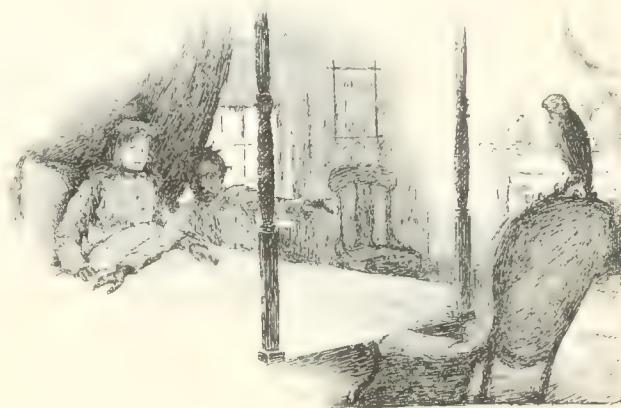
Crissy, still seeing no one, began to tremble.

"Don't you see him yander, Miss Cris," whispered Jin, hoarsely, "a-settin' on de aidge o' de arm-cheer? Don't you hear him 'vitin' me ter come along wid him? Oh, Miss Cris, I's a mons'us ba-ad gal, an' now de Lawd ain' gwine ter gin me no time fer 'pentunce!"

Crissy looked at the place indicated by the shaking forefinger, and saw seated on the high back of an easy-chair a great, solemn-looking bird, whose round black eyes seemed steadily fixed upon her own.

"How de do?" it broke out again, cocking its sleek red head on one side and lifting a knotty claw. "*Comment ça va? Come along! Quel bonheur-r-r!*"

Christopher C. Woodruff was by no means a coward. She had, so far as in her lay, lived up to the boy's name which her father had seen fit to bestow upon her. She could saddle a mustang pony for herself or skim bare-



LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH

backed over the prairie before she was nine years old; she could swim like a fish; she had a fine knack of whistling, which had been the delight of Tom Woodruff's pack of lean, long-eared hunting-hounds; she had tramped the country-side with her father nearly ever since she could walk, and coon-hunted with him all up and down Fork Valley.

Moreover, she knew well enough that Robinson Crusoe had a parrot which talked with him in his palisaded hut, and kept him from forgetting his mother-tongue. But knowing a parrot in a book and hearing one speak for the first time are two vastly different things. She shivered under the gaze of the uncanny creature; the sound of his voice filled her with terror; and before she knew what she was doing her shrieks, added to those of her handmaid, were resounding through the room and echoing down the stairway.

Directly there was a clatter of footsteps, and Suzette, broom in hand, burst into the room, followed by Mamselle Miss herself with a shawl huddled about her shoulders. Behind them, half dressed, came Paul and Victor; even the twins toiled and panted up the steps in their long night-gowns.

At sight of this invasion, Louis the Fourteenth became suddenly silent. He hopped down from his perch on the chair, and stalked slowly across the floor. When he reached Mamselle Miss, he gave a kind of discontented grunt, and inquired, with a comical backward twist of his head, "*Have you had your coffee?*"

Crissy looked imploringly from one face to another.

"It is only M'sieu Paul's old parrot," explained Mamselle Miss, half angry, half relieved. "My brother often sleeps here when he comes to town. He takes a cup of black coffee before rising in the morning, and Louis the Fourteenth has the sugar from the bottom of the cup. The parrot probably came in from the roof, and finding the bed occupied, thought his master was there."

Paul and Victor laughed maliciously, and poor Crissy felt abashed and humbled. They all trooped down stairs again, followed by Louis the Fourteenth himself, who croaked, as he hunched himself over the threshold and climbed upon the stair-rail:

"*Come along! I've got you! Quel bonheur-r-r!*"

"Miss Cris," said Jin, solemnly, when the sounds of retreating footsteps had died away, "dey kin call dat critter a parrit ez much ez dey please. But I done seed dem

eyes o' hisn, an' sho I is dat ef he *want* ter tek me an' tote me off, he *kin*, dass all'—I's gwine ter be keeful how I befores myse'f after dis!"

And she rolled up her pallet and crept cautiously down stairs in search of Suzette and the kitchen.

It was still early; the gray dawnlight which stole in at the dormer-window was slowly changing to a warmer hue. Crissy examined the room with much curiosity while she dressed. It was large and cheerful-looking, though the ceilings were low and the walls stained and discolored. The open fireplace was flanked by slim twisted brass pillars which upheld the broad wooden mantel. A bronze clock, whose hands were gone, and whose pendulum hung motionless, stood on the mantel. A portrait of M'sieu Paul's pretty creole mother hung above, with a couple of foils and a pair of boxing-gloves on either side; a smoking-cap with silken tassels adorned the wall opposite; a pipe lay on the edge of a small table which was littered with books. In the wardrobe hung a mud-bespattered hunting-suit and a flowered dressing-gown.

The country girl looked with something like awe at these hitherto undreamed-of masculine belongings. It relieved her to glance up at the portrait, and find its soft dark eyes smiling down upon her. "I wish Cousin Rebecca was like her," she sighed, involuntarily. Then, a little ashamed of the disloyal uncousinly thought, she went briskly to her little trunk, and kneeling before it in a businesslike way, began to take out her clothes.

When the trembling child had sobbed out her name the day before, Mamselle Miss had let go of her with a cry of horror, and retreated to her chair, where she sat for some moments with her face in her hands. Finally she had ordered Suzette to retire and close the door. A short dry conference had ensued between the cousins thrice-removed, the result being that Miss Rebecca Barclay took Christopher C. Woodruff into her service for the period of one year. She, Christopher, was to assume sole and entire charge of the twins, and manage, so far as she was capable, that part of the domestic care which arose from the presence of the four boys. Her duties otherwise were not clearly defined, but she was made to understand her responsibility for the conduct and well-being of the Roys, as well as for Sharlo and Yak. She was coldly reminded that she must never presume upon her slight kinship with the Barclay family. In return for her services she was to share the lessons of Paul and Victor Roy, and receive besides her board such clothing as Miss Rebecca might deem proper. Jin, the negro girl, was to assist wherever it might be necessary, and if permitted to do so by Suzette, she was also to help in the kitchen and dining-room. A small sum of money would be set aside for her monthly, to be handed her at the expiration of the year.

All this was as far as possible from what Crissy had dreamed when she had quitted the farm in West Texas, and the swarm of warm-hearted, turbulent, sunburned brothers and sisters there. Her stout little heart quailed at the prospect before her. "But you don't catch me going back after all I've said about learning to teach and getting the Fork Valley school," she said to herself, energetically. "I reckon I can get along if I try. But pa must have been mistaken about my looking like her. She don't seem to take any interest in me," she concluded. Then she pushed the trunk against the wall, and went over to the dormer-window.

The street below was wide awake: milk carts clattered up and down; charcoal wagons jolted over the cobblestones; heavy cotton-floats thundered by. The narrow banquettes were thronged with negro women hurrying to and returning from market.

Crissy opened her eyes in wonder at all this stir and tumult. Far away in either direction she could see the

masts and sails of schooners and the huge pipes and complicated rigging of ships and ocean steamers. These were in the river, those in the Old Basin; but Crissy did not know this, and she wondered vaguely if New Orleans was built on an island! Nearly opposite was a wide gateway, on whose tall posts crouched two marble lions. But what drew and held the child's wandering gaze was an upper window just across the street. It framed at this moment four bright girl faces, crowned with clustering dark curls—three sisters, Crissy thought, from four to nine or ten years old, in dainty blouse waists and embroidered collarettes; and a little house-maid about her own age, in a blue calico frock and white cap. When they saw her standing in the old dormer-window they nodded gayly, all together, and shouted a greeting.

It sounded so pleasant and homelike! She nodded and shouted back, all at once light-hearted. Then she dropped the frayed curtain and went down stairs.

Tom Woodruff's son—for so Mamselle Miss continued to speak and think of her—entered at once upon her duties. That very day she cleared up the long-disused school-room, and when the Professor came a few days later, he found the maps unrolled and hung, the battered desks drawn up in line, the old calico-covered books piled neatly on a table—everything, in short, ready for his four pupils—Sharlo and Yak counting as one, on a low stool, with one primer between them.

The oldest of a large and boisterous family, Crissy had been trained, as it were, to generalship; but more than that, she had a "way with her" ("like her father," sighed Cousin Rebecca), and in an astonishingly short time her way made itself felt in the household in Toulouse Street. Of course there was still a great deal of noise and wrangling, but the noise was less savage and the wrangling seldom reached the point of blows. The Roys no longer came to the breakfast table with unwashed faces and unkempt hair. They ceased to be impertinent to Mamselle Miss and impudent to Suzette. Their tops and kites still littered the floors, but they learned not to scowl when they were invited to wipe their muddy shoes before venturing into the parlor.

The twins—still unclaimed—did what they had done all along. They followed the example of the bigger boys, and from being disobedient and unmanageable, became only noisy and boisterous once more.

It must not be inferred from all this that Crissy made no mistakes. She was but thirteen and a half and very impulsive, sometimes obstinate and impatient. Often enough she fell under the cold and merited displeasure of her employer. Then, indeed, she was down-hearted, and longed for home and the mother's hearty way of scolding and forgiving. But not a word of this reached the Fork Valley neighborhood in Texas.

Jin had her "way with her" too. Suzette not only tolerated but made flattering use of her strong young arms and tireless feet. To Mamselle Miss she was a happy reminder of the dead and gone plantation days, when a brood of pickaninnies used to swarm up to the great house from the quarters to dance for her guests.

Jin's own hoe-down was an unfailing delight to Mamselle Miss's boys. At the first note of a hand-organ drowning in the street she would gather up her yellow skirts and bound out into the court, with her turbaned head thrown back, her eyes sparkling, her white teeth shining between her parted lips, her arms hanging loosely at her sides, her bare feet shuffling almost noiselessly on the stones.

"De chile sho kin mek her foot *talk*," grinned Uncle Dan, the charcoal man, dropping his bag to pat a juba.

"Shucks, chillen!" she cried one night, stopping suddenly, and flinging herself, panting, upon a bench. "Dat ain' nuthin' ter a rabbit dance, dat ain'!"

A soft moonlight flooded the court. In the deep shadows along the walls there was a white gleam of Easter lilies. A mocking-bird hidden in the thickensses of a climbing rose was singing gayly. The twins cuddled against their dusky playmate.

"You jes ought ter see a rabbit-dance!" she went on. "My lan'! Ole Mister Jack-rabbit he sets up on a ole stump in de brier patch wid a banjer in his han'. He's de boss. He got long p'inted yeers dat stan' up on de top o' his hade. All o' de yutther rabbits ain' nuthin' but cotton-tails, an' dey 'bleedge ter dance when Mister Jack-rabbit pick dat banjer. Hit sho is a sight ter see one o' dem rabbit dances. I useter see 'em yander wher' me an' Miss Cris come fum."

"Where's wabbit dance?" interrupted Sharlo and Yak in a breath.

"Now jes lis'n ter dat! You is de beat-unes' chillen ter ax questions! Well, honey, ef you wants ter see a rabbit dance, you got ter pick up yo' foot an' trabble ter Fork Valley. An' dat's all I gwine ter tell you. 'Sides, Miss Cris is a-callin' you. Hit's time you was sayin' yo' prais an' gittin' in bed."

And the very next morning the twins were missing. The house was ransacked from top to bottom, the outer and inner courts searched, the street explored. In vain. They had disappeared as suddenly and almost as mysteriously as they had come.

It was an anxious and forlorn group that gathered at last about the bench in the court whereon lay two wooden bowls upturned, with a couple of spoons beside them, and a handful of bread-crumbs scattered about.

"I gin dem chillen dey bread an' milk my own se'f jes 'bout sunup," remarked Jin, mournfully.

"Will they fall into the river, Cris?" whispered Victor, fearfully.

"Oh, what will Paul say?" moaned Mamselle Miss, pale and distraught.

"*Quel bonheur-r-r !*" said Louis the Fourteenth from his perch.

"Mamselle Miss," said Crissy—she had long ago discarded the more familiar address—"go up stairs and lie down, or you will be having one of your bad headaches. Suzette, give Mamselle Miss and the boys their breakfast, please. Paul, you and Victor must go into the school-room, and be ready for lessons. I'm going to find the twins. Come along, Jin."

She spoke so confidently (though her heart was throbbing wildly) that everybody felt at once relieved. Mamselle Miss followed her advice almost meekly. The boys crept into the house after her, and an unexpected quiet fell upon the house.

Hurrying down the corridor, Crissy explained to her companion that they would take different routes in their search. Jin would follow Royal Street toward the cathedral; she herself would go toward the American Quarter. As they closed the heavy street door behind them, and started on their quest in a city that was almost unknown to them, a sharp clap of thunder shook the high buildings, followed by the first splashing drops of what is known in Frenchtown as a flooding rain.

Now Sharlo and Yak had set out for Fork Valley to see a rabbit dance.

"Wabbit dance," Sharlo had suggested, stuffing the last spoonful of bread-crumbs in his mouth; "Wabbit dance!" Yak had responded, dropping his bowl and spoon; whereupon they had started off, bareheaded. By



SHARLO'S PERCH.

a rare chance the grille was unlocked. They stepped out, and trotted along the banquette hand in hand as far as the corner, quite unnoticed by the early morning pedestrians. But at the corner they parted company. Yak lingered obstinately in front of a show-window whose glories fascinated him; and when he finally tore himself away, Sharlo had disappeared. He drifted down Royal Street alone, making casual, unheeded inquiries of passers-by concerning Fork Valley and the rabbit dance. The sudden peal of thunder aforementioned terrified him; he stumbled, trembling and weeping, into a dingy shop filled with plaster-of-Paris images of saints, Cupids, and firemen, and crouched unseen in a corner. There, when the flooding rain was over, Jin found him, fast asleep, his curly head on his arm, his fat legs doubled under him, at the feet of a tall benign Virgin with the Holy Child on her breast.

Sharlo, more venturesome, tramped resolutely to and fro in a maze of side streets, enjoying himself hugely. At the sound of the thunder he too took to his heels, screaming at the top of his lungs. But when nothing came of it, and the warm pattering raindrops began to beat upon his face, he stretched out his arms with a glad shout. To be "out in the rain" was a long-cherished but un hoped-for desire. The rabbit dance went out of his head. He walked on, shouting shrilly. When the pattering drops became a drenching downpour, he did not like it quite so well, but he plodded bravely along in water up to his knees, blinking his eyelids and shaking his head like a curly puppy.

He came at length upon some boys who were whooping and yelling in the water. They were launching bits of plank, old tin cans, and the like on the yellow torrent that rushed into the deep gutter at the corner. It was still raining, but the sun was beginning to break through the clouds.

Sharlo joined the noisy crowd, and whooped and yelled with the best. Suddenly a floating shingle struck his legs. He lost his balance, and was swept instantly off his feet. He heard a shout from the boys as he was borne swiftly along the current. He threw up his hands, clutching the air, choking and sputtering. He saw a big boy spring toward him; then all at once he was swirled

under the iron ladder that spanned the gutter and a deadly darkness closed over him.

When she parted with Jin at the corner, Crissy walked rapidly to Canal Street, unmindful of the shower, asking questions here and there, and peering anxiously down corridors and into open doorways. Her part in the search was, however, destined to be of short duration. Unused to the crowded sidewalks, and bewildered by the hurry and scurry about her, she stopped just half a second too long on a wet crossing. She felt a sudden blow on her shoulder, and she lurched forward and fell. The cart whose shaft had dealt the blow drew up a moment, and then rattled on. She lay on the banquette whither she was carried by the man who picked her up, staring blankly at the gathering crowd. Once or twice she lost consciousness; but she was tingling with pain, and her senses were all alive when she was lifted into the big black ambulance of the Charity Hospital.

The dark-capped young students spoke gently to her, and smiled encouragement as the ambulance jolted on its way. She tried to smile back, but hers was a wan and fluttering smile that ended in utter unconsciousness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

THERE are three things which should influence the choice of a profession: the first is aptitude; the second, heredity; the third, opportunity.

Aptitude is the most important. It is nature's index-finger, pointing out the road which we are best fitted to pursue in life. Almost every young person has a strong liking for some particular kind of work, and a marked facility and skill in its performance. One will take to mechanics, another to trade, another to some form of art, another to a certain science, another to books and reading, and so on. Aptitudes are very various, and it is well that they are so, for this would be a very one-sided kind of world if we were all engaged in the same, or nearly the same, pursuit. Nature has so arranged it by giving us these various and marked aptitudes, that a proper balance and proportion shall be preserved among the different kinds of work in the world, and that each kind shall be performed by those who have an enthusiasm for it, and a natural facility in doing it.

In the choice of a profession, then, the first important question which a boy or girl should ask is this, "In what direction does my aptitude lie?" For in that direction the greatest amount and most effective kind of work can be done with the expenditure of a given amount of energy. In the great majority of cases aptitudes are not hard to determine; indeed, the difficult thing would be to overlook and disregard them. Boys and girls turn to what interests them as naturally as the leaf of a plant turns toward the sunlight. You may be sure that the boy who will make a good artist is going to be interested in all kinds of beautiful forms and colors while he is young. He will notice these things when others are blind to them, and at an early age he will begin to try and reproduce them.

So, likewise, a girl who has a genuine aptitude for music will be quick to appreciate the language of music. She will learn to play or sing as if by magic, and the exercise of her gift will always be a source of keen delight to her.

Aptitudes frequently crop out very early in the games and amusements of children. The born merchant will have a passion for "playing store"; the inventor or machinist will be always trying to "make something"; the embryo teacher will be perfectly contented only in the midst of her mimic school. I knew a boy—now a successful minister—who was never so happy as when, mounted upon chair or table, he could repeat scraps of Sunday-school wisdom to an admiring circle of brothers and sisters.

Aptitudes will out. There is very little danger of mistake in determining the kind of work which nature intends we should do. But there is another factor which should be considered in choosing a profession, and it is often a very helpful factor when, as may happen, there seems to be no particular aptitude for any one kind of work. This second factor is heredity. It is the latent, transmitted, stored-up power of doing well what one's

ancestors have habitually done well. The children of musicians generally have a gift for music. The children of mechanics have an aptitude for tools and machinery. The sons of ministers—especially if they come from a long line of preachers—are apt to have a gift for public speaking. If, then, a boy displays no particular aptitude, there is the strongest probability that success in life for him will be found in his father's profession. If he displays a liking for more than one kind of work, let the consideration of hereditary have its due weight with him when one of those preferences is for his father's profession. The chances are that a boy will succeed best in that for which he has an inherited fitness. As a rule, boys do "step into their fathers' shoes"; and a wise arrangement it is, for thus there is cultivated from generation to generation a faculty and skill for doing certain kinds of work, which must produce, by the principle of natural selection, those who are progressively better and better fitted for performing these tasks.

The third and least important consideration in choosing a profession is opportunity. Sometimes all doors seem to stand wide open to a certain line of work, while to all other lines they are tightly closed. There certainly are cases when such apparently "providential" openings should not be disregarded, especially if the opportunity which offers is of a nature to enforce hereditary fitness. Suppose, for instance, that a boy has a chance to go into a machine shop as assistant to his father. If he has no strong desire and aptitude for another kind of work, and is ready to enter upon the active duties of life, here is certainly an opportunity which he ought not to ignore. The opening is one which, if he avails himself of it, may result in successful service and rapid promotion.

Young people may properly consider leadings of this kind as well as those of aptitude and heredity. A young man's entire future often depends upon his getting a chance to work at a certain critical time. If opportunity for work which is not distasteful offers itself, and the desire to accept it is not offset by a stronger desire to do some other kind of work, let this factor in the choice of a profession be given the consideration which it deserves. Many a man of influence and power can trace his success back to the point where, as he stood helplessly confronting the problem of life, a pathway was suddenly opened for him into some field of honorable and congenial labor. It was his recognition and acceptance of that opportunity, and his faithful and earnest use of it, which gave him an effective start in life.

THE DANCING BEAR.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

OH, it's fiddle-de-dum and fiddle-de-dee,
The dancing bear ran away with me;
For the organ-grinder he came to town
With a jolly old bear in a coat of brown.
And the funny old chap joined hands with me,
While I cut a caper and so did he.
Then 'twas fiddle-de-dum and fiddle-de-dee,
I looked at him, and he winked at me,
And I whispered a word in his shaggy ear,
And I said, "I will go with you, my dear."

Then the dancing bear he smiled and said,
Well, he didn't say much, but he nodded his head,
As the organ-grinder began to play
"Over the hills and far away."
With a fiddle-de-dum and a fiddle-de-dee;
Oh, I looked at him and he winked at me,
And my heart was light and the day was fair,
And away I went with the dancing bear.

Oh, 'tis fiddle-de-dum and fiddle-de-dee,
The dancing bear came back with me;
For the sugar-plum trees were stripped and bare,
And we couldn't find cookies anywhere.
And the solemn old fellow he sighed and said,
Well, he didn't say much, but he shook his head,
While I looked at him and he blinked at me
Till I shed a tear and so did he;
And both of us thought of our supper that lay
Over the hills and far away.
Then the dancing bear he took my hand,
And we hurried away through the twilight land;
And 'twas fiddle-de-dum and fiddle-de-dee
When the dancing bear came back with me.

SOME STORIES OF ARTISTS.

IN the olden days artists were obliged to make their own paints and mix their own colors. This, perhaps, is one of the reasons why some of the paintings of the Middle Ages are so brilliant to-day, because the materials used were pure, although quite crude. Of the artists of Greece and Rome we know very little, except what is told of them in history or tradition, for we have but few examples of their works.

Aetion was a Grecian painter of about the time of Alexander, and he won a wife by his great work. He painted a picture called the "Nuptials of Alexander and Roxane," which was exhibited at the Olympic Games. It created such a stir that one of the judges cried in admiration, "I reserve crowns for the victorious athletes, but I give my daughter in marriage to the painter Aetion, as a recompense for his picture." Aetion was one of the artists who excelled in the art of mixing his colors; he could not go to the nearest art store and purchase them as artists do to-day. Mariotto Albertinelli, who lived in the fourteenth century, was a painter who spent much time in endeavoring to produce certain mixtures in oil. He was not very successful, and objected so much to the criticism he received that he gave up painting and kept a tavern, but his name as a painter still lives, while his tavern-keeping record has passed away. One can better appreciate the results of those days when one takes into consideration the difficulties that had to be overcome.

The most celebrated Grecian painter is said to have been Apelles. He sought to attain accuracy, and once left a picture in a public place and stood where he could hear the criticisms upon it. A cobbler made some remark about a shoe he had painted, and Apelles at once corrected it, but when the cobbler began to make remarks upon a leg, the master bade him hold his peace and criticise only shoes. It was Apelles who visited the studio of Protogenes in Rome, and finding the artist absent, drew a thin colored line in such a way that the Roman knew that only his Grecian brother could have done it. But not to be outdone, Protogenes drew a thinner line upon that of Apelles, and when this was seen, Apelles drew a third line upon that of Protogenes. This panel was then carried to Rome, and looked upon as the greatest work of art, so says the story, in the palace of the Caesars.

Vandyck, who was a pupil of Rubens, had much pride in his own work, as is shown in the following tale. The canons of a certain church asked him to paint a picture for them, and when it was done and they saw it, the canons called him a "dauber," and went away disgusted. Vandyck was only a young man then and had no redress, but after a while some critics passed upon the picture and declared it to be wonderful. The canons were sorry for their mistake, and to make amends gave him a commission for two more pictures. But Vandyck was on his dignity, and he sent them word that there were plenty of "daubers" in their own place without calling upon those of Antwerp. When in Haarlem, Vandyck called upon Franz Hals, and, without making himself known, said that he was anxious to have his portrait painted, but as he was in a great hurry, he could spare but two hours, at the end of which time the portrait must be done. Hals went to work and finished it, and Vandyck was much pleased. But portrait-painting seemed a very little thing, said Vandyck, and he asked Hals to change places with him. Hals did so, and as Vandyck finished his work, Hals hugged him enthusiastically, saying, "You are Vandyck; no one but he can do what you have done," and so the two great masters became acquainted.

SPORTING RULES FOR BOYS.

III. HARE HUNTING.

DO not hunt hares with a hair-brush. You might just as well try to curry favor with your school-teacher with a curry-comb as do this. The only boy that ever tried it was so laughed at by his playmates, that when he grew up he became a cirens clown, and died of mortification because every one stopped laughing at him at once.

Do not think because a hare has very long ears that the most attractive bait with which to set a trap for him are ear-tabs. He has no use for them, and would probably think you were playing a joke on him, and hares cannot appreciate jokes.

Hunt the hare in silence. The creature himself may be out of your ear-shot, but remember that the length of his ear-shot is tremendous, and you may be, for all you can tell, right in it.

Hare-hunting should never be indulged in on dark nights or

on foggy days. Some confusion is likely to arise if this rule is not obeyed strictly. When the writer was a boy he chased a hare ten miles through a fog one afternoon, and when finally it was caught, it turned out to be a kitten.

It is perfectly correct to chase hares on horseback if you wish to, but remember to dismount in case you desire to pursue your game into a densely wooded tract. It is never good form to let your horse run helter-skelter into a densely wooded tract, because you might strike some of the trees with your head, which is not particularly good for the trees.

If you see an old gentleman's wig blown off on a windy March day, and you hasten to recover it for him, you may allude to it as chasing the hair if you wish to, but not in the old gentleman's presence. An allusion of this kind might result in his becoming angry, and not giving you a nickel for your trouble.

Never let the hare understand beforehand that you intend hunting him. Violation of this rule will probably result in his going off on a vacation. The best way to conceal your intention from a possible eavesdropping hare is to allude to him always by his Latin name—in America, *Lepus Americanus*; in the Polar regions, *Lepus Timidus* or *Arcticus*. The hare, never having studied Latin, will be easily mystified by this course, and will never dream that he is the person alluded to.

Hounds are used for coursing hares invariably. You must not, therefore, under any circumstances, chase them with poodles, St. Bernards, black and tans, yellow, or Mexican hairless dogs. If you must course hares with Mexican hairless dogs, it would be advisable to violate rule four of this series, and do it in the dark or under cloak of a fog.

It is always well to limit the distance covered in chasing hares. A hare that isn't caught under eighty miles should not be chased further. He would be so muscular that you couldn't possibly eat him.

If you are not a particularly good shot, aim your gun at some point where the hare is not, and you will stand a better chance of hitting him. If you are a good shot, and the hare is running his level best, aim about a mile ahead of him. That is about the start most hares can give a bullet. This rule might be condensed to read: When shooting at hares, never aim at the hare.

Do not try to catch hares by the tail. The reason for this rule is that hares have no tails worth mentioning.

After having caught your hare, if you intend making him over into a soup yourself, do not try to pluck his fur out as you would the feathers of a goose, but send him to the barber and have him shaved.

CARLYLE SMITH.

THE LEGEND OF CHOCORUA.

THE poet Whittier has his home in summer among the foothills of the White Mountains, and in one of his local songs he writes,

"Through Sandwich notch the west wind sang
Good-morrow to the cotter;
And once again Chocorua's horn
Of shadow pierced the water."

Chocorua, which can be seen from the poet's home, is a tall mountain, perfectly bare on top, and bereft of all vegetation. There is a native legend in connection with it, as with all old Indian localities, that is very interesting.

Chocorua was the chief of a great tribe who dwelt on the borders of what Whittier calls "his broad Lake Ossipee." For years the tribe and their mighty chief were supreme; but one day the white man came. The strange visitors had conquered all the other Indians, but Chocorua was bound not to submit. For days and days the battle raged, until the chief alone was left, and he fled from the conquerors. The white men followed him on and on, pressing close behind, until the chief sped up the rugged mountain-side and left his enemies below. Then he raised his hands aloft, and prayed to the Great Spirit to grant his final wish; and he cursed the mountain on which he stood, and ordered nothing to grow upon the summit while the white man held the land. Long and hard was his curse upon the mountain-top; and when he had finished, night had come, and the chief leaped into the darkness, and vanished from sight for evermore. And, runs the legend, from that time forth the mountain was called Chocorua, and the curse of the old Indian was fulfilled, for to-day it is bare and bleak.

Such was the story told one summer's night beneath the shadow of the mountain just as the moon outlined it against the sky.



WATERMELON ON DRAUGHT.

WHAT PROFESSOR OWL SAYS.

PROFESSOR OWL has always been known as a bird of great knowledge; hence we can believe that what he says is true. Here is what Professor Owl says:

The brain of the ostrich is so small that Heliogabalus desiring a supper of ostrich brains had to make use of the heads of sixteen hundred ostriches.

A fish with two heads was found at Old Orchard Beach not long ago. How wise that fish must have been! The Professor wishes he had two heads, so that he could be wiser.

Some wise men think that very many of the rays of the sun can be brought to shine upon a large mass of water until it turns into steam. Professor Owl says they may be right.

UNCLE JAKE ON AMBITION.

"DON'T you be too ambitious, Izik. A one-story house can't stan' a mansard-roof, any mo'n a yearlin' calf kin haul a six-hoss waggin wid a dog mullah it. An' fuithamoreovah, I would have it bore in upon yo' mine 'at de man what's hardest to shake fum

de laddah is him what's sassified fer to go up it one rung at a time. You kin climb half de way up a laddah an' stay thar, Izik; but it's mighty seldom a man fines it amongst his ablenesses to fall half-way down. When he done lose he grip, he pooty gin'ly always bound to tetch bottom wid a kertlop 'at 'll knock all he thinks outen he knowledge-box, an' leave him to 'siddah all de res' of his life why his muddah an' faddah didn't swap him off fer some uddah fool wen he wuz a innocent baby. Ambition are a good pet to keef fer, Izik; but it 'll pay you to know fer sartin, while you's nussin' it, weddah de beast are a young pup or a lion's whelp."

VAIN WISHES.

I'd like to spend vacation-time
A journeying around,
And visit every foreign clime
That on the earth is found.

I'd like to go to Spain or France,
Or else to Africa,
And join a caravan, perchance,
That starts from Zanzibar.

To visit every distant port,
The Russian and the Dutch,
Would be, I think, such charming sport,
I wouldn't care which much.

I'd love to go to far Bombay,
St. Petersburg, or Rome;
But I must spend my holiday
In staying right at home.

HER BEVERAGE.

"MAY I have a cup of tea?" asked the small girl in the high chair.

"It's such a warm day," returned the lady at the head of the table, "that I thought you chicks would like lemonade. Isn't it good?"

She stirred in plenty of sugar, and handed the small girl a tumblerful of lemonade.

"I suppose any beverage will do!" sighed the small girl, making an effort to be polite.



"AH, HA! I HEAR ANOTHER VICTIM ON THE STAIRS. WHAT JOLLY SPORT IT IS TO DRAW OUT—"

"I SAY, I WANT THIS RIGHT TUSK DRAWN OUT IN ABOUT THREE MINUTES, SO I CAN GET AROUND IN TIME FOR THE PARADE. IT ACHES LIKE SIXTY, AND I'M JUST AS CROSS AS A BEAR, SO BE IN A HURRY."
(Unpleasant prospect for the dentist.)



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THE BROKEN PADDLE.

A STORY OF THE WAR OF 1812.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

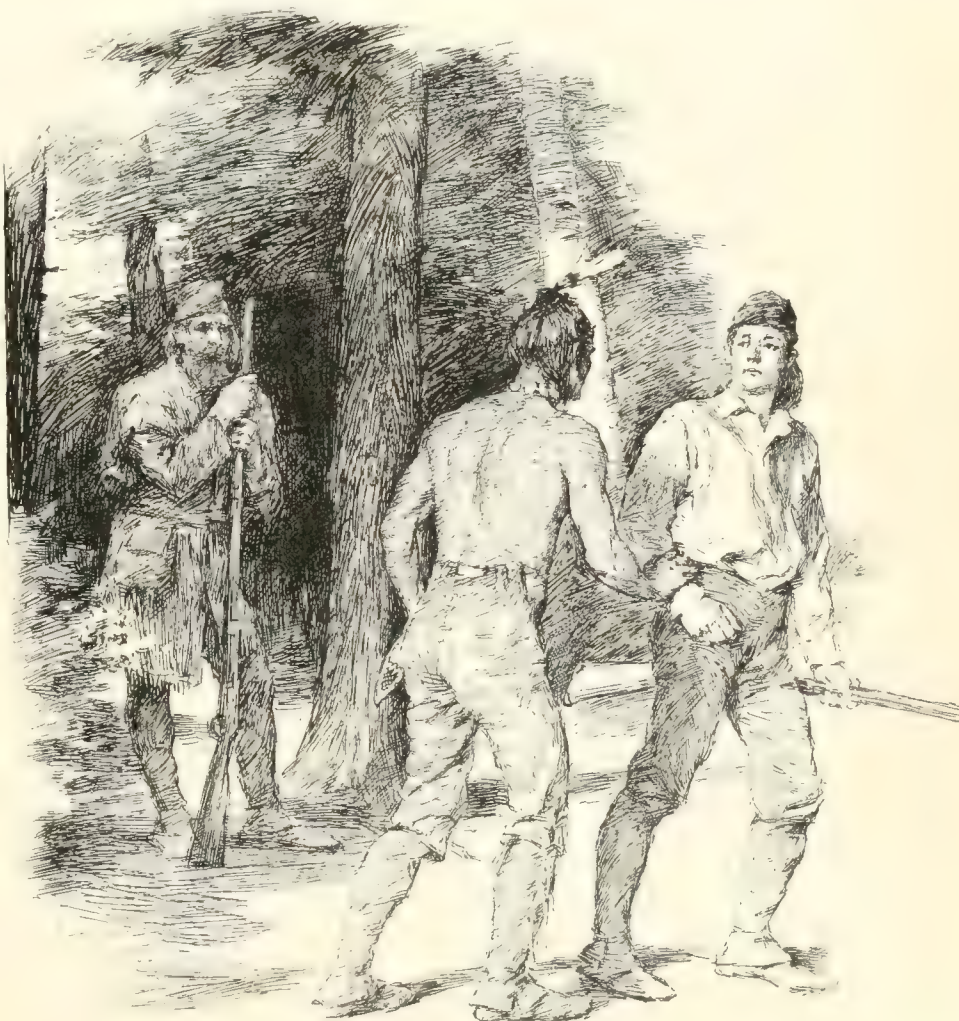
CHAPTER I.

TWO things were troubling Johnnie Davis. The first was the evident dislike of Franklin Beers, chief of scouts, for Henry Davis, the boy's father; the second was the curious looks and actions of Hunting-Dog, the new Indian scout. Henry Davis was known all through that region as Feather-Foot, and was accounted one of the very best scouts in the service of the United States. Franklin Beers was madly jealous of this man's rising reputation, and was ready to do anything in his power to injure him. It was unfortunate for Davis that the commanding officer, Major Croghan, was such a young man. Had he been older, Beers would have had less influence with him; but as it was, Beers had so worked upon his mind that he was ready to believe anything.

Hunting-Dog, the Indian, had arrived at the fort a short time before this story begins. He had come in from the woods, tattered and worn, and had said that he was a Delaware, traveling Westward in search of the relatives of his dead wife, who had been a Wyandotte. He offered to remain at the fort and serve as a scout till the end of the war, if the commanding officer would consent to feed and arm him. Major Croghan took the Indian into his service, but both Johnnie Davis and his father thought the savage showed a suspicious interest in the talk of the garrison. They de-

cided to keep an eye on the savage, and contrived to have him assigned to scouting duty in their company.

At the time when the incidents about to be described took place the United States was engaged in the second



W. J. Henderson

war for independence. While Napoleon was shaking Europe to its centre our country maintained a strict neutrality, and thus our merchant vessels, "being allowed free intercourse between English and French ports, enjoyed the vast advantages of a profitable carrying trade between them." But Great Britain and France were so eager to injure one another that they did not consider the rights of this country. England declared the whole coast of Europe, from Elbe, in Germany, to Brest, in France, to be in a state of blockade, and Napoleon proclaimed the British islands to be in a similar state. Then American ships began to be seized by English and French cruisers. To make matters worse, England claimed the right to search American vessels for supposed deserters from the British navy; and thus some American sailors were pressed into the service of England. The result was that engagements were fought between English and American men-of-war, and the people of the United States demanded that Congress should take action.

Matters on the land were quite as bad as they were on the water. In the spring of 1811, the celebrated Shawnee chief Tecumseh, assisted by his twin-brother, the Prophet, succeeded in forming a confederation of the Indian tribes in the Northwest, embracing the Delawares, Shawnees, Wyandottes, Miami, Kickapoos, Winnebago, and Chippewas. It was evident that these savages were incited to union against our country by British influence from Canada. The frontier settlers became so much alarmed by the dances and rites of the Indians, that in the autumn of 1811 General William Henry Harrison, grandfather of President Benjamin Harrison, marched against the Prophet's town at the junction of the Wabash and Tippecanoe rivers in Indiana. The Indians tried to surprise the soldiers, but were beaten in a desperate battle. This battle, in which the hand of Great Britain was plainly evident, added to the outrages at sea, resulted in a formal declaration of war against England on June 19, 1812. Congress at once went to work to strengthen the army and the navy, and the war began in solemn earnest. Tecumseh and his Indian forces openly joined hands with the English, and kept up a deadly conflict in the Northwest. Our little navy covered itself with glory at sea, but one of the most decisive naval battles of the war was fought on Lake Erie in 1813, almost simultaneously with a signal defeat of English and Indian forces on the land near the lake. It is to the southwestern borders of Lake Erie in the summer of 1813, then, that we must now turn our attention.

One beautiful morning, about three weeks after the arrival of Hunting-Dog, the two Davises and the Indian were outlying on the bank of the river some distance below the fort. They had been ordered to go to the northward to look for signs of the enemy; and now, when the time had come to move on, the Indian was opposed to going down the river in the canoe. After a long discussion, the two scouts decided to let him have his own way, just to see what would come of it.

"Wait a minute, father," said the boy; "let me see if the canoe is well hidden before we leave it."

He made a movement toward the bank above the camp, but the Indian stopped him.

"Canoe safe," he said. "Hunting-Dog saw."

"When?" asked the boy.

"When the sun was there," answered the Indian, pointing toward the west.

"Last night? I'd better look again."

The Indian still held the boy's arm. His glance turned toward the ground, and for a moment he stood rigid, with his nostrils dilating, in an attitude of intense attention. At the same instant the elder Davis bent his head, and appeared to be listening.

"Go," said Hunting-Dog, releasing the boy, and walking away a few paces as if annoyed. He leaned against

a tree, behind which were thick bushes, and stared into the woods. Johnnie Davis, trusting his father to watch the Indian, turned away to seek for the canoe. At that moment Henry Davis, well named Feather-Foot, sank to the earth and noiselessly glided away into the forest. It seemed for a few seconds as if even the keen senses of the Indian had failed to detect his movements; but Hunting-Dog, a moment later, leaned back against the tree, slid downward against its trunk, and vanished. Simultaneously with his disappearance the voice of the boy was heard:

"Ha! the canoe is gone!"

Receiving no answer, Johnnie bounded back to the spot he had just quitted, and, to his dismay, found that his father and the Indian were no longer there. For a second he was at a loss what to do. Then he pressed forward with the noiseless step of a backwoodsman into the forest. He had not gone over three hundred yards when he heard voices, and, peering through the bushes, saw in conversation with a British officer and four Indians, armed and in war paint, his father!

The next instant Johnnie was stealing through the woods in the direction of the fort, some four miles away; for he knew at once that an attack was imminent. He reached the fort safely and told his story to Major Croghan. Franklin Beers was present, and soon convinced the young commander that Davis's conduct was evidence of treachery. Support was given to this view of the case by an attack on the fort by a force of British and Indians under General Proctor at ten o'clock that morning. The assailants were repulsed and some of them captured. Among the prisoners was Johnnie's father, who was at once placed under arrest, charged with being a spy. A court-martial was summoned at one o'clock to try him, and on slight circumstantial evidence he was found guilty, and sentenced to be shot at sunrise the next day. Then Johnnie sprang to his feet, and begged for permission to address the court. He described the conduct of Hunting-Dog, and told how he and his father had suspected the Indian from the first. He spoke with great earnestness, and so impressed the members of the court that when he closed by pleading for an opportunity to prove his father's innocence, they were disposed to grant his request.

"What do you propose to do?" asked the Surgeon, who was president of the court.

"To find Hunting-Dog, bring him alive to the fort, and let this court examine him."

"That's a big undertaking," said the Surgeon, and Beers argued that it was against all military usage to permit such a thing. But Major Croghan, whose certainty of Davis's guilt had been somewhat shaken by the forcible and picturesque story of the resolute youth, favored his bold request. The weight of the commanding officer's wishes was naturally very great with the other members of the court, though Beers strove to show that Johnnie's story did not add anything to what they already knew. Nevertheless, after a short discussion, the court decided to allow the boy five days in which to find Hunting-Dog and bring him to the fort. With glowing cheeks and flashing eyes the generous youth caught up his rifle and accoutrements.

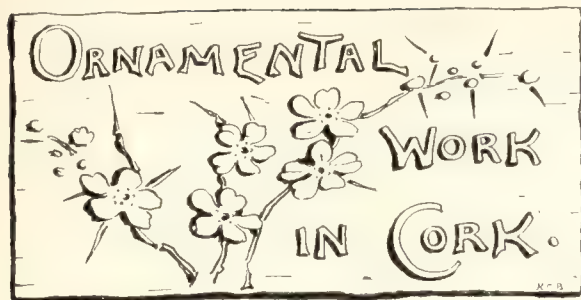
"Oh, thank you all!" he exclaimed, his voice trembling with emotion; "this means that my father's life is saved! Father, you need not be discouraged; you know my eye on a trail. I'll bring back that sneaking Indian, and he shall tell the truth."

The father and son looked intently at one another for a moment. The boy stepped forward and wrung his parent's hand convulsively.

"God bless you, Johnnie!" said the scout, deeply moved, while all in the room were silent.

Then Johnnie Davis, looking every inch worthy of his

(Continued on page 352.)



BY KATE COTHEAL BUDD.

WHAT a strange substance cork is, so soft and yet so difficult to cut! Tools are made that will plane or bore the hardest steel for hours without sharpening, but a single incision in cork will take the edge off the keenest blade. A cork-cutter is obliged to keep a stone in front of him and whet his knife constantly.

Of course you all know what cork is—the outer bark of the cork-tree, a kind of oak which grows in Spain. It is brought here in large sheets, just as it is stripped from the trees. If you happen to live near a cork factory they will give you cork waste or refuse pieces for the asking. You will find these pieces useful for many things; the fine chips make a capital soft filling for the cushions of your canoe, and if you happen to tip over, why, you have a life-preserver handy. And if you have sand-papering to do, what better holder could you have than a block of cork with the sheet of sandpaper glued over the ends? A frame about two inches deep may have a large sheet of cork fastened in the back, and a glass door hinged on the front.



FIG. 1.

Hang the little cabinet on the wall, and when you have a choice little etching or drawing, you can pin it on the cork, where it can be displayed, quite safe from meddling fingers, until you wish to replace it with another. A case of this kind is useful also for a collection of butterflies.

Sometimes in walking on the beach you will find large pieces of cork among the drift-wood, which will be useful in making models, etc. A rich but eccentric old bachelor of a decidedly economical turn of mind was noticed one day last summer collecting these pieces. Some one had the curiosity to question a sailor on his fine yacht, which lay at anchor off shore. "Why," said the man, much amused, "he puts the old pieces of cork over a small charge of powder in the cannon, and when we fire it off it makes a mighty big noise and saves powder!"

All the cork-work illustrated here may be cut from a few sound bottle corks, as it is made of thin pieces glued on a wooden or pasteboard foundation.

Your knife will cut easily if you sharpen well on a dry, fine stone. This will give it a slight tooth, which is better than a smooth edge. If you happen to make a ragged cut you can smooth it down with 00 sandpaper or a file. To cut a round hole in cork, take a thin tin tube, filed sharp. Oil the edge a little and press it against the cork, turning it around.

A spray of hawthorn (see heading) is a good easy thing to begin with, and it makes a pretty, effective decoration for boxes, pen-wipers, photograph-frames, etc.

Cut thin slices from a bottle cork; lay each slice down, and mark on it a tiny five-petalled blossom. Cut this out neatly, and with a stout hair-pin make indentations for the stamens, etc. Cut narrow strips for the stems and thorns, and you are ready to attach your bits of cork with fish-glue to the box. A "four-in-hand" box makes a pretty present. It is a long box of white

holly, on which the delicate brown of the cork shows with pretty contrast. You can buy one ready for decoration for a quarter in a store where art materials are sold. Quaint lettering is very easy to do in this work, for if you happen to make a slight mistake in cutting, the effect is still more quaint. You might add to your box the motto "Blest be the tie that binds," or simply, "For tyes." Be sure to glue every tiny bit of cork securely in place, but do not allow the glue to show. Place a weight on top, and leave till dry.

A pretty blotter is always an acceptable gift. Make it of half a dozen sheets of pale blue blotting-paper (5 x 9 inches), tied together at the ends with two bows of narrow brown satin ribbon the color of the cork. Put a "Japanesey" branch of cherry blossom or hawthorn across the upper sheet. The stems can be painted, in water-color, brown.

Cork-work can also be applied to silk. For instance, a handkerchief-case of cream-colored silk would look well with a name (Fig. 1) or initials cut from cork, surrounded by a wreath of daisies. A long glove-case of pale green satin might have large single dogwood blossoms of cork scattered over it. These would be prettier if the edges and centres were gilded. The case should be lined with quilted silk, wadded and scented, and tied with bows of pale brown.

Spectacle-cases, large pin-flats to hang on the wall, needle-books, and birthday cards are easily decorated in this way, and make novel presents. You will often find odd designs on tea-cups or Japanese fans well adapted to this work.

A convenient letter-rack may be made from two wooden butter plates. Cut one in the shape of a crescent about three inches wide in the middle, and glue firmly to the other plate (Fig. 2). From rather thick slices of cork cut "LETTERS," and glue on the front. If the plates are quite light in color, the cork will show out nicely. Suspend by a ribbon passed through two holes near the top.

This pretty little picture, a souvenir of Heidelberg Castle, is made entirely of cork. A piece of card-board four inches long serves for a foundation. The sky and water are put in with delicate washes of blue (water-color), the clouds and reflections in a pale brown the color of the cork. The castle is cut with a very sharp knife from pieces of cork as thin as paper. Each tower, each miniature buttress, is cut out separately, and glued neatly on the card, one over the other. The lines across cornices, etc., are made by pressing on very hard with the back of the knife, forming a groove. Windows and battlements are cut out with a small blade. The funny little sail-boat is cut from one piece of cork.

Although the trees look difficult, they are not so, for the rough bits of cork give the effect of masses of foliage. Make the distant trees of powdered cork sprinkled on glue. The tree trunks are cut from slices of cork.

An engraving or photograph of a building may be copied in cork, but remember to choose an end or side view, and not a



FIG. 2.



CORK PICTURES.

perspective view. All deficiencies and short-comings can be covered by the easily managed trees and vines.

If you have the slightest degree of artistic skill you ought to be able to make a picture representing the side of your own house, with its pretty piazza and chimneys, or your favorite

on which were its rough, stone-work, ivy-clad spire, and long pointed windows.

Do not forget to keep your knife blade keen and sharp. What it before each cut. The secret of success lies in this. Sidespence gives you your key note when he says, "If I do not give most cautiously, say, my knife's naught."

THE BROKEN PADDLE.

(Continued from page 650.)

Indian name of Strong-Heart, swung his rifle over his shoulder, and passed out of the fort with long swinging stride into the woods.

CHAPTER II.

To start alone upon the trail of an army, more than half of which was composed of Indians, whose senses in the forest were twice as keen as those of the ordinary white man, was a tremendous undertaking for a boy of eighteen. But Johnnie Davis was not an ordinary white man. He was as strong of heart as he was of body, and in these days would be a great centre rush on a football team. In his time, however, boys had little play; their sport was all in deadly earnest, and the balls were made of lead. So Johnnie in the forest became the cautious backwoodsman, all his senses alert to detect any sign of danger. Half a mile south of the fort he struck the trail of the retreating forces.

"Now," he said to himself, "did Hunting-Dog go with the main body, or did he depart in a different direction?"

This was a very important question. To follow the wrong trail would mean a serious, perhaps fatal, loss of time. The boy dropped on his hands and knees and began a minute examination of the earth. For three-quarters of an hour he crawled about, turning over leaves, sticks, and stones.

"I believe," he said, rising, "that this is the spot where the whole force gathered after the repulse and began the march westward. Yet it is possible that Hunting-Dog did not start with them. I must overtake the main command and see for myself whether the Indian is with it."

So saying, he trailed his rifle, and bending forward so as to keep his eyes on the broad trail, started off to the northward and westward on a gentle trot. For two hours he kept this up, and then it became evident to him that he was close on the heels of the British and Indians. Now it became necessary to be especially cautious, because there were sure to be Indian scouts in the rear of the main column. Strong-Heart advanced very slowly, pausing every few steps to listen. Presently he came to a small brook, and he felt certain that somewhere on its banks the detachment would encamp. He had hardly come to this conclusion when he heard the snapping of a dry twig in the woods. He dropped on his breast, and wriggled into the bushes like a snake. A moment later six Indians passed in single file. The rearmost of them was Hunting-Dog. They descended the bank of the brook, and then began walking in the water up stream.

"Water leaves no trail, eh?" thought Johnnie; "but I don't need a trail when I can see six big braves."

Johnnie watched the savages till they disappeared behind the trees. Then he was about to rise and follow them, when he heard a heavy step approaching. He sank into the bushes again, and saw an English officer, evidently of high rank, pass by. The officer entered the brook, and proceeded up stream after the Indians.

"A man that walks as heavily in the woods as that one," thought Johnnie, "would leave a trail in the Ohio River."

And when the officer had gone out of sight, the boy crawled down to the brook and peered in. Yes, there were the prints of the officer's big heels as plain as mile-posts on

a country road. Strong-Heart laughed softly while bending low so as to get cover from the bushes, and carrying his rifle ready for instant use, he walked in the water up the bed of the brook.

It was fortunate for him that a big bush grew on the water's edge at the bend around which his enemies had disappeared, for they had halted a few yards away on the other side of it. Through an opening in the leaves he caught sight of them in time to conceal himself where he could see them, but could not hear their words. Hunting-Dog and the officer were in earnest conversation. Johnnie would have given much to know what the talk was about. He saw Hunting-Dog point to the east and count on his fingers. Then the officer pointed to the northwest and counted in a similar manner. Next the Indian waved his arm to the north in the direction of the lake, and then laid his hand on his own breast. The officer shook his head and pointed to the other five Indians, but Hunting-Dog replied in the negative with much action. Presently the officer yielded his point, shook hands with Hunting-Dog, and prepared to depart. The five Indians gathered up their arms and spoke briefly to Hunting-Dog. Then the five savages and the white man began to retrace their steps down the brook, leaving Hunting-Dog leaning on his rifle under a tree. The six men passed within twenty feet of Johnnie as he lay flat on the ground, hidden in the tangled undergrowth of the forest. He held his breath as they went by. When they were a safe distance below him, he raised his head and looked for Hunting-Dog. The Huron was gone.

Now Johnnie had a serious question to answer. Should he advance to the tree where the Indian had just been standing, so as to take up the trail, and thereby take the chances of a shot from the rifle of the savage, who might be near at hand, or should he wait and lose valuable time? He decided to take the bolder course. Dropping on his hands and knees close to the edge of the narrow streamlet, he crawled as fast as he dared up to the spot where the Indian had been standing. The print of his moccasins was plainly visible, and Johnnie saw at once that Hunting-Dog had started directly toward the lake.

"I understand now, I think," said Johnnie. "The Indian is carrying information about Perry's fleet. He has given it to General Proctor, and now he is to take it somewhere else. If I capture him I shall spoil a part of that scheme."

The boy moved forward on the trail, but it was growing late in the evening, the sun was low, and he could see the marks but faintly. He knew now that the Indian meant to travel all night, or he would not have started after sundown.

"How am I to follow a trail at night?" thought Johnnie; "and what am I to do if I camp, and let the Indian reach the lake alone?"

He puzzled over this question as long as he was able to distinguish anything at all, but when gloom settled down in the woods he seated himself on a stone, drew some food from his wallet, and refreshed his exhausted energies. The stimulant worked wonders with Johnnie's spirits. Discouragement gave way to hope and resolution.

"Hunting-Dog is plainly bound for the lake," he reflected, "and he's going to take the straightest route. He will probably follow the lake shore when he gets there, unless he is to meet some one, in which case he will camp. Now the right thing for me to do is surely to make for the lake, camp on the edge of the woods, and try to strike the trail at daylight. I don't believe the Father of us all will let my father be shot unjustly, and I believe I'll find that Indian."

The boy dropped his rifle to a trail, and pressed forward toward the shore of Lake Erie, now not more than six miles away. You must not imagine that he reached



THE PURSUIT OF HUNTING-DOG.

the end of his journey in an hour and a half, as you could walking on a country road. It took him nearly four hours; for he had to make his way through a dense forest filled with thick thorny undergrowth, and darker than a tomb, and he had to move with the most deliberate care lest he should come unawares upon an enemy, man or beast. It was therefore after midnight when he heard the gentle wash of water on the pebbly beach, and caught the cool breeze off the lake. A few moments later he stood in the dark shadow of the trees on the edge of the woods, and gazed out over the great inland sea. There was no moon, but the stars shone brightly, Jupiter drawing a long undulating line of gold along the crests of the ripples.

"It's a glorious sight," he said, "and I wish I had no heavier thought on my mind than its beauty. Let's see; I ought to know this spot. Yes, surely, it's the old fishing-ground. Father and I were here once in the spring this year, and—yes, of course—we left one of our canoes here. Where was it, now? Let me think. The two hemlocks and the tall maple in line with the crooked oak—that was it. Where is the oak? Ah, it's no use; it's too dark. I must find the canoe, though, in the morning; I may want it. Now let me see, I might take a couple of hours' sleep; I may want that too."

Johnnie selected a sheltered spot, and turned in for his short rest. It was not a very difficult task for him to go to sleep for two hours and wake on time; he had been trained to do such things. In five minutes after he lay down he was as sound asleep as though no danger had been within twenty miles of him. About 3 o'clock he awoke and beheld the first faint reflection of the dawn in the eastern sky. He sat up and examined the priming of his rifle. Then he looked about him. It was still too dark for him to distinguish objects more than three or four yards away. He waited patiently and listened. Only the voices of the woodland birds uttering their first faint chirps of gladness at the return of daylight were audible. The light increased slowly, and the boy saw that the surface of the lake was hidden under a thin mist, which he knew the sun would soon drive away.

A moment later he heard a sound like that of a foot

crunching the pebbles on the shore of the lake, and then he saw dimly the form of a man passing by. For a few seconds he was uncertain whether it was a white man or an Indian; but as the form came immediately opposite him, he perceived that the man was walking in the water, and was an Indian.

"Water leaves no trail, sure enough," he thought. "One might walk all the way to Buffalo along that path without leaving a sign. I'd give ten pounds of powder to know whether that is my friend Hunting-Dog or not. However, he can't get far away before there is light enough for me to see him by."

The savage was proceeding eastward, and Johnnie was preparing to steal after him, when he paused. In the growing light the boy saw him look carefully around him, and then begin to retrace his steps. He was repassing Johnnie, who had sunk into the bushes at a distance of about 100 feet, when suddenly he stopped.

"Can he have discovered any sign of my presence?" thought the boy.

The Indian gazed intently toward the woods, and even advanced two or three steps. The boy clutched his rifle firmly, and loosened his long hunting-knife in its sheath. The Indian slowly threw back his head, and looked up at the tree-tops. The light fell upon a sinister countenance that could not be mistaken. It was Hunting-Dog.

"So there you are, my fine friend," said the young scout to himself. "Well, I'm not going to shoot you, you may be sure of that, for to kill you would be to destroy all chance of saving my father. I wonder what you are trying to do? Ah, I have it; you are looking for landmarks. Maybe you have a canoe hidden here as well as I. If that is the case, we may have to indulge in a boat-race before the day is much older."

The Indian examined the tree-tops carefully, and then moved slowly westward. Presently he disappeared around a slight bend, and Johnnie, slipping cautiously through the bushes, advanced in the same direction. When he had reached the point around which Hunting-Dog had passed from his view, he threw himself flat on his chest, and crept forward like a serpent till he could see through the bushes. The Indian had evidently dis-

covered the object of his search, for he was now moving with swiftness and certainty. He walked up the shore and plunged into the woods. In a few moments he reappeared, dragging a light bark canoe, which he pushed gently into the water. Then he sat down and gazed uneasily at the mist, which still hung over the lake.

"There you'll stay, my friend," said the boy to himself, "till the sun or a breeze scatters the mist. I think I'd better be looking for my own canoe. I began to be afraid that was what you were looking for."

Johnnie crept back along the shore, searching for the two hemlocks in line with the crooked oak and the tall maple. Presently he caught sight of them, and discovered that he had slept not ten yards away from the hemlocks.

"That's how much good a fellow's eyes are in the dark," he muttered, as he entered the woods.

He found his canoe concealed in the hollow log where he had left it, and congratulated himself on the fact that no wandering Indian had chanced upon it since the spring.

"What a fine pickle I'd have been in without this!" he thought, as he carefully drew it forth. "I might have had to shoot that Indian after all."

You may wonder why Johnnie did not at once set about capturing Hunting-Dog. But he did not wish to risk a hand-to-hand fight with the savage, and he felt confident that he could deal better with him on the water, where of the two the boy was unquestionably the greater expert. As he placed his canoe in the water, he heard a gentle rustle of the forest leaves, and felt a light breeze on his cheek.

"Ah!" he murmured. "Now the fog will soon fly, and we shall see what Hunting-Dog is up to."

The mist over the surface of the lake now began to writhe and twist like smoke, and gradually to break up into shreds and patches. The wind was about east-south-east, and the mist drifted off toward the westerly end of the lake. At the same time the sun began to shine brightly, and the scene on the water was all gray and gold. Presently openings of blue began to appear; and then, like the changing of a scene in a theatre, the fog swept away, and revealed the azure surface of the lake sloping to the horizon in peace and majesty. At the same instant the canoe of Hunting-Dog shot out from the shore.

The Indian paddled swiftly out into the lake. His gaze was keenly fixed on the horizon north of him, and he did not see Johnnie and his canoe at the water's edge less than a quarter of a mile away. The boy sat perfectly still, and watched the Indian till the latter was fully three hundred yards out. Then he pushed off in his own craft, and propelled it vigorously along the shore till he was directly between the Indian and the place whence the savage had started. At this moment Hunting-Dog turned his head and saw the boy, perceiving at the same time that the young scout had cut off his retreat. He raised his paddle, shook it defiantly, and then dashed away toward the north. The boy responded by plying his paddle vigorously, and the pursuit began. Now Johnnie knew that if he could get within range, he could put a rifle ball into the Indian's canoe, and sink her. Hunting-Dog would have to abandon his gun, and swim, and would surrender rather than be drowned.

Suddenly the savage ceased paddling, and gave a startled look off to the northwest. Then he turned the bow of his canoe dead into the wind's eye, and began to paddle with renewed vigor. Johnnie looked to the northwest to see what had alarmed the Indian.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine sails were in sight, one of them being near enough for the keen-sighted boy to see that she was a fore-and-aft schooner with sheets slightly eased.

"Perry's squadron, as sure as the sun shines!" he exclaimed. "And my Indian friend, who was looking for Barclay's, wants to get to windward. On the wind a canoe can beat a ship; but there's a paddle behind you, Hunting-Dog."

And he dashed forward after the flying savage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MIDSUMMER WISH.

IT seems to me these summer days
If I could be a simple frog,
And nothing do but blink and laze
Upon a half-submerged log,

To fall asleep 'neath lily-pads,
To have no solitary care,
To bend beneath no mortal fads,
I'd find life bliss beyond compare.

And surely were I that blest wight—
That frog—with naught to do but soak
In fresh cool water day and night,
I'd not be known like him to croak;

But with a birdlike, joyous trill
I'd fill the ponds, the streams, the bogs.
Ah, Fate! had I in this my will,
I'd show you something new in frogs.
JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

JOHN AND HIS SAVINGS.

BY ROBERT BEVERLY HALE

THE first time I ever saw John Burke was more than fifty years ago. It was on the sidewalk of a street in Boston, late in the evening. He was then nothing but a newsboy; though it is hard to realize it now. He came up to me screaming out the latest news: it was something concerning President Andrew Jackson, who used to be talked about a good deal in those days. It was raining pretty hard; and I had such a large umbrella that it would have been cruel indeed not to take the little ragamuffin under shelter. Stretching out a friendly arm, I drew him in; and we had a cozy talk together, while the rain pattered angrily on the umbrella overhead. I was waiting for the last stage to Cambridge, for that was when I used to go to Harvard College.

It was not very hard to get him started. He had told me all about himself before we had been there ten minutes. It seemed that his father was dead, and that he and his mother lived alone, trying to make both ends meet. He said he did not earn much; never more than fifty cents a day; but that his mother could make a good deal more. He said he was the second-best newsboy on the street; and I knew he was not bragging by the way he spoke, and because he told how the very best newsboy of all was twice as good as he. It was very interesting to hear his story; and I waited till he had told me a great deal before I did any talking, because I wanted to understand his position before I gave him any advice. The rain was beginning to hold up; but there was still a constant drizzle, and occasionally a great drop would fall on our umbrella from some roof. I remember that night just as if it were yesterday.

"What do the other boys call you?" I inquired at last. "Not John, do they?"

"No; they gen'ly call me 'Beefy'; 'cause I'm so fat, I s'pose."

"Well, then, I'll call you that, so you can know I'm one of your friends. Now, Beefy, I'm going to give you a piece of advice. And if you follow it, it will be worth more to you than if I put a thousand dollars right down on those wet bricks in front of you."

Beefy looked up with wondering eyes, and said nothing.

"Well, Beefy, here's the advice," I continued. "Every ten cents you make, you put one cent into the savings-bank. Every dollar you make, you put ten cents into the savings-bank. It will come hard, but it will pay. Just listen to this, now: If you were to put two hundred dollars into the bank to-day, at six per cent., by the time you are ninety-two years old it would be more than—more than—I stopped a moment to calculate—"more than twenty-five thousand dollars. And if you aren't satisfied with just putting in one lot of money, but keep adding, adding, a tenth of every little bit that you make, when you're old you'll be so rich that you can do anything. Of course, Beefy, you haven't two hundred dollars now; but you won't be a newsboy all your life; and if you just put away a part, first a tenth, and then a fifth, and then a half, perhaps, as you get to earn more, you'll be rich before you know it."

"Guess I'll try it," said Beefy.

"I don't believe you will," I remarked, knowing that the way to succeed with a street boy is to rouse his spirit of opposition.

"You just wait and see," retorted my little friend.

"There's the stage," I cried, shaking his hand and leaving him. "Now, remember, Beefy, one cent for every ten you earn goes into the savings-bank."

Seated in the omnibus, I looked out of the window on the dimly lighted dreary street. The roadway was deep mud, except where here and there glistening pools of water reflected the street lights. On the sidewalk close to the wall was a little boy, who seemed to be examining something intently. Perhaps he was counting his money.

Eleven years later I went to make a business call on Mr. Hicks, the head of a publishing house. His office was in one of the large buildings; at least we called it a large building then, though of course it would not compare with the gigantic structures we have nowadays. It was before the time of elevators, and I had plodded up one flight, when a young man who had been directing an old woman how to wash the floor stepped up to me.

"Mr. Richardson, isn't it?" he asked, holding out his hand. His face looked as if I had seen it before, but I could not remember where. "Don't you remember Beefy?" said he. "You must call me John now."

Even then I had to think a moment before I could collect my ideas. "Oh yes!" I cried. "Well, John, how big is your bank account?"

He laughed. "I don't believe you think I have saved fifteen cents," he said. "Well, sir, thanks to your advice, my bank account is just under \$1000, and it's growing every day."

Then he told me in a few words his history for the last eleven years. Six months after I fell in with him his mother died. A kind uncle took him in and gave him his board and lodging, so that he could save most of his earnings. A year or two later he found a place as an errand-boy, and he liked this, because, besides earning more, he had a chance to study in the evening. After that he had been made assistant janitor in the building where he now was. "And last year," he concluded, "they made me head janitor, because Jacob Mitchell would get drunk. Since then I've been earning ten dollars a week, and I'm putting by half of it."

And so we parted, promising to meet again oftener than in the past. After that I never again went eleven years without seeing John Burke. After our meeting on the stairs he called on me from time to time, though he was too busy to come very often. He stuck to his principle of saving half his wages as a dog sticks to a bone. Every spare minute he could get he used to study, and as far as knowledge of books was concerned, he was better

educated than most young men of his age. His love of literature attracted the attention of Mr. Hicks, and three years after my visit to the office the young man was taken into the publishing house as a kind of assistant. At first he did not receive much consideration nor salary, but pretty soon they began to see what sort of a man he was. John used to come an hour earlier than the others and stay two hours later. He knew every book that Hicks & Co. had published through and through. And one did not have to know John Burke long to know that his word was as good as his bond, and that if he said he would put a thing through it would be put through, even if something had to go.

When he had been in the place for seven years, I received a letter from him saying that he was to be married. Of course I called in the next day to congratulate him.

After we had exchanged greetings and I had wished him every happiness I could think of, he took me around behind his great desk. I can call up that desk before my mind this minute, just as it looked that day thirty years ago. Everything was exactly in its place. A new blotting-paper had been put there that morning. There was a glorious silver-mounted inkstand with the inscription: "John Burke. From his respectful subordinates." There was not a single stray piece of paper cluttering up the desk, yet John had been writing all the morning.

"And I'm just as happy as I can be," he was saying. "Oh, by-the-way, you know you've always been my adviser in money matters, so I must tell you the state of my finances. I've saved up between eight and nine thousand dollars. It's mostly in mortgages now. You know savings-banks don't take more than a thousand." Then leaning over and whispering in my ear, "The chief says he'll take me into the firm next January, if I'll put in \$10,000. I shall have \$9000 then, and I'm going to borrow a couple of thousands more. It's a kind of risky time to get married, but Alice is in the scheme heart and soul."

I smiled. "Don't you ever fear failure," I said, laying my hand on his shoulder. "You don't know how to fail."

It was not many years after that that the war came on. John went in a Captain and came out a Colonel, after two years of hard fighting. He never said a word to me about his experiences, but an old fellow who worked for me had served under him, and he told me that the whole company hung on John's lips as though he were an oracle.

"Once there was a mistake about an order," said the old man. "For a few minutes the Cap'n an' all on us thought we must charge a couple of regiments of rebels unaided. We knew it meant death to every man there, for we weren't the sort to run. Well, the Cap'n stepped up before the company, an' just said a few words to us, but it was enough. I reckon we'd 'a' charged 'em if the whole rebel army'd been there, with General Lee to lead 'em. An' when an aide came ridin' up to tell us it was all a mistake, I guess most on us were sorry. I know I was."

John had been a partner for several years before the war came. While he was in the army, things at the office were almost at a standstill; when he came back again, they began to move. I think Hicks found out that John knew more than he did himself, and he let him do as he liked; a good deal of the time the old gentleman did not come down to the office at all. But John was there every day. He was a remarkable man. In the army he seemed to have found out how to make his subordinates as eager to get things forward as he was himself. The men would do anything for him, and worked with a will, whether he was watching them or not. No-



I DREW HIM IN; AND WE HAD A COZY TALK TOGETHER.

thing but first-class books ever went out of that office. The firm had all it could do, and kept enlarging its resources to meet the demand. Profits were divided between John and Mr. Hicks; but John did all the work. They must have taken in an enormous amount of money.

The last time he ever talked to me about his business prospects was in 1871. I had dropped into his new office, to see him in his enlarged quarters. He was in his private room, and the polite young man whom I addressed said that Mr. Burke was very much engaged; but just at this juncture John thrust his head out of the door, and invited me in.

"Well, Mr. Richardson," said he—he always stuck to calling me that—"thanks to your advice I am now the only head to this establishment. The papers were signed to-day. Dear old Mr. Hicks has decided to withdraw, and I am thankful to say I have been able to pay him a good price for his share in the business. We are going to have a little celebration at home to-night. Do come out. Alice and the children will never forgive me if you don't."

He would not take no for an answer, so I passed the evening with his family. As we drove up to the house, a fine little fellow came running to the gate to meet us.

"Of course his name is Beefy?" I said, and we both laughed.

In the years that followed, John did not confine himself to publishing. I used to see his name as the president of this company, the treasurer of that, and a director of a third. One day I received a marked copy of one of the daily papers. The passage read: "At a meeting of the Directors of the — Savings-bank, held yesterday, John Burke was elected to fill the place of S.V. Stillman, deceased." On the margin was written in a bold hand: "My old bank! The man who took Beefy's first ten cents is still in the same position. I bowed to him yesterday, but I fear he did not recognize me."

John went to the State Legislature one year. There was never much said about him in the newspapers; but I did not have to be told to know that he did his work well. I am just as certain as I am of anything that if

any great question had come up, and that session had proved a critical one, John Burke would have been the man to take the lead. As it was, he was well known in the House, though little was heard of him outside. Will Thompson, who used to be short-hand reporter at the State-house that year, told me a story about him which showed a fiercer side of him than I ever saw. An agent of a great corporation, a rough-looking six-footer, came up to him, and told him, in a delicate way, that if he could bring himself to vote a certain way, he might expect such and such private advantages.

"Mr. Burke turned on him," said Thompson, "his face as pale as a sheet. He stepped bravely up to that giant, and I thought he was going to knock him down.

He did draw back his arm, and his face was perfectly awful. If he had struck, I think he'd have killed the man. He had to use every mite of that magnificent will of his; but finally mind conquered matter, and his arm dropped. The big fellow slunk away, I can tell you, and I don't blame him. It's no fun facing a lion when he's roused. A moment later, Mr. Burke turned to me. 'Young man, never lose your temper,' he said, abruptly, and walked quickly away."

One day, three years ago, I was sitting in my study, when I read the news of John Burke's death. I let the paper drop, and buried my face in my hands. It was so sudden that I could not believe it. He had been sitting at his office, explaining a great piece of advertising to his son, when his heart failed him, and he died immediately. It was just like him. He died in harness, but not before he had finished his last piece of work. He had worked his oldest boy into the business, so that everything goes on as before. But how his face was missed down at the office! As for me, it was all that I could do to bear the death of such a dear old friend.

The funeral was simple; but the great house was thrown open to all who wished to come, and the great rooms were crowded. There were people of all sorts there, and every one of them felt that he had suffered a personal loss. The minister contented himself with a few words, for praise seemed superfluous. "We must all be thankful," he concluded, "that we have seen such a man, for we know well that we shall never see such another."

One of the entries in the will read as follows: "To my friend Mr. Philip Richardson I bequeath whatever money may have accrued to my account at the — Savings-bank, being the accumulation of my first eleven years of saving." His first thousand dollars had become nearly eight thousand. I did not need the money, so I have used it as far as I could towards helping along poor newsboys. Some of them are doing very well. But I am old now, and not far from the grave; and, as the minister said, I shall never see another man like John Burke.



PUTTING THEM AWAY. DRAWN BY H. C. EDWARDS.
 GRANDMAMMA "TOMMY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE PANTRY?"
 TOMMY "OH, I'M JUST PUTTING A FEW THINGS AWAY, GRANDMA."

A LITTLE PEOPLE.

BY ZITELLA COOKE

VERY insignificant in our sight are these "little people," yet in their social organization, elaborate habitations, and well-governed communities they rank next to man in the grade of intelligence. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard," said Solomon; and he sent the lazy and unthrifty man to the habitation of the ants that he might learn their ways, and thus mend his own; for although he pronounced them a "little people," he also declared that they were "exceeding wise."

The common name for ant is emmet. A naturalist mentions meeting a peasant lad in Gloucestershire, England, whom he interrogated concerning the ants in his neighborhood. The boy looked up at him with a dazed expression, and replied that he had never heard of such a thing.

"Never heard of them?" said his interrogator. "Why, there they are running up and down that bank;" and he pointed to an embankment upon the side of the road.

"Oh, they be emmets!" answered the lad; and forthwith he furnished the traveller with accurate details as to the homes and habits of emmets.

"The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer," says Scripture; and the testimony of naturalists who have closely studied the ways and manners of this little people reveals facts that are wonderful. The life of the Queen—for, like the bee, they

have a Queen—the management of colonies, the establishment of communities, the number and grades of workers, the division of labor (embracing managers, overseers, laborers, and scavengers, and in some communities slaves), all reveal to us that wonders past our comprehension are daily occurring on our plantations, in our yards, and perhaps at our very doors.

Each community is a law unto itself, and the inhabitants live most harmoniously with each other. Other communities, however, are esteemed aliens and even enemies, and an intruder or foreigner never escapes recognition and punishment. This fact has been well attested by the experiments of naturalists who have made a study of ants in all their various habitations. In the same community they diligently aid each other, and work for mutual benefit—feeding each other when hungry, caring for each other when disabled, and assisting each other in the routine of daily labor. When one is struggling with a burden that threatens to overthrow him or to tax his strength, another has been seen running to offer succor, and the two would be able to accomplish what was beyond the strength of one.

A paper read before the Linnaean Society tells a most extraordinary story. One day a little boy of four years, being tired of play, threw himself down on a grassy mound to rest. The circumstance occurred in Australia. In a few moments the child screamed with pain. The mother flew to him, and found him covered with what were called soldier ants. With the help of the maid, the

mother relieved the boy, and killed about twenty of the ants. In half an hour the mother returned to the spot, and saw a large number of ants around the dead ones. She watched their movements, and followed four or five that started away from the rest towards a hillock in which there was an ants' nest. This they entered, and shortly reappeared, followed by others. All fell into rank, walking slowly two by two, until they reached the spot where lay the dead bodies. Two of the ants advanced, and took up one of the dead bodies, then two others, and so on, until they were prepared to march. First walked two ants bearing a body, then two without a burden, then two others with another body, and two without one, until the line extended to forty couples, and the procession moved onward, followed by an irregular body of about two hundred ants. Occasionally the ants bearing the body stopped and laid down the dead ant, which was taken up by the two walking behind. The march was continued until they arrived at a sandy spot by the sea. The irregular body now began to dig a number of holes in the ground, and into each one a dead ant was laid and covered over.

This story is not a little startling, yet it was received by the Linnean Society in 1861. The writer of this article had occasion to observe the intelligence and, we might say, the judgment exercised by a community of ants. To protect some sweetmeats from their depredations, a house-keeper set a table, upon which stood jars of preserves, in a sort of insular position by putting the legs in vessels of water, and in this way rendering the preserves inaccessible to the marauders. The procession of ants was carefully watched. Two at the head seemed to be larger than the others, and upon reaching the vessels containing the water, stopped, and apparently held a long consultation, turning about and facing each other during the interview. The result was that they communicated something to the next two behind them, and so on, until the whole procession turned round, and like that famous King who marched up the hill and then went down again, the entire body gave up the enterprise, and returned to their nest.

This would argue that ants have a language. How quickly does an alarm spread throughout a colony! The antennæ seem to be the chief organs of speech or communication, but it has been as clearly proven that these antennæ do not aid in hearing, nor has the ant acute hearing. It has an acute sense of smell, which no doubt supplies the lack of acute hearing, and by this means the little creatures are enabled to keep their habitations in such cleanliness. The extraordinary variety of their architectural designs would fill a book, say naturalists, which fact goes to prove that the brain of the ant is not in proportion to his size. Naturalists tell us of labyrinths of chambers and corridors leading into each other, like the halls and galleries of some castle, of symmetrical proportions, and built upon a principle that holds the supporting arch in a true position.

Wonderful as the slave-making instinct may appear, it is supported by the testimony of such men as Huber and Darwin, whose lives have been spent in such studies. Truly we must agree with the inspired writer that though they are a "little people," they are "exceeding wise."

HOW TO KEEP FROM DROWNING.

I WISH to show that it is not necessary to know how to swim in order to keep from drowning. The statement looks like a very strong one, but it is true. My experience is that the art of swimming is acquired only by hard work. Those who know how to swim think that it is the most natural thing in the world to learn the art. You hear them say, "Why, it is as easy as rolling off a log." But I find that swimmers and swimming-masters are seldom able to tell the beginner how to begin in such

a way that he or she can in the first, second, or even third attempt.

On the other hand, swimming comes naturally to some people, and they do not remember ever having learned. I have seen boys who, absolutely fearless of the water, would strike out and keep afloat the first time they made the attempt. Only the other day, at the public bath, I watched a crowd of urchins—sea-urchins, I might call them—disporting themselves in the water. I saw one big boy put his hand under a small boy's chin, and then he yelled, "Kick!" It did not take long by "Patsy's" method to teach "Jimmy" to swim—less than fifteen minutes. In the literature on the subject the beginner is usually told "not to be afraid," and "not to be discouraged," and a few more "notes." Then follows a long list of suggestions or "rules," all of which a person struggling in the water at once forgets. What men, women, and children want to know is how to keep from drowning. They insist on a plain answer to the question, what would you do if you fell or were thrown into deep water by accident, and could not swim?

My answer is, "Tread water."

The easiest position that a man, a woman, or a child can assume in water is to float perpendicularly. Any person, without any previous practice, can tread water, and so keep afloat for a long time. He should keep his hands below the surface of the water, his lungs inflated, and his feet moving up and down as in walking. Let the "man overboard" throw his hands and arms out of the water, let him raise an outcry whereby the air is expelled from the lungs, and he will sink to the bottom. The trouble is that nine people out of ten lose their presence of mind when they are in water out of their depth for the first time. If, instead of struggling and floundering about, they would do a little walking, there would not be the slightest danger of drowning right away.

Any one can tread water in the first attempt. No preliminary teaching is necessary. Treading water is simply walking into the water out of one's depth, with or without the aid of one's hands. The operation is not unlike running up stairs, and, if anything, easier. Truly, any man, any woman, any child, who can walk up stairs can walk in the water, and, remember, on the first attempt, without any previous instruction or practice.

Hence I say that persons really ignorant of the art of swimming are perfectly safe in water out of their depth. Very often you hear people exclaim: "Ugh! if this boat were to upset, I'd drown, of course. I can't swim, you know."

Yes, but you can tread water. Most of us attach a wrong significance to the word "swim." Why should we mean one thing when a man swims, and another or different thing when a dog swims? The dog cannot "swim" as a man swims, but any man can swim "dog fashion" instantly and for the first time. The animal has no advantage in any way in water over man, and yet the man drowns while the animal "swims." The dog, the horse, the cow, and even the cat all take to the water, and are able to walk as they do when out of water. Throw a dog into the stream, and at once he begins to walk, just as he does on dry land. Why should a man, woman, or child act differently under like circumstances?

It seems strange that people have to be told to do what the animals do instinctively and instantly. Man's ignorance of so simple a thing as treading water is remarkable; it is without reason or excuse. There is a popular notion afloat that in some way the dog and the animals have an advantage over man in water. Nothing could be further from the truth. The advantage lies with man, who is provided with a paddle-formed hand, and knows enough to float when tired—something the animal rarely or never does.

Next to treading water, floating on the back is the easiest thing to do in water. This consists in lying flat on the back, head thrown well back, the lungs inflated, the limbs extended but flexible, the arms held close to the ears, the hands over the head. The majority of people able to sustain themselves in the water prefer to float in a horizontal position rather than in a perpendicular manner. Both positions are much better, in fact much safer, than the attitude that we assume in swimming. I have found it so. One day, in a rough surf, I was nearly strangled with a sudden swallow of water, and had I not been able to float the result might have been disastrous.

The advantage of treading water over swimming is seen, first, in the long distance for which men and animals are able to sustain themselves in water; and secondly, in the comparative safety with which they walk through the heavy breakers in which expert swimmers would lose their lives. The horse, the dog, and the cow have been known to swim for hours in the raging

sea. Only last year a vessel was wrecked off the coast of Maine, and the next day some of the poor cattle were found alive and floating miles away from the scene. The Sandwich Islanders plunge into the boiling surf, and make their way, treading water, through a sea in which only a life-boat could venture with safety. An early traveller says that when the Indians came to the rapids along the Missouri River, they did not hesitate, but waded in boldly, and trod water to the opposite bank. Some years ago, when the English men-of-war anchored off the island of Madagascar, the sailors, who were themselves good swimmers, were greatly surprised one morning to see the natives come through the rough sea with the utmost confidence and ease. Many other interesting examples on the same point might here be cited.

In order, therefore, to keep from drowning, the one "rule" is tread water. The man, woman, or child who cannot swim must strike out alternately with foot and hand—right, left, right, left.

I hold that our boys and our girls should be taught to tread water soon after they learn to walk. It would be a good plan to begin in the school-house. Thus an excellent motto to hang on the wall for the children to see every day would be, "Tread Water." Another motto might read, "Float when you are tired." Together these two golden rules could be put into practical use if every school-house was provided with a swimming-tank. Finally, once knowing how to float, the breast stroke will follow soon as a matter of course.

L. J. VANCE.

MAMSELLE MISS'S BOYS.*

BY M. E. M. DAVIS.

CHAPTER III.

THE PALE HORSE.

WHEN Crissy returned once more to consciousness her eyes fell upon a delicate colorless face framed in a monstrous white flapping cap—the sweetest face, she thought, she had ever seen. She turned a little, feeling as she did so a sharp pain in her left shoulder. She could see a long line of beds with little heads on the snow-white pillows—and that was all she could see. She lifted her eyes again to the face bending over her.

"You are in the Charity Hospital, dearie," said the Sister of Charity, in answer to her mute inquiry. "Your shoulder is strained and a little bruised. You will soon be all right again; but you must lie still now."

There might, perhaps, have been more; but just here another voice broke in. It seemed to come from the very next bed. It was a shrill childish voice, and its tones thrilled with infant anger and remonstrance. "I don't want wabbit dance!" it shrieked. "Don't want Valley Fo'k! Want Yak! want Kissy! want Mamzhelle Mish! want Y-a-a-a-k!"

Crissy scrambled up, unmindful of the wrench to her shoulder. Sure enough, there was Sharlo in the next bed. He had on a yellow cotton night-gown, and was sitting up. His curls clustered in damp rings over his head; his little face was pale, and there were dark circles under his eyes; but his eyes were shining, and his red lips quivering.

"Sharlo!" cried Crissy.

At the sound of her voice his cries ceased. He looked around; when he saw her he stretched his arms toward her and laughed—a babbling, musical, blissful laugh that brought tears to the eyes of Sister Agnes. And many a little head turned on its pillow, eased by the sound, without knowing why.

It was M'sieu Paul who fetched them home the next day from the hospital. Crissy leaned back among the carriage cushions with Sharlo in her arms, and silently examined this wonderful M'sieu Paul, of whom she had heard so much. His eyes—the eyes of his mother's portrait—met hers kindly and a little humorously. For, in truth, until the moment he had found her in the chil-

dren's ward at the hospital, he had known of her only as Tom Woodruff's son. His mind at first almost refused to accept this slim slip of a girl in place of the burly cowboy he had pictured to himself from his sister's letters—the Christopher C. who by main strength had reduced Paul and Victor Roy.

"I'd like to call him Cousin Paul," sighed Crissy, in-



"MY NAME IS CLAIRE—CLAIRE DUFEL."

wardly, as she concluded her inspection, "but of course I mustn't."

Paul Roy, with Jin and Victor, was at the corner on the lookout. When the carriage appeared they ran whooping back to the crowd assembled in front of the house. Mamselle Miss was not visible, but Suzeite was there with Yak in her arms, and a score or more of the neighbors had gathered on the banquette to welcome the wanderers.

"Hello, Cris!" cried Paul, jumping on the step as the carriage stopped. "Did you see the doctors saw off anybody's leg at the hospital?"

Sharlo looked around with much dignity when M'sieu Paul had taken him from Crissy's lap and set him on the door-step. "I's been drownded in de water," he announced, swelling with importance.

Mamselle Miss, awaiting him in the court, kissed him quite tenderly and carried him in her own arms into the house. Crissy followed humbly in the rear of the triumphant procession. In the hall Mamselle Miss, who had not seemed even to see her, turned upon her.

"I trust, Christopher," she said, gravely, "that you will not let anything of this kind happen again."

Crissy mounted to her room with a heavy heart. Her shoulder still ached; a great wave of homesickness swept over her. She sat down on her little brass-nailed trunk, and dropped her head in her hands. "It's no use to try," she sobbed; "she don't like me, and she'll never take any interest in me. I might just as well give up. Besides," she added, fiercely, "it wasn't my fault, and I'm going to tell her so."

"Miss Cris—" said Jin, poking her head in at the door; but at sight of her young mistress in tears she forgot her errand. "Lawd, honey," she ejaculated, "what you cryin' 'bout? Ef dem rampagus boys is been a-teasin'

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 663.

you!" she flourished her arms threateningly. "But Crissy shook her head. "Den Mamselle Miss is been a scoldin' agin. I knowed it. Less us go back home, Miss Cris, whar' folks don't get mad fer nothin'." Less us go back, honey, an' pick cotton lak we use ter, an' hab good go-downs fer danner, an' pot-licker. I's sick o' dish yer French cookin' anyhow, I is. Don't cry, Miss Cris; you is de smartes' an' de laklies' white gal in Texas."

Crissy laughed through her tears, comforted in spite of herself by this homely sympathy; but the ill-used feeling did not go. A light tap on the door reminded Jin of her mission.

"Mussy me!" she exclaimed, "ef I ain' clean fergot what I come fer! Lookee, Miss Cris, I done fotch some compny ter see you."

Crissy jumped up quickly, drying her eyes. One of the girls from across the way came in. These girls and Crissy had come to know each other after a fashion through their daily morning window greetings, but they had never met face to face. The stranger—it was the one who always wore a cap and "guinea-blue" calico frocks, the little house-maid—hesitated timidly just inside the doorway. Crissy waited bashfully.

"We heard all about it—how you went to search for the dear little boy, and got yourself hurted," said the visitor, with a soft little twist of the tongue, "and I am come over."

Crissy wanted to begin by hugging her.

"Oh, I'm so glad! Do you know, I haven't talked with a girl since I left home. And I've wanted so much to know you. Sit right down here."

"My name is Claire—Claire Durel," interposed the girl, smiling.

"And mine is Crissy Woodruff," said Crissy, pushing her gently into the arm-chair. "You know you get tired of nothing but boys," she added, confidentially.

"Me? I don't know," laughed Claire, shaking her pretty head. "We are all girls. I have only sisters—the ones you see with me in the nursery window of mornings."

"Are they your sisters?" asked Crissy, opening her eyes in astonishment. "I thought—" She stopped, blushing.

"I know," said Claire, blushing too. "You thought I was a domestic—what you call a house-maid, hein?"

"Yes," admitted her hostess, candidly; "I did."

"Well," continued Claire, "you see, Crissy— May I call you Crissy?" As if she needed to ask! The eyes bent upon her were fairly dancing with delight. "This is the way of it: I think it was the day even before you are arrived here that my mother dedicated me to poverty."

"Dedicated you to— I don't understand," said Crissy, puzzled.

"Don't you? Oh! you are not a Catholic? Well, mamma had some grief or trouble—I don't know what it was—and so she went to the cathedral, and made a vow dedicating me to poverty for one year. All my very nice clothes were given away. I am obliged to wear calico robes and clumsy shoes and coarse under-clothes for a whole year, while my sisters wear their pretty things." A faint sigh fluttered from the pouting red lips.

Crissy looked the indignation she felt. "But that is dreadful," she exclaimed. "I don't see any sense in it, either."

"It was hard at first; you can have no idea how hard, Crissy. I was ashamed to promenade myself with my sisters in the street, and I cried when visitors came and I had to go into the *salon*. I lagged behind when we went to mass even, my blue robe looked so mean beside their handsome ones."

"Oh, you poor dear!" said Crissy, pressing closer to her new friend.

"The worst was one day when a lady took me for a mendicant—what you call a beggar—when I was standing at a corner, and gave me a nickel!"

"Oh, you poor dear!" said Crissy, again. But she could not help laughing; and Claire laughed too—a gay ringing laugh, that had no vexation in it.

"And nobody noticed me at all," she went on. "The girls who used to want to sit themselves by me at school or on the square withdrew their dresses from me, or got up and went to sit themselves by the fine dresses."

"Oh, Claire, how could your mother be so—" Crissy was about to say mean, but said unkind instead.

"But it was a *vow*," said Claire, as if that explained everything. "I did think at first," she added, slowly, after a short silence, "that she might have dedicated Jeanne, my youngest sister, or even Lucie, who does not care a bit what she wears; but I'm getting so I don't mind it. I tell you, Crissy"—she dropped her voice to a confidential tone—"I've learned lots of things since I been a domestic—me!"

"Claire," said Crissy, awkwardly, when her visitor presently rose to go, "I'm glad—about the dedicating to poverty, and the calico dress, and the whole year, and all that. Maybe you wouldn't want to sit by me if—"

Claire stopped her mouth with a hearty kiss, and ran home.

"I'm the happiest girl in the world," Crissy wrote that night to her mother.

M'sieu Paul, after a busy day in town, returned to the plantation, and things fell back into their daily groove. But Crissy's worries almost vanished now that she had Claire to talk them over with. It even seemed at times as if Mamselle Miss were beginning to take a faint interest in her. "Tom Woodruff's son is really quite capable," that lady wrote one day to her brother. "The house is quiet and orderly. I think we shall have no more trouble with the boys."

Two days later Suzette came into her mistress's presence with an ominous face.

"What is it now, Suzette?" demanded Mamselle Miss, somewhat querulously.

"Mamselle Mees," said Suzette, mysteriously, "the 'ouse is voodoo'd."

"Nonsense!" cried her mistress, impatiently.

"The 'ouse is voodoo'd," persisted Suzette. "A piece of straw was on the do'-step this mornin', an' a piece of rope long as my 'an'. There 'ave been tie-up in the straw, some hairs, an' two, tree plume—what you call feeders. When I see that I halmos' fain'! But, Mamselle Mees, there ees mo' worse theeng than that. I 'ave hear a noise las' night in the *cour*. I rise me up an' regard from the *fenetre* . . . an' I behole some-theeng white which ees promenade itself roun' an' roun'! It don' mek any noise, but jus' advance itself an' go roun' an' roun'. It look like a *cheval*—what you call a 'orse. Mamselle Mees, that mean *la mort*—the *death*! An' there ees some-theeng white upon it."

"Suzette," interrupted Mamselle Miss, with dignity, "I will not listen to such ridiculous stuff!"

"The 'ouse ees voodoo'd, Mamselle Mees. Some-theeng sainteenly ees goin' to 'appen to the 'ouse!" repeated the old woman, obstinately.

A few moments later Jin burst breathlessly into the school-room, where Crissy and the boys were preparing their lessons for the next day.

"Miss Cris," she whispered, in an awe-struck tone, "dish yer house is hoodoo'd!"

"What do you mean?" asked Crissy, dropping her book.

"I jes dis minit dis blessit minit—hear Suzette sesso to Mamselle Miss. I wuz 'hine de do' hangin' up de chil-

len's hat. Suzette say dat she been an' foun' bunnels o' hoodoo chawms on de front do'-step—scraps o' shucks an' goose-fedders an' hair-pins an' bones an' *chicken-lion* an' lizard-tails an' *frog-feets*, an' skulls wi' co'ls o' fish fer eyes—" Jin's imagination ran riot in her description of the mysterious voodoo charms. Her listeners huddled together with cold chills creeping down their backs. "An' Suzette say mo'over dat edzackly at midnight somefin' lak Death on a Pale Hoss is done riz up outn de groun' down yander in de co't-yard, an' *rackety-rack, rackety-rack, rackety-rack* roun' de walks, 'cep'n' dat it don' mek no noise. An' somefin' big an' wh-i-te set-tin' on de critter's back ez it goes trompin' roun' an' roun', *rackety-rack, rackety-rack, rackety-rack!*"

Her voice sank to a sepulchral whisper, her eyes were stretched to their utmost, her shoulders were humped together. The twins shrieked, and hid their faces in Crissy's lap. Crissy herself felt her teeth ready to chatter, though she tried hard to laugh.

"Don' laugh, Miss Cris," said Jin, impressively. "De house is sho hoodoo'd, an' you knows yo'se'f, chile, dat a Pale Hoss is de sign o' death."

Victor had turned quite white, and he caught his breath convulsively as Crissy said, with resolution,

"I don't believe one word of it, and I'm going to watch to-night myself."

"Cry-baby," sneered Paul to his brother; but he was plainly frightened himself.

There was a good deal of talk that day secretly—for Mamselle Miss sternly forbade any reference to it in her presence—concerning Suzette's Pale Horse and the Voodoo spell. Suzette went about her work in grim silence, but she cast fearful looks over her shoulder when she passed through shadowy corridors or turned abrupt angles.

That night about ten o'clock Crissy slipped out of bed, all dressed, as she had placed herself there, and stole noiselessly down stairs, followed by her faithful but quaking body-servant. They crept into the dark and deserted school-room, and Crissy took her station by a large window which overlooked the inner court. Jin crouched beside her. The court was filled with deep shadows, through which she could see, after straining her eyes steadily for a few moments, the glimmer of the marble fountain, and a pale gleam where the white oleander was in bloom. Nothing stirred down there; the stillness was so perfect that she could hear the steady drip-drop from the leaky hydrant.

An hour perhaps passed and nothing happened. Jin had long been asleep, with her head on her mistress's feet. Crissy fought bravely against the drowsiness that stole over her, but the hush and the quiet, and, to tell the truth, the relief were too much for her. Her head sank lower and lower, and presently rested on the broad window-sill. She was fast asleep.

She was awakened by a sudden grip on her shoulder. "*Crissy!*" whispered a tremulous voice in her ear. She rubbed her eyes, dazed for a moment, and then sprang to her feet. Mamselle Miss was standing over her, with Suzette by her side. Even in the darkness she could see the blanched look on their faces. Jin's arms clutched her knees. The twins in their night-clothes were clinging to Suzette's skirts, whimpering softly.

"Look, oh, look!" moaned Suzette.

Crissy leaned over, not without trepidation, and looked down. At first she could see nothing; then from the midnight shadows by the fig-tree a spectral figure slowly loomed. A spasm of terror shook her from head to foot. She tried in vain to cry out. The Thing moved noiselessly about the court, apparently following the curves of the paved walks between the flower beds. It was ghastly white. Crissy's head spun so that it was some seconds before she could make out the outlines of the horse and its rider. For it was unmistakably a horse;

but, oh, so supernaturally large and awesome as it passed around and around the yard, now lost in the deeper shadows, now reappearing more gigantic than ever in the wan light of the few watery stars. The shapeless white object on its back rocked from side to side, and now and then it rose to twice its height, slender, wavering, uncer-



MAMSELLE MISS WAS STANDING OVER HER

tain, and then sank slowly, as if blown upon by the breath of some invisible being.

The group about the window above stood as if petrified, the blood almost freezing in their veins. Jin had cast her apron over her head, and was praying aloud. Sharlo and Yak, alarmed by her cries and terrified by the darkness, were shrieking in unison.

Suddenly Crissy released her grasp upon the window-frame. "I'm going down to see what It is," she said, in a low tone. "If It is Death on his Pale Horse—" She did not finish the sentence. Her hair seemed to be rising on her head, and her knees trembled. Mamselle Miss put out a hand to detain her, and Suzette groaned. But she was already on the stair.

"In de Lawd's name, Miss Cris!" began Jin, imploringly. "Ugh! I c-can't let Miss Cris go by herse'f; de Lawd knows I can't!" she sobbed. "I knows dat I is de one dat is gwine ter be tuk! I knows de Pale Hoss gwine ter tromp on me! I knows de white critter on his back gwine ter h'ist me up behin' hit, an' *rackety-rack* off wid me! But I is plum boun' ter foller wher' Miss Cris leads!"

These ejaculations burst from her as she groped her way down after her young mistress. Crissy reached the lower hall, and felt her way into the dining-room, whence she emerged a moment after, armed with a big silver soup-ladle, the only weapon she could find in the dark. Jin grabbed an umbrella from the stand.

"Jin," said Crissy, tremulously, pressing the tear-wet black face against her own, "if anything happens to me, mind you be a good girl. And, Jin, tell the folks at Fork Valley that I—*died game*," she concluded, relapsing unconsciously into border slang.

Jin was too scared to reply. She stumbled after her

leader, who softly unfastened the wide wooden doors at the foot of the stairs, and stepped out into the arched arcade.

The Pale Horse and its rider were nowhere in sight. Crissy drew a long breath of relief. But just then a soft shuffling sound fell upon her ear, and it appeared from behind a low porch, with its shapeless rider upon its back. Crissy could hear it breathing as it came toward her. An endless moment passed, in which it loomed larger and larger before her fixed gaze. Then the hand in which she held the ladle dropped helplessly at her side, and she staggered against Jin, and sank with her half swooning upon the pavement.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FALSE KINDNESS.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS

THE softest little fluff of fur!
The gentlest, most persuasive purr!
Oh, everybody told me that
She was the "loveliest little cat!"
So when she on the table sprung,
And lapped the cream with small red tongue,
I only gently put her down,
And said, "No, no!" and tried to frown;
But if I had been truly kind,
I should have made that kitten mind!

Now, large and quick, and strong of will,
She'll spring upon the table still,
And, spite of all my watchful care,
Will snatch the choicest dainties there;
And everybody says, "Scat! scat!"
She's such a dreadful, dreadful cat!"
But I, who hear them, know, with shame,
I only am the one to blame,
For in the days when she was young,
And lapped the cream with small red tongue,
Had I to her been truly kind,
I should have made that kitten mind.

SOME STRANGE TRUE STORIES ABOUT BIRDS.

A GREAT many years ago there was blown down, in a severe storm in England, an elm-tree that had stood on one side of an avenue leading up to an old house. In the fall of the elm several young jackdaws that had been nesting in the hollow of the tree were killed, one only of the small brood escaping. This feathered babe was at once adopted and cared for by the children living in the house, and became in time very much attached to them. The bird as it grew older learned to do a great many things, but it seemed to be particularly interested in the habit of the owner of the house of riding out daily. After the master's departure, the jackdaw would perch himself upon the gate of the stable-yard, from which he could get a good view down the avenue, and there he would wait for the rider's return. At the moment he caught sight of him coming up the road he would fly off in search of the groom, and by means of the extraordinary noise he would make, inform him of his master's approach. If the groom appeared indifferent, and failed immediately to attend to his cries, the bird would peck at the man's legs, and nip his stockings, and pull with all his might until he started to meet the returning master of the house. With all his intelligence, the ill-fated daw had not the sense to avoid fire, for his biographer states that, like most pets, he came to an untimely end, falling amongst some hot ashes, and being burned to death.

A resident of Cornwall living on the north coast threw out a piece of bread one morning to a sea-gull that had strayed in to the shore, which the bird devoured in short order, and flew away. The next morning the gull appeared again upon the scene, was fed, and departed. After this he returned daily for a period of eighteen years, appearing punctually every morning at the breakfast hour, stalking up and down until fed, and then, like

the well-ordered, industrious bird that he was, going about his business.

Most people regard the sparrows as pestiferous little nuisances, and some have observed that they are as useless really as the mosquitoes, and in many places rewards are offered to naughty boys for killing them. This is not as it should be, for the sparrow can be quite as much of a friend as a foe to man. While in the corn-field he may steal a grain or two for his dinner, but at the same time he will eat every insect he can lay his bill on; and from this point of view he is one of the farmers' best friends, nor is it possible, on the whole, that the sparrow can do more damage in a garden than the boy himself who is set to catch and kill him. It is said, and with some truth, that the sparrow is not entitled to much sympathy because he is so quarrelsome. On the other hand, it may also be said that he has a great deal of kindness stored up in his little breast. A gleaner of natural history notes, writing in 1835, states that several instances have been related to him of sparrows having been observed feeding the young of other birds which have been in a state of captivity. There is one well-attested anecdote, he says, of a sparrow which had been caught by the leg by a piece of worsted from which it could not extricate itself, having been tended and fed by its fellows through a whole winter, and when released finally, it was greeted with evident marks of satisfaction by all its former companions and friends. In conclusion this writer says that this kindness of disposition does not appear to have escaped the notice of the farmers, who are the greatest enemies of the sparrow, for they frequently take advantage of this spirit of affection. In one particular instance a farmer is said to have placed a nest of very young sparrows in a trap cage, and caught forty old birds, who had come with food in their mouths for the little captives; which must seem to us a very mean device on the part of the farmer, and one, if practised to any great extent, likely to prove destructive to the spirit of affection which is a redeeming quality in these little winged creatures.

A tame jay belonging to a Somersetshire man used to mimic the neighing of horses so closely that the men about the place were kept busy rushing about looking for escaped steeds. It is, perhaps, not strange, in view of this fact, that one of these men "unintentionally" killed the bird by shooting at it with a gun loaded, the man said, with a blank cartridge. The noise of the discharged weapon doubtless frightened the jay to death, at least that was the explanation offered by the man who killed it when called upon to state his case. If the owner had chanced to see the wound the bird sustained from a piece of shot, the ingenious hired man would probably have said that it was only a mimic shot, and so have got off.

Here is what birds are said to do when they utter sounds: the magpie chatters; the wood-lark whispers; the ring-dove crows; the woodpecker laughs; the titmouse chirps; the goldfinch whistles; the curlew cries; the greenfinch chirps; the snipe pipes; the cuckoo, according to some people, sings, according to others, she cries, and still others say that she "makes a hullabaloo"; swallows whistle; the sparrow pipes in winter; the willow wren stammers; doves coo. What the canary does depends on two things—1. The canary. 2. Whether you like that sort of thing or not. If you like it, she sings. If you do not like it, she screeches.

IN TIME OF WAR.

THE latest invention in appliances of war is in the shape of an illuminating projectile with which the Italian government has been making experiments. It consists of a species of candle which produces a most intense light. This candle is intended to be shot from a cannon, and to strike the enemy's works, or the ground that they are supposed to be occupying. On striking any solid substance it breaks, and the material contained in it becoming incandescent, produces a light estimated to be of the intensity of 100,000 candles, which illuminates the field for a great distance.

It certainly seems like a very mean sort of an appliance. It is bad enough to hit an enemy, but to furnish in addition to this a light by means of which he can be hit again is really too much. The only hope the enemy can have is that some other invention may be made which shall provide a concentrated cyclone for his use, and enable him to blow the light out, and whisk his enemy off the face of the earth, all at the same moment.

KINGS AND ARTISTS.

KINGS, as a rule, have posed as patrons of art and artists, although their judgment has not always been of the best. But they have sought to cultivate the greatest ones, as is shown by the reply of the Emperor of Morocco, who in 1593 asked Philip of Spain to send him a painter. Philip said that Spain had both good and bad, and asked the Emperor which he desired, to which the haughty answer came, "Kings should always have the best."

Praxiteles, the great sculptor, made a statue of Venus once, which was kept at Cnidus. King Nicomedes of Bithynia was so taken with the work that he offered to pay all the debts of the Cnidians if they would give him that one statue. And what do you suppose?—the people actually declined the offer.

To show the regard for Kings, it is related that one day when King Philip was visiting the studio of Velasquez, the artist's slave, Pareja by name, fell before the King, and showed him a painting he had made, craving pardon at the time. The great artist and the royal patron treated him kindly, and the slave was made a free man, although he served Velasquez all his life. And to-day in the Royal Gallery of Spain is a picture that was painted by the Spanish slave who won the kindness of his King and master.

Carréno, who was a Spanish painter at the courts of Philip IV. and his successor Charles II., was a modest man, a good artist, and much liked by every one. It is said that one day a number of people were discussing a copy of one of Titian's paintings which hung before them, and which everybody declared to be horrible. The artist was appealed to for his decision, and he agreed with them, "but," he added, "it shows that no man need despair of improving in art, for I painted it myself when a beginner." It is not reported what the company said to this, but one can imagine how they felt.

Giotto, the famous artist, was a shepherd boy in his youth, and was wont to draw upon large flat stones while watching his sheep. Cimabue, the "father of modern painting," found him so employed, and took him for a pupil. Once, after Giotto had become famous, the King of Naples asked him to paint his kingdom. Giotto drew a saddled ass smelling another saddle at his feet, whereupon the King wanted to know what it meant. "Simply this," answered Giotto, according to the story: "the ass, your kingdom, is not satisfied with one royal saddle, but is always looking around for another."

Hans Holbein, whose name is well known, went to England in the latter part of his life, and painted many pictures for Henry VIII. One day while in his studio a nobleman forced his way in, although the artist told him not to come, as he was making a picture for the King. The nobleman's entrance so incensed Holbein that he threw the intruder down stairs, and then rushed to the King and told him what he had done. The King bade him wait in his apartment, and just then the nobleman entered and told his story. Henry laughed at it, which made the nobleman so angry that he threatened to go to law, whereupon the King rose in his might and majesty.

"Now you have no longer to deal with Holbein, but with me, the King!" cried the monarch. "Is he of so little consequence? I tell you, my lord, that, if I please, out of seven peasants I can make seven earls any day, but out of the seven earls I could never make such an artist as Hans Holbein."

OLD-TIME NEWSPAPERS.

IT is the general impression that yesterday's newspaper is not quite so interesting as to-day's, but this is not altogether true. It is true of course if we are after the news, but there are sometimes other questions to be considered. For instance, there is an old newspaper in the British Museum called the English *Mercurie*, published centuries ago, which is far more interesting and valuable than to-day's London *Times*, even though there are persons who believe that the Museum *Mercurie* is not an original, but a forgery.

The oldest regular newspaper published in England, we are told, was established in 1662, by a certain Thomas Butler. In France, the first paper to be started was in the reign of Louis XIII.—a period when a newspaper, if it was brave enough to tell the truth, and had editors enough to satisfy the executioner, might have accomplished a great deal of good.

The first Dutch newspaper, which is still continued under the name of *The Haarlem Courant*, is dated January 8, 1656. It was

then called *De Weekelycke Courante van Europa*, and contained two folio pages of news. The first Russian newspaper was published in 1703. Peter the Great not only took part personally in its editorial composition, but in correcting proofs, as appears from sheets still in existence, in which are marks and alterations in his own hand. There are two complete copies of the first year's edition of this paper in the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg. The first newspaper established in North America was the Boston *News-Letter*, commenced April 24, 1704. It was half a sheet of paper, twelve inches by eight, and having two columns on a page. It survived for seventy-two years, and advocated the policy of the British government at the outbreak of the Revolution.

None of these newspapers ever said anything about baseball, but they make very interesting reading these days nevertheless, and if you ever come across any of them in your cellar, or under your parlor carpet, or indeed anywhere, you will be a very wise person if you take the best possible care of your find, for a single copy of any one of these papers is worth quite a hundred times the price of a copy of to-day's *Herald*, *Times*, or *Tribune*—or to-morrow's either, for that matter.

AN UNAPPRECIATED FRIEND.

THERE is rushing and screaming and the wildest confusion; the happy contented little picnickers are tumbling about in a crazy mass, and turning horror-stricken eyes upward to some object in the air. It is a very small object to cause such an excitement; but some one yells, frantically: "Devil's darning-needle!—ow! ow! ow!" And another shouts: "Snake-feeder! snake-feeder!—run! run!" And run they do until their faces are like boiled lobsters from the heat and the exertion, and they drop down in the most uninviting places, quite surprised to find that the dreadful beast has not pursued and stung them to death.

A light gauzy beautiful form, with a wonderful supply of wings, flits slowly onward toward the neighboring pond in a glory of pale emerald-green, with gleams of gold and the finest lace net-work. It certainly deserves prettier names, but the most respectable one in the list is that of dragon-fly. Devil's darning-needle is particularly senseless, as it is not armed with a long sting, and has no weapon to suggest the most remote idea of a needle. Snake-feeder is equally inappropriate, as no naturalist has ever seen one feeding a snake; and if it attempted this feat, it would probably be drawn into the serpent's mouth itself. But "to my child's imagination," says a writer on nature, "there came up a picture of these strange insects haunting some shady nook by running streams, where, under the shelter of limestone rocks, the serpent reared his head and thrust out his quivering tongue to receive his daily supplies of food from his servant the snake-feeder."

Still another name for this graceful winged creature is mosquito-hawk; and this suggests its actual occupation, for it pounces like a veritable hawk on those wretched pests of a summer night, flitting lightly here and there, but seizing and devouring mosquitoes at every turn. It is a fortunate thing that the dragon-fly likes them well enough to eat them, for wherever it appears in any quantity, the mosquitoes are sure to disappear. Both are born in the water, and it is said that even the undeveloped young will prey upon the undeveloped young of the mosquito. It takes a large supply of food to keep the handsome dragon-fly in good condition, and it is a very satisfactory arrangement that this food should consist principally of such blood-thirsty insects. Flies also do not come amiss, and they are only a lesser pest than mosquitoes by reason of their not stinging.

The mouth of the dragon-fly is very peculiar, and the large under lip has a sort of hinge, by which it is folded over the upper one like a mask. It is shot forward, however, with the greatest ease and quickness when there is any prey at hand, and "the armlike lip is used as a fork to hold the food which it slowly feeds into its capacious jaws." Grasshoppers and bugs are favorite food with this singular insect, and it has been known cheerfully to eat portions of its own body when they were taken off and offered to it; but never under any circumstance does it injure human beings.

One of the most active enemies of the dragon-fly is the cunning frog, which lies in wait for the eggs, and often swallows the mother at the same time. That great gaping mouth on the edge of a pond must be a terrible sight, but the beautiful insect is wary, and contrives to avoid the living cavern when escape seems almost impossible.



UNCLE JAKE'S OPINIONS AS TO OPINIONS.

UNCLE JAKE. "Izik, you've done been to school now goin' on two yeah, an' ought to know sumpen. Tell me what de shape of de airth are."

ISAAC. "It's my opinion, sah, 'at it's roun' lak a ball, wid de poles flattened."

UNCLE JAKE. "Yo' 'pinion. Yas, jess so. Roun' lak a ball, wid flat poles, hey? Now a ball 'ain't got no poles, an' poles 'ain't be flat. Ef you keep on cultivatin' dat kiner 'pinions, you'll neval be Pres'dent as long's you live. Izik, de man what don't change his 'pinions don't neval correck none of his mistakes, an' de consequence are dat while de rest of de worl' keep on rewolwin' roun' its axle-tree, dat man stan' still lak a marble image—all laigs an' arms, but not gumpion annough to know 'at he don't know next to nothin'."

A SWEET BREATH.

A LADY had just been calling on Katie's mamma. Katie liked to sit near the caller, whose dress was well perfumed. Katie had always been very fond of cologne, and when the lady was gone, she said to mamma,

"How nice her dress breathes!"

A POSER.

"MAMMA," cried Johnnie, in a tremendous hurry, "have you seen my hat?"

"No, indeed, I haven't. Where did you throw it the last time you came in, Johnnie?"

"Well—I forget."

"If you would remember where you put it when you come in," suggested mamma, mildly, "you might be able to find it easier the next time you wanted it."

"I suppose I could," replied poor badgered Johnnie. "But, mamma," earnestly, "how can I possibly remember when I always forget?"

AT LONG BEACH.

VISITOR ON BEACH. "Why don't you swim, Llewellyn?"

SMALL BOY. "My name is not Llewellyn; it's Crowther. And I can't swim, because my foot hits on the bottom and the water is not over my head."

VISITOR ON BEACH. "Then why don't you go over your head?"

CROWTHER. "Because I don't know how to swim."

AT NANTUCKET.

MR. SYLVESTER. "Isn't that a fine lively blue-fish the fisherman is pulling out of the water?"

DONALD. "Yes, indeed, papa. He's so lively that he wags his tail all the way from his nose."

CORNELL. "Oh, papa, just see those cows wading in the sea!"

MR. SIMMONS. "They're just taking a dip in the briny, that's all."

CORNELL. "And if they stay in the briny very long won't they become corned-beef?"

THE COW AND THE BELL.

A City Boy—boy.

BENEATH the crooked mossy bough
Where all the day I swing,
I hear a bell on yonder cow
Go ding-a-ling-a-ling.

I watch her moving slowly now,
And all the while I dream
That she's the kind of pleasant cow
That only gives ice-cream.

R. K. M.



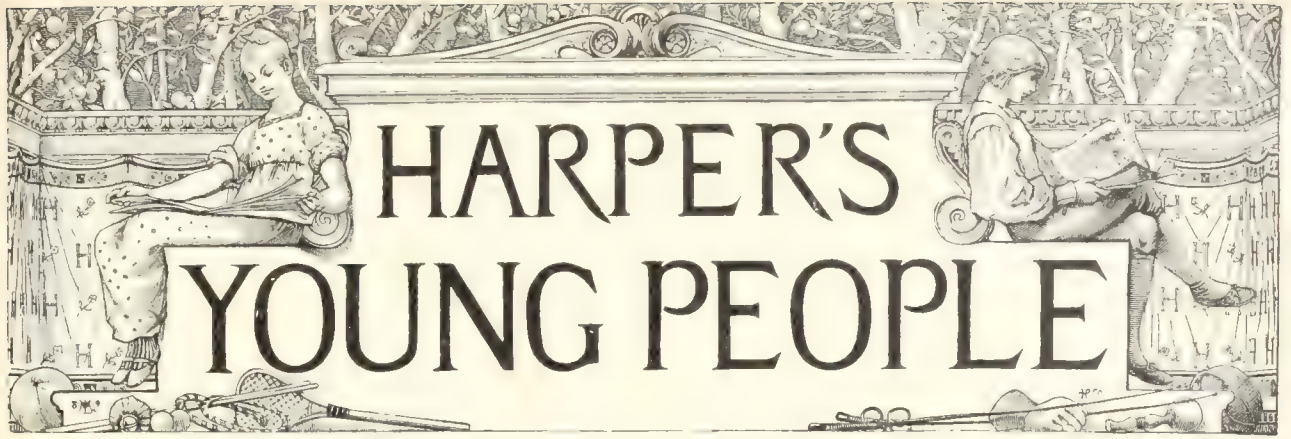
FOR THE HEATHEN.

"WELL, EFFIE, I SEE YOU HAVE A DOLLAR. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH IT?"

"I'M GOING TO THEND IT ON A NAUGHTY LITTLE HEATHEN GIRL I KNOW."

"INDEED? WHO IS SHE?"

"ME."



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THE BROKEN PADDLE.

A STORY OF THE WAR OF 1812.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

CHAPTER III.

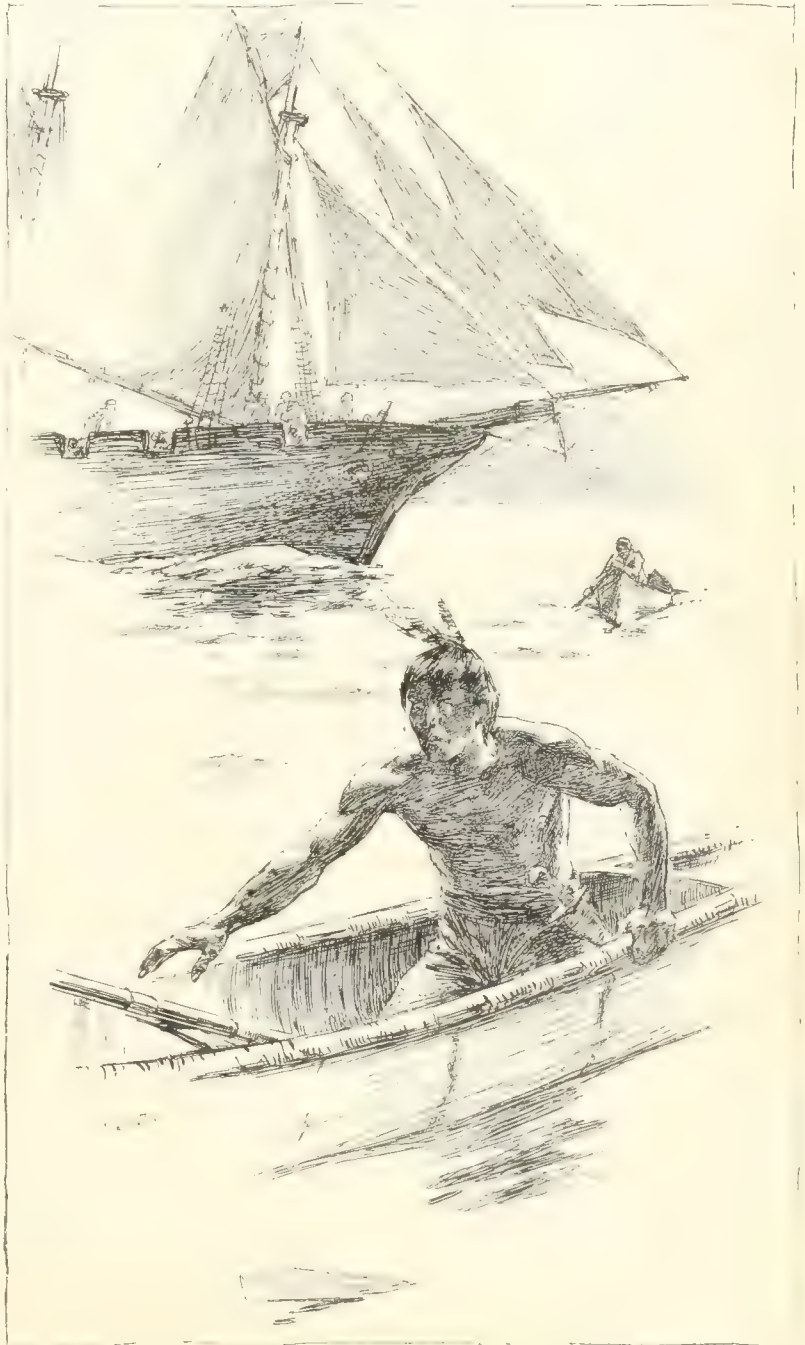
"BOAT ho!"
"Where away?"

"Two points off the lee bow! There are two of them, sir—canoes; both paddling dead to windward."

It was aboard the good schooner *Ariel*, mounting four long twelves as her armament, that this conversation took place. The *Ariel* was bowling along under all plain sail, with the wind about two points forward of the beam, her sheets a trifle eased, and everything drawing like mustard plasters. Her long overhanging bow clove the waters right bravely, thrusting them right and left in clouds of smokelike spray. Two long silver-topped waves spread away from the stem like streaming ribbons from a girl's hair. The canvas towered above the decks, whiter than they only by a degree. The wind hummed among the cordage, and, with the hissing of the water under the schooner's forefoot, had been the only sound audible when the cry of the lookout broke upon the startled ears of all on board. Lieutenant Brackett, the commanding officer, young, ardent, ready to assume all duties himself, sprang into the lee main-rigging. Running up a few ratlines and twisting his arm around the main swifter, he levelled his glass. Then he glanced back at the main boom.

"Get a pull on that main-sheet!" he cried. "Lively, now! She'll stand blocking down. Luff her till she shakes!"

A dozen stalwart and active tars sprang to the main-sheet, and bowed their backs as one of their number sang one of those hearty sea songs that used to rumble across the decks of old times. The helmsman at the same time whirled the spokes around, and let the vessel slide up within two points of the wind, so that the luff of her mainsail shook, and the heavy strain went off the sheet.



The sailors hauled away, and the big boom came in inch by inch till it was blocked down hard and fast, and the vessel was as close hauled as she could be.

"Now give her a rapful," shouted Brackett, "and let her get her heels. There's a chase ahead of us, and we must have a look at it."

Again the helmsman whirled his spokes around. The vessel's head fell off, and the quivering jib and fore-stay-sail filled away with a jump, and swelled out round as sails and as hard as boards. The main-sheet blocks creaked as the big mainsail filled. The schooner heeled far down to leeward till the combings of the short waves lapped her plank-shear. The foam spurted up in a glittering fountain under her lee bow, and she rushed forward with fresh speed. But the moment that she had good way on the helmsman let her come up a little, and sailed her nicely full and by. Old Peter Transom, the schooner's sailing-master, stood on the quarter-deck, balancing himself on his short and sturdy legs. He glanced aloft approvingly, squinted at the fore-sheet to see that the schooner was not cramped, and then shambled over to the lee main-rigging.

"What do you make of 'em, sir?" he said. "I sees a couple of canoes myself."

"It's a young man or a big boy chasing an Indian," replied Lieutenant Brackett. "The Indian is paddling as if for his life, but I'm sure the boy is gaining on him. That's more than I can say for the *Ariel*. They're both going dead to windward, and I never saw a schooner that could do that trick. If we were only a quarter of a mile nearer we might have something to say."

Johnnie and Hunting-Dog were now in full view of all on board. When first sighted they had been considerably to leeward, but the schooner, of course, outfooted them, and they now came out on the schooner's weather bow, not more than six hundred or seven hundred yards away. Johnnie's enormous strength and great skill with the paddle had done him excellent service. In spite of the Indian's most determined efforts, the young frontiersman's canoe had crept up foot by foot till it was now not more than eighty yards astern of that of the flying Indian. The boy paddled ahead vigorously, and gained a few yards; then he suddenly dropped his paddle on the bottom of his frail craft.

"Hello!" exclaimed Lieutenant Brackett, "the boy's used up."

"No, sir," said Transom, coolly, "not he. He's done with wood, and he's goin' to try iron."

"You're right!" exclaimed the Lieutenant; "he's going to shoot."

The crew of the schooner, now intensely interested, crowded along the weather rail and fixed their eyes upon the boy. No sooner did he drop the paddle than he caught up his rifle from the bottom of the canoe, and raised it in the act of taking aim. For a fraction of a second the powerful form of the youth was outlined against the bright blue sky, hard and motionless as a statue of bronze. Then the rifle poured out its deadly message, and dropped from the young man's shoulder.

A general shout went up from the crew of the *Ariel*. And, indeed, there was good reason for the astonishment displayed by the sailors. For Hunting-Dog appeared to be unharmed, but helpless, and completely in their power. Johnnie's bullet had struck the Indian's paddle and broken it into three pieces, which flew out of Hunting-Dog's hand and floated useless on the water, while his canoe bobbed helplessly on the surface of the lake. The Indian uttered a yell of rage, seized his rifle, and, aiming hastily, fired. At the same moment Johnnie fell at full length in the bottom of his canoe.

"Hard-a-lee!" shouted Lieutenant Brackett. "Let go the head-sheets!"

The hoarse rattle of blocks and the loud flapping of

canvas followed the cracks of the rifles as the *Ariel* spun around, and filling away on the port tack, rushed directly at the Indian's canoe. The savage was seen hurriedly reloading his rifle. Brackett ordered a file of marines to be drawn up along the starboard rail with loaded muskets.

"Down with your helm! Steady! Haul the jib to windward!"

The *Ariel* shot up into the wind fifty yards to windward of Hunting-Dog's canoe.

"Come aboard, redskin!" shouted Brackett; "you are covered by ten good guns, and you'll be blown into dog meat if you don't obey."

The Indian lifted his hands and signified that he could not come aboard, having no paddle. At that moment Johnnie's canoe shot around the stern of the *Ariel*, and the boy shouted,

"I'll give him a tow, Captain!"

Hunting-Dog reached for his rifle, but the file of men on the schooner levelled their pieces, and the savage remained motionless, while Johnnie towed him to the vessel's side. The two canoes and their occupants were taken aboard, and Lieutenant Brackett said,

"I thought you were shot, young man."

"Oh, that was only an old Indian dodge. I fell before he fired."

"You look like a scout. How comes it you missed the Indian at a hundred yards and only broke his paddle?"

"That was what I wished to do. To kill this savage would be to kill my father, who is under arrest as a spy, while this is the real spy."

"Put that savage in chains and confine him below," said Brackett to his chief officer. "My young friend, I like your looks, and you know how to shoot. Come to my cabin and tell me your story."

The boy's story was soon laid before Lieutenant Brackett, and that officer decided that the scout and the Indian must be taken before Captain Perry.

"It would be folly for you to start back with this Indian all by yourself," said Brackett. "We must ask the 'Commodore' to detail two men to go with you. He'll do it. He's the kindest and best man in the world. Besides, I have no authority to leave the squadron for the purpose of putting you ashore. You have five days, you say; this is only the first of them, and we'll get you back in time."

"Sir," said Johnnie, "I beg you to put the Indian bound into my canoe and let me go away with him."

"But, my boy," said the Lieutenant, kindly, "you cannot carry the Indian on your back to Fort Stephenson."

"No, but I can paddle up the river in the canoe."

"No, no; you must not undertake the journey alone. Indian cunning might overcome you, and then both you and your father would perish. Come with me to the 'Commodore.' Once get him interested in your story, and he will use for you his influence, which is not a thing to be lightly thrown away, I can tell you."

"Very well, sir," said Johnnie, "I will go. Only, if you find that the Commodore will do nothing, I am to be allowed to take this Indian in my canoe and return to the fort."

"Agreed. And now for a peep at the weather," said the Lieutenant, leading the way on deck. "Ha! it's freshening up. Man the topsail clewlines, and foretopmast stay-sail halyards! Clew up and haul down! With this breeze we'll soon do the forty miles between this and Put-in-Bay."

"Forty miles?"

And Johnnie's heart fell.

CHAPTER IV.

It seemed to the boy that every mile of water that they sailed over was closing above his father's head. He had looked upon the appearance of Perry's fleet as a fortunate

thing when he had first seen the vessels on the lake, but now he feared that it was a great misfortune; and when the squadron anchored that evening shortly before sunset in Put-in-Bay, poor Johnnie was inclined to fall into a fit of despair. Immediately after anchoring, however, Lieutenant Brackett exchanged some signals with the flag-ship and then ordered a boat to be lowered. In this boat Johnnie and the Indian, under the charge of Peter Transom, were transferred to the Commodore's vessel.

Captain Oliver Hazard Perry, usually called Commodore Perry, stood upon the quarter-deck and received the boy. Encouraged by his benignant countenance and kindly words, Johnnie briefly told his story.

"My boy," said Perry, "you have acted like a good son, and it shall be my pleasure as well as my duty to aid you."

"Oh, thank you, sir," said Johnnie, new courage being inspired in him by Perry's words.

"To-night," continued the Commodore, "you must stay on board my ship, and in the morning I shall see what can be done for you."

"You are very good," murmured Johnnie.

"The Indian," continued Perry, "shall be closely confined under guard, and you shall have a hammock. Have you ever slept in a hammock?"

"Yes, sir," said Johnnie; "and I know a lanyard from a tricing-line."

"A sailor as well as a scout, eh? Ah, I see! You were brought up on the shores of this lake. And you think the Indian was trying to convey news of my squadron to Commodore Barclay? That is hardly likely, for Barclay knows all about us. He has flaunted his flag in our faces at Erie, when we were behind the bar. But no matter. The savage is undoubtedly a British emissary, and your father must be saved."

"I am sure, sir," said Johnnie, "that this savage obtained accurate accounts of our guns for the British."

"That may be—that may be," said Perry, thoughtfully.

The sun set in a blaze of glory that night, and Johnnie Davis thought he had never seen anything so beautiful and majestic as those nine war-vessels, riding silently at anchor, with all their awful stores of death-dealing machinery silent and shut up within them. As the sun dropped behind the horizon, the bugles on the flag-ship sounded the sweet call of "Evening Colors," the flags of the squadron glided gently down, and the dark night pennants soared to the mast-heads. At the same time the anchor-lights rose in front of the foremasts, and the commanding officer's distinguishing signals decked the *Lawrence*. The sentries were changed, and the quiet order of the first watch reigned. The big stars came out and twinkled softly over the waters, and the gentle breeze murmured softly in the trees along the shore. The soft lapping of the ripples under the bows and along the sides of the ship made a soothing music, broken occasionally by the mournful quivering note of an owl that hooted in the woods a mile away.

Perhaps Johnnie would not have enjoyed this calm and peaceful scene so greatly if he could have imagined that on which his eyes were to gaze on the morrow. But it is a good thing for us all that we cannot foresee the future. There would be nothing but unhappiness in such a gift. Johnnie slept well in his hammock, and awoke, as usual, very early. He went on deck, and saw that day was just breaking. It promised to be fair, warm, and calm. At 5.30 o'clock every one was awake aboard the *Lawrence*, and apparently aboard the other vessels. Sailing-master Dobbins of the flag-ship came on deck and looked pleased at the appearance of the weather.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "the Commodore will soon be feeling all right again."



HE TURNED HIS EYES AND SWEEPED THE VAST EXPANSE OF THE LAKE.

"Isn't he well?" asked Johnnie.

"No, he's sick enough to be in bed; but he won't give up."

"I'm sorry for him," said Johnnie; "he looks like a good man."

"Good? My boy, he's a human angel. There ain't a man in the fleet that wouldn't die for him."

A few moments later, as the sailing-master was passing again, Johnnie went up and asked if he might go aloft.

"I've sailed on small vessels often," he explained, "and have been at the topmast-head of a sloop, but I never went aloft on a big ship like this."

You must remember that in those days discipline was not quite so strict as it is now, and so Johnnie's request was granted. He ran up the main ratlines so easily that the sailing-master, feeling sure he was quite at home in the rigging, ceased to watch him. Having reached the maintop, and seeing the stout topmast springing high in the air above him, the boy was seized with a longing to go higher. He sprang into the topmast-rigging, and in a few seconds was at the topmast-head. What a magnificent panorama of woods and waters spread out around him! And how much like flies the men looked on the decks below him! But above him was the topgallant-mast, and Johnnie could not stay where he was. In less than half a minute he was sitting on the main royal yard, as proud and happy as a king, thoroughly determined to give up scouting and go to sea. He gazed around him at the miles and miles of country that were open to his view. Then he turned his eyes and swept the vast expanse of the lake.

Ah! What was that?

His gaze had suddenly been arrested by something white. Yes, there were several of them plain enough to see. Vessels they were, a good fifteen miles away, but in full view of Johnnie from his elevation. He counted six, of which two were certainly square-rigged vessels of considerable size. Why, there were no such craft on the lake except those of Commodore Barclay and Commodore Perry. His duty was plain enough to the boy now. He lifted up his voice and shouted with all his power, "Sail ho!"

"Where away?" came the answer from the deck.

"Oh—oh—on the—the post-quarter!" shouted Johnnie, hesitating in his excitement.

The next moment he was aware of an agile form bound-

ing up the rigging beneath him, and in a few moments a young midshipman armed with a glass was by his side. "You've done a good job, my friend, for that's Barclay in all his glory," said the midshipman.

"What do you make of it, Mr. Smithers?" came the voice of Perry from the deck.

"The British fleet, sir, and no mistake."

"Get an accurate bearing and lay down, both of you."

The two youths obeyed, and were on their way down the rigging when the bugles of the flag-ship sounded the signal to get under way. As they scrambled down the main-rigging, Sailing-master Dobbins, standing on the quarter-deck, shouted,

"Up anchor!"

The men ran to their stations with great eagerness.

"Man the bars! Heave round!"

In a short time the big cable was at a short stay, and was stoppered.

"Lay aloft, sail-loosers!" cried Dobbins; and Johnnie's breath came in great pants with excitement as he saw the men swarm up the rigging.

"Lay out, and loose! Man the topsail-sheets and halyards! Stand by, and let fall! Sheet home! Lay in! Lay down from aloft!"

Dobbins poured out his orders in a perfect torrent, and the men flew about like bees. Blocks rattled, canvas flapped, yards groaned, cordage creaked, hoarse voices rumbled among the rigging, and the ship was filled with all the confused noises of an old-time sailing craft getting under way. When Johnnie's fascinated eyes descended for a moment from the yard-arms, he saw even sterner preparations being made on deck, where sailors were arranging small-arms and bringing up ammunition. But now the *Lawrence* and her consorts were clothed right royally in white robes from deck to topgallant-yard. Dobbins ordered his men to man the bars again, and the heavy tread of the seamen mingled with the clank of the capstan as they walked the cable in.

"Up and down, sir!" cried the captain of the fore-castle.

"Man the jib and flying-jib halyards!" cried Dobbins.

And a few moments later the *Lawrence*, with the wind on her port bow, was standing out into the lake, astern of the *Niagara*, commanded by Captain Elliot, and the rest in her wake in an orderly column. The lookout aloft reported that the British fleet was on the weather bow about ten miles away, and coming down rapidly, with a fair wind.

"They've sighted us," said Perry, smiling; "and now it's going to be decided who is to be master of this lake. Clear ship for action."

There was little to be done, and by the time the two fleets were within six miles of each other, the Commodore nodded to First Lieutenant Yarnall, who gave an order to Midshipman Smithers. A moment later the quick beat of the drum sounded the call to quarters, and the men sprang to the guns.

"Silence! Cast loose, and provide!"

For a few seconds there was confusion, as the tackles were cast loose, the tompons taken off, lock-strings uncoiled, swabs, buckets, and loading implements put in place. Then the men stood silent and erect, waiting further orders.

"Man the starboard battery! Run in!"

The tackles creaked as the heavy guns rolled back on their trucks, and the muzzles glided inward through the ports.

"Serve vent, and sponge!"

The gun captains ran their wires down the vents, and the proper men pushed the sponges into the muzzles.

"Load!"

Swiftly and silently the powder-men and shell-men passed along their charges, and these were sent home into the chambers of the guns.

"Run out!"

Once more the frowning muzzles protruded from the ports. Then the orders were given to prime and to stand by for further orders. A few moments later Commodore Perry, seeing that Barclay's flag-ship, the *Detroit*, was in the van of the British squadron, signalled Captain Elliot, of the *Niagara*, to drop back into second place in the American line, while he himself went slowly to the head of his column with the *Lawrence*. Johnnie, who had been watching the active movements of the seamen preparing for deadly conflict, now had a clear view of the British fleet. At that moment the wind died completely away, and the *Lawrence's* sails hung limp against the masts.

"Ah!" exclaimed Johnnie to a midshipman who stood near, "the wind is coming in from the southeast."

"You speak truly," exclaimed the lad.

And now the American fleet was to windward, and the English vessels were hove to with their heads to the southward and westward.

"Tell me their names," said Johnnie.

"The one in front," said the midshipman, "is the *Detroit*, a new brig. She carries 19 guns, and her commander is Commodore Barclay. They say he fought with Nelson at Trafalgar. The next one is the *Chippewa*; she carries 1 gun, a long 18 on a pivot. Then comes the *Hunter*, with 10 guns, and next, the *Queen Charlotte*, with 17. The *Niagara* is to fight her. After her comes the *Lady Perceval*, with 13 guns, and last, the *Little Belt*, with 3. That makes 63 guns in all."

"Why, that's more than we have, isn't it?"

"Yes; we have only 54."

"That looks bad."

"It's not so bad as it looks," said the midshipman, lightly. "They have more long-range guns than we have; but our metal is heavier, and when we get to close quarters, my! there will be an ugly time."

"I never expected to be in a naval battle."

"Well, you're going to be in a hot one now," said the midshipman, wondering if the scout was afraid.

But Johnnie leaned calmly on his long rifle, and said, quietly, "I'm glad I'm here."

"Hush!" exclaimed his companion. "Here comes the Commodore. I wonder what's up."

The young commanding officer had left the quarter-deck, and was moving forward with a roll of blue bunting in his arms. He attached it to the signal halyards of the foremast, and made it up into a little round ball. Then he hoisted it away to the fore-truck.

"It's a signal of some sort," said the midshipman. "But I can't see why he hoists it himself."

Perry gave the halyards a twist, and a broad blue flag spread to the breeze. For a moment there was silence, while the eyes of the fleet read in bright white letters on the blue the immortal command of Captain Lawrence:

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!"

A great tumult of cheers broke out from the American vessels and floated across the waters. Then all was silence till the *Lawrence* had slipped down to within a mile and a half of the *Detroit*, when a bugle call pealed across the surface of the lake, a cloud of white smoke burst from the port bow of the English flag-ship, a heavy report rang out, and a 24-pound shot plunged into the water 200 yards ahead of the *Lawrence*.

"He fires at long range," said Perry, now on the quarter-deck; "but we shall speak at close quarters."

The *Lawrence* continued to glide on majestically, and a few minutes later a cloud broke again from the *Detroit's* side, and there followed a crash as the 24-pound ball tore its way through the bulwarks of the *Lawrence*. The battle had begun.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SUNSHINE CLUB.

BY A. S. ISAACS

I.

THE breakfast hour at the Herberts' was the pleasantest of the day. It was not wholly due to the crisp rolls, fragrant coffee, poached eggs, oatmeal and cream, and the deftly prepared delicacies which found their way to the table. It could be traced rather to the fact that each member of the household from Grandmother Herbert, aged seventy, to Flossie Herbert, aged five, sought to vie with the morning sunshine, and each was at his or her brightest when the breakfast-bell sounded.

"Let us begin well," was Mr. Herbert's frequent remark. "Let us do our duty first, then let the rest of the day take care of itself, and it's sure to end well."

It was a December morning, when Mr. Herbert suddenly paused in his chat, and his voice assumed a graver tone, as he said to his wife:

"Hilary love, I heard of a strange case yesterday. I met Dodge, the secretary of the Organization Society, and he told me that a woman had called at his office, desiring no help, but simply amusement for her daughter."

"Amusement for her daughter!" exclaimed George, who was a cheerful lad of thirteen, just construing Virgil. "Why, pa, I will play beneath her window on my flute. She can fire me out if she chooses," he added, with a laugh.

"Why, George," said Grandma Herbert, "what odd expressions you use! 'Fire me out!' What do you mean?"

"Well, grandma, that is a classical phrase. It is used by all the boys."

"That makes it classical, of course," added Mr. Herbert. "But to return to the woman who wanted amusement for her daughter. Mr. Dodge said that the girl was suffering from a spinal complaint and could not move from her sofa, that the mother was obliged to go out daily for a livelihood and leave the daughter alone, who was just fifteen."

"My age," exclaimed Grace, a tall fair-haired girl, with eyes that twinkled as she laughed, which she did very often. "I shall be fifteen next week."

"Did Mr. Dodge ask you to call, Richard?" Mrs. Herbert inquired, with a tremor in her voice.

"Well, he did not exactly ask me, but suppose, my love, you call. It is not very far from here, only on the corner of Bank and Bridge streets, in the basement of that old brick tenement. The whole case may be exaggerated. I am glad that the woman did not ask for money. That shows she is not of the common class."

"Did you say Bank and Bridge streets, papa?" Grace interrupted. "Why, I know her. I passed that house with Nellie and Maud"—two of her school friends—"and I saw her seated by the basement window. And she had such lovely eyes and such a white face! Do let me go with you, please."

"I do not believe, my dear, you are too young to see poverty. You can call there with me this afternoon after school, and then we can report to your father."

"And can't I go?" it was George who spoke. "With my little flute? Do, please," and he mimicked his sister's voice until they all laughed.

But Mrs. Herbert was obdurate for once. "No, George, you cannot go, not even with your little flute."

"But I tan do," entreated five-year-old Flossie. "I tan bring all my dolls."

"And there is a whole boarding-school of them," added George.

"No, my pet, not now," said Mrs. Herbert. "I will take you another time, and you can bring your dolls with you."



THE ACTIVE MEMBERS OF THE SUNSHINE CLUB.

The visit had been paid, and Mrs. Herbert and Gracie had returned to their home.

"Oh, mamma," said Gracie, half sobbing, "I had no idea that people could be so poor. That thin pale face, those white transparent hands, I cannot forget them. And her name is Grace, too. Oh, mamma, did you notice her calico dress, and the bare floor, and the walls without any pictures, and her eyes—her lovely eyes? And, mamma, does she lie all day long on her couch, and can she never, never walk along the fields or see the sky when it hangs over sweet country brooks? What can I do for her, mamma? What can I do?" And Grace sobbed aloud. But after a moment her tears ceased, and she smiled as she said, "Why, mamma, George's little flute is the very thing."

"What do you mean, my daughter?" And Mrs. Herbert was aroused at the changing moods of the girl. "George's flute? What has George's flute to do with the case?"

"Why, mamma, George's little flute will make her laugh. Don't you see?" And Gracie laughed in such cheery tones that George rushed in from the adjacent room and exclaimed:

"Tell me the joke, Gracie. Let me laugh, too."

"It is no joke at all, George. We have been to see the poor girl, and she wants to be amused; so mamma and I have been talking over the matter, and we have decided to ask you—"

"To play my little flute by request, and for this night only," George interrupted. "Hurrah! let me announce the fact in the daily papers! The public must know."

"And is that all you have to suggest for Mrs. Lane's

daughter?" Mrs. Herbert asked, as George arose and left the room.

"Oh, mamma, I am thinking of a good deal more, and, if you trust me, I will tell it to you in a day or two. Only trust me—I do so love to be trusted to do a thing. It makes me much more resolute and active."

"And that is why I have resolved to let you attend personally to the case of Grace Lane. She is of your age, and you are abundantly qualified to help her. I wish to convince you, my darling, now in the beginning of your life, that true charity is not the giving of money so much as the giving of self, of thought, of attention, of kindness, of love. In one word, Gracie, in your father's favorite phrase, it is sunshine from whatever source. Do as you think best. The case is in your hands. The girl needs a little daily sunshine in her loneliness, and you, my love, require to impart that sunshine, according to your best powers, to attain the sweetest and noblest womanhood. I leave the case in your hands, and trust you to do nothing foolish."

II

Grace Herbert went early to school the next day. Mysterious were the nods she gave her dearest friends, Nellie Strauss and Maud Hope. For once in her life her lessons seemed odious to her. She was so impatient that she made two blunders in spelling and missed a date in her history.

"Why, Grace," said her teacher, "you are not ill, are you?"

"Ill at ease, Miss Snag," observed Maud Hope, with a laugh that made the class giggle in sympathy.

"Oh, no, no, Miss Snag. I am not ill, but—but I do wish the day was over." And Grace blushed at the audacity of her remark.

The hour of dismissal soon came. In a moment Grace flew to Maud and Nellie, and kissed and hugged them as if they had been parted for years.

"Oh, girls, girls! Such news! Come, let us walk home together. I can tell you now. Come!"

They made a lovely picture—the three girls—as they walked along in the early afternoon, with arms interlocked, school-girl fashion, Grace in the centre, talking, but with such a serious look on her bright young face that passers-by were impressed.

She told the story of Grace Lane, and how she and her mother had visited the girl, and found her in her miserable room stretched upon a sofa, pale, and thin, and so lonely, in a basement where the sunshine never entered. How Mrs. Lane went out daily for her livelihood; how Grace was left to herself the whole day; how her dinner was placed within reach—a few pieces of bread and cold meat, with a glass of water; how drearily the long hours passed until the mother returned; how she was too tired to read and sew; and how she spent her time often in tears. All these details were listened to with keen interest. But when the thin and tattered dress was described, and the large, lovely, pleading eyes, the girls' tears began to gather, and they could make no reply to their friend, save by a tightened pressure of the hand.

"Now, girls, I have an idea." They were rapidly approaching Grace Herbert's home. "Come round to the house to-night, and I will tell you my plan. Do come, both of you."

"Oh, do—do come," exclaimed George, who was just returning home. "I kept you girls in sight all the way, and how you did talk! I know you were talking about me."

"The idea!" said Maud and Nellie, in one breath.

That evening Mr. Herbert's library was the meeting-place of a small but enthusiastic assemblage. Grace was the centre of a happy circle; Nellie Strauss and Maud Hope had brought their brothers. George was there with his little flute, and Tom, the cat, whisked around as if he

knew something important was about to happen. How the young girls talked! How the boys laughed! Gracie's plan was carried unanimously, and when she told it to her mother after her playmates had gone, Mrs. Herbert gave her an extra kiss of approval.

"Why, Gracie," said Mrs. Lane the day following, as she returned from her work, "how bright you look!"

"Oh, mamma, I have had such a happy time! The room has been full of sunshine, although without the snow has been heavily falling. Such a happy time!" she repeated, half dreamily.

"I wonder you can be so cheerful, Grace, and it grieves me enough that I am obliged to leave you alone each day. Yet it will not be forever. A bright time is sure to dawn upon us." And Mrs. Lane kissed her daughter again and again.

"Are you crying, mamma dear?" said the girl, trying to rise from her sitting posture. "You crying? Why, mamma, where is your courage?"

"Forgive me, Grace, that I show my weakness. It is only on your account, my darling. This afternoon as I was walking along I saw three girls just about your size, such bright happy faces, all eagerly talking, and one fair-haired and with laughing eyes they called Gracie. I thought then of you, and how you were imprisoned here, without friends and comfort. Can you wonder, my darling, that my tears flow at the thought?"

"Now, mother, let me repeat what I said when you came back. I have had such a lovely time. Do you know what? Those very girls you saw were seated in this room, and Grace Herbert kissed me, and clung to me, and they promised to see me again and again. There, do you believe me?"

"Tell me, Grace, tell me. It seems too good to be true;" and Mrs. Lane clasped her hands together convulsively.

"Well, Grace Herbert said that she heard I was left alone all day, so she thought she would bring a couple of her friends to see me and amuse me for a little while. One of the girls was full of fun—her name was Maud Hope—and the other was as gentle as a little child; her's was Nellie Strauss. And they talked so merrily that I laughed aloud—something I never do, you know. And when I laughed, I made such a funny sound that I asked the girls what it was. 'Why, you are laughing, that is all,' said Maud. And Grace and Nellie both burst into tears to think that I had not laughed for so long a time as to forget what laughter was. Oh, mamma, they talked so beautifully, and when they left, it seemed as if some of their sunshine remained. And I almost forgot to tell you that one of the girls is coming every day to spend an hour with me, and Gracie is going to bring her brother George, who plays the flute. I have had such a lovely time."

If Mrs. Lane was surprised at the news which her daughter told, and long into the night sat thinking of the young girls' kindness, she was still more agitated the next morning when, just as she was about to go to work, the postman brought a letter, which she quickly opened and read. It was as follows:

"DEAR MRS. LANE,—My daughter Grace has asked me to invite your daughter and yourself to her birthday party next Monday evening at our house. She thought it would give you both an added pleasure to receive a written invitation. I will call to-morrow evening with my husband to arrange with you about details, etc.

"Until then, believe me to remain,

"Yours cordially,

"HILARY HERBERT.

"2735 PARK AVENUE, December 12, 1888."

"Oh, mamma," said the invalid girl, with a sigh, "how can I go?"

"Dear Grace," Mrs. Lane replied, "trust Mrs. Herbert for that. She certainly would not have asked us if she had not been positive that we both could go and would go."

And so it happened. Both went to the birthday party, Mrs. Herbert sending a carriage, and coming herself to assist in taking care of the invalid. When they reached the Herbert home, kind hands lent their aid, and soon Gracie and Mrs. Lane were seated on the sofa amid a lovely scene that appeared like fairyland to the poor girl. Bright-faced young people were talking and laughing and dancing, and here and there a few older folk renewed their youth in contemplation of the sight.

The evening was at its height when a bell was rung, and a curtain being drawn aside, three colored minstrels seated on a platform were disclosed to view. A note of the flute was enough to convince the audience that George was there, while the positions of end men were assumed by Frank Strauss with the banjo and Jack Hope with the bones. How they played and sang and recited! What jokes they cracked! What puns they made! Gracie Lane thought that they were the cleverest performers that could possibly be. But Gracie Herbert and her girl friends had a different opinion.

"What dreadful boys!" said Maud Hope.

"Did you ever hear such a melancholy flute?" asked Nellie Strauss.

"And those songs! It is enough to make Tom, the cat, laugh," added Gracie. "But still it is kind of them to help amuse the company, so they are not such dreadful boys, after all."

The evening passed like a dream to Grace Lane; but it was not a dream; for each day one of the friends called upon her, and she found her comforts increase. A new dress, a new book, a bunch of violets and roses—such kindnesses warmed her heart and aroused her mind to lovely growth. Bright visions danced in her brain, happy thoughts struggled for expression. She felt that the world was larger and brighter than her basement; that it was full of goodness and happiness; that love and kindness and tenderness were not as stars in the distant firmament, but were brought very near to her. And she was grateful to all for the loving service, and no murmur escaped her, no complaint or sigh even when she wrestled with pain.

"Do you know, Gracie Herbert," she said one day to her friend, a few months after the birthday party—"do you know I would like to give a name to you and your friends?"

"And what is this mysterious name, Gracie Lane?"

"It is the Sunshine Club," and they kissed each other, with many a caress.

That evening Grace told her parents that the invalid was rapidly improving in strength, and she asked whether there would be ultimate restoration to perfect health.

"Perfect health, my love?" Mr. Herbert replied. "That we cannot say. I do believe, however, that her improvement is a hopeful feature, and indicates that she may attain a fair degree of health, and may be enabled to train herself for some handiwork."

"I am so glad!" rejoined Gracie, with her face wreathed in smiles. "It is all owing to you, papa; it is all owing to you."



GRACE LANE'S HOME

"You forget, Miss Herbert," George observed—"you forget that while her discovery is owing to papa, her recovery ahem! is owing to my flute. My very first note, those strains of 'Sweet Violets,' did the business. She never wept again."

"No, Grace," Mrs. Herbert exclaimed. "I believe it is to the Sunshine Club—the loving services of three young girls—that her improvement is due most of all."

"Hurrah for the club!" shouted George. "Sunshine now and forever!"

TWO TOO-TRUE STORIES.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

UNCLE ALEXANDER was swinging in the hammock under the shade of the big maple. A pet dog was stretched out under him, fast asleep, but ready to wake as soon as Uncle Alexander's foot should strike the ground. The dog was wise to indulge in forty winks while waiting for this cue, for there seemed to be no inclination on the part of his master to leave the hammock.

It was very warm. The people of the house had even shaken the thermometer, to make sure that the mercury hadn't given way to the prevailing laziness and forgotten to contract. The boys and girls were gone on a picnic, and weren't expected back until near supper-time; so Uncle Alexander was selfishly comfortable, reading a novel.

He was becoming a little hazy over the plot, and was beginning to doubt whether to leave the hero of the novel locked in the old tower (the "villain" had decoyed the hero to the tower by means of a forged note), when the sound of a rattling tin pail woke Uncle Alexander up at once. Twisting himself around in the hammock, he saw that the children were coming back, some two hours before they were due.

Uncle Alexander sighed. That woke the dog, and the dog sighed too. Uncle Alexander laughed, and he was

still smiling when the children trooped in under the maple.

"You needn't laugh at us," said one of the boys, who carried a fishing-pole. "I didn't want to come home. I almost got a nibble just before we started."

All the children jeered at this.

"How did you know you *almost* got a nibble?" asked one of the girls, critically.

"'Cause I saw the fish with his mouth open just ready to nibble!" said the fisherman, triumphantly. "So, there, smarty!"

"Let's ask him to tell us an adventure," said one of them.

"Will you?" said the others, gathering around the hammock.

"But I haven't had any adventures," said Uncle Alexander.

"You've been out West, haven't you?" asked the fisherman.

"Yes."

"Well, then," said the fisherman, with an air of having settled the whole question.

"Did you ever see a cowboy?" asked another boy—the one that owned the Flobert rifle.

"Yes, I did—once," answered Uncle Alexander.

"Tell us about that, then," the rifleman insisted.

"Now, see here," said Uncle Alexander. "You know that I'm not fond of children, don't you?"

"We're not fond of children either," said the fisherman. "They're a nuisance—specially on picnics!"

As he said this, he glanced with scorn at the six-year-old, who was picking crumbs out of one of the baskets. The six-year-old's lip began to shake; he rose to his feet and started toward the house on a dog-trot, increasing in pace as his whimper grew from a whine into a roar.

"Now see what you've done!" said the rifleman, as he started after his little brother.

"Mother's got a headache," one of the girls explained, and then she called after the six-year-old: "Come back, Harry. Uncle Alexander is going to tell about the cow-boys!"

Persuaded by the promise and by the rifleman's strong arm, Harry came back, with a face showing cake crumbs, tears, and expectation.

Uncle Alexander saw that he was in for it; but he determined not to surrender without conditions.

"I'll tell you a story," he said, "if you'll tell me one."

"But you mustn't fool us," said the fisherman, for he remembered one occasion when Uncle Alexander made a made-up story sound like a true one.

"No. But you mustn't expect me to tell you more than the plain facts. Is it a bargain?"

"All right. Go ahead," cried the children.

"I once met a cowboy," said Uncle Alexander.

"Where was it?"

"Arizona."

"What's Arizona like?"

"Well, there's a sky over it; and ground with pebbles in it, to walk on; trees sticking up out of the soil here and there; water doesn't run up hill there, nor run much anywhere. In fact, it's just a sort of a place, you know."

"Well, never mind that, uncle; where did you meet the cowboy?"

"Out on the plains. We were riding one day from one ranch to another."

"What's a ranch?"

"It's a sort of farm or settlement—with houses and barns, and horse-troughs and wells, and people and dogs and horses and things—"

"Oh, never mind. Tell about the cowboy."

"We met the cowboy out on the plains."

"How did you come to meet him?"

"He was going the other way, and neither of us happened to turn out, so we met."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Hullo!'"

"What did you say?"

"I didn't say anything."

"Didn't any of you say anything?"

"Yes. One of the men said, 'Hullo yourself, and how do *you* like it?' 'Oh, tolerable,' said the cowboy. 'Anything new?' 'Nothing.' 'Well, good by,' said the cowboy. Then he rode on, and we rode on. We never saw him again."

"I don't think that's much of a story," said the rifleman.

"Neither do I," said Uncle Alexander. "But that's the trouble with these true stories. Now tell me your story."

"What about?"

"Well, I don't know. Tell me about your picnic."

"There's nothing much about that," said the fisherman, scornfully.

"Never mind," said Uncle Alexander, cheerfully. "It will be over the sooner. Let's hear it."

"I'll tell you how it was," said one of the girls. "We thought it would be nice to have a picnic; so we got some bread and cut it into slices, and put butter on it, and cut up some ham, and put it in between the pieces of bread, and pressed it together."

"And what's that got to do with Captain Cook?" inquired Uncle Alexander.

"Why—nothing," said the little girl, looking puzzled.

"But there's where you're wrong," said Uncle Alexander. "Did you ever hear of the Sandwich Islands?"

"Course we did!" said the rifleman.

"And did you think the name had nothing to do with sandwiches?"

"I never thought about it at all."

"Now see, children, what it is to have a cultivated mind! The Sandwich Islands were named after Lord Sandwich, who was one of the Lords of the Admiralty when Captain Cook sailed. And Lord Sandwich once put meat with his bread when eating luncheon, and people tried the same experiment, found it good, and called the things they made 'sandwiches.' So, you see, Captain Cook had a good deal to do with sandwiches."

"And then," the little girl went on, "we packed the sandwiches and things into a basket, and we started. When we got to the place where we were going to have the picnic, we spread a napkin on the ground, and set the table; then the boys insisted on eating, and so we sat around and ate up the luncheon—though it was only eleven o'clock."

"That was quite right," said Uncle Alexander.

"What was quite right?" said the little girl.

"To take the eleven-o'clock meal at eleven o'clock," said Uncle Alexander. "It is doubtful why we call the meal luncheon, but some of the best dictionary men think *lunch* comes from the Spanish '*las once*'; they say, '*Hacer las once*.' *Once* means eleven, and *hacer las once* means to take a meal at about eleven. We have shortened the phrase to lunch. So, you see, the boys were quite right."

"You wait a minute," said the little girl; and she ran away to the house, returning with a dictionary. "*This* says," she began, as soon as she could speak, "that luncheon is from *nuncheon*, and that from *noonshun*; 'that is, the meal taken while shunning the noonday sun.' So you see that the boys were *wrong*!"

"I don't see that," said Uncle Alexander. "The longer they waited the nearer they'd be to noon; and if they meant to shun noon, they'd have to begin right away."

"This is getting too much like school," said the rifleman, with a disgusted expression. "Let's go play tennis!"

Away went the children like a flock of sparrows, and Uncle Alexander went contentedly back to his novel.



A YOUNG CAVALIER.

WHAT TO DO WITH ROSES.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

CUT them generously, and make the house beautiful with them, always remembering to give to those who have few or no roses of their own—the old, the sick, the poor, the neglected ones—and do not, like some people, cut only the full-blown roses to give away. What comfort is there in a bouquet that falls to pieces in a few hours?

In cutting roses, a pair of old kid or, still better, leather gloves will protect the hands against thorns; and a small sharp knife, with an open basket to hold the flowers, should also be provided. Roses or any other flowers should never be gathered while the sun is shining on them; it is better to do it in the early evening or before the sun has quite risen. All superfluous foliage should be trimmed off, and the roses laid on a table side by side instead of leaving them in a promiscuous heap for arranging. The receptacles that are to hold them should

be filled with lukewarm water, each one having a small piece of alum dissolved in it. A bit of charcoal is equally good, and keeps the water fresh. A large pinch of saltpetre, as much as the fingers can grasp, is also recommended, and the same quantity of nitrate of soda is still better, as it has been known to preserve flowers of various kinds in all their freshness for two weeks. A few drops of camphor in the water has a very good effect.

With any of these preservatives the water should be changed every day, the ends of the stems cut every two or three days, and all withered leaves or petals at once removed. Some persons are said to have the luck of keeping flowers in water a much longer time than others; but the secret of the "luck" is a little information of this kind, and a willingness to take trouble. The flowers should be handled as little as possible, and to change the water they can be taken out in a mass, and put back again in nearly the same arrangement.

Cut flowers are apt to be overcrowded, too many being thrust into one vase, and this prevents them from keeping well, besides showing them only to half the advantage that a looser arrangement would. A single rose of large size, with its bud and foliage, is quite a bouquet in itself, but a clustered mass of roses is more effective for some purposes. Roses always show to better advantage when not mixed with other flowers, and a bowl of china or glass is the prettiest receptacle. Any highly colored ware should be avoided, as this spoils the effect of the flowers. A fringe of their own green leaves in perfect condition throws out their beauty, but no other foliage should be mingled among them.

A basket of roses is always attractive, but not very easy to manage if water is used. Potatoes in a plentiful supply of moss and leaves will answer the same purpose, and give less trouble. Good-sized potatoes should be selected, as these hold a larger supply of moisture, and holes are bored in them, into which the rose stems are thrust. In a cool shaded place the roses will keep fresh for several days, and the novel flower-holders are entirely hidden by the moss and leaves. People who see them day after day, without knowing how they are kept in such a fresh condition, get very much puzzled over the roses which last so well without any water.

Another pretty device which looks like a rose wreath laid on a table begins in a round tin box with a great hole in the centre, and is about two inches deep and twelve inches across. The space for flowers is an inch and a half wide. This is filled with water or damp sand, and the roses are placed in it. Any tinsmith can make such a box; and a coat of green, brown, or white enamel paint will be a suitable finish. The effect of this wreath-shaped receptacle when filled with roses, buds, and leaves is really beautiful. It is not expensive, and will far outlast the usual vases and bowls.

But what about the full blown roses cut off for the sake of the plants, and the fallen leaves? It is their turn now to be attended to, and they will furnish plenty of work. We shall want some *pot-pourri* to remind us of rose-time in midwinter, and bring the breath of June into the midst of snow and sleet. Roses and leaves must be gathered early in the morning, while the dew is on them, and gathered by degrees as the flowers reach perfection. Each gathering should be spread on a large tin or china plate, and left for an hour in a cool shaded place to dry. For a quart of rose leaves there should be prepared one ounce each of ground cloves, allspice, cinnamon, and mace, one ounce of orris root scraped fine and bruised, and two ounces of lavender flowers.

Into a rather shallow box put a layer of leaves, and sprinkle them plentifully with salt, and then with the mixed spices, etc. Add more rose leaves, salt, and spices, in regular order, until the box is full. Then tie on very tightly a cover of Swiss muslin, and set it in the sun ev-

ery day until the mass is perfectly dry, when it will be ready for use. It can be put into pretty rose-jars, china bottles painted with roses, mouchoir-cases, or plain little bags of cheese-cloth, which, scattered through drawers and boxes, give one's belongings a dainty refined odor.

Rose-bead necklaces and bracelets are both pretty and fragrant, and make very acceptable gifts. For these, a goodly quantity of leaves are pounded in a mortar to a perfect pulp, and then shaped into round balls of the size desired for the beads. A large pin or needle is passed through the centre of each one, and left there while the beads are put in the sun to dry. They will turn quite black when ready for use, and have a delicious fragrance. The pins are then taken out, and the beads strung on wire, silk, or rubber cord.

A very easy way of preparing rose leaves to perfume a room is to collect enough petals to fill a self-sealing glass jar that will hold a quart, and dry them as for *pot-pourri*. Then put a layer of fine salt in the bottom of the jar, and on that a layer of rose leaves. Repeat this until the jar will hold no more, and then seal it up tight and put it in a dry cool closet. Forget all about it until winter has fairly set in, when it may be brought out and opened, to the surprise and delight of every one in the room. It is a condensed rose bed of perfume; and once prepared, the delicious fragrance will last for years. Once or twice a day is often enough to open the jar, and it should not be kept open longer than an hour at a time. It will perfume a large room, and the odor is strong enough to linger long after the jar is closed.

MAMSELLE MISS'S BOYS.*

BY M. E. M. DAVIS.

CHAPTER IV.

A FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION.

ALL at once the silence was broken by a soft whinny. At the sound Crissy's head went up and the blood flowed back into her heart. "A ghost-horse can't nicker like that!" she exclaimed, scrambling to her feet. If there was anything which Tom Woodruff's son *did* know about, it was horses! She darted forward, and the next moment she had the bridle of the Pale Horse in her hand.

"Get down from there this minute, Paul Roy," she ordered, sternly. "Ain't you ashamed to try to scare a houseful of women and children to death? It's nobody but Paul," she called up, reassuringly, to Mamselle Miss, who went wrathful to bed, without waiting further explanations.

Paul threw off the sheet, dropped the long broomstick, and slid to the ground, considerably crestfallen. Victor, who had been blubbing quietly behind a water-jar, began to howl outright.

Crissy leaned against the flank of the tall cart-horse, and laughed in spite of herself at Paul's story.

"You see, Cris," he said, "we hired him from old Mister Jean over by the Old Basin. He let us have him for a dollar and a half. I got the keys of the old dining-room out of Aunt Rebecca's basket, and we brought him up the front steps and through the corridor, and round to this door here, night before last. Vic didn't do anything but cry from the first. He was 'fraid of the dark, and 'fraid of Aunt Rebecca." At the mention of his aunt, Victor's howls redoubled in energy. "I know we'll catch it," continued Paul, "but I don't care—much. It's been lots of fun. You ought to ha' seen him in the corridor, Cris! He backed, and kicked, and snorted so 't I was sure some of you would wake up. Then we got him in the old dining-room, and the first thing yesterday

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 663.

we got him some hay and corn. Last night we tied a heap of rags on his feet so's he wouldn't make any noise, and I rode him a little in the court. I didn't mean to skeer anybody—at first. But when Suzette went on like she did about Voodooos and Pale Horses, I just thought I'd skeer you all so you'd be 'fraid to come near me. Then I got the cobweb broom and the sheet to make myse'f look like a ghos'. I meant to keep him a month—maybe buy him," he concluded, ruefully. "I might ha' knowed *you* wouldn't be skeered, Cris. Don't you set on a feller too hard."

Crissy led the docile animal into the improvised stable, whose door stood open. Victor's toy lantern feebly lighted the large oblong room. Sure enough, the floor was strewn with hay and corn shucks. A bit of carpet in the farthest corner served as a stall. Jin roared with delight as she helped Paul untie the rags which swathed the feet and legs of the bony old gray horse; and Crissy could not forbear a girlish enjoyment of the adventure which had promised a few moments before to be so tragic.

Mamselle's anger went to white-heat the next morning when she learned the whole of the story from her nephews. For once she cast none of the blame upon Tom Woodruff's son.

Of course the horse had to be sent back. Crissy herself led him out into the scene of his nocturnal promenade. He was, if possible, even more gaunt, unkempt, and long-necked by daylight than he had appeared by starlight. "He's bony enough ter be de Pale Horse, de lan' knows!" said Jin.

But Crissy stroked his lean neck and patted his long face with a swelling heart. The very touch of his flabby ears brought back, as nothing else could, the double log cabin at Fork Valley, with the wide, free, open prairies about it. "I'm going to take him to Mr. Jean myself," she declared. "Get out of the way, Paul. Run, Jin, and open the door."

She mounted a bench, and gave a flying leap to the horse's back.

A moment later Mamselle Miss, standing on her front gallery, beheld, to her unspeakable dismay, Tom Woodruff's son emerge from her own door, seated upon the rawboned horse, her long legs dangling against his ribs, barehanded and bareheaded, and clatter gayly down the street, followed by a delighted gang of small boys.

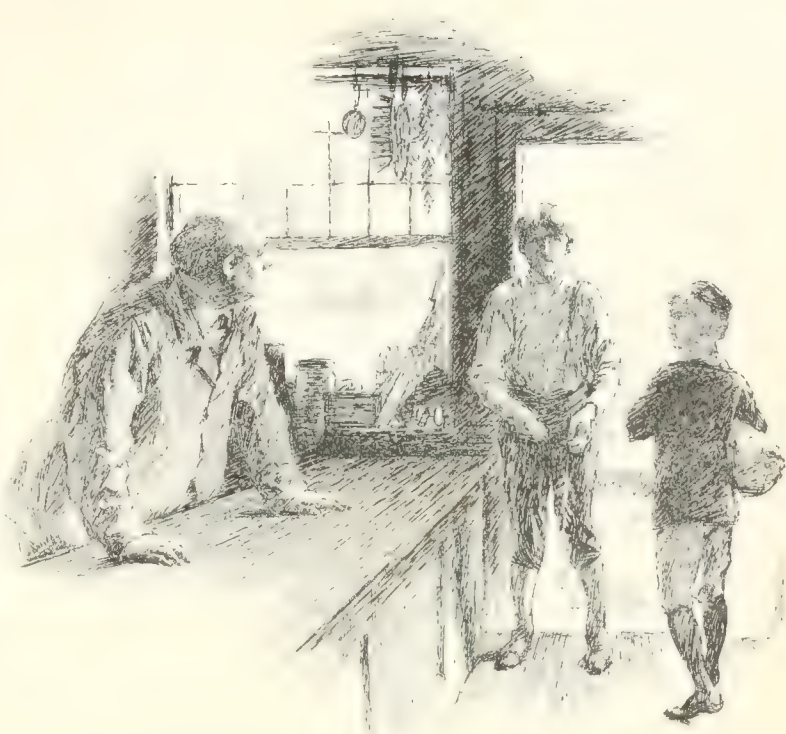
"And I'm afraid, Claire," Crissy confessed that night to her friend—"I'm afraid that I was whistling! I was so happy that I forgot. And now I'm in disgrace again."

"And I'm afraid," returned Claire, sagely, "that this time you deserve to be in disgrace, Crissy dear!"

"I wish we could celebrate," said Paul Roy, disconsolately, one afternoon about a month later. "But how *can* we celebrate without sky-rockets and fire-crackers? An' none of us 'ain't got any money to buy none."

It was, in fact, the day before the Fourth of July, and Mamselle Miss's boys were gathered after school hours in the court. The blistering sunbeams, which beat upon the peaked roof and made a burning desert of the street outside, seemed to lose all their force by the time they made their way into this deep well-like spot, where the shadows lingered all day, and a cool draught of wind blew ceaselessly through the corridor.

"It's too bad," said Crissy, sympathetically, in answer to Paul's doleful exclamation. "Anyhow," she added,



YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN SOMETHING, MY LITTLE FRIEND," SAID JACQUES CARRON, KINDLY.

thoughtfully, "I don't think Mamselle Miss would allow us to celebrate. She does hate noise!"

"I done ax de bottle-man dis mawnin would he please, sir, gin me a pack o' fiah-crackers fer dem ole ink bottles out in de school-room," remarked Jin, gloomily. "Dat pizen bottle-man jes laugh in my face, an' say he ain' got no use fer ink bottles! 'Spec dem pizen chillen o' hisn don't know how ter write! Po' white trash dey mus' be!"

"I wish I hadn't spent my last pocket-money for that ole wagin," said Victor, kicking viciously at a pair of battered wheels that lay at his feet. A long silence followed. Paul stretched himself at full length on a bench and covered his face with his hat. Crissy stitched away at the kilts she was making for Sharlo and Yak, who had tangled Louis the Fourteenth in a bit of mosquito-netting, and were enjoying in unwonted quiet his frantic attempts to free himself.

Presently Victor went around the corner on an errand for Suzette. The streets were almost deserted; a few people crept lazily along on the shady side, or sheltered themselves under arched doorways. The boy delivered the message with which he had been charged, and sauntered aimlessly on with his hands in his pockets, turning first one corner, then another, as an idle fancy dictated. He passed at length into a quiet no-thoroughfare sort of a place, a few steps removed from a grassy well-kept square, with a fountain in the centre and iron benches set about against the whitewashed trunks of the trees.

He stopped on the narrow banquette near a small shop to watch some boys playing at marbles. "Don't they know it ain't marble-time," he said to himself, contemptuously. He was about to move on, when his attention was caught by a swinging sign over the shop door.

The little stoop-shouldered tile-roofed shop had very wide eaves; the door, which was low and narrow, had a single stone step. The show-window projecting upon the banquette was crammed with a miscellaneous collection of rusty wares—pipes, paper lanterns, twine, buttons, calico neckties, brick-dust, pickles, candy, dried figs,

soap, brushes—a little of everything—and one corner was reserved to fire-crackers; a pile of them, fresh and red, with thin bits of string intertwined, almost as high as Victor's head. Within the dim shop a scraggy half-grown boy was seated on a bag of charcoal, and a fat old man lounged against the low counter near the entrance. A wide shallow wooden box at his elbow was filled to overflowing with an assortment of fireworks—rockets, Roman candles, spinners, whizzers, bombs, and the like. The dingy little sign over the door displayed this legend:

JACQUES CARRON, ÉPICIER
Aujourd'hui on paie, demain gratis

Which, freely translated, means something like this: "To-day we sell; to-morrow we give our goods away."

Victor's eyes nearly popped out of his head as he spelled and mentally translated this fascinating announcement. He read it again and again; then he examined in detail the articles in the bulging show-window, and peered in curiously at the things swinging from the low ceiling, lying on the counter, or tucked away on the shelves. Above all, he gloated over the fireworks piled in the shallow wooden box. When he went away he came back two or three times to take a final survey, now of the window, now of the sign. All that day his small face wore a look of suppressed excitement.

"Dat chile is got somep'n' in his hade, sho' as I is a nigger!" said Jin.

When Paul said fretfully for the hundredth time, "I wish we could celebrate," Victor's eyes sparkled; he strutted about so jauntily that his brother grew sulky, and said, with a good deal of sharpness, "You're 'fraid of powder, and that's what's the matter with you, mister!"

The next morning Victor was up betimes. A good deal of Fourth-of-July noise was already waking the echoes in the neighborhood when he pushed open the grille and passed out into the street. He came in sight of Jacques Carron's shop a very few moments after the shutters had been taken down. The scraggy boy stood in the doorway with a pack of fireworks in one hand and a lighted match in the other. Victor pushed by him and entered the shop.

"Well, my little man," said the old shopkeeper, speaking in French—a language to which the Roys had been accustomed from infancy—"well, my little man, what can I do for you this morning?"

"I want some fireworks, if you please," said Victor, politely, but in a lordly sort of way. "And a few other things," he added, looking about him.

"Certainly," said the shopkeeper, spreading out his pudgy hands, and smiling. "It is the American day of independence, and the little gentleman wishes to celebrate the memory of the great Washington."

"Yes," said Victor, absently. He was trying to make up his mind what to select. "I'll take a dozen packs of fire-crackers," he said, modestly.

"With pleasure," said Jacques Carron, counting them out, and laying them upon the counter.

"And a dozen sky-rockets—and two or three of those very big ones, if you please, sir—and a dozen Roman candles and four whizzers (for the twins), and a box of bombs. I must not take too many," he thought.

But the shopkeeper was smiling affably, and the boy had let his match go out, amazed at the large order.

"And a little yellow powder, and some buttons (for Suzette), and a paper of needles (for Crissy)," he concluded, precipitately.

He was very much flushed, and his eyes sparkled as he watched M'sieu Carron do the things up in some old copies of *L'Abeille*, assisted by the boy.

"My young gentleman will have a fine festival in honor of the great Washington," said Jacques. "But he

must be careful of the powder. It is best to wet it a little before touching the match."

When the package was finally tied with a stout string, Victor touched his hat with great politeness, and made a little speech of thanks. He picked up the package, and started toward the door.

"But you have forgotten something, my little friend," said Jacques Carron, kindly.

"What?" said Victor, turning back, and trembling a little without knowing why.

"My faith! you have forgotten to pay for your fireworks!"

"Pay! Look at your own sign, monsieur!"

The old man laughed; the lean boy burst into a derisive yell.

"But don't you understand, my boy? *To-day you pay, to-morrow we give away.* To-day is always to-day, you know."

No, Victor did not know. He stood for some time trying to think it out. When it was finally made clear to his confused senses, he burned with shame and mortification. By this time a crowd of men and boys had collected on the banquette by the shop door.

"Hi-i!" roared the shop-boy. "Look at him, look at him, tryin' to cheat!"

Victor dropped the package which he still held, and sprang at his tormentor. He was hardly able, by stretching his arms to their utmost length, to reach the face of his antagonist; but he dug his finger-nails in the lean neck, and kicked the big shins, and bit and pounded in a sort of blind rage.

The crowd laughed and cheered him on. But it was an unequal contest, and he presently found himself crawling homeward, bruised, sore, and very dirty. His nose was bleeding, and his feelings were injured beyond reparation.

Crissy received him after his short but painful interview with Mamselle Miss, put him on the old lounge in the school-room, and sat by him all the hot long morning, bathing his head and soothing his wounded vanity.

"I'm sure," she declared again and again when Paul snickered over the story, "that I never would have known what it meant, either."

"You're awful good, Crissy," poor little Vic murmured gratefully each time.

About noon there was a ring at the door-bell, which was answered by Jin. A very fat bald-headed old man in blue linen trousers and seersucker coat—M'sieu Jacques Carron in person—stood at the grille. He carried a parcel done up in an old number of *L'Abeille*—a parcel considerably smaller than the one made up for his small customer that morning, but evidently of the same general character; for the knobby ends of rockets were sticking out at one end, and a torn place in the wrapper revealed the red covers of fire-crackers with their mysterious labels.

"*Est ce que*, Mamselle Mees—" he began; but seeing the blank look on Jin's face, he shifted his tongue to English. "Thees ees the 'ouse of Mamselle Mees?"

"Yessir," said Jin, promptly; "but nobody can't see her. She's layin' down."

"I 'ave not ask to see Mamselle Mees," said M'sieu Carron, with dignity. "I 'ave moosh respec' for Mamselle Mees an' M'sieu Paul. I 'ave happen to learn that the *petit garçon*—the leedle boy—who cameed to my *boutique* this mornin'." M'sieu Carron stopped to chuckle inwardly. "That leedle boy has moosh cou-rage. He nas mistook my sign. I 'ave nevair 'appen like that befo'. *Mon père* an' *mon grand-père* 'ave also 'ad that sign, an' they 'ave not 'appen like that! But me, I respec' that leedle boy of Mamselle Mees an' of M'sieu Paul, who 'as the desire of celebrate the memory of the great Washington; an' I bring to that boy these *paquet* of fiah-wuk,

with my compleemen' to Mamselle Mees -- the compleemen' of Jacques Caron. *V'la!*"

He handed the bundle to Jin, bowed ceremoniously, and waddled away.

"Well, dis do beat all!" cried Jin, aloud, scurrying along the corridor with wide-open eyes.

In the arcade she bumped against Paul, who heard the story and took the bundle.

"Jiminy! how jolly!" he cried. "Now we *can* celebrate!"

He flew up stairs to communicate the good news to his brother. Victor tore the poultice from his head and forgot all his bruises as he listened. "And look here, Crissy," said Paul, in conclusion; "don't you say a word to Aunt Rebecca about it."

"Oh, Paul," said Crissy, aghast, "I must. She would never --"

"She has got terrible nerves," interrupted Paul, decidedly. "And if you *ask* her, she'll be sure to stop up her ears and say no. But we aren't going to make much noise. She'll be reading in the library, and

when it's all over she'll be *delighted*. 'Cause I heard her just this morning telling Sharlo and Yak how Uncle Paul used to celebrate when he was a little boy."

"But, Paul --"

"Oh, Cris," he begged, almost with tears in his eyes, "don't spoil the fun. I promise to be awful careful, and I'll only ask two or three boys to come. All of 'em have been saving up for to night."

Crissy weakly yielded. Her conscience smote her all the afternoon. But that night as Mamselle Miss left the dinner table she compromised with her conscience by remarking,

"The boys are going to cel--to play awhile in the court to-night."

"Very well," said Mamselle Miss, with unusual graciousness. "Don't let the twins stay up too late." She passed on into the library. A little later Suzette went down the street to gossip with some of her cronies.

Crissy was too frank and open by nature not to feel troubled when she turned away from her employer with a half-truth on her lips. But when she reached the yard she forgot everything but the joy of the celebration. Jean and Henri Foucher were there with their hoarded store of fireworks, and Rick Masters and André Cresson with theirs. Best of all, Claire had come over with one of her little sisters.

When all was ready, Paul and Jean Foucher touched off a couple of Roman candles. The colored balls blazed aloft, and fell like a shower of variegated planets. This was the signal. The court in a few moments became a kind of small pandemonium. Crackers were bursting a dozen at a time, Roman candles exploding, rockets shooting skyward. The girls joined with great zest in the frolic. Crissy herself lighted one of the wheellike whizzers on the tall arched honeysuckle trellis.



"WHY, MY LITTLE COUSIN!" HE SAID, GENTLY

Mamselle Miss, book in hand, in the mosquito-proof library, heard the shouting and popping, and even smelt the powder, but the streets had been full of similar noises and similar smells all day, and she paid no particular heed.

The fun waxed louder and more delirious. The sputtering little volcanoes were set off amid shouts of laughter. A big cannon-cracker burst, scattering a shower of sparks in every direction, one of which scorched Joan's tail; she dashed whining into the shelter of the cistern. A dozen minute holes were burned in Sharlo's white apron. Crissy's responsibilities were clean gone out of her head. She ran about with a bit of lighted pine wood in her hand, screaming, gesticulating, and laughing with the others.

"Seem lak we done got home once mo', Miss Cris!" exclaimed Jin, in a burst of enthusiasm.

"Here goes for a stunner!" said Paul at length, touching off the last and the largest rocket. It shot up to a great height, whirled, made a narrow arch against the sky, and whizzed down into the court again, exploding in a rain of green, yellow, and red spheres. As it leaped past the tile edge of the roof, the out-blown muslin curtain of an upper window caught one of the sparks, and a little streak of flame ran up the filmy folds, sucked inward by a sudden puff of wind.

They all saw it, and a terrified silence fell upon them. Crissy, brought back to herself with a shock, was halfway up the stairs before a shrill cry of *Fire! Fire!* broke from half a dozen small lips. Paul and Claire were hard behind her. But she was in the room--Suzette's room--before them. The light curtain had set fire to the lace netting over the bed, and a whirling sheet of flame met her eye as she entered. To catch at the netting and drag it down, crushing it in her hands, and

trampling it underfoot was the work of an instant. In far less time than it takes to tell it the danger was over.

It would not be easy to describe the scene of devastation which the next morning's light made visible in the court. The walks were strewn with bits of paper, fragments of pasteboard, burnt strings, crunched coals, rocket sticks, empty Roman candles. The vines on the trellises were scorched and torn, the trellises themselves blackened, the benches upon which the volcanoes had belched forth their fire, smoke, and lava were blistered and in many places burned through. The flower beds were trampled, the pots overturned and broken. The memory of the great and good Washington had indeed been celebrated!

With her bandaged hands—Mamselle Miss herself had dressed and bandaged them the night before, listening at the same time, in a sort of terrible silence, to Crissy's agonized self-accusation—Crissy tried, with the eager penitent help of Claire and the boys, to repair the damage.

"It will be *years* and *years*," she declared, passionately, "before the flowers will grow again, and the court look like it did! No wonder Mamselle Miss hates us all!"

"And Joan's tail is mos' scorched off," said Victor, mournfully.

"An' I dot holes in my ap'n," added Sharlo.

"An' a skeeter bar an' curtin plum bu'nt up," said Jan. "But, anyhow, ef it hadn' been for Miss Cris, de whole endurin' house ud been bu'nt up."

"If it hadn't been for me," cried Crissy, fiercely, "none of it would have happened."

"Oh, say now, Cris," began Paul, who, to do him justice, was quite ready to shoulder all the blame.

"Crissy dear!" echoed Claire, soothingly.

But Crissy shook her head, and went into the house. She sat down at her own battered desk in the school-room, and leaned her head in her hands, utterly miserable. Presently a light step sounded on the bare floor. She looked up. It was M'sieu Paul.

"Hé bien! Christopher Columbus," he said, looking down at her quizzically. "We boys have been having some fun *hein!*"

The bantering tone was too much for poor, mortified, disgraced Crissy. Her lips quivered, a sob shook her from head to foot, and her eyes overflowed.

The quizzical look vanished in an instant from M'sieu Paul's eyes. "Why, my little cousin!" he said, gently; and he leaned over and kissed, first, the flushed cheeks, and then the bandaged hands. "And now," he cried, gayly, "come, sir. I have a famous lecture, I promise you, for Mamselle Miss's boys."

They all gathered about the bench, where he seated himself, with a twin on either knee. It was indeed a famous lecture. Grave admonition and wise precept interspersed with such delightful rollicking stories of his own boyish misdeeds and mishaps—in this same court, too—that his audience shouted with laughter. Mamselle Miss, seated by him, laughed too, bending upon him a look that so transformed her sharp thin features that Yak lisped suddenly, rubbing his round cheek against her shoulder.

"Mamzelle Mish, oo is such a pitt'y yady!"

"And now," concluded the lecturer, earnestly, "I want you all to promise me that hereafter you will think twice before you do anything to vex Mamselle Miss, or plan anything without her knowledge."

"Indeed 'n' indeed we promise," said Paul and Victor in a breath.

"'Deed 'n' 'deed," echoed Sharlo and Yak.

Crissy said nothing, but the expression in her eyes as she lifted them to M'sieu Paul spoke more eloquently than words.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SPARROW VS. CAT.

I WAS sitting at my desk one morning not long ago, when my attention was suddenly arrested by the loud screaming of a sparrow proceeding from the yard of an unoccupied house to the rear of mine. The cries were responded to by at least fifty of her companions, who answered her call by such prodigious chatter that the whole neighborhood was aroused. The cause of this disturbance was this: One of the cellar windows was protected by a wire grating, which in some way had become loose at the top; through this opening, in a moment of recklessness, had fallen a young sparrow while taking its first lessons in learning how to fly.

Now this yard, the house being empty, has all summer long been the rendezvous for several large cats. When the sparrow fell into the window, he found a glass shutter behind him, and was thus a prisoner. Two of the cats saw his flutterings to get out, and at once made a fierce rush for the window grating; and although they frightened almost to death young Mr. Sparrow, who had never seen the wicked eyes and spiteful teeth of a cat before in his life, they could not get at him with their wicked claws. But his danger was very real to the mother-bird, and it was her cry of distress that brought her feathered friends to her help and rescue. And how did they set about it, do you think?

We all know that the sparrow—the feathered street Arab—is not only an impudent little fellow, but exceedingly pugilistic and courageous. Upon this occasion two large male sparrows at once alighted upon the yard pavement, and not more than three feet away from the cats, who were still intent upon the fluttering youngster behind the window grating. Then the mother-bird fluttered in the air just over the cats, screaming and scolding, and being answered vehemently by all her friends. The two sparrows on the pavement kept hopping about dangerously near to the cats, chirping and scolding also. Their little game, of course, was to distract the cats' attention from the young bird, and this they succeeded in doing so well that the cats alternately chased them and then attacked the bird behind the bars.

This performance was continued off and on for two whole days, the cats giving up the contest from time to time. "When the cat is away, the mice will play," the old saying goes. In this case, when the cats were away, the mother-bird flew in behind the grating and fed her offspring, and also gave him lessons in flying until the young bird could fly high enough to reach the opening he had originally fallen through, and then, assisted by the parent birds, he managed to reach a vine that trailed from the fence to the extension windows, and so he was saved.

"Don't give up the ship!" were the dying words of the immortal Lawrence on board of the *Chesapeake*. "Don't give up the bird!" was the motto of Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow, and right gallantly did they wage their battle for their offspring. Next time that youngster goes flying he must beware of cats, and not fall down behind cellar windows without his parents' permission.

HARRY P. MAWSON.

A CHILD'S PART IN THE WAR.

BY BENJAMIN S. COWEN.

AN army was being transferred from the West to strengthen the forces pressing on against Richmond. For two days and nights the men had been crowded in the grimy, ill-ventilated cars, and when they marched out to be ferried across the Ohio, the tan on their cheeks was streaked with dust, cinders clung in hair and beards, the weather-worn uniforms were creased from constant wear, and faces and attitudes told of unrefreshing sleep.

As they stood at rest, wearily awaiting the laboring little ferry-boat, hot cups of strong and fragrant coffee were served by the patriotic women of the straggling river town. Groups of children, clean-faced and freshly dressed, grasping their mothers' skirts, or clinging around their necks, gazed open-mouthed and half-affrighted at the grim-looking faces and dust-covered blue uniforms. But not all were afraid. One little white-haired youngster, a few months' old, held in his mother's arms, watched the scene with wide-open black eyes. A friendly smile from a near-by soldier caught his eye, and with a responding smile he went into the outstretched arms, his cuddled face hiding the tear that came unbidden to the soldier's eye at recollection of a far-off home and loved ones.

Then the others in the ranks, with brightening faces and glistening eyes, invited that blessed baby boy to "come." And "come" he did, from man to man, down the long and dusty line, with a smile and a kiss for each. Jest was forgotten, impatience curbed, and half-uttered oaths hushed. Grim faces relaxed, and dusty cheeks were streaked at sight of the bright head and laughing eyes.

As he was passed up and down the line, it seemed as if a breath of heaven had given new life to the weary and homesick "boys." Bent forms straightened, clouded faces cleared, and all forgot their weariness in watching that little white head passing over the upturned faces of the dusty host, or in listening to the gurgling laugh that came when one more venturesome than the rest tossed the chubby youngster in the air, as he was wont to do with his own baby when at home. They kissed him for himself, for wives and children, for mothers, for sweethearts and loved ones left behind.

It was but a brief rest, and they were off, waving back a farewell to the crowing child. All faces were turned forward to duty and maybe death, but all hearts were back at home with the loved ones.

"A MOVING TALE."

BY CLEMENT FEZANDIE

NO doubt many of the readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE are already familiar with the fact that our harmless little friend the lizard has a very brittle tail; perhaps they have even pitied him for this misfortune. But Meinherr Lizard would smile at their pity if he knew of it; for when some hungry snake seizes him by his convenient caudal appendage the tail breaks off, and a very satisfactory compromise is thus effected, for the serpent is glad to obtain this succulent morsel, while the lizard is only too thankful to escape with his life, and at once sets about growing a new tail, so as to be prepared to furnish another supper should occasion arise. In fact, singular to relate, two tails frequently grow out from the injured stump, the lizard evidently wishing to be prepared for any emergency. The new tail requires some time to grow, and even when fully formed is of a slightly different color from the rest of the body, and the place where the patch has been put in is therefore very noticeable.

So far, so good; but I have a friend who owns a number of the beautiful emerald lizards, and the other day she noticed a strange object projecting from the mouth of one of them. Curious to know what it was, she gently pulled upon this substance, and soon brought to view a long piece of lizard tail, which evidently belonged to the animal itself.

She naturally wondered by what strange train of circumstances this lizard happened to have swallowed a piece of his own tail; but the following day the mystery was cleared up, for she spied her pet bending his tail over his back and biting off a generous slice, which he forthwith proceeded to eat with great gusto; and after finishing the delicate morsel, he calmly repeated the performance, biting off another piece in the same manner.

As the lizard was well fed on roaches, of which he seems very fond, it does not appear probable that it was hunger that prompted his actions. It may perhaps have been a desire for change of diet, or possibly (as the animal's tail had been injured shortly before) the poor lizard had suffered from tailache, and not knowing the address of any dentist—I mean "caudalist"—he proceeded to pull out his own tail, and afterwards, from motives of economy, decided to eat it.

As I have never before heard of any case of animals eating themselves, I thought I would submit the case to your readers, and see if any of them could throw any light on the matter.

SPORTING RULES FOR BOYS.

IV. AUTOGRAPH HUNTING

AUTOGRAPHS should under no circumstances be hunted with fire-arms, clubs, or fishing-tackle.

The best way to capture an autograph is by means of the mails. Write to whoever may own the particular signature you desire, enclosing a blank card and return postage.

Never make the mistake of asking a Senator of the United States to write the autograph of the Emperor of Germany for you. He may be good-natured enough to comply with your re-

quest, but the chances are that the autograph you will receive will not be genuine.

After chasing a President of the United States or some European potentate for six weeks in an effort to obtain his autograph, and finally getting him in a complacent mood, be satisfied with one signature. Do not think of asking him to write a bookful of them for you.

When you try to secure a favorite poem in a poet's handwriting be sure of at least two things. First, that the poem in question is not more than sixty-seven verses long. Second, that the poem was originally written by the poet to whom you apply.

Never ask the author of a three-volume novel to copy his book off on a postal-card for you. It will simply be a waste of breath or postage, because no matter who the author may be, he will not do it for you.

Never ask a millionaire to write his autograph for you at the bottom of a check for \$8000. Such an act would lay you open to suspicion.

Do not waste your spare hours hunting for the autographs of Noah, Adam, or Horace Greeley. The first two could not write, and even if you should get the signature of the third you could never prove it to be genuine, for the reason that nobody could read it.

Under no circumstances should you copy off the Declaration of Independence, and then send it around to each of the original signers for signature. The original signers are unanimously not living, and your efforts would therefore prove futile, which is a word of two syllables meaning unavailing.

It is very unsportsmanlike to attempt to run the autograph of a great man to earth by offering to pay him thirty-five cents for a four-page answer to your note of request. It may be that this is the current market-price in all catalogues for a chirographical treasure of the sort, but it is none the less a bad plan to violate this rule.

The autograph of an artist should never be requested on a drawing of your own, particularly if the pictures of the artist have a ready sale of their own at ten dollars apiece.

If, in response to your request for his autograph, you receive a type-written signature from a prominent man, throw it back. The game-laws are rigorous in this matter, and provide that a type-written autograph is worth less than the value of the white paper upon which it is written. CARLYLE SMITH.

ACROBATIC FEATS.

ACROBATIC performances were of very ancient date. In old times every King or great noble had his troops of acrobats and dancers, and after the master and his guests had feasted, the performers were called in to amuse them with dances and tumblings.

Some Kings were fonder of this style of amusement than others. Henry VIII. of England was said to be particularly devoted to it. He paid large sums to professors in the art. Queen Mary, his daughter, inherited his tastes. At her coronation, a Hollander, named Peter—his surname seems to be lost—executed feats of agility under the summit of St. Paul's. He walked a tight-rope stretched to the summit of the steeple of that imposing and venerable church, sustaining himself "sometimes on one foot, sometimes the other, while he brandished a huge flag which he waved in the air."

But rope-dancing is a much older amusement than King Henry VIII.'s time. We read of rope-dancing among the Greeks, B.C. 1345. Some historians give it an older date than that. Some performers, we read, suspended by their feet, threw themselves over and over the rope as a wheel revolves around its axis. Others rested on it, with the stomach, the arms and legs extended, and slid down from some great elevation with the rapidity of an arrow. Some ran upon a rope stretched obliquely, others, walking upon a horizontal cord, leaped and threw somersaults as if they had been upon the ground. These ancient artists seem to have been quite equal to the performers of to-day.

The Romans, not content with the exhibition of men upon the tight-rope, instructed animals in the art. Under Tiberius there were spectacles of elephants walking the rope. During the reign of Nero a Roman horseman drove his horse over this flexible roadway. The historian Pliny speaks of gladiatorial combats at which appeared "elephants which performed astonishing tricks, throwing swords in the air, fighting like gladiators, dancing the Pyrrhic dance, and walking up tight-ropes both forward and backward."

HAD A LARGE VOICE.

TOMMY had been boasting about his new brother.
 "How old is he, Tom?" asked the policeman.
 "Two weeks," said Tom.
 "He's very small, isn't he?"
 "Yes," said Tom, "he's pretty small—that is, all except his voice."



READY FOR THE START.

A SUGGESTION.

"PAPA," said Willie, "little brother is a month old to-morrow, isn't he?"
 "Yes."
 "Let's you and me give him a birthday present."
 "Very well. What shall it be?"
 "Let's buy him a wig. He needs that more'n anything."

TOM'S PROMISE.

"You can't have any pie, Tommy. It wouldn't agree with you," said Tommy's mamma.
 "But, mamma, I'd be polite," said Tom, "and agree with it."

HAD TWO PADDLE-WHEELS.

"PAPA, what is a bicycle?" asked Barton.
 "It is a thing you ride on that has two wheels," explained papa.
 "Is the Albany boat a bicycle?"

A CRITICISM.

"I DON'T think that's a good picture of our baby," said Adam.
 "Why not?" asked his mother.
 "It's too still for him."

TOMMY'S LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY

To his father in town.

DEAR PAPA:—The country is awfully nice—
 They say that the fishing is fine;
 Although I've been asked to go out once or twice,
 I could not, for I have no line.

Please send me one down, and a long pole also;
 When I don't go fishing, you see,
 The pole can be used in the orchard below
 To knock down the fruit from the tree.

We are going to get up a baseball match,
 But haven't a ball or a bat,
 You might send me some, and as I hope to catch,
 I need a glove, mask, and a hat.

They've got a good place for a tennis-court here,
 And all that we need is a net,
 Some rackets, and balls (the make of this year)—
 Now, papa, please do not forget.

If you will send these things at once by express,
 I know we can have lots of fun;
 We all send our love—mamma, baby, and Bess—
 Good by. From your loving

SON.

THE BABY ELEPHANT'S PEANUT.

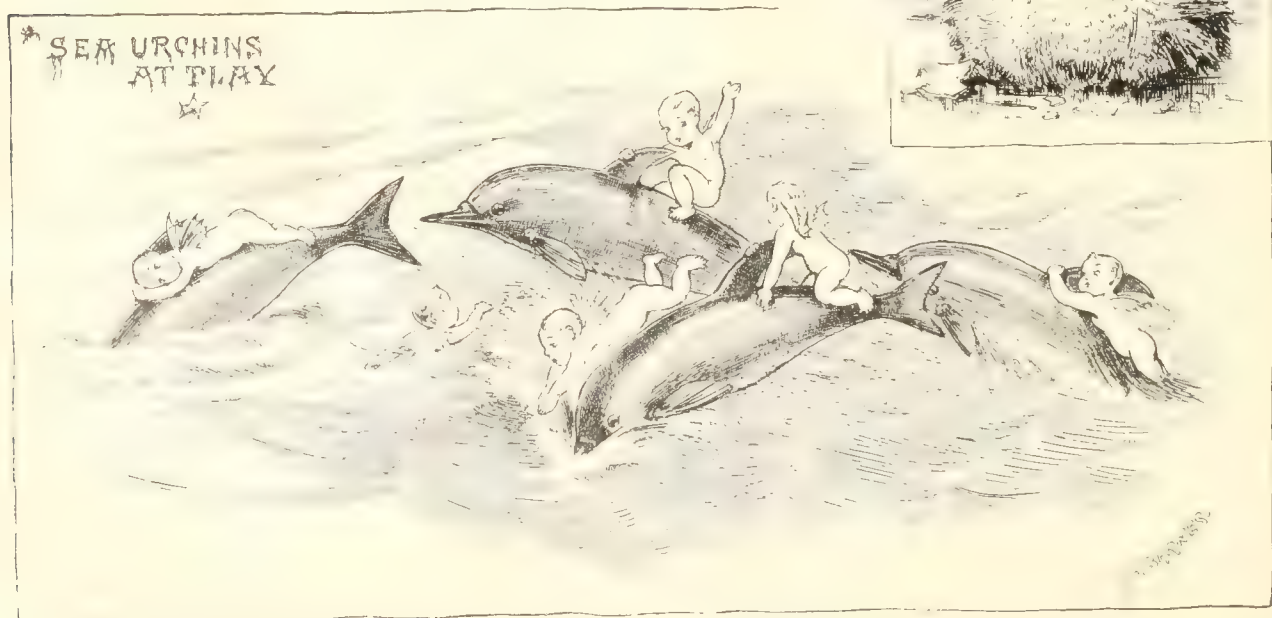
"MAMMA," moaned the baby elephant, "I've lost the peanut you gave me."

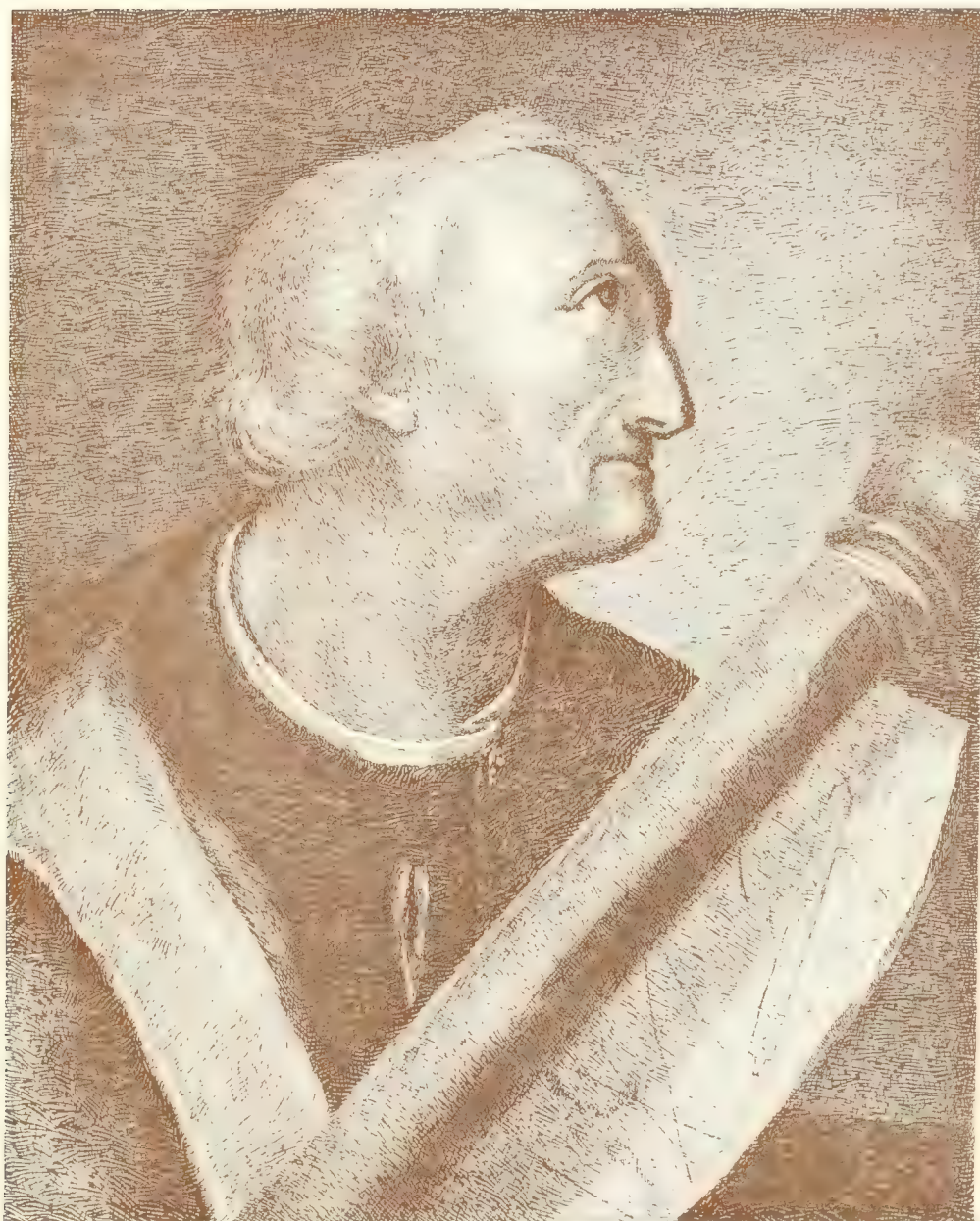
"Open your mouth, my child, and let me see," returned the mother. "Why, there it is right in your mouth, you foolish little elephant."

"Well, I can not help it," pouted the baby elephant. "My mouth is so big and the peanut is so little, I don't see how it could help being lost in there."



JUST OUT

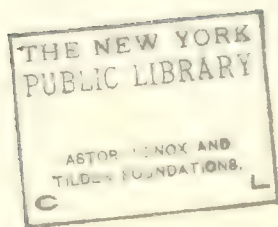


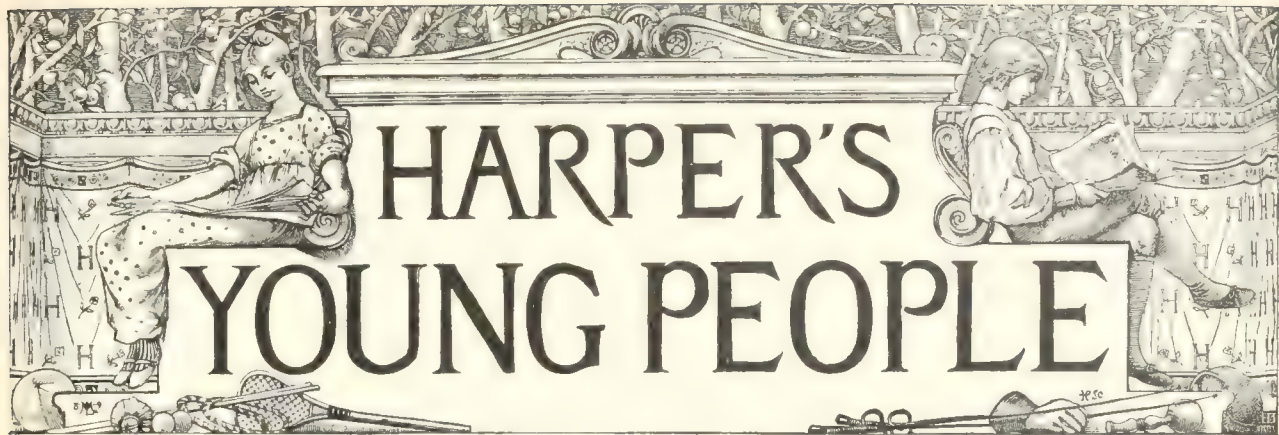


Amerigo Vesputi
pilotus maris

AMERIGO VESPUCCI.

DRAWN BY W. C. SMITH FROM THE OIL PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF THE MASSACHUSETTS
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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

LIQUID COALS OF FIRE.

BY JACQUETTE M. HUNTER

WE none of us liked Thirza much then. You see, she lived out-of-town somewhere, and came in every day to Miss Markham's school, where we all go, and she was so odd and shy. Her clothes were awfully funny too; they looked as if her grandma had cut the patterns. We used to make lots of fun of them and of her too, but we don't any more. It happened this way.

For all she was so queer, she was about the best scholar in our class. She always knew her lessons, which is more than I can say for Celia, if she is the prettiest girl in school. But Celia is the favorite, and by far the most popular girl among us. She is such a beauty, in the first place, carries her head like a queen, and has the sweetest, brightest smile. She's good-nature itself—when nobody opposes her—gay, dashing, and gracious.

Thirza is *such* a contrast. Not that she isn't pretty too, for I always declared that if she were dressed up, the girls would see her pretty eyes and her sweet expression. When I said so, Grace Allen laughed, and answered, "Your ugly ducklings are all swans, Kitty," and I didn't say any more about it.

Celia put her arm around me, and said, softly, that she hardly considered it a fault to be so blind to disagreeables, and wished that she were that way, for she

really could not see any beauty in a scared, pale face and a scrawny little figure, and that Thirza was such an odd creature.

Marcia Willis always agrees with Celia, and she added



"I didn't understand what such a countrified object was in the school for any way, nor did I want to go to school with those queer girls." She said it with such a conscious little air, for she never forgot that her father is a bank president, and one of the richest men in town.

Thirza then took a fling at Thirza's clothes, and Jo then said something about her "ferry-boats." Thirza made one of her everlasting puns, and called them "ferry-boats." Jo always makes puns, and affects blazers and four-in-hands, and likes to have the girls call her "Dix."

I was bothered all through Latin hour by Thirza's sad, pale face, and when Marcia mimicked the scared little shake in her voice as she translated, I was awfully provoked; for if she is queer, I hate to see her ridiculed.

At recess we all grouped around Celia's desk (Celia is always the centre of everything) to talk about Nell Ellsworth's party, and Thirza couldn't help hearing, for she sat close by doing her algebra. She looked lonely and wistful when we talked of the fun and laughed. I was watching her, and didn't hear Celia when she asked about my new dress, and the first thing I knew they were all laughing at me, and Grace said: "Kitty is so interested in that silent little Carthusian that she has no ears for worldly things. She'll turn nun herself presently."

Then I flashed right up (I suppose my hair makes me so hot-tempered—red, you know), and reminded her that Carthusians were monks, not nuns, and that she wasn't well up in religious history. Grace is a dunce in history, so she blushed as red as fire, and turned away.

I looked at Thirza, and her eyes were full of tears. I went over to her desk and pretended not to notice, and asked her carelessly if she'd got the last problem in to-day's lesson. She looked surprised at my speaking, but answered, with a little smile, that she hadn't got it yet; and had I? After I had told her no, I couldn't think of anything else to say, because she's so different from us. We had no common interest except school, so what could I say?

When I turned to go to my seat, I saw them all looking at me curiously, and a little sneer curled Celia's pretty lips, but I didn't care.

Professor Haines called on Thirza for that last problem, the hardest in the lesson, and she was so scared she failed miserably and got a reprimand. Again Celia smiled that superior little smile, and Marcia laughed. Jo passed me a note, asking what was the matter with my smart shabby saint. I was glad Professor called on her just then, and she failed utterly; and I scribbled back, "Let her who thinks she knows it all, take heed lest she get left," and tossed it back.

At luncheon that day I had a box of chocolates, and among the rest I passed them to Thirza, asking if she had a sweet tooth.

"Indeed I have," she laughed, as she helped herself, forgetting to be scared. "And mother keeps it well supplied, you see."

She took from her basket a paper of old-fashioned molasses candy. Now if there's anything I love, it is molasses candy—the sticky buttery kind—so I was glad to take some. But the other girls puckered their lips at the homely sweets, and said, "No; thanks."

"I never eat anything but French confectionery," Marcia drawled.

I told her on the spot that that was what made her so cross and cranky; and she responded, spitefully, that I'd better mind my own temper and leave hers alone. I heard her afterwards solemnly declaring (as if she were reading my death-warrant) that if I persisted in taking up with that countrified little thing, she would be obliged to drop me.

It was only the next day that I had a great bunch of

blue-bubbles and wild violets, and when Marcia saw them, she exclaimed and begged for some. Perhaps I was malicious, but as I divided the bunch, I drawled, in her exact tone:

"Oh yes, certainly, but you *despise* anything so odd and countrified, you know, and Thirza brought me these."

Marcia gasped, but fastened them in her belt, and Celia felt called upon to defend her.

"Marcia has no blind unreasoning antipathy like that for the little stranger, I'm sure," she said, smoothly. "Only a perfectly proper dislike, as we all have, for anything coarse and common."

"Coarse and common!" when Thirza was as refined and sweet as one of her own violets.

Marcia looked behind us and turned red. There, hurt and pale, her lips quivering, stood Thirza. Celia's voice, usually so gentle, took a harsh, shrill pitch that I had never heard before, and her big blue eyes looked gray and hard. She turned angrily on Thirza.

"You have been eavesdropping! No wonder you heard evil things, and you deserve it every bit; you have no right to—to intrude and push yourself upon us." (Thirza push herself! But Celia had no idea what she was saying.) "Why don't you stay in the country, where you belong? You're not fit to—"

"Celia Evans," I interrupted, "you know you will be sorry in a minute, so you had better stop."

Marcia plucked at her sleeve and whispered, "Come along, Celia," and they left us there alone.

I went a step nearer, but Thirza put up one hand and said, piteously: "Miss Clare, it is all so. I've known all the time that the girls don't like me, and don't want me here; but mother wants me to come, and father is so proud and glad when I bring home my reports that I—I—" Then she gave up, and began to cry.

Goodness knows what I said, but, at any rate, she quieted down, though when I put my arms around her and kissed her, I thought she was going to start off again; but she didn't, and after a while we walked back to the school-room with our arms around each other. I held my head very high as we passed the others, who were gathered in a little bunch around Celia, while Marcia was telling proudly of her friend's "righteous indignation," as she called it.

When we went up to the laboratory to recite chemistry, Celia slipped her arm in mine and smiled; but I drew away and said:

"Not now, Celia. Wait till I forget that little scene in the mathematics room." For I can't pretend to like a girl when I don't, and I took Thirza's arm instead.

A little buzz went around the class as we three came in together, and Professor Daly rapped sharply on the desk.

"You are late, young ladies. Miss Celia and Miss Thirza, you may prepare for the first experiment," and he gave them directions.

Celia had not regained her composure, and look troubled, and glanced uneasily at Thirza. Marcia whispered, "Poor dear!" as Celia passed us, but she took no notice.

Thirza moved quickly and deftly, but Celia's fingers seemed all thumbs. First she spilled the water, and then broke a glass tube. She went to a high shelf for another, and reached it just as Thirza did, who had gone for something else. Celia bent her brows into a frown, and raised her head, and then— Nobody knows just how it happened, but Celia, in her haste and confusion, must have tipped it over. At any rate, a bottle of diluted vitriol that we had been using in experiments fell, and the stopper loosening, would have poured straight into Celia's lovely upturned face, but Thirza, quick as thought, sprang suddenly before her, and caught the bottle of burning liquid.

We all knew what the bottle held and how dangerous

it is, so no wonder that half the girls shrieked and cried out, while Celia had hysterics on the spot.

Thirza sat perfectly quiet in the uproar, her terribly burned hands twisted in helpless agony. She was awfully hurt, but Celia, the favorite, was safe.

The Principal came running up stairs, the matron pulling after her. Miss Markham fluttered and exclaimed and telephoned frantically for a doctor.

Professor Daly laid his hand softly on Thirza's head, and said, tremulously, "Brave little woman!"

Then Celia kissed her, with her eyes blinded by tears instead of vitriol; and when she sobbed out her repentance, in spite of her horrid pain Thirza managed to smile her forgiveness.

The doctor came and bound up her hands and arms, and Miss Markham took her home.

Celia cried half the night, and the next day we both went out to see Thirza. She was still in dreadful pain, but so glad to be at home. And I should think she would have been. It is the loveliest place—way up in the foot-hills, surrounded by orange-trees and vineyards. The great porch is covered with roses growing from a stalk as thick as my arm, and inside it is so pleasant and homelike. Father spent thousands of dollars on the furnishing of our house, but there isn't a place in it as cheerful and homelike as that front room.

On the wide sofa lay Thirza, and her mother bent over her with the tenderest care.

I fell in love with Mrs. Brown right there, and so did Celia. She had the same gentle quiet way that Thirza has, and made us feel at home and easy at once. She gave us chairs near the couch—big old-fashioned rockers—and said she was glad we had come.

Our tongues went like electric cars, with no stops for passengers, till Mrs. Brown called us to luncheon. And such a good luncheon! I ate four biscuits, and Celia was helped three times to apricot marmalade.

If Thirza were any one but Thirza, she would be spoiled by all the attention she receives, for every one half worships her. Instead of calling her "horridly odd," Marcia speaks of her now as that "deliciously quaint little Thirza."

Celia and she are inseparable, and in one corner of the shelf in the laboratory is a bottle that Jo declares should be labelled "Thirza's liquid coals of fire."

A COMING TENNIS CHAMPION.

EVERY year, in June, there is held at Wissahickon, near the city of Philadelphia, a large tennis tournament, to which come girls from all over the country to see who is to be the champion lady player for that year. Great crowds go out to see the play, and in their pretty club-house the Philadelphia ladies give a dainty tea, and invite their friends to enjoy it with them. The tennis-courts are of grass, very hard and very smooth, on which the boundary lines are carefully marked out.

This year, among the names of those entered, appeared that of Bessie Moore, whom none knew and but few had heard of. The day of the beginning of the tournament came; all the contestants were present, and the play commenced. The spectators naturally gathered round to watch the girl who had shown such confidence in entering an event in which all the others were so much older and more experienced than she. Her opponent in the first round was a lady of no mean skill, but the match had not been going very long before everybody saw with surprise that the little lady from Hohokus was much more than the equal of her adversary, and was beating her very easily. Game after game went to the younger lady, until she had won six games—one set—while the other player had not taken a single game. The second set was exactly the same, Miss Moore hitting the ball so accurately as to keep her competitor from getting any games at all, and thus having won twelve games in succession.

Some of the spectators now saw that the little New Jersey girl was an exceptionally clever player, and might even win the

tournament if she continued her good play; but the idea of "this child," as she was called, winning the prize against these older and more experienced players was as yet too preposterous to be generally believed.

The second day of the tournament saw still further good play on Miss Bessie's part with her partners in the ladies' doubles and the mixed doubles, but unfortunately her next adversary in the singles sprained her ankle before beginning her match, and



MISS BESSIE MOORE.

was therefore obliged to default—that is, to give the victory to Miss Moore.

This misfortune left but two ladies to play for the first prize and the right to challenge Miss Mabel Cahill for the championship, one being Mrs. A. H. Harris, of Philadelphia, the other our little girl from New Jersey. It was a very good contest. Mrs. Harris won the first set; but Miss Moore kept very cool and collected, and took the next two sets, thereby winning the first prize in the tournament, and the right to play Miss Cahill for the national championship.

It was now the concluding day of the tourney, and a very large audience had gathered to see how the little expert would fare with her older opponent, Miss Cahill. Every seat in that big grand stand was filled, and many people stood outside the limits of the court when the play began, Miss Cahill coolly confident of her ability to defend her title and trophy, while Miss Moore was courageously attempting to wrest it from her. At the conclusion of every point, the successful player would be greeted with a round of applause, and altogether the situation was very trying to the nerves of even an experienced player, let alone a young girl like Miss Bessie was. But not the slightest sign gave token of any nervousness on her part, and she played as coolly and steadily as if on her own court at practice with her father or sister.

The last contest commenced, both girls doing their very best, the New Jersey maiden being, if anything, the more composed of the two. Five games all was scored on the first set, which, you know, is very close playing; and when Miss Moore pluckily won the next two games, thereby winning the set, the spectators were enthusiastic in praise of her skilful play. But Miss Cahill

was playing very accurate tennis, and in spite of the constant plucky play of her little adversary, she won the next two sets.

The match was to be the best three out of five sets. If Miss Cahill could win the next set, she would have succeeded in retaining the championship; if Miss Moore won the fourth set, the fifth and last would decide the battle. The New Jersey maiden began that fourth set with determination and energy. Back and forth over the net went the ball. The trim little figure of Miss Moore moved back and forth about that court, never seeming to tire in the slightest, and apparently as fresh as when she began. Miss Moore won this fourth set very nicely, and when the referee called out "Two sets each," you could have heard the applause a great distance away.

One set more would decide the supremacy, and great was the excitement when, after an unusually long rest, the play commenced again. It was in this set that the slightly superior skill of Miss Cahill began to assert itself, and she slowly but surely obtained a lead on her athletic little adversary. The latter played right along, doing her very best, and never giving up until the very last stroke was played. Miss Cahill finally won, thus retaining her championship, but she did it only after a contest honorable alike to the victor and to the defeated. At the conclusion of the match the spectators invaded the court, congratulating the winner and sympathizing with her plucky opponent.

And now I will tell you a little about the personality of the maiden of whose tennis abilities you have learned so much. Miss Moore was born in Brooklyn, New York—that city which has turned out so many good tennis-players—and this is her fourth year's experience with the racket and balls. In 1890 she won the championship of her club, which she has retained ever since. Miss Bessie has always been fond of athletics in a quiet, refined, ladylike way, and is as healthy and trim a little lady as can be found. She is very fond of horseback riding, and is a remarkably good horsewoman. Her white pony and herself are known all over the country around Hohokus.

Combined with all this excellence, Miss Moore is as quiet, reserved, and modest a little maiden as I know, whether on or off the tennis-court, and affords a very good example of quiet self-possession for some of her elders to pattern after. F. B. C.

A HANTED HANT.

BY M. C. WILLIAMS.

BLACK MAMMY, dear soul, believed devoutly in "hants," but Billy, whom she had nursed and brought up to twelve years old, laughed such things quite to scorn. He was a mischievous fellow, and though he loved Black Mammy dearly, thought it great fun to scare her out of her wits.

She was very fond of going to "night meetin'." The path ran through the pasture, at one edge of which lay an old graveyard, and there Billy determined to give her a glorious fright. It took all day to make the ghost which was that night to confront her. For the head, Billy cut eyes and mouth in a big gourd, inside of which he meant to place a couple of lighted candles. The gourd topped a pole, with cross arms tacked on, from which a drapery of white window-curtains fell long and full. Billy himself would be sheltered in their folds, and by raising the pole above his head, could make the spectre at least ten feet high.

How Mammy and the rest would run, crying out, at the sight of it! He could hardly fix things properly in place for thinking of it when he had got upon the hill-side, fifty yards from the path. As for Tom and black Charley, who sat under a near brier-bush ready to touch off a bit of red-fire, they were simply helpless with laughing.

It was nine o'clock, pitch-dark and cloudy, when the meeting-goers came well in view, a straggling procession of men and women, with here and there a lantern feebly blinking in the line. As it came well abreast of him, Billy uncovered the flaming gourd head, pushed it up, up, to the full height, giving out, as he did it, a screech-owl's cry.

Tom and black Charley were to answer it with the flash of red-fire. Instead came a smothered exclamation, "I done lost dem matches!"

Before groping fingers could find them, there came a patter of sharp swift footfalls behind. Something took Billy hard in the knees, sent him and the ghost sprawling, Tom and black Charley scuttling away as fast as their legs could carry them.

Billy heard the black boy crying out: "Run, Tawmy, run! Dey is hants! I knowed hit all de time! An' dey sho 'nough hant done got Billy!"

Indeed, he half believed it, for no sooner did he scramble to his feet than he was again knocked flat by this mysterious something that seemed to his excited fancy to be a veritable giant. And it had certainly come from among the graves. He had stood with his back to them, facing down hill. If only he could reach the bottom of it, where by this time Black Mammy ought to be, unless, indeed, she had seen and been frightened away by his struggle with this demon of the dark! Again he got to his knees, to be again knocked flat with a resounding thwack.

Stretching himself full length, Billy began to roll down hill faster than ever he had done in his life, too spent and breathless to call aloud, but inly vowing if he escaped alive henceforth to let hants reign supreme in the pasture.

Fast as he rolled, his assailant kept up with him, aiding his descent with more thwacks and pushes. Nor did they stop until Mammy's lantern-light fell full in Billy's eyes. Mammy's voice cried out:

"Run yere, ev'ybody! Bless my heart alive, ef yere ain't Squire Elam's ole fightin' ram done broke in our paster an' 'mos' kilt somebody! W'y, it's Billy! Bless yer heart, honey! huccame ye los' in de dark out yere? S'posen dem hants had er got a'ter ye 'stid er de ole ram?"

"I 'most wish they had," Billy said, getting up slowly and hanging his head.

THE PLAYMATES.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

WHO are thy playmates, boy?

"My favorite is Joy,
Who brings with him his sister Peace, to stay
The livelong day.
I love them both; but he
Is most to me."

And where thy playmates now,
O man of sober brow?
"Alas! dear Joy, the merriest, is dead.
But I have wed
Peace; and our babe, a boy,
New-born, is Joy."

THE BROKEN PADDLE.

A STORY OF THE WAR OF 1812.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

CHAPTER V.

THE wind was disastrously light, and the *Detroit* poured shot after shot into the *Lawrence* at long range with dreadful effect. Men began to fall, and the groans of the wounded assailed the ear.

"Forecastle!" called Perry, taking his spy-glass from his eye.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Try him with the long twelve."

The crew of the *Lawrence's* Long-Tom sprang to their piece. The gunner ran his eye along the cylinder, and stepped back with the lanyard in his hand. A quick jerk and the gun hurled out its iron message. The shot

hulled the *Detroit*, and Perry cried, exultantly,

"Now signal the *Scorpion* and the *Ariel* to let them have it!"

The bugle notes rang out, and a moment later the roar of the schooners' guns was heard, and a deeper report announced that the *Caledonia* had opened fire with her two long 24-pounders. The *Niagara*, too, poured in iron hail from her two 12-pounders.

"How can the Commodore tell what he is doing?" shouted Johnnie to the midshipman; "the smoke is so thick."

"He can smell the enemy!" exclaimed the midshipman.

Crash! Another heavy ball tore through the bulwarks, and the poor little midshipman fell back with the lock-string of his gun in his hand. Johnnie sprang forward and bent over him. He was dead. The young scout rose, and, taking the lock-string in his own hand, stood in the midshipman's place, and looked inquiringly at the Commodore.

"Ay, my lad," said Perry, nodding gravely, "we shall need every arm before the sun sets to-day. Barclay's whole fire is at us, and we are yet too far away. Mr. Dobbins!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the Sailing-master.

"We must go ahead and come closer."

Dobbins sprang into the waist and shouted out some orders. The men jumped to the sheets, halyards, and braces, and in a few moments the *Lawrence's* lofty upper canvas spread to the light air, and she drew ahead of the fleet. At the same time the *Queen Charlotte* hastened to the aid of the *Detroit*, and Perry found himself confronted by twice his own force.

"Steady! steady!" he said to the helmsman.

"Steady it is, sir," came the answer.

And the *Lawrence* forged ahead, her decks swept by a storm of iron, men falling dead and wounded, rigging cut away, blocks and tackle dropping to the deck, and her batteries silent, except the Long-Tom. But now she came within five hundred yards of the enemy, and the dauntless Perry's eye flashed as his voice rang out like a trumpet:

"Starboard your helm! Man the starboard battery! Steady as you are! Broadside, fire!"

The *Lawrence* staggered as the terrific thunder of her starboard guns was heard, and American iron went shrieking across the deck of the *Detroit*. But the carnage on the *Lawrence* was dreadful. Johnnie sometimes closed his eyes to shut out the horrors that confronted him, but he sternly set his teeth, and primed and fired his gun as fast as it could be loaded. It looked as if the *Lawrence* was a doomed brig, and every man made up his mind to sell his life dearly.

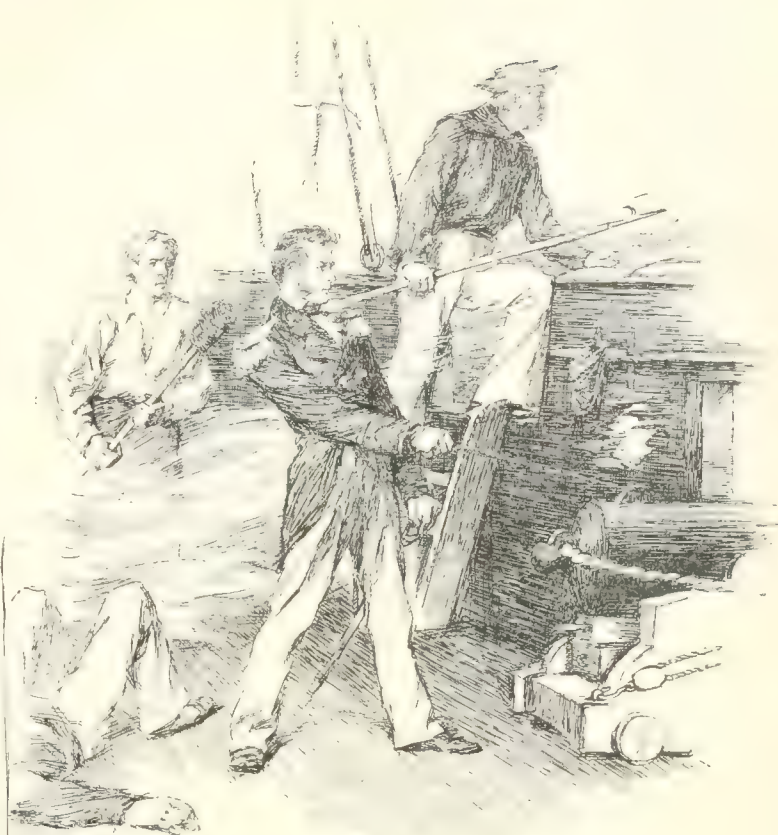
"Sir," said Yarnall, the First Lieutenant, running to Perry, "all the officers in my division are down."

"I have no more officers to furnish you," said Perry; "you must make out by yourself."

And brave Yarnall went back to his battery with three wounds, and never left the deck. Perry stepped to the cabin skylight and called down to Parsons, the surgeon's mate (the surgeon was wounded),

"Doctor, send me one of your men!"

That call was repeated till all of the six detailed to help the wounded were called; and then two or three



THE COMMODORE PULLED THE LANYARD.

feeble men, with blood streaming from their wounds, stumbled on deck and manned the side-tackles of a gun. Then up crawled Wilson Mays, who was sick and could not stand.

"What can you do?" said Perry.

"I can sound the pump and let a strong man go to the guns."

And he went and sat down by the pump, where he was found after the battle with a shot through his heart.

Where was the *Niagara*? Vainly the decreasing band of men on the flag-ship looked for her aid. Oh, Elliott, did you perhaps feel some jealousy of the gallant Perry that you showed a French regard for the "sacred order of the line of battle"? Why did you keep your place half a cable's length behind the *Caledonia* while desolation strode from stem to stern of the *Lawrence*? Fainter and fainter became her fire; death and destruction reigned supreme on her decks; gun after gun was silenced; Johnnie Davis was the only living man at starboard gun No. 8.

"Lower away the cutter!" cried Perry, stepping over to Johnnie's side.

Four or five sailors sprang to obey the order, while the Commodore took the lock-string from the young scout's hand.

"Bravely and well have you done this day," he said. "I am now about to fire the last shot from this brig. I leave you here to help keep her out of the enemy's hands, while I go to turn the tide of this battle, with the help of God. Remember the words of Lawrence, 'Don't give up the ship!'"

The Commodore pulled the lanyard, and sprang to the bulwarks to see the result of the shot.

"Ay, there are more dead for the King," he said, bitterly.

"Here's a long-side, sir," came the cry from the quarter-deck.

Perry sprang to the deck, with Johnnie's hand, and rushed away to his boat. The next minute the young scout saw him standing recklessly in the stern-sheets, while four seamen lashed their oars through the water like giant arms. A minute later the cutter disappeared through the smoke in the direction of the *Niagara*, which, now that Elliott thought Perry dead, was coming up with a freshening breeze. A rift in the smoke disclosed to Johnnie's keen eyes the cutter under the *Niagara's* side, and an alert figure ascending. The next instant Perry stood on the *Niagara's* deck, saying,

"I have been sacrificed!"

Elliott, burning with shame, sprang into the boat and went to order the gunboats in the rear to come to the front, while Perry, with a new brig, a fresh and uninjured crew, and a good armament, dashed forward to renew the conflict. He ordered the signal for close action to be run up, and it was answered by loud cheers from all the other vessels. With a new light in his undaunted eye, Perry seized the speaking-trumpet and shouted orders with lightning rapidity.

"Man the clew-garnets and buntlines! Spanker brails! Up mainsail and spanker! Up with your helm! Brace in the after-yards! Raise fore tack and sheet! Lay the head yards square! Haul aboard!"

These and a dozen other directions were obeyed with cheerful alacrity, and the *Niagara* wore short round, altering her course eight points, so that her jib-boom pointed directly at the centre of Barclay's line.

"Now get some cloth on her!" cried Perry. "We'll teach them that we are alive yet! Lay aloft and loose the foretop-gallant sail! Man sheets and halyards! Let fall! Lay in! Lay down! Sheet home and hoist away!"

And the *Niagara*, under additional press of canvas, hurled the spray from under her bows in big white fountains as she bore down upon the *Detroit*. Barclay, seeing her coming, endeavored to wear ship so as to bring her starboard broadside to bear, but he fouled the *Queen Charlotte*, and for a few minutes the two vessels lay with yards interlocked and rigging tangled. At this juncture Perry cleaved through the line, and glided into the centre of Barclay's line, with the *Chippewa* and *Lady Forrest* on his left, the *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte* on his right. Then he gave the order to fire, and at half-pistol range he poured his port broadside into the *Lady Forrest*, and his starboard into the entangled *Queen Charlotte* and *Detroit*. Piercing shrieks arose from their decks, for the havoc caused by the *Niagara's* guns was awful. The smaller vessels of the American fleet came up and opened upon the British with deadly effect. The flag-ship *Detroit* now became a helpless wreck, like the *Lawrence*. Her mizzen topmast was down, her spanker-gaff broken, her other spars badly maimed, every brace and bowline shot away, and her hull shattered. Victory was at hand.

But where was the ill-fated *Lawrence*, and where was Johnnie Davis? Aboard the brig fourteen persons were alive and sound. Lieutenant Yarnall, whose wounds were slight, called the Second Lieutenant, Mr. Forest.

"Shall we strike our colors? We are a wreck and helpless."

"Let us wait a minute," said Forest, earnestly. "The Commodore is aboard the *Niagara*, and see, he is making sail. There goes the foretop-gallant! Now see her fly!"

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Yarnall, "he is rushing right into the lion's jaws with her, as he did with this brig." Then turning to the survivors, to the wounded, he said, "Men, what shall we do?"

Johnnie Davis sprang upon a gun-carriage, and pointed aloft at *Lawrence's* flag with its immortal motto, "Don't give up the ship!" The wounded men lying on the deck broke into feeble shouts: "Rather sink the ship than surrender! Let us all go down together!"

At that moment a shout of triumph broke from the nearest English vessel. What could it mean? Had some new horror fallen upon them?

"Look there! Look there!" cried a wounded sailor, struggling to his feet only to fall senseless.

They turned and looked toward the main-truck, to which he had pointed, and saw the *Lawrence's* flag slowly descending. It was twenty feet below the royal mast-head.

"Who is lowering that flag?" cried Lieutenant Yarnall, rushing toward the quarter-deck.

But swift as he was, there was one who moved more swiftly, bounding over the slippery deck like a maddened panther. It was Johnnie Davis, whose quick eye had detected a familiar form skulking behind the mainmast, and handling the ensign halyards. It was no other than the recreant Indian, Hunting-Dog, whose very existence had been forgotten in the heat of the battle. But neglected and unwatched, the wily savage had contrived to free himself, and his first act was one of treachery. His triumph was very short. Seeing that he was detected, he plunged down the companionway into the cabin, pursued by Lieutenant Yarnall and Lieutenant Forest. Johnnie left the Indian to them, while he sprang to the ensign halyards, and hauled the *Lawrence's* flag up to its place, and the survivors of the crew, both safe and wounded, united in a cheer of defiance.

Then the boy wheeled and rushed down to the cabin. In the half-light he saw the Indian in the act of swinging a heavy chair down upon Mr. Forest, who threw up his arms to ward off the blow. Nevertheless he was stretched senseless on the floor, and Hunting-Dog, with a gleam of savage joy shooting across his features, turned to demolish Mr. Yarnall.

But the boy had entered a little to one side and partly behind the Huron, who did not see him. The intrepid youth, now that the battle was at an end, had no other thought than the safety of his father. He sprang upon the cabin table, and as Hunting-Dog lifted the chair on high, Johnnie caught his arms and pulled them backward, bringing the Indian down on the flat of his back on the table. Mr. Yarnall rushed forward with his sword in his hand.

"Don't kill him!" cried Johnnie. "He must be taken alive to Fort Stephenson to save my father's life."

CHAPTER VI.

HENRY DAVIS, otherwise called Feather-Foot, the scout, was sleeping on his rude bed in the guard-house at Fort Stephenson. In the east the first faint streaks of the yellow dawn marked on the low gray clouds the advent of the day on which he was doomed to die unless his brave boy should arrive with proof of his innocence. Yet the bold and hardy frontiersman slept peacefully. Inured to every hardship and accustomed to brave all manner of dangers, men like Henry Davis had little fear of death. To this man only the disgrace was appalling, not the impending doom. As the light grew stronger in the east, Davis awoke and sat up on the edge of his couch.

"Daylight," he muttered to himself—"the last day for me! Well, well, that must have come sooner or later; and I can go with a clear conscience as far as the charge of being a spy is concerned. I wish I could have left my boy a clean name. There has never been a time when any man could say anything to him about his father that he need have been ashamed of, and it's hard that it's got to be possible after I'm gone. But he

will find proof that I am honest, and he'll make them all sorry for my unjust death. But will he? How do I know whether he's alive or not? He may be dead; the Indian may have outwitted him. Perhaps that would be better, after all. If he has gone before me, he can't live to be shamed by the evil that has fallen on my name. Anyway, I've got till four o'clock this afternoon to live, and maybe he'll come in before that time."

The woodsman's philosophy was of a simple and homely sort, yet it gave him as much comfort in his affliction as the finest logic of a sage would have done. The scout was a Christian man at heart, and though he said little, even to himself, about it, he had a very firm faith in the justice of the Creator. Much comfort had come to him during his confinement by reason of the revulsion of feeling in the fort. At first many of the members of the garrison had been quite ready to accept Beers's views as to the guilt of Davis, and had shunned their old companion in his confinement. But Beers could not conceal his satisfaction at the aspect of affairs.

"This," he said, "is the famous Feather-Foot, a scout known to every Indian along the southern border of the Great Lakes. I always thought his acquaintance with the redskins was a little too large to be good, and now we see what comes of it. It turns out that our friend is rather too much their friend. Major Croghan would have done well to consult me before trusting to this man."

Beers did a great deal of this sort of talking, and in twenty-four hours after Johnnie's departure every one saw that he was very jealous of the two Davises, and that his feelings against them were very bitter. As for Major Croghan, his heart had rebelled from the first against the conviction of Davis. He had acted throughout from a stern sense of duty, and he would gladly have received evidence of Davis's innocence; but he did not believe this to be possible.

At three o'clock in the afternoon preparations were begun for the execution of the scout. Ten feet in front of the north wall of the fort, on the inner side, of course, a space a dozen yards in width was cleared of all obstructions. The simple pine coffin was brought out, and placed a few feet forward of the wall, just behind the clear space. There was no necessity to drive down posts and put up ropes to keep the crowd off, for the young and old of the garrison were too much impressed to desire to stand close to the scene of execution.

The file of men who were to fire the fatal volley was selected by lot, and so was the Sergeant who was to give the words of command. Some of those who did not believe Davis guilty, and who did believe that Beers was malicious, had expressed a hope that he would be burdened with the unhappy duty of commanding; but the chance fell otherwise, and an old Sergeant who was hardened to all the vicissitudes of war was named for the post.

At half past three the chaplain, who had spent most of the morning with Davis, returned to the guard-house and passed a final ten minutes in prayer with him. Davis was then convinced that his end was at hand, and was prepared to meet his fate bravely and with resignation.

"God will enable my boy to clear my name," he said, "when I am gone, and that is all I ask for in this world."

And now the slow and measured tramp of feet was heard outside the guard-house as the file of men approached to lead Davis forth. The scout rose and grasped the chaplain's hand.

"You and I," he said, "will meet again."

Then he turned and gravely saluted the Sergeant, who had entered the room. His hands were about to be bound behind his back, when he said:

"Sergeant, don't you think you could leave my hands free? I won't put my arms in front of me when you give the word."

"I can't change the orders," answered the Sergeant; "but when we get there, I'll ask the commanding officer for you."

"Thank you," said Davis, quietly submitting to be bound.

He walked firmly out to the file of men, and then asked the Sergeant's permission to speak to them. The Sergeant nodded.

"Boys," said Davis, "I know this is a mighty hard job for you; but I want you all to understand that it can't be helped, and after it's over, remember that you obeyed orders, which is what a soldier's always got to do."

Then he took his place, the Sergeant gave the word, and the little procession moved solemnly out toward the cleared space. The sun shone warm and bright, the birds sang sweetly in the forest, and a gentle westerly wind softly waved the flag that flew from the tall pole in the centre of the fort. Over near the south wall the garrison were assembled, as far away from the spot set apart for the execution as they could be without leaving the fort. The men did not wish to see Davis's end, yet they could not quit the enclosure. The scout was led to the space in front of the north wall, where he stood with his back toward the distant shores of Lake Erie. Then the Sergeant walked across the turf to the little knot of officers, and presented Davis's request to the Major.

"Yes," said Croghan. "He is a brave man. Let him have his arms free."

The Sergeant returned to the prisoner and took the cords off his hands.

"I thank you, Major Croghan," Davis called out; "it is some comfort to a man to fall with his hands free."

The file of men was now drawn up in front of the accused man, who stood in a fine military position calmly watching the movements of the soldiers. The Sergeant was about to give the word to make ready, when Croghan stepped forward and exclaimed, in a husky voice:

"Wait! It lacks a minute of four o'clock."

"Order arms! Parade rest!" said the Sergeant, and the men's guns rattled heavily as they executed the movements.

"You're mighty good, Major," said Davis, speaking calmly and without a tremor in his voice; "but I don't see as a minute more or less is going to make any difference now."

"You shall have every second that belongs to you," said the Major, standing with his watch in his hand.

That was a long and wretched minute, but, like the others, it passed; and Major Croghan, with a long sigh, closed his watch, nodded to the Sergeant, and turned away.

"Attention! Carry arms!" said the Sergeant.

The rattle of the rifles was the only thing to be heard; but before the Sergeant could speak again, there came a new sound. From far down the river there came the long quavering cry of a loon. Davis started as if he had been struck. Then, lifting his head, he uttered an answering cry with a powerful voice. Again the loon's call came rolling up the river. Then Davis broke into a fit of silent laughter. Every one in the fort stood transfixed with astonishment and anxiety. Then a great cry came from the sentinel on the river parapet of the fort.

"Wait! wait!" he shouted, pointing down the river. "A canoe! a canoe! Yes, two canoes! They're paddling fast!"

"Guard the prisoner!" exclaimed Beers.

"Wait!" cried the Major, leaping up the parapet himself. "As I live," he cried, "it's the boy! And he has the Indian!" The President of the court martial looked at the other members, and they all nodded. "The prisoner is relieved for two hours," he said.

The next minute the two canoes, manned by hardy lake sailors clad in man-o'-war togs, swept up to the landing.



"WAIT! WAIT!" HE SHOUTED, POINTING DOWN THE RIVER

In the foremost canoe were Johnnie Davis and Hunting-Dog, the latter securely bound. In the second canoe were Lieutenant Forest, of the *Lawrence*, and Lieutenant Brackett, of the *Ariel*. In another minute they were all in the fort. Johnnie's swift glance told him the exact situation.

"Thanks to the good Father!" he exclaimed. "We are just in time."

Lieutenant Brackett, being the first in rank of the naval officers, stepped forward and saluted Major Croghan.

"Sir," he said, "I have the honor to present to you this letter from Captain Oliver Hazard Perry, commanding the naval forces of the United States on Lake Erie. By it you will perceive that Lieutenant Forest, of the flag-ship *Lawrence*, and myself, commanding officer of the schooner *Ariel*, together with certain seamen, are detailed to furnish you with evidence that the Indian Hunting-Dog is a British spy. And Captain Perry wishes me to add that the obligations of truth and justice in this matter are seconded by the demand for recognition on his part of the brave and gallant services of John Davis aboard the *Lawrence* during the recent engagement on Lake Erie, when by the grace of God the British fleet was destroyed."

At these words the little garrison broke into a great cheer, while Johnnie Davis rushed to his father and embraced him.

"Father," he said, "have no fear. The evidence is beyond doubt. You are saved."

Then the file of men who had been ordered out to execute Davis threw up their caps and cheered anew. Franklin Beers was the only man in the fort who did not cheer,

and he looked heartily ashamed of himself.

"Bring the prisoners, Davis and the Indian, at once to my quarters," said Major Croghan. "The court martial will reassemble at once and hear the new evidence. Gentlemen," he continued, addressing the naval officers, "we shall ask you to testify first, and afterward be refreshed after your journey."

"It was a very speedy journey, Major," said Lieutenant Brackett, smiling, "and we—"

He was interrupted by a sudden outcry: "The Indian! the Indian!"

Turning hastily, they saw a dark form bounding over the wood wall of the fort.

"Stop him!" shouted Major Croghan. "Stop him alive or dead!"

Every one rushed toward the embrasures on the forest side of the enclosure. But quickly as they all moved, there was one who moved more quickly. Franklin Beers, burning with shame and repentance for his actions during the entire affair, saw an opportunity to set himself right with his comrades. Like a deer he sped across the

turf and into one of the embrasures. The steel barrel of his rifle flashed in the sunlight as he sternly swung the butt to his shoulder. For a moment he stood firm and motionless as a rock, while the peal of the discharge rang through the arches of the trees.

Hunting-Dog was just on the point of entering the thicket, where he would have been lost to sight, when the leaden messenger overtook him. He staggered, threw out his arms, on which still dangled some of his broken bonds, and fell forward on his face in the bushes.

"That ends his mischief," said Beers. Then he sprang down from the embrasure, and going up to the two Davises, said: "I haven't done right by you, and I'm sorry for it. You're both honest men and good ones."

He offered his hand, and they took it in turn. The two naval officers, the seamen, and Johnnie related all the incidents that had taken place in the latter's pursuit of Hunting-Dog, and the court martial very speedily decided that the evidence fully proved that Henry Davis had been unjustly convicted, and that the Indian was the real spy.

Early the next morning the naval detachment departed, going down the river in their canoes to rejoin the schooner *Ariel*, which was waiting for them at the river's mouth. On the same day Beers resigned his position as chief of scouts, shouldered his rifle, and left the fort, for he felt that he was no longer able to stay there.

"Henry Davis," said Major Croghan, "your narrow escape demands that you should be rewarded. I make you my chief of scouts."

And then Johnnie Davis's happiness was complete.

THE END



A SUMMER AFTERNOON IN THE PARK.—DRAWN BY GUY ROSE.

TOM'S WAY OF GETTING THERE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THE idea of there not being room enough for Tom in that great "gundalow," as the huge flat-bottomed scow was called! The men were going down to the marsh in her, and there they would cut the tall thatch in the low tides, and they would fish and sleep and sing and tell stories in the high tides, and they would camp on the upper ground, and build fires and cook chowders and boil coffee, and eat their pies and doughnuts, and then lie back in the light of the great moon rolling up out of the sea. And Jack and Will were going, and he had never been; and it was a sin and a shame! And when they came back, slowly, slowly floating up, with the great load of salt hay and the square sail atop, and the long slow rhythm of the oars in the stream, Will and Jack would be there, lying up in the sky, as it were, on that load of hay, as if on a cloud. What tales they would have to tell when they came home, and how they would boast over him!

"No," his father had said. "I'd take you if there was room; but Will and Jack will be enough, anyway!"

And so he saw the great gundalow go floating off with the tide. And he knew just how jolly it was, for the Sunday-school children once were loaded aboard of her with their picnic baskets, and had gone floating down to the first island, making it look as if loaded with flowers, and all the children singing as if it were loaded with birds.

But Tom was not one to sit down and cry over his troubles. His way was to try and right them. As the gundalow rounded the great hanging pine-tree at the bend of the stream and passed out of sight, an idea crossed Tom's brain like a streak of lightning. He sprang to his

feet and played castanets with his fingers ten swift seconds, and then, as fast as his feet could carry him, he was at the tool-chest, and then picking over his own particular pile of boards that his father had given him once to make a wigwam with.

He chose four or five of the boards not quite a foot wide and an inch thick, and from two of them he sawed off the ends, leaving them about ten feet long. He nailed them lightly together, and drew with a pencil a straight line five feet long, and a slanting line two feet and a half long at each side, slanting so that his ten-inch board at the beginning of the slant was only four inches wide at the end; and having done this, he sawed both these boards together into the shape indicated by his pencil lines, and then knocked them apart. "There!" said Tom, "that 'll do for a beginning."

Then from his other boards Tom took two pieces for ends, three feet long and four and a half inches wide, and nailed the sides to them with tenpenny nails.

"Aha, we're coming on!" said Tom, only staying proceedings long enough for a very brief hornpipe inside of the box he had now awaiting further developments. Then he turned it bottom side up, and cut off his boards three feet two inches long, as he needed them, and he smeared the edges in some paint there was, and drove them close home to each other, and covered all the open space between his timbers with them, and took his plane and smoothed off the edges, and turned it right side up, and, lo and behold! there was something like a miniature gundalow. It took poor Tom all the forenoon to do this, although he worked fast, for his work had to be very exact. Finally he sawed another board down the middle till he had one ten feet long and five inches wide and an inch thick, and he nailed this along the middle of the floor of his queer craft from one end to the other,

fastening it to every plank, and clinching the nails so as to act like a stiffener, a backbone, to the whole system.

At this point his sister Susy came running along, calling him to dinner; nobody thought it worth while to blow the horn for him. And if Susy found out what he was about, woe betide him! He hurried in for his noon meal before Susy could reach the nook by the river where he was at work in the shade of the birches, and thought, as he saw only apple-pie and tea and bread and milk, that really women would starve themselves if left alone.

"I'll have a better dinner to-morrow, you see if I don't," he said, confidentially, to the old goose in the grass, when he was at his work again. Tom now took some more three-foot-and-two-inch boards, and covered in about two feet of distance at each end of his rude boat. "Things are beginning to look pretty ship-shape," said he, triumphantly. Then he nailed long cleats upon the inside, and fitted a comfortable slat to rest on them very easily. "There's a good seat for rowing," said Tom. "And now it's done, all but the rowlocks."

Poor Tom had no money for rowlocks, although he could have bought them for less than a dollar. But after thinking hard a little while, he nailed on another cleat about a foot square, its top coming about four inches above the edge, or gunwale, and in the middle of it he whittled out a big U. "Natural rowlocks," said Tom; "better than thole-pins;" and then he fitted one at the other side.

But before Tom had covered in the last end of his punt, he had bored and burned out a big hole in a big block of wood, and had fastened it, with nails driven slantwise through, to the floor, and he had bored a round hole just over it in the covering, and there was a place to hold his mast, if he wanted to use one of the big sticks that the men had brought home the other day in the shape of young white-birch saplings with the bark on. "Just the thing," said Tom. "And that big hay-cap will do for a sail, on a pinch."

Now Tom took two other saplings, and, leaving the round smooth stems, he planed and whittied off the sides of the ends till he had a pair of quite passable oar blades. Then he bent a bit of tin round the tip, and tacked it there. "I won't call the King my uncle," said Tom, when he surveyed his work at noon of the next day.

But there was one thing more to do. Before he began on his mast and oars, he had taken the paint-pot and painted the whole boat carefully inside; and now he turned it over, and painted it just as carefully all over the outside. The paint dried very rapidly in that hot sun; and it would have been difficult for a drop of water to get into that boat unless it fell from the sky.

"Now if I can't do anything else," cried Tom, "I can go horn-pouting. The next thing to do, sir, is to provision her and be off at sunrise. And I guess I'll give father a start, and teach the boys not to crow over me. But I'll give them a good day's fishing in her if they want it and are civil," said Master Tom, generously.

It didn't strike Tom as at all strange that there was a lot of roast chicken and cold beef all cut up in the pantry as he filled his basket, and took a loaf of bread, and some cold buttered biscuit, and a lot of doughnuts, and a big plate of turnovers, and a pottle of milk standing there. He stowed them all away in the apple-tree crotch, to be put under one of the covered ends of his boat in the morning. And he hardly slept that night, so great was his haste to haul that boat down to the water, and be off on the first flow of the tide.

The stars were all floating in a rosy mist, as if they were going to sink to its bottom, when Tom awoke and hastled on his trousers, took his jacket on his arm, and

tiptoed down stairs barefooted, stopping in the buttery for a bite of bread and meat and a drink of milk, and then darting to the river, where, in the bow of birch trees and old cinnamon roses, his punt waited to be launched. He had bored a little hole in the top of one of the covered ends of the boat, and knotted in it a bit of his mother's clothes-line for a painter; and nothing was easier than to roll his boat into the shallow water over two little round sticks of wood. He watched her a minute in the rosy light and gray shadow; there she was afloat, water-tight, as neat a little punt as any one ever fished in. And he had built her himself!

He ran back for his provisions to the apple-tree. When he returned, feeling as if, after all, luck might be setting too much his way—what was this? Were there really brownies—imps—elves? Then his eyes cleared, and he saw who it was—Susy, sitting in one end of his boat, with her sun-bonnet and shawl, and as determined an air as the first Puritan mother ever wore when the *Mayflower* was talked of.

"Come, now," said Tom in a very positive manner; "this is *my* boat."

"Oh yes," said Susy; "I know that." But she didn't stir.

"Come!" he cried again, impatiently. "Aren't you going to get out?"

"Oh no," said Susy, sweetly. "I'm going with you."

"I don't want you," said Tom. "You can't go."

"Then," said Susy, "the chicken and the biscuit and the cakes and the turnovers can't go either."

"Girls don't go to math," said Tom, sullenly.

"This one does," said Susy, gayly. "Come, Tom, don't be a cross boy. Mother knows about it. Mother said I might. She's been down and looked the boat all over. Gran'sir says it's all right; he says it's a credit to you. It'll be a great deal pleasanter to have me along, Tom."

"So it will," said Tom, suddenly. And he put in his mast and oars, and stepped in after them, with his painter in his hand. The soft tide took the head of the boat and pushed it round and drew it out, and—oh joy! they were floating; they were away from the shore; they were out on the open river; they were going down to math.

Glad enough was Tom, with his blistered hands, before that long hot day was over, that he had let Susy come along and help him and cheer him and take an oar. The river was a tide streak, and hardly anywhere deep enough to drown them had they capsized. But no one could capsize in that boat. The tide softly bore them along, the wind swelled their little sail, and as the sunset began reddening the wide bay into which the river opened, there was the great gundalow in view; all the great gundalows of all the river farms; there were the men lolling on the haycocks on the upland; there was his father crying out, "Well, I'll be blest!" And there was such a fuss made over Tom and Susy, and over Tom's boat, that Jack and Will were quite lost sight of. And it was a great kindness and condescension in Tom that he allowed them to go home in the punt on Saturday evening, while he and Susy lay on top of the great mound of salt hay on the gundalow, and floated up the river as if they were at rest among the clouds.

BEES AND HONEY.

IF you doubt that bees are hard-working, or, on the other hand, wonder why they work so hard, perhaps you will do neither when you hear that it takes a hive of 7000 bees a year to produce fifty pounds of honey. This shows that honey-making is slow and arduous work, and that to produce as much of the sweet substance that makes life happier and pancakes more worth the eating as we use up every year, the wonderful little insects have to stick to their work pretty closely.

MAMSELLE MISS'S BOYS.*

BY M E M DAVIS.

CHAPTER V.

AN OLD SUGAR-KETTLE.

"CHRISTOPHER," said M'sieu Paul, at the dinner table that same day, "how would you like to go over to Westfield to-morrow?"

Crissy dropped the fork she was holding awkwardly in her bandaged fingers, and stared at him open-mouthed, growing first pale and then red.

"Oh, very well," he went on, turning away with pretended pique. "Perhaps you prefer to stay at home with Suzette. But you must know, sir, that Mamselle Miss is going to Westfield to-morrow; Paul and Victor are going to Westfield to-morrow; Sharlo and Yak."

His voice was drowned in the gay clamor that arose around the table. A trip to Westfield Plantation—this was a surprise to all hands, even to Mamselle Miss.

"Do you really mean to take us all to Westfield, Uncle Paul? All of us?" shouted Paul, above the din.

"All of you," placidly responded his uncle; "even the amiable *valet* of Tom Woodruff's son."

"Dass me!" grinned Jin; and she made a little dash out into the hall to chuckle more at her ease.

"To-morrow morning," continued M'sieu Paul, taking out his watch and opening it impressively, "at precisely seven and a half o'clock we embark. Scatter and get ready."

The room was cleared in a twinkling; and presently there was a hurrying and scurrying overhead, a bumping and banging about of trunks and travelling bags, and cries for Crissy's help in every tone of voice, from lordly command to whining entreaty.

Mamselle Miss protested, as in duty bound—the trouble, the expense, the undue indulgence to her nursery-maid; but secretly she was glad to be overruled. She had never been to Westfield, which had come to her father as a part of the dowry of his creole second wife, M'sieu Paul's mother.

It was past belief to this old-fashioned, slow-moving, stay-at-home gentlewoman that they could all be ready in time; but they were. Suzette helped them scramble into the street car at the corner; she returned their merry good-byes with a wave of her bony hand, and went back delighted at the prospect of "reposing herself," as she expressed it.

The journey was all too short for the alert, keen-eyed young travellers. They crossed in a ferry-boat the great yellow flood of the Mississippi; the train on the further side sped through low-lying swamps, where turtles sunned themselves on old logs; and other old logs lifted their jagged ends and turned out to be alligators; huge fan-like palmetto leaves brushed the tracks; long festoons of gray moss trailed from wide-branched trees that stood knee-deep in the clear brown waveless swamp water. Further on, they rushed between seemingly endless cane fields, hedged with blooming eglantine and with large white-pillared plantation houses, flanked with double rows of negro cabins, set well back among clustering trees and shrubs.

They left the train a little after noon, at a small station where an open buggy with a pretty horse awaited M'sieu Paul. In this he placed Mamselle Miss with Crissy, laying the reins confidently in the latter's hand. He himself, with the boys and Jin, climbed into one of his own high-wheeled plantation wagons, driven by a dusky teamster, and they clattered away.

Crissy followed, driving with great care. It was at a turn in the dusty rose-hedged lane that the big white house, shaded by enormous trees and surrounded by a wide well-kept lawn, came into view. Half a dozen little negroes shot from underneath the hedge to open the big gate for the buggy; and beside the steps, where its occupants alighted, there was a contingent from the Quarters eager with curiosity and delight.



A WOMAN, LATER SHE HAD UNLATCHED A SMALL GLASS JAR.

Ten minutes after their arrival, Paul and Victor were tramping over the fields; Crissy was rather timidly walking with M'sieu Paul about the large modernized sugar-house, where some repairs were going forward, and the twins, surrounded by an admiring gang of pickaninnies, were rolling in an ecstasy of joy over the soft grass on the back lawn.

Mamselle Miss came out about sunset, and seated herself on the front gallery. Everything on that side of the house was very still. The blue-green feathery cane fields to right and left whispered softly in the light breeze; a peacock strutted about the lawn with his tail outspread. A smell of damask-roses filled the air from the long borders over against the garden fence. Mamselle Miss sighed a little, remembering the old cotton plantation in Alabama, like, yet unlike, where she was born. A small, lean, brown pickaninny, with weazen face and big owl-like eyes, crept out from behind a clump of sweet-olive, where he had been watching her.

"Mistis, is you lonesome up dar on de gal'ry? 'Caze ef you is, I mought come up an' sot by you erwhile."

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 663.

Mamselle Miss frowned from habit, for she really was softening daily toward the world in general, and toward boys in particular, though she would not have admitted it. Then she laughed, and was about to reply, when a short thick-set old negro woman, very black and very wrathful, darted from around the corner of the house, and seized the intruder by the back of his neck. "In de name o' de Lawd, Doc, what you mean by sneakin' 'roun de gre't house an' settin' yo'se'f up ter talk ter de quality? Git erlong, you pizin lim' o' night, ef you don't want yo' back blister an' yo' bones broke."

"Why, Aunt Peggy!" cried Mamselle Miss, running down the steps. "Is that you?" And Crissy surely would not have believed her own eyes if she had seen her holding out both hands and winking back a gush of tears.

"Fer goodness' sake, ef it ain't Miss Bec!" shouted Aunt Peggy, after a moment's scrutiny.

Doc stood back abashed, while his grandmother and the strange lady laughed and cried and ejaculated and asked each other questions. Both had grown old since Aunt Peggy had been brought over from Alabama to Westfield. "An' you ain't naver marri'd, Miss Bec? Ner died? Hmp! An' de Lawd is tuk His own way fer ter gin you a fam'ly!" chuckled the old woman, wagging her turbaned head.

When at last Aunt Peggy returned to her cabin, Doc flatly refused to go. He had, to use his own words, "tuk up" with Mamselle Miss, and that is how she came to have another boy in her family, for from that day until the last of her stay at Westfield wherever Mamselle Miss went, Doc went too.

The days that crowded fast on one another, albeit they were long summer days, were filled, pressed down, and running over for Mamselle Miss's boys. Everything, from the clang of the big plantation bell that called the hands to work in the morning, to the noon dinners of the field gangs at Short Cut, Persimmon Cut, Graveyard Cut—the various subdivisions of the vast fields; from the wide, round old sugar-kettles—superseded by new and complicated machinery—that were scattered like great witch caldrons about the sugar-house and stable lots, serving as horse-troughs or grain receptacles, to the processions of queer wagons to and from the station, and the moonlit dances in the grassy door-yards of the Quarters—everything pertaining to this busy and important yet simple and patriarchal life of the plantation was novel and interesting to them.

Mamselle Miss, in the genial presence of M'sieu Paul, almost forgot how to scold. As for Crissy, radiant Crissy! hunting eggs in the stable loft with Jin, churning in Aunt Peggy's gallery, drying rose leaves for Mamselle Miss's rose-jars, scouring the green-hedged lanes on the little white pony which had been assigned to her sole use—well, "I have to pinch myself sometimes to see if I really am Christopher C. Woodruff," she wrote to Claire.

"If those papers could only be found!" sighed Mamselle Miss, looking out over the fertile fields and teeming pastures.

Those papers! Even Sharlo and Yak knew vaguely what that meant. It meant the titles and deeds not only to Westfield, but to the Toulouse Street house, which had been lost or stolen during the war. It meant that a lawsuit was now pending which might give both the plantation and the old home into alien hands. M'sieu Paul's bright face always clouded at the mention of those papers. "But, come," he would say, gayly, recovering himself, "let us not think of it; *à quoi bon?*"

One day Jin with the twins and Doc went to call doodle-bugs. Crissy did not go. She was down at Aunt Peggy's cabin learning how to make banana fritters.

"Ya-as, honey," Aunt Peggy was saying, "I knowed Miss Bec when she wuz de pretties' young lady in Sump-

ter County. An' ez to Mars' Tom Woodruff, dey wa'n't a young gentelman nowher could hol' a can'te ter him' Hit's a pity Mars' Tom didn't marry Miss Bec, lak he wuz gwine ter, 'caze den, chile, Miss Bec 'ud ha' been yo' maw."

"Yes," said Crissy, doubtfully. She tucked up her sleeves, while the old woman droned on about the past glories of the Barclay family. The skillet on its bed of coals was full of boiling lard. The batter in the yellow bowl had been beaten until it frothed like new milk. Aunt Peggy peeled the luscious plantains daintily.

"You see," she explained, "you mus' cut 'em on de cross, an' drop 'em in de batter at de las' minute; an' den drop a big iron-spoonful o' batter inter de b'ilin' lard. De nex' minit de fritters is brown ez a pa'tridge breas', sizzlin' an' ready ter be tuk up. Den you sprinkles 'em wi' white sugar, an', mun! dey fairly mek yo' mouf water ter look at 'em."

In the mean while Jin and her little flock had stopped under the shade of a wide-spreading tree a hundred yards or more from the Quarters. The narrow reed-edged bayou ran sluggishly along on one side; on the other, as far as the eye could reach, the fields stretched away. The grass grew sparsely in the heavy shade of the tree, and here and there among the roots there were little burnt-looking heaps of sand, no bigger than a thimble. Jin dropped on her knees beside one of these tiny mounds, and placing her mouth close to it, began to call, musically and persuasively,

"Doodle! doodle! doodle! come u p-p-p—come up p-p, an' I'll gin you a gra-in o' co'n!"

A second or so passed, and then the loose sand began to tremble as if shaken from beneath, and a little black bug, in shape somewhat like a cricket, scrambled out and sat expectant on the sand heap.

"Dar, now!" said Jin, with great satisfaction, sitting back on her heels; "didn' I tole you? Dass de doodle come a'ter his co'n."

Sharlo and Yak, each squatted by a sand heap, called, shrilly, "Doodle! doodle! doodle!"

Jin watched them with her back against the tree. "Holler louder, chillen," she advised; "dem doodle-bugs 'ten' lak dey deaf sometime! Dish yer jes de place fer a play-house," she went on to herself. "I gwine to fetch Miss Cris here." She dug her bare toes in the soft earth between the roots as she spoke. And just as a remarkably large doodle-bug responded to Sharlo's invitation, her toe struck something hard.

A moment later she had unearthed a small glass jar. It was securely corked, and some rotting bits of cloth were wrapped around it.

Dinner at the great house was nearly finished when Jin came, a little bashfully, into the dining-room with the twins.

"It's dot a doodle," said Yak, proudly, opening his dirty little palm. "I 'vited him f'um his house, an' I pwomised him some co'n."

"Miss Cris," whispered Jin, behind her young mistress's chair, "I is plum 'shame' ter ax 'Sieu Paul ter look at dish yer pickle-bottle, but seem lak it got somep'n in it."

Crissy had taken the jar, and was turning it about in her hands. M'sieu Paul sprang up with an exclamation of surprise, and took it from her. It was the work of a moment to remove the cork and draw out a small bundle of yellowed papers. He examined them eagerly. "*Bon! bon! bon!*" he cried, waving them over his head. "*Voici, ma sœur!*" Here is Westfield!"

The glass jar buried by his father on the eve of a skirmish near Westfield during the war contained all, or nearly all, the missing papers. "He talked in his dying moments about a glass jar and the Westfield title-deeds," said M'sieu Paul, when the excitement had a little subsided; "but I could not understand, and thought it deli-

rium. There is only one deed missing. Sharlo, your doodle shall have a whole sackful of corn! As for Jin—" But Jin had darted out to tell the story at the Quarters. And by this time Crissy's famous banana fritters were too cold to be eaten.

The dewy breath of early morning was on hedge-row and cane a day or two later when Paul and Victor started across the fields to Bayou Jaune, which curved in a long loop behind the plantation. They carried fishing-poles over their shoulders. Doc trudged behind with a can of bait; the dogs, driven back with clods, yelped and whined at the stable-lot gate. Leaving the cane fields well to the right, they passed over a wide pasture thick with clover and stubby grass, climbed a rail fence beyond the big boundary ditch, and pushed through a thicket of undergrowth to the bayou. Doc led the way to a little inlet where a small, dingy, flat-bottomed scow half filled with water was drawn up on the low bank. A couple of paddles were lying across the seats.

"Why, it's full of water!" cried Paul, in dismay.

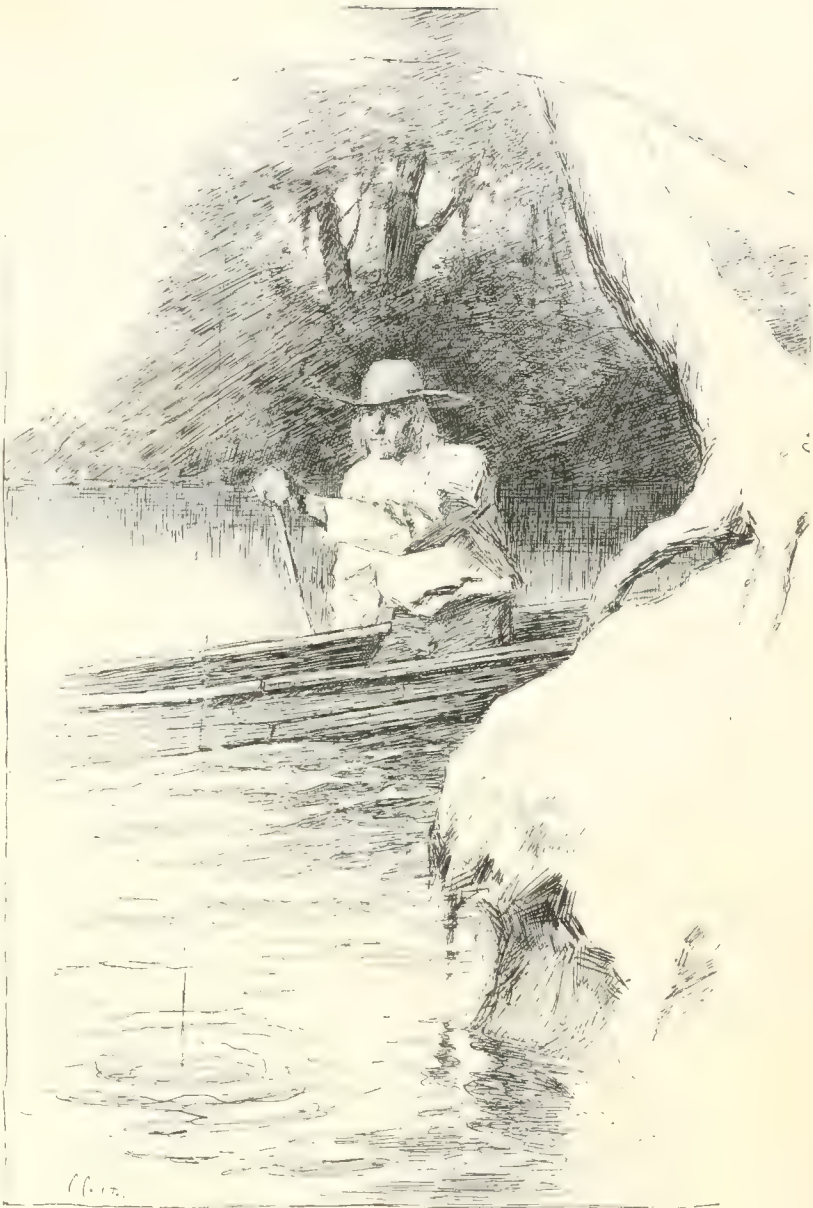
"Dat ain' nuttin'," grinned Doc. "We gwine ter bail 'er out;" and transferring the fishing-worms from the can to his hat, he set vigorously to work, aided by Paul and Victor, who scooped up the muddy water in their straw hats.

"Dar, now!" said Doc, triumphantly, after half an hour's labor.

He emptied the worms back into the can, and picked up a paddle. His companions stepped somewhat gingerly after him into the frail craft with their poles and nets, and they were soon rocking rather dangerously on the narrow sluggish stream. With a little instruction from their small guide, however, they learned to sit steadily, and even to use the short paddles. They threaded their way cautiously in and out among the overhanging limbs of enormous trees, whose dense foliage and moss-hung branches made a sort of twilight in the swamp even at noonday. A few hundred yards below their starting-point the bayou widened suddenly into a great still pool, whose dark yellow surface was covered with gigantic water-lilies. Here, by Doc's advice, they dropped their lines. But it was discouraging work. Not so much as a bite rewarded their patient ten minutes' waiting.

"Spit on de hook, boys, spit on de hook, lak I does," said Doc for the twentieth time, suiting the action to the word.

The clear noisy tinkle of a bell sounded as he spoke almost at his elbow. They all looked around in alarm. The bell was tied to the end of a long flexible pole, which was stuck in the bank, and which was vibrating rapidly above the agitated water. At the first sound of the bell an old Cajan with a dark impassive face and wiry muscular limbs darted from around a bend in his slender pirogue, and drew up a fine flapping catfish from the trot-line attached to the pole. The little boys regarded him with wonder and admiration while he extricated the hook from the gaping mouth and renewed the bait.



TIST BOCAGE, THE CAJAN MOSS-GATHERER.

"'Catchin' hany feesh?" he inquired, gravely looking over at them.

"N-n-o," said Paul, a trifle offended at the merry twinkle in the old man's eyes.

A shrill shout came echoing down the winding stream. The Cajan placed his fingers before his lips, and sent back an answering halloo. The next moment a trim row-boat swept into the pool. Its occupants, an elderly woman, swarthy and wrinkled, and a pretty young girl with sleek black hair and white teeth, exchanged a few words in a rude patois with the man, and then the woman turned to Paul, and said, kindly:

"We goin' to gadder moss. Wan' to come?"

"Yes! yes!" both boys responded eagerly, for they had heard at the negro quarters wonderful tales of the adventures of the Cajan moss-gatherers in the Bayou Jaune swamps.

The girl reached out and caught the bit of rope that hung from the bow of their boat, and fastened it to a ring in the stern of her own, and a vigorous sweep of her brown bare arm brought them flying after the pirogue.

It was a strange new world which they entered under

the name of old Baptist Bogue, the famous Cajan hunter, the moss-gatherer. Leaving the main stream, the party floated into the shallow water that spread away into the vast wilderness of the swamp. There the greenery of some places almost like the gloom of mid-day was lighted here and there by a patch of curiously bright orchids, seemingly atiptoe on the rippleless water, or a single scarlet trumpet-flower swaying on its tremulous stem. Huge snakes coiled with lolling heads on outspreading tree roots, or slipped wriggling through the shallows; baby alligators crawled grunting beneath the palmettos, overhead the great purple gallinule sailed heavily from one leafy covert to another. 'Tist Bogue pushed his narrow curved pirogue from tree to tree, drawing down with his long crook the festoons of gray moss, and piling them in the row-boat, the girl and woman trampling them down, until it was laden to the water's edge with the light freight. Paul and Victor, floating lightly in the wake of the row-boat, listened with awe and delight to the stories of the old hunter and his gay snatches of song.

"I'm goin' to be a moss-gatherer and a hunter, like 'Tist Bogue," said Victor, boldly, to Titine, 'Tist Bogue's sleek-haired, red-lipped daughter.

At noon they had their dinner of bread and garlic on a small island formed of interwoven roots and leafy loam. It rocked beneath them like an ill-balanced craft when they stepped upon it. A snuffling sort of a whine greeted Victor's ear as he squatted at 'Tist Bogue's knee, and the rusty nose of a scaly alligator was thrust against his jacket sleeve. Its small eyes gleamed maliciously, its ugly mouth yawned. Victor shrieked. The report of a gun echoed on the air. The huge creature rolled over on its back, showing its white belly, and the yellow water was tinged with blood.

"It's gwine home, I is!" whimpered Doc.

And as 'Tist fastened the inert carcass to the boat, Victor sobbed in Doc's ear,

"I'm n not goin' to be a h hunter nor a m moss gatherer, like 'T-tist Bogue!"

It was toward sunset when they left the Cajan family at their little hut on the banks of the main bayou, and pushed on alone to their own landing. They drew the scow into its hiding-place among the reeds and rushes.

"I don't know what Aunt Rebecca and Cris 'll say about our clothes," said Paul, surveying his wet and soiled garments as they turned away, "but it's been the jolliest day I ever had."

When they drew near the plantation fence they saw a boy sitting on the topmost rail peeling a sugar-cane and whistling.

"Dar's de Cajan boy dat dug up de box I done been tellin' you erbout," whispered Doc.

Doc had, in fact, ever since the episode of the pickle-jar, talked incessantly about the finding of a tin box near the same spot, "by a Cajan boy name' Gabe."

Paul quickened his steps. "Hello, boy!" he cried, as he came up. The boy looked around, and nodded good naturedly. Doc laid his hand on the stranger's bare leg. "Gabe," he began, earnestly, "dese here boys wants ter git holt o' dat box dat you done dug up—"

His speech was cut short by an impatient jerk of the boy's body; the open face soured; the small black eyes closed sullenly. He dropped the sugar-cane, glanced furtively to right and left, then slid abruptly from the fence into the field, and set off running at the top of his speed obliquely across the pasture, as if intending to clear the fence beyond and reach the swamp again. But the others were too quick for him. They were over the fence, all three of them, in a twinkling. Paul headed him off on the swamp side; he turned, and they all scampered after him. He ran with the lightness and swiftness of a young rabbit, his head lowered, and his long black locks

floating behind him. But two at least of his pursuers were as fleet of foot as he. Paul and Doc gained rapidly upon him. They were within a hundred feet of him, when Victor, panting along in the rear, called out something and threw up his arms. They turned their heads, slackened their pace for a single instant, just long enough to see Victor drop to the ground, hugging his foot. When they looked around again, the Cajan boy had disappeared.

TO BE CONTINUED

MENTAL TRAINING THROUGH PHYSICAL EXERCISE.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM

THE great benefit of athletics as a means of securing and perpetuating physical health and strength is now universally recognized. But that valuable mental training—training which could scarcely be secured in any other way—is derived from the same source has not been so generally recognized and acknowledged. Yet I think it can be shown that the boys and young men of to-day are getting not only physical health and strength, but a most useful and practical kind of mental training also from the gymnasium and from out-door sports.

It will be readily conceded that excellence in athletics does not depend entirely upon physical development or the mere possession of certain physical qualifications. The boy who has the best muscular development does not always or necessarily make the best gymnast or the best baseball or football player. The most splendidly proportioned young man is not always the best wrestler or boxer. Something besides physical equipment enters into the matter of excellence in athletics; perhaps it would not be too much to say that something more important and more essential than physical equipment enters in. This something is a certain mental power which enables the successful athlete to govern every motion of his body by the exercise of thought, which enables him, as the current expression has it, to "put some science" into his athletics.

One is often surprised at the apparently meagre physical equipment of noted athletes. Compared with some of their unsuccessful competitors, they seem to be wholly unfit to take part in the exercise in which they excel. But observation of their faces or of their bodies in action discloses the secret of their power. They are men who put thought, study, mental effort, and mental control into what they do. It is a superior quality and training of mind, not a superior physical equipment, which chiefly distinguishes them from their competitors.

If, then, the mind has so much to do with athletics, if mental qualities play so large a part in the attainment of excellence here, it is perfectly reasonable to assume that, on the other hand, physical exercises afford the best of opportunities for the cultivation and development of the qualities which they call forth. Facilities are always developed by the things which exercise them, and in no other way. If athletics demand certain mental qualities, then the practice of athletics must develop these qualities. So we see that instead of being a waste of mental energy, as some people foolishly suppose, athletics really afford invaluable opportunities for mental training.

Let us observe some of the mental qualities which are cultivated by judicious physical exercise. First of all, there is good judgment. Athletics train the youthful mind to quickness of perception, promptness of decision, and certainty of action. These are the three elements of good judgment. When a practised tennis-player, for instance, in a single rapid mental operation, perceives the course and nature of the ball which is returned to him, determines upon his method of receiving and placing it, and then with promptitude and firmness acts upon his determination, he is exercising and cultivating a mental quality of good judgment which will stand him in stead many a time in the serious occupations and emergencies of life.

The high development of all modern competitive sports affords a constant opportunity for the exercise of this rare quality of good judgment. In fact, it has come to be the chief factor of success in most athletic games, and the constant demand for its exercise comes in time to make quick thought and ready action a second nature with the athlete. Emergencies not only do not bewilder him, but serve to quicken all his mental powers to swifter and more effective action.

Next to good judgment, the most valuable mental quality which athletics develop is *reserve*. This is simply the accumu-

lation of mental energy for emergencies. It is a kind of banking business done by the mind to tide one over crises. It is what we mean when we say of a person that he "is never at his wits' end." One of the most striking characteristics of a good athlete is his remarkable mental resource and command. The unexpected may happen, but he is always prepared for it. No crisis finds him with his mental power expended. There is always that conscious reserve to fall back upon. Watch a good baseball-player, and note the economy of all his actions, and the vigilant control which he exercises over himself. This is reserve. Now let the emergency or the crisis come, and see how he utilizes the mental energy kept back for that purpose. It is a splendid exhibition of what athletics can do for a young man in teaching him self-control and the economizing of power.

A third mental quality developed by athletics is *application*, or *attention*. The athlete is necessarily absorbed in what he is doing. He bends every energy to its accomplishment. Not for a single instant may he allow his mind to wander or relax its grasp upon the object to be attained. Thus is cultivated a mental habit which is of priceless value in the serious competitions of life. "This one thing I do," is the thought written upon the face, and repeated in every attitude and action, of the earnest, expectant athlete. "This one thing I do," is the mental habit which he carries with him into life. Devotion, determination, perseverance, indomitable will—these are the endowments which come to the young man who in physical contests learns to concentrate his mind upon a single definite aim.

Then, finally, there is courage, a noble quality of mind, which athletics cultivate in an especial degree. The fortitude of the athlete sometimes rises to positive heroism. His bravery is conspicuous; his spirit of devotion nothing can dampen. The college boy contending for his colors on the baseball or football field or in the regatta is cultivating a spirit of whole-souled enthusiasm and devotion, which will make him the bravest among the brave in many a graver battle of after-life. Courage is not mere brute insensibility to opposition and danger. It springs from generous, self-sacrificing devotion to a cause. And the boy or the young man who in his athletics develops this true bravery, who makes it a genuine mental acquisition through absolute self-forgetfulness in the interest of his school, his college, or his "side," has attained something which will surely make him a more whole-souled, earnest, devoted, manly man, and a better soldier in every noble cause for which he fights.

WITHOUT HOOK, LINE, OR SEINE.

WHEN the tall bronzed Virginian seriously proposed that we visit his place that evening and go out and catch fish without hook, line, or seine, we thought he was joking.

"I know you don't believe it," he said; "strangers never do, but come and see for yourselves. It is an experience that you will never forget. But as the fish jump into the boat by dozens sometimes, I warn you to leave your good clothes at home."

In that part of eastern Virginia—the arrow-pointed strip of sand and fertility just above Cape Charles, between the Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean—the sport is known as "fat backing" and every summer "fat-backing" parties afford novel excitement for visitors who can be found in almost every home in the hospitable section. No one believes the stories until their truth is practically seen. So sceptical was one of our party that he declined to take off his good clothes, and went so far as to keep on a white vest of particular neatness.

When we reached the shore, after an hour's ride, we found our friend and a very cordial welcome, but he looked at the white vest and shook his head and smiled.

"It is a good night," he said, "but it would be much better if it were darker."

Then he resumed work completing his arrangements. He had a long canoe, a regular old dugout that had been carved from a noble tree, and on the stern he had built a rude platform, on which was nailed a large tin basin. Sand was put in this, and on it was placed a pile of light-wood knots. More of these resinous sticks were in the boat.

"We call the fish 'fat back,' because it is fat and has a fat back. It is really a young mullet. These mullet feed on the edge of the shore where it is very shallow, and when they see a light or hear an unusual noise they make flying leaps for deep water. Of course if our boat gets in their way, it is our fault and their misfortune."

By this time we were sitting on the low seats of the canoe

ready for the entertainment. We were in a large creek that makes in from the great Chesapeake Bay, that noble inland sea which has been called the Mediterranean of America. The shores of the creek are heavily wooded, and the shadows fell a long way across the water. There was almost complete stillness, and the scene was very solemn and picturesque.

The little bonfire in the stern was lighted, and as its flickering rays sent straggling beams across the waters, the smooth surface of the creek showed new signs of life. Our friend, sitting just in front of the fire, shoved the canoe along with a large pole.

Five minutes later the real fun began. The bonfire blazed. The weird illumination seemed to animate the waters like a light from a magician's lamp.

"Don't get excited now," said a voice from the stern, "or you will find yourselves upset."

Suddenly a streak of silver scales shot through the air, struck with a thud in the boat's bottom, and wriggled noisily.

"We've got one," he said; but he had hardly uttered the words before there was another and another and another.

The water was full of leaping fish. There were thousands jumping and splashing, and trying with all their might to reach the depths of the channel. It was indescribably exciting. The man with the pole now sent the canoe scooting along, and on every shoal were thousands more of little fish that leaped into the air when surprised by the light and noise. They jumped helter-skelter across the water and into the boat. One leaped all the way over the canoe; another went up the sleeve of an excited boy, and scared him so badly that he almost went overboard. Still another bit that white vest squarely in the centre, and compelled the man who was doubtful to feel that he had made a mistake.

The surface of the shoals was turned into whiteness, and so astonishing were some of the antics of the remarkable little fish that several of us felt like jumping out and catching them in our hats. The boat was shoved along for nearly a mile, and it was a continuous excitement. The "fat backs" jumped over us and around us, and of course those that landed in the boat were a very small fraction of the tens of thousands that we saw. As it was, at the end of our run we had seventy-eight in the canoe.

This was a small catch. As many as four hundred have been caught on the same shore, and the boat on the other side of the creek that night captured more than a hundred. The "fat back" is from three to five inches long, and is as solid a piece of plumpness as you can find in the water. Those we ate the next morning for breakfast were rich and oily, but good, especially with the corn-bread which Virginians know how to bake to perfection.

There is a good sale for the "fat backs." With nets they can be caught by the thousands, but of course that method lacks the excitement of the bonfire and the leaping.

Further down the coast the "fat backs" become the mullet, which go in large schools and are caught by the barrel. In some of the old records of North Carolina the fishermen who lived along the shores complained that the noise made by a school of mullet kept them from sleep at night. In the days of old Rome the mullet were highly appreciated, and some of the Latin poets wrote verses in their honor.

Sometimes the girls go "fat backing," and when the jumping begins, there is, to use our friend's words, "more fun than a circus," and they tell a story of one young lady who deliberately got out of the boat and waded ashore, sooner than have the little fish jump over her.

L. R. M.

PREFERRED HIS OWN HEAD.

AMONG the very old tales that are to be found in Joe Miller's collection is one of a nobleman whom Henry VIII. of England desired to send to the court of Francis I. of France, at a time when the relations between the two countries were seriously strained.

The nobleman begged to be excused from the mission, saying that such a message as he was deputed to carry to the angry French King would probably cost him his life at the hands of that monarch.

"Fear not," said Henry. "If the French King should offer to take away your life, I would revenge you by taking off the heads of many Frenchmen now in my power."

"But of all those heads," replied the nobleman, "there may not be one to fit my shoulders."



AT THE SEA-SHORE.

"HI, PAPA!" CRIED ANNE, WHO HAD BEEN DIGGING IN THE SAND UNTIL SHE HAD REACHED WATER. "HURRY UP AND SEE—I'VE FOUND ANOTHER OCEAN."

RATHER EARLY

I LIKE to wake up in the morn,
A little after four,
To hear the little birdy's song,
And dear old papa's snore.

A NICE SCHEME.

"PAPA," said Jack, "you drop a ten-cent piece in my hand while my eyes are shut, and then I'll try to guess what it is. If I guess right, I get the ten cents."

THE CANARY'S ADVANTAGE.

"I'm sorry for you," said the Newfoundland dog to the canary. "That cage is awfully small for you, I should think."

"Bow-wow!" retorted the canary. "I'm not unhappy. I could fly all about in your world, but you never could get in my cage."

HARRY'S WISH.

"PAPA," said Harry, as he looked at his new baby brother, "I wish we had seven more, because with him and me and seven more we'd have a baseball nine."

PARTIALITY.

"HAVE they named your baby brother yet, Adams?"

"Yeth. They've called him Georgie, after Uncle George, and I don't like it a bit. I wanted him named Adamth, after me."

CAUSE FOR REJOICING.

"I'm glad I'm not a peach," said Rollo. "If I was, mamma'd eat me, she's so fond of 'em."

DIRT

"MAMMA," asked a little boy, "what are people made of?"

"Dust, my dear."

"Dust is dirt, isn't it?"

"Yes, what you call dirt—the earth—the ground."

"And if animals are not so good as people, perhaps they are not made of as good kind of dirt, are they, mamma?"

"Perhaps not," she said.

"There's different kinds of dirt," he went on. "Some kinds of dirt shake off, and some kinds stick. I think some kinds of dirt is clean dirt, mamma?"

"Perhaps so, Willie."

Willie heaved a sigh. The subject was getting deep.

"Well, what is dirt made of?" he asked.

A WISH

I'd like to be a crocodile,
As down the Nile he struts;
Oh, what a truly happy smile
He has about him all the while!
What jaws for cracking nuts!

WISDOM

"MY!" said Bessie. "It is awful hot. I wish I was a cake of ice."

"Pooh!" said Jamie. "If you were a cake of ice you couldn't stand the heat half so well. You'd melt all up."

HER COLOR.

"GREEN's my favorite color," said Flossie. "Except in apples."

"How do you like apples?" asked Aunt Anne.

"Ripe," said Flossie.

EXPLAINING HIS STIFFNESS.

JAMIE had caught cold in some way, and was very stiff in consequence.

"I think when I had my bath yesterday," he said, "somebody must have put starch in the water."

A GOOD PLAN.

"How do you manage to take your medicine without making a face, Johnnie? It is awful-tasting stuff."

"I know that," said Johnnie, "but I pretend it's pancakes."

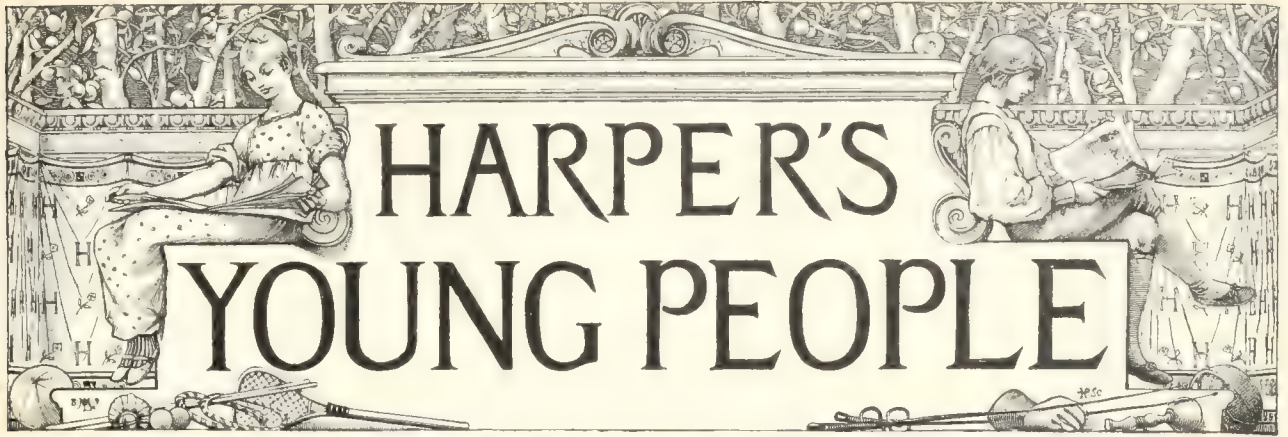
HER IDEA OF IT.

"MAGGIE, Maggie," cried Elsie, when she saw the perspiration on her hands for the first time, "get an umbrella quick. I'm raining."



EXPLORATION IN AFRICA.

THRILLING DISCOVERY OF AN ACTIVE VOLCANO.



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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



SHE SAW THE MACHINE GO OVER WITH A CRASH.—[SEE "CAPTAIN JACK," PAGE 698.]

CAPTAIN JACK.

BY JAMES MOTT HALLOWELL.

THE rivalry between the Pinkerton School and the school on Green Top Hill. It was felt by every one who had any interest in either of the schools, by the newsboy who brought the mail and sold papers on Green Top Hill, and by the dignified Head-master, E. G. Tomlinson, familiarly known among the boys as "Round Tommy." The Head-master with increasing age had increased in breadth, physically as well as mentally; he was a believer, as he once told the boys, in "well-rounded development," referring, of course, only to mental development. But one of the boys who had more wit than reverence suggested that he might have meant his stomach; so ever afterward he was popularly known as "Round Tommy."

I am sorry to say that this rivalry did not always bear fruit in the manner you or I would have wished. A famous Greek called Epictetus, who lived a great many years ago, once wrote a very interesting essay. In it he said, "Be for the most part silent; or speak merely what is necessary, and in few words; but never on any of the common subjects of gladiators, or horse-races, or athletic champions, or feats, the vulgar topics of conversation." This was written in Greek, but Round Tommy translated it to the boys once, just after he had found Rodkin making out an intricate and difficult compilation of athletic records when he ought to have been working on his algebra. Rodkin had gone up for his preliminary examinations the year before, and had flunked.

But there was one other attaché of Green Top Hill who was more warmly opposed to the Pinkertons than was Round Tommy, or Rodkin, or any other of the Pinkerton's natural enemies. This person was "the Imp." He was as black as a coal-hod. His real name was Pompey Washington Jackson, more often known as Pomp, but by us called the Imp. He preferred lying to speaking the truth, and as for morals, he had never heard of them. And as I said, he hated the Pinkertons with a royal and canine hate—those two kinds of dislike are quite similar.

The schools were great athletic rivals; every autumn they played a game for the football championship, and every spring they held their athletic races. It was at one of the football games that the Imp first made his appearance. Before the game began, the players were kicking several balls around the field for a little introductory practice; one ball went slightly out of bounds, and some small urchins immediately pounced upon it with the apparent intention of bringing it back to the players. In the scramble it was kicked farther and farther from bounds. The Imp was among these kickers. To be sure, he could not run fast, for he was very bow-legged, and he was handicapped by wearing on one foot one of his father's shoes, and on the other a slipper that was worn out at the toes; the former he could not move fast enough, and when he kicked with the latter he always stubbed his toes. But still in some way or other he managed to get that ball farther and farther away from bounds.

At last, in the midst of a scuffle, the ball disappeared. The ingenious Pomp had tripped over his father's shoe, and with much skill had fallen squarely upon the ball. He hugged it tight with both arms, and proceeded to poke it partly under his jacket; then he quickly pulled a knife out of his pocket, opened it, and jabbed the point through the leather covering. In an instant the air escaped and the bladder collapsed; it took only another instant to push the leather under his jacket, while the other boys all looked over the neighboring fence, as if they thought the ball had gone over there among the cabbages.

But there were just two people who happened to notice this trick: one was a Pinkerton player, and the other was the half back on the Green Top eleven. They walked over to where the Imp was standing. His jacket was tightly buttoned, and his broad grin betokened an untrained and childish innocence.

"If you're quite sure you are through with it, will you have the kindness to give it back?" said Jack. Jack was the Green Top half back.

"What, sar? yes, sar!" said Pomp, and continued grinning. Pomp always grinned; it was his normal state. But this particular grin meant that he did not at all understand what the speaker meant.

"Come, I'll break your black neck if you don't give me the ball." It was the Pinkerton who spoke.

"'Ain't got no ball!" But Pomp stopped grinning; his look now was one of abused innocence.

The Pinkerton grabbed him by the back of the neck, shook him, and tore open his coat.

"Lemme go! lemme go!" yelled Pomp. His grin was totally gone; he did not look innocent. Instead, he kicked the Pinkerton's shins with much effect. "Dun'no' nothing about your ball! Never seen your ball!" yelled Pomp, as the Pinkerton pulled the ball from under his jacket.

Jack looked on and smiled. When Pomp kicked with the slipper out at the toe, it hurt him more than the one who was kicked; but Pomp did not mind that. With every kick he gave a howl, and then a harder kick and a harder howl.

"Come, let him go," said Jack. "It's time for the game." And then, impelled by I don't know what feeling, he pulled a dime out of his pocket and tossed it to Pomp. "It's for the fun he has given us," said Jack. "Worth a dime any day." Pomp at once ceased his yelling and resumed his grinning. A dime was a large sum for him.

But whether he was an encourager of theft or not, Jack had secured a devoted adherent for the Greenies; for Pomp worshipped Jack with all the fervor with which he hated the other. During the game on that eventful afternoon Jack tackled that same Pinkerton player with such vigor that he knocked all his breath out, and time had to be called until he could recover. Pomp did not understand the rules of the game; and he must have supposed that Jack did it for the especial purpose of revenging the chastisement. If it had been possible Pomp would cheerfully have sold his soul for Jack's sake.

But in spite of the Imp's hatred and the newsboy's dislike, in spite of the athletic prowess of Jack and his compeers, and the unfriendly eulogies of Round Tommy, the Pinkertons always held their own in a masterly and manly fashion. And this year the war was waged with unprecedented fierceness. In the autumn football game Tom Brown had sprained his ankle, and Rodkin had broken his nose by running into a man head-foremost, and Jack had cut a deep gash just above his eye by colliding with Rodkin; but it was all in vain, for the Pinkertons were just as heroic and just as successful, and the game had resulted in a tie. So all eyes were centred on the athletic races in the spring—these would decide the leadership between the schools.

At last the great day arrived. Everybody who was anybody, and a great many other people besides, came to the games. Jack's sister came down from the city, and a girl who was not a sister came with her. Two of the big daily newspapers had sent special reporters to write up the games; and somehow or other they managed to secure a portrait of Jack taken the year before in the football picture, and also one of the Pinkerton leader, which they reproduced in their papers on the morning of the games.

Every boy who was not to take part in the games was

on hand with tin horns or brazen lungs. One who was very energetic was chosen to stand in front of the crowd and lead the cheering; and another, who was quite graceful, and who always dressed better than he did anything else, secured for himself the position of assistant leader; and he filled the position very successfully—at a little distance a well-shaped coat looks better than a well-shaped character. And then, also, in addition to the boys who did the cheering, there was a great crowd of other supporters—the girl who wanted to cheer but could not, and the girl who wouldn't have cheered even had she been ever so able.

Then there was the mamma who came along as chaperon, and who, when the sun became hot, put up her sunshade, so that the man behind could not see over it, and then politely hoped that it was not in his way; and he, being a gentleman, answered, "Not at all, madam!" And then also there were a few admiring fathers in the crowd who had got away from business for the afternoon, and had come down "just to see Johnny get licked."

At last everybody had arrived. The Pinkertons had shouted and cheered until they were tired; and so had the Greenies also; and now they became quiet for a few moments, and waited for the heroes to appear upon the field before they began shouting again. Then the first contestants appeared, and for a moment the air resounded again with the encouraging cheers of the supporters, while the girls who could not cheer but wanted to waved their favorite colors. The referee called the boys together; "Gentlemen," said he, in a quiet voice, "you are all ready?" As no one answered, he continued, "I shall make the start with a pistol. Two false starts will place a man one yard behind the scratch. Contestants in the first trial heat will please get ready at once." Then in a moment, as the boys lined up on the track, "Get on your marks! Set!" and in an instant the snap of a pistol was heard and the racers were off. The games had begun.

If any of you are constant readers of the newspapers you have read all about those games, and know just how they ended. You have read just how the Pinkertons won the first three races before the Greenies won any thing; and if you had been there you would have heard some of the over-confident Pinkies going around and shouting derisively that the Greenies were "not in it." Then some Pinkerton boy started a song beginning "Does your mother know you're out, Greeny dear!" and ending in a chorus which intimated that although it was a "cold day" for the Greenies, they really need not care, as the aforesaid Pinkies would "warm them well" before the day was through.

But like many people who talk a great deal and begin early, the Pinkies soon had to change the version of their song; for after they had won the first three races, their opponents made a great spurt, and handily came to the front with four first prizes. And it was Rodkin who captured one of these prizes, and one of the biggest ones it was also; for it was after a terrible race—a long, hard one—the kind where a man has to set his teeth together and make up his mind that he is going to win that race and then die after it; and then, as he comes down the homestretch with the other man just ahead by about a yard, and every one shouting and screaming, he feels that he is going to die first and never win at all, for his breath comes so hard that he almost chokes, and his legs are so tired that the pain runs all over his body, until it reaches his stomach and his head, and he feels sick and faint; all he knows is that the other man is just one yard ahead, and must be beaten. And then he makes one last spurt; he knows it is his last, but it carries him to the front, and as he crosses the line he falls to the ground, while his friends rush to pick him up and throw some water over his face, and tell him that he ran a great race.

Well, the games continued, and at last both schools were credited with the same number of first prizes, and there was only one more race. It was the great bicycle-race; the Pinkerton half back who had aroused the Imp's dire anger was the one to represent the Pinkertons, while Captain Jack rode for the Greenies.

Jack's bicycle and the Pinkerton's were exactly alike;



THE IMP "FIXES" THE BICYCLE.

they were both new, rigged with the latest bearings, and bought of the same maker. As the two boys in their length of leg were just the same size, the bicycles were pedalled for the same stretch. Placing them side by side, you could not have told one from the other.

They were standing in an out-of-the-way place around the corner where no one would touch them. If any one by chance had seen them, he might have seen something else also. He might have seen a little black Imp lounge carelessly around the corner and look at the machines in a scrutinizing manner, as though he had the eye of an expert. And then the Imp lounged back again, and stood looking across the field at the races; both hands were in his pockets, and he looked as indifferent as even Epictetus could have wished. But just as an exciting race was started and every one was absorbed in watching the runners, the Imp suddenly lost his superb indifference and dodged quickly around the corner. Both hands came out of his pockets, and in one was an open knife with a long newly pointed blade. It took him but a moment or two, and then he had "fixed" one of the bicycles with a celerity and skill which would have done credit to a professional. "Fixing" a bicycle means loosening the rubber tire from the wheel; you can do it by running a sharp instrument under the tire and cutting it from the wheel. When you take out the knife the tire snaps back into position, and apparently is as secure as if it had never been "fixed." But if it has been properly done, in going around a curve rapidly, the pressure is apt to throw the tire from the wheel, and the rider get a very nasty tumble.

The Imp grinned as Jack approached, and the older boy stopped to say a kind word to him. The Imp treasured Jack's words almost as much as the nickel which occasionally accompanied them. There was no nickel this time, but the Imp had a broader grin than usual as he showed his teeth and answered, "Yes, sar." He al-

ways answered, "Yes, sar," whether he understood or not. But this time he answered more than "Yes, sar." As Jack wheeled out his bicycle, preparatory to mounting, the Imp sidled over to the other bicycle and leaned against the wheel.

"Mister Jack, see!" he remarked, and he gave the tire a snap. "It's fixed um, sartin! Golly, but won't he go! If he'd only break his neck, golly!"

Whereupon he again became silent, and resumed his grinning. Perhaps he might get as much as a quarter for this. At any rate, his mortal enemy might kill himself. This was satisfaction enough without the quarter.

Jack did see. He went over to the machine, and carefully examined the tire. Then he aimed a kick at the Imp, which, if it had reached him, might have hurt; but the Imp was accustomed to avoiding kicks. Then he started to go around the corner to tell the Pinkerton about it; but after a step, he stopped and thought. What use would it be to tell the Pinkerton? There was no glue with which he could repair the damage. At all events, if some could be found, it would be useless, as it always took some time to harden. He might tie it on; but he knew by experience that the hard cinders on the track would cut the string like a knife. There was no other machine that could be used, for these were the only racers of the kind on the ground. The others rode on ordinary road machines. As none of them had any chance for better than third place, a racer was too expensive a luxury. Already it was time to be off. The crowd was getting impatient, and Jack heard some one run into the club-house and tell the Pinkerton to hurry up.

The Imp stood at a little distance, and wondered what the matter was. He heard Jack say something under his breath; and then to his great surprise he saw Jack wheel back his own bicycle, and place it just where the Pinkerton's had been standing. This done, he wheeled the latter around the corner, mounted it, and rode off towards the track.

In a few minutes all four riders were at the scratch. Not a sound came from the spectators. Every person in that great crowd was putting all his energy into looking and feeling. It was too solemn a moment for any one to shout. Jack's sister was looking at him, and feeling very proud that he was her brother; and the girl who came down from the city with her was also looking at him, though what she was feeling I really do not know. You see, Jack's sister told me just how she felt, but the girl who came with her never told me. And Jack himself, as he sat on the bicycle ready for the start, looked a little bit pale, but with a very quiet, determined look on his face; and a close observer would have seen that his blue eyes had in them almost a savage look, which was very unlike their usual peaceful gaze.

Then the voice of the referee was heard clear and strong, "Are you ready, gentlemen?" And then, in a second, came the snap of a pistol. The four starters who held the machines ran forward a few steps to give the riders headway, and then jumped aside. The four riders bent over the handles, and threw their weight on the pedals. One pushed to the front, while the other three fell into a line behind, and in another instant the four were rushing down the track with the speed of a railroad train.

The race was for two miles, four laps to the mile, and for the first four laps the riders kept the same relative positions in which they started. First, the two boys from the other schools, and then Jack, and then the Pinkerton bringing up the rear. And every time that the silent racers swept down the long homestretch, a great deep murmur of applause arose from the crowd, with here and there a shout from some over-enthusiastic supporter. It was like the muttering of a distant storm,

and foretold the thundering outburst which would come when the struggle began on the last lap.

"One mile!" shouted the judge, as the fourth lap was ended. And then the Pinkerton man bent a little lower over the handle of his machine, and darted ahead of the three leaders. His supporters gave a great shout as he took the lead, and then the Greenies shouted also as they saw Jack shoot ahead and draw up to the new leader. The other two were "done for," and now began the real race for first place.

Each time, as they neared those treacherous curves, the thought of that loosened tire shot through Jack's mind; but each time he saw the Pinkerton just ahead, and knew that he had to win that race or the Greenies would lose the games. A reckless man would have driven his machine ahead at full speed, but Jack was riding to win; so he slowed a little as he came to the curve, while his anxious supporters wondered whether his strength had failed.

"Two laps more!" shouted the judge; and Rodkin frantically waved the other boy's best coat in the air as he saw Jack shoot down the long stretch and close up the gap between him and the leader. "Last lap!" shouted the judge; and then, amidst a great roar of voices, Jack shot still farther ahead, until he was just abreast of the other man. Down the long stretch on the other side of the track they went, while their muscles, tense as whips, and the great swollen veins that stood out on their foreheads told of the terrible struggle they made. And now they came to the last curve. There was no slowing up now, and a thundering roar rolled across the field as Jack forged ahead of the other man; and then Jack's sister shrieked as she saw him topple and wave one arm in the air as if for help, and then saw the machine go over with a crash, while the rider was hurled forward on his face. And the girl who was with her forgot all about the race, and did not see the Pinkerton man ride down the stretch and across the line; all she saw was Jack's body lying there motionless on the edge of the track, and then a crowd of boys and men rushed down and hid him from view.

So the games were won by the Pinkertons. Jack, however, was not so badly hurt as he might have been, and in a few days he was about again, with his head done up in bandages, and looking a little tired and pale; but the same cheery look was in his blue eyes that was there before—no fall could knock out that. And then, somehow or other, the story leaked out. Whether the Imp told about it, or whether the Pinkerton discovered the exchange, I never heard; but I do not think it came from Jack. And several weeks afterwards a large box was left at Green Top Hill, with Jack's name upon it. Within, there was an envelope addressed to "Jack Everett, Esq., Honorary Member of the Pinkerton Athletic Association," and also a note informing him of his election. Besides this there were two large trophy cups. On one was inscribed:

GREEN TOP HILL. A. A.
CHAMPION
Interscholastic Games,
May, 1886.

On the other and larger one was Jack's name, with an inscription telling that he had won first prize in the bicycle-race. Jack did not say much when he saw this cup, and the note that he afterward wrote in reply was short and almost abrupt, quite in contrast to the six pages of gratitude which Round Tommy was inspired to write; but we who knew him saw an indescribable something in his face and looking out of his eyes—the something which a few people have whose feeling is very deep and strong, and who don't like to talk about it, although it means a great deal.

Jack afterward went to Harvard, and became very

famous among college men. He is a great football-player, and sometimes when he throws a man so hard that the latter has to be carried off the field, people who are on the other side and do not know any better call him "that brute," and perhaps if one of them is an editor, he goes home and writes an editorial upon the degenerating influence of college athletics, although the sporting editor of the same paper is apt to describe Jack in another column as the "clearest and hardest player on the field."

But those of us who saw those games have never forgotten the old story of the bicycle-race. And once, when the girl who came down with Jack's sister told him that he was "splendid," I think she, and he too, must have been thinking of that race; at any rate, they both looked just the way Jack did when he received the cup from the Pinkertons.

MAMSELLE MISS'S BOYS.*

BY M. E. M. DAVIS.

CHAPTER VI.

A BASKET OF ORANGES.

THEY stopped and gazed open-mouthed at each other. The wide pasture was as level as a table. A fringe of weeds, interspersed with flame-colored coreopsis and coarse white daisies, ran along the ditch over against the cane field, but there was not a shrub or a clump of grass where even a squirrel might hide. "Where has he gone?" exclaimed Victor, limping up with a grass burr sticking in his heel.

"I don't know," replied Paul, in an awed tone. He swept his eyes again over the pasture. There was something uncanny in this sudden and complete disappearance. Besides, it was hard upon nightfall, and an owl in the swamp was answering the distant hoot of another.

"Dat Cajan boy done cunjur' us!" declared Doc, cowering against Victor. "I's skeered, I is!" Paul was ashamed to own it, but he was scared too; he felt his knees quaking under him. "We gwine ter be plum et up by de gallergaters ef we stays here," said Doc, and he took to his heels. The others fled after him across the stubby grass, stumbling over each other. But Paul, casting a fearful glance over his shoulder, stopped short. It seemed to him that for a second a black ball-like something moved on the stubble, not far away. It went out of sight as he looked, but appeared again, and again disappeared.

"Come on, boys," he said, his courage returning. "I b'leve he's hiding somehow over yonder."

Doc and Victor hesitated, but followed, afraid to stay behind. A short run brought them to the spot where the black sphere had showed itself. Yes, he was there. One of the big old abandoned sugar-kettles had been sunk for a watering-pool into the ground. It had been originally protected by a railing, but that had been removed, and nothing indicated its presence but a circle of brighter green about it, where the grass was kept moist.

It was half filled with water, and in this, Gabe, who had stumbled into it unawares, was crouching up to his neck. It was his head, cautiously upthrust, that had attracted Paul's attention.

He came out sullenly enough, dripping from head to foot, and after a long parley, and many promises on the part of Paul, supported by dire threats from Doc, he agreed to get the box and go with them to the house. They accompanied him, half pleased, half terrified at their own boldness, to the little out-house near his father's isolated cabin; there he drew from its place of concealment a small rusty tin box tied up with a string. He refused

to open it, and was sulky and silent on the way. It was long after dark when they reached the house. Mamselle Miss was pacing the gallery in an agony of apprehension. Crissy ran to meet them, the twins shouting after her.



M'SIEU ANDRE LED HER THROUGH THE WIDE AVENUES.

"What *ever*—" she began, severely. But Paul waved her aside.

"Don't bother me, Cris," he said, with dignity. "I've got something to communerate to Uncle Paul."

"M'sieu Paul has gone to town," replied Crissy, running along beside him, burning with curiosity.

"Well," he said, rather reluctantly, "Aunt Rebecca will do, I reckon."

Gabe allowed himself to be dragged into the dining-room, and stood by, scowling, while Mamselle Miss opened the box and examined the contents. There were a folded paper which might be the missing deed (as it proved to be), and a small old-fashioned locket set with pearls. Mamselle Miss uttered a cry of delight, as she opened the thin gold case of the locket, and saw through her tears, smiling at her, the youthful faces of her own father and mother.

Gabe's scowls melted, and he became radiant when the lady, whose tears bewildered him, took from her purse a large round shining silver dollar, and gave it to him in exchange for the rusty box.

"Me, I know th' tishin' holes better'n ole 'Tist Bocage," he said to the boys, when they left him at the big gate whither they had accompanied him, "an' I'll show you how to catch th' feesh." And he was as good as his word during the remainder of the stay.

But the visit to Westfield came to an end, as all things pleasant must do. Mamselle Miss and Crissy sighed in concert, looking back over the buggy-top for a last glimpse of the house receding in the distance. Aunt Peggy stood on the gallery waving a tearful adieu, and Doc howled rebelliously beside her.

Suzette met them at the door on their arrival at home. She tried hard to tie her face into a frowning knot, but failed ignominiously, and confessed frankly, as they surged about her in the court, that she had been very lonesome in their absence, and was glad to get them home again. Claire was at the door too, and Crissy's heart was at the high tide of happiness.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No. 663.

But it was harder than she had thought to settle back into the routine of lessons and every-day discipline and work. The holiday, with its freedom and its excitement, had not only unsettled the Roys and the twins, it had had its effect upon herself, as she rather fretfully admitted to Claire. The September weather was sultrier and more suffocating than July even had been. Mamselle Miss, too, seemed more exacting and farther away than ever. For a last drop in the bucket, Jin had almost escaped from control. By dint of much patience on her part, however, and many secret battles, the rough edges did wear off once more, and things were beginning to settle into something like tranquillity.

One day early in October she came in from a walk with Claire. Jin met them at the door with a portentous face.

"What is it, Jin?" she demanded, quickly.

"Nuttin', Miss Cris. Don't you be skeered. Mamselle Miss jes' fell down de stair an' brek her leg."

Crissy pushed her aside, and flew into the house. The doctor was taking his hat and came in the hall.

"Don't be frightened, Crissy," he said, kindly; "it is only a sprained ankle. But you must take good care of her. It will be some time, I fear, before she will be able to walk again." He added a few directions, and went away.

Mamselle Miss lay groaning on a sofa in her own room. "Don't come near me, Christopher," she said, sharply, as the girl entered. "If you had picked up that banana peel that Sharlo—" But a sudden wrench shot through her ankle, and Crissy, springing forward, saw that she had fainted.

"Hit's gwine ter be a mons'us tryull ter po' Miss Cris," Jin prophesied privately to the boys. And so, indeed, it proved to be. The poor lady's nerves were all unstrung; she suffered greatly from the sprain; noise drove her frantic. "And surely," thought her little handmaiden, in despair, "the boys were never so noisy, and I was never half so clumsy!" Mamselle Miss fretted and scolded until even M'sieu Paul, in his occasional visits, was almost driven to "talking back."

"I don't see how you stand it!" exclaimed Claire, indignantly, one day when she found her friend seated on the little hair-trunk in her own room, showing a pair of suspiciously red eyes.

Crissy's stout sense of justice prevailed over her desire for sympathy. "You musn't mind what she says, Claire," she said, smiling faintly. "It's only her way. She don't mean to be cross. And I think if it wasn't for her nerves— Besides, it isn't as if I were a—a sure-enough cousin, you know. I'm only a sort of a *what you call a domestic*," she concluded, giving a very good imitation of her friend's accent, and breaking into a gay laugh.

"Oh, you're *not*!" cried Claire, energetically. "Not any more than I am. Do you know, Cris," she added, soberly, "only yesterday a lady came to see my mother—a stranger. I opened the door, and she handed me her card, and said, 'Pray, my good girl, tell your mistress that I will only detain her a moment.'"

By this time Crissy's cares were forgotten, and the stream of girlish gossip rippled on until Jin appeared.

"Miss Cris," she said, "Mamselle Miss saunt me ter tell you dat you mus' stop dat turrible noise. An' hurry down stairs, honey, 'caze Yak is done tum'l' inter de slop-tub, an' Mars' Victor is cut his big toe wi' de axe."

"And I do think, mamma," said Claire, a few moments later, telling the story at home, "that she is the bravest and most unselfish girl I ever saw. You ought to see how patient she is with those boys, and how sweet and gentle she is with old Mamselle Miss, who is as cross as a bear."

"Claire!" said Madam Durel, reprovingly.

"Well, she *is* cross, mamma, and Crissy has to run up and down stairs a thousand times a day."

"Claire!" said her mother again.

"Well, *almost*. And trying to prepare herself to teach that Fork Valley school in Texas, and manage the Roys, and take care of the twins."

Mr. André Durel, Claire's uncle, a handsome, rather serious-looking young man, listened behind his newspaper, but made no comment.

One day, some weeks later, when Mamselle Miss was able to hobble about the house a little with the aid of a cane, Crissy strolled down to the French Market, with Sharlo and Yak beside her, and Jin a step or two behind. The early morning buyers were all gone. Only a few people with baskets on their arms were passing between the gayly decorated stalls in the vegetable and fruit markets. Crissy stopped here and there to gaze with innate housewifely delight at the piles of crisp fresh vegetables and the tempting pyramids of fruit—pineapples, bananas, mangos, and, above all, oranges. She could not quite get used to the oranges.

"Why, *one* orange makes Christmas at home," she often said to Claire, when a wagon-load of freshly gathered golden yellow oranges flashed by on the street. She hung now in a sort of ecstasy over a stall heaped with them, the green shiny leaves still clinging to the sweet-smelling stems. "Oh-h, how beautiful they are!" she cried.

"Boofle!" echoed Sharlo and Yak.

"I'd like to pick some from a *tree*," she went on, musingly; "not one or two, but a whole basketful—"

"Basketful!" said the twins.

"And send them to the folks at home—"

"Oh, Miss Cris," Jin interrupted, "wouldn' on' children at home be plum out'n dey haid ef dey wuz ter see a whole baskit o' oranges?"

A gentleman sipping his morning coffee at a stall near by turned abruptly and stared at the tall girl with the flushed cheeks and the pretty dark blue eyes.

"Well," she sighed, unmindful of the stare, and turning to go, "if I ever *do* get that Fork Valley school, and earn any money, I'm going to show the home folks a *barrel* of oranges and a whole *bunch* of bananas."

When she looked out of the dormer-window the next morning, Claire was not only in her accustomed place opposite, but she was fairly glowing with mystery and importance.

"I'm coming over as soon as I finish dusting," she called across in a stage-whisper. "I've got something to tell you; something *n-i-c-e*!"

She dropped the curtain as if afraid of committing herself further. Crissy could hardly wait. She hurried through her own morning duties, and rushed down to the court with her books. Claire looked more mysterious than ever when she came in.

"Now don't you ask any questions, Christopher Columbus Woodruff," she said, dropping on a bench and hugging her knee. "I am going to relate you a tale."

"A fairy tale?" demanded Victor, who was hovering about them.

"Yes," she replied, gayly, "a fairy tale. Once—hmm, hmm! there was a girl, a dear, brave, good girl, and she had had a *v-e-r-y* hard time, and never complained herself. And a good fairy told herself, 'I will give that good girl the very first thing she demands.' So, one morning when this brave girl goes to promenade in the *mar*—in a pleasant park, she sees some—well, some large red apples which she desires; and she wishes aloud that she might pick for herself some of those large red apples from the branches, and send them home to her mother and her brothers and sisters—"

"*Apples!*" said Victor, scornfully. "Why'n't she wish for a bicycle, or—"

"And there was a young man," Claire proceeded, ignoring the interruption, "who heard the wish—I mean the fairy did—and he—she— Oh, pshaw!" she broke off, jumping up and throwing her arms about Crissy's neck. "Uncle André's orange crop is ready to gather; and you may ask us all to come with you to L'Eglantine plantation, for he is going to take you there for a whole day, and you can pick as many oranges as you like from the trees. Mamma has arranged with Mamselle Miss, and—so there!" she concluded, triumphantly.

"You don't mean it!" Crissy gasped.

But it was really true. And a few days later they went up the river to L'Eglantine, the orange plantation of Mr. André Durel. They went in a smart little tug-boat, Madame Durel and her girls and Mamselle Miss's boys. It was Crissy's party. M'sieu André himself led her through the wide avenues of orange-trees at L'Eglantine, and helped her upon a stepladder that she might pick the first orange. It was she who handed about a basket of the delicious golden fruit, blushing and smiling, to her guests. She sat at the head of the table spread under a big gnarled knotty old tree whose overladen branches swayed above their heads while they ate. And when they came down to the landing, a little before sunset, M'sieu André took her hand and led her to where a number of barrels stood, filled, ready for shipment, and showed her on one the address, "Tom Woodruff, Jr., Fork Valley, Texas."

"The biggest bunch of bananas in the French Market will go with these to ou' folks," he said, smiling gravely into the dark blue eyes of Mamselle Miss's nursery-maid.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CATCHING CRABS.

NO boy who lives near the salt-water needs to be told how much fun there is in the catching of crabs. The vicious little shell-fish object so vigorously to being caught, and fight so wickedly when they get the chance, that any boy of spirit will enjoy the sport of capturing them. Then, too, there is always the chance of getting nipped by one of the powerful claws that snap so quickly and pinch so painfully, so that the element of slight peril adds a zest to the sport.

This is the catching of hard crabs. It is a simple operation, and requires a very small outlay for tackle. All that is needed, aside from a few yards of line and a sinker, is a crab-net, and that can be bought for a quarter. Any old piece of meat, or a fish-head will be enough for bait, and the fisherman will find the crabs almost anywhere along the shore where there are muddy banks or a dock.

The catching is simple and easy. Let the bait sink to the muddy bottom and lie there till the crab finds it. When he begins to eat it, pull slowly and steadily on the line till the crab is near the top of the water, and then "scap" him with the net. Most of the fun comes after you have landed him, for he will get away if he can, and will certainly nip you if he gets a chance. It is easy enough to handle him safely if you are quick and know how to do it, but a great many people, big and little, are afraid to do it. Take him from behind, catching hold of his hind leg firmly, and he cannot reach you with his claws. If you miss the hold, or if you are slow about it, however, he will take his opportunity very quickly.

A nip from his claws is painful, and sometimes even a little dangerous, for if he is a big fellow he may take the top of your finger off. If he should get hold of you, the best thing to do is to put him right down on the ground, when he will let go and try to get away. Remember that he has two claws, and don't try to pull him off, for if you do you may get a second nip worse than the first.

Crabs, however, are not always hard-shelled, and one boy only eleven years old, who lives in East Rockaway, Long Island, has not only learned a great deal about these curious fish this summer, but he has kept himself in pocket-money, and put a considerable sum in the bank as a result of the business he has built up in catching and selling crabs.

The knowledge he has gained is not very scientific nor very complete, as may be readily imagined; but it is good, practical

knowledge, and accurate as far as it goes. Moreover, being practical knowledge, which he has picked up by actually observing and handling the crabs, it is particularly interesting. Any boy who wants a more thorough knowledge can easily find it in any good work on natural history.

He has learned that crabs shed their shells two or three times in a season, and that each time they do it they pass through some very interesting changes. What may be called the natural, or healthy condition of the crab is his hard-shell state. That is, he is a hard-shell crab most of the time, for the changes he goes through in shedding are very rapid, and within twelve hours of the time he leaves his old shell he is at home in another one, half as big again as the old, or even more than that.

Master Eddie, the East Rockaway boy, has learned how to tell when these changes are coming on, though he finds it difficult to tell anybody else how he does it. The outward signs are plain enough to the eye and to the touch when they have been learned, but they are not easily or well described in words. When the crab begins to get ready to leave his old house he is called a "comer," probably because the change is coming. If it is a male crab, he gets yellow underneath, though his color does not change greatly. If it is a female, certain fine lines on her "apron" appear and grow more distinct as the time of shedding gets nearer.

After a few hours the comer becomes a shedder. The changes in his appearance are still plainer, and it may be told by handling him that his time is near. His shell becomes brittle and easily to be broken with the fingers. That piece of his armor which is underneath and outside of his legs—between the legs and the point of his side—works loose from the rest of the armor. It is a smooth plate, and if it be pressed with the finger it can be pushed in on the soft body inside. Another sign is that the shell on his smallest feet can be pinched off with the thumb and forefinger.

Now the crab begins to grow, and presently he is what is called a "bust-top." It is not a scientific word, but it is very expressive. His body becomes in a short time too large for his old shell to contain, and his shell bursts, the top part being lifted up from behind, like the lid of a coffee-pot, giving him the opening through which he can crawl out backward from his now useless house. This he leaves, and feebly crawling away to some place as nearly safe as he can find, he grows big at an amazing rate, and in a few hours more he is hard again.

During these few hours he is in extreme peril, and it is hard to feel any sympathy with him, because when he is protected by his hard shell he is a greedy, cruel fellow, who eats almost anything, alive or dead, in the shape of meat or fish, which he can catch in his claws. After he has become a shedder, however, he loses the strength of his claws, and when he is a soft crab he is a delicacy that is eagerly sought for and eaten, not only by men and boys, but by all sorts of fish, eels, and other crabs.

If the soft crab, however, happens to be a female, she is likely to be protected in a queer way, for some big hard crab will come up to her and take care of her till she gets hard enough to take care of herself. He will fight fiercely for her at this time, and she is as safe as possible.

All these things Master Eddie learned, and after considerable thinking he had a long talk one day with his father. "I want you to set me up in business," he said, with as much confidence as if he had been twenty instead of eleven. "There is no use trying to sell hard crabs here, for they are too plenty, but I can sell all the shedders and soft crabs I can catch to the people in the village and the people who come here to fish, and I can get fifty or sixty cents a dozen for them."

"Well, why don't you go ahead and do it?" asked his father.

"So I will if you will buy what I need to go into the business. I can pay you back out of the money I make."

"What do you need?"

"A boat and oars, a crab-net, a rake, and a couple of crab-cars."

"What do you want two crab-cars for?"

"One to put comers in to keep them till they get to be shedders, and the other to keep shedders and bust-tops in till they get soft."

Considerable discussion followed, and Eddie's mother put an emphatic veto on one part of the proposition. She said that he was altogether too young to have a boat of his own, so a compromise was made on that point. Eddie received orders not to go out in a boat alone, but got permission to go in company with some of the older boys who could be trusted to manage a boat. This was not very satisfactory to him, but he had to be content.

The rest of the outfit was easily provided, and the making of the crab-cars kept the boy busy a whole day, for, being very



THERE HE IS!—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

handy with tools, he made them himself. These were simply two boxes about five feet long by two and a half feet wide, and about twelve inches deep. The sides and ends were of inch-thick plank, and the top and bottom were made of laths nailed on firmly, so as to leave a space between each two laths of half an inch in width. An opening in the top, about eight inches in width, was fitted with a movable cover that fastened with a button. Four yards of rope and an anchor iron being provided for each car, they were taken to the creek and anchored just below low-water-mark, so that, as they floated around, the crabs inside should always be in the water.

Boy Eddie was now ready for business. He knew that comers, shedders, and soft crabs were not to be caught like hard crabs, since crabs do not eat excepting when they are hard, so it was no use to offer them bait. He had therefore to hunt along the banks and scoop them in with his net or his rake whenever he could find them. This required keen eyes and quick hands and he had both, so he was moderately successful from the start.

It was not long before he discovered that crabs would sometimes be plentiful one week and very scarce the next. The old boatmen and fishermen in the neighborhood told him that it was only at certain phases of the moon that crabs were apt to shed, but when he asked what phases these were, they did not agree. One said at the time of the full moon and another at new moon, so Eddie concluded that was nonsense, but he doesn't really know if it is or is not.

As to keeping the crabs after he caught them till he had a chance to sell them, he soon found that a simple matter, but it involved the use of ice; so he rented a compartment in his mother's big refrigerator, paying the rent in crabs. A comer he put into one of his cars to keep till it should be a shedder. Then, if there happened to be a demand for shedders he sold it, or took it out and put it into the refrigerator till the customer came for it. If there were no such demand (for fishermen do not go out every day from East Rockaway, and shedders are only used for bait in fishing), he would put the shedder in with his bust-tops in the other car until they became soft crabs. Then he would take them out and put them on the ice till called for. The changes that he had learned about do not go on when the crab is put on ice.

He had no trouble in selling all he could get, though he could

not get city prices for them. At five cents apiece, however, he considered himself well paid for his work, which was more than half fun, and in two months he made thirty-eight dollars, which he thinks is doing pretty well for a boy not twelve years old. Of course the business is an uncertain one, much depending on weather and the accidents of supply and demand, but he has been tolerably lucky in both respects.

SINGING MICE.

A FOUR-FOOTED creature that sings is certainly curious enough to have its existence doubted; and many people do not believe that such a thing as a singing mouse has ever been seen, or, more correctly speaking, heard. It has, though; and in a certain house beloved of mice generally, what sounded like the voice of a very small bird was often heard in the wall. A trap was set for the uproarious ones that kept up a constant squeaking and gnawing, besides nibbling every viand that they could possibly get at; and one night the dainty bits of cheese lured into captivity a mouse that looked like other mice and acted like a wren. Such a quivering, musical little warble could scarcely come from any other throat than that of the tiny bird.

But it was soon proved beyond a doubt that mouse did it himself, and that he must be the very singer who gave the mysterious wall concerts, so the next thing was to make him a cage. It was quite an uncommon one, as uncommon as he was himself—a glass globe covered with netting. A warm nest was arranged in it, and the curious little performer took very kindly to his luxurious quarters. He had, of course, the best cheese to nibble at, and he evidently considered himself in clover. He put on airs too, and seemed to know when he was being watched. At such times he would raise himself up, and try with all his small might and main to act like a canary. Sometimes he would hold up one paw, and then he was a full-fledged prima donna, sending forth such loud notes that it was almost startling to hear him.

But an easy life did not seem to agree with the amusing little rodent, and possibly he pined for the home in the wall, with its boundless freedom, where he may have left "his young barbarians at play." In a few days he died without any apparent cause, and the experiment of caging a singing mouse was altogether unsuccessful.

Other four-footed warblers have been kept in good condition for a much longer time, giving abundant opportunity to make some very interesting discoveries in regard to their musical organs. They do not, it appears, sing with their throats, like other songsters, but *with their noses*. Their vocal chords are vibrating folds of the skin at the outlet of each nostril, and the performer can vary the tone from high to low by using more or less force in expelling the air. When quite by himself, the sound produced by the singer resembles that of an Æolian harp; but in a cage, when the small prisoner is often singing for effect, the notes are much bolder.

A cat purrs very much in the same way as a mouse sings, and both are signs of comfort and satisfaction. But the mouse's song, unlike that of the cat, has given rise to many absurd superstitions, and houses have acquired the bad reputation of being haunted because of singing mice in the walls. The soft wailing sound which the song then assumes is said to come from the uneasy spirits of those who have been murdered; and the servants who are frightened by the singing mouse could never be made to believe that the continual picking and stealing from the pantry are done by the singer himself and his near relatives. For although it seems as if so gifted a creature should be above such night marauding, he is really no better than his commonplace companions.



AN INTRODUCTION TO NEPTUNE - DRAWS BY GUY ROSE.

HOW THREE BOYS KEPT HOUSE.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

I.

THE bright June morning was some hours old when an inquisitive ray of sunshine peered into the eyes of two sleepy boys, and found that one pair was gray and the other reddish-brown. The wandering sunbeam not only opened their eyes, but their mouths too, and one shouted, "Time to get up!" while the other sleepily drawled, "What for?"

"What for?" scornfully repeated the first speaker, who was fairly up and dashing his face with cold water by this time. "Oh, nothing at all; do not hurry; I dare say you'll manage to get there in time to see the train steam out of the station."

"You're a *great* fellow!" laughed his brother. "I believe you always sleep with one eye open. But I'm not that kind. I always think in winter, when it's so awfully hard to get up in the cold, that when it's warm I sha'n't mind it; but when summer comes it's just as hard as ever. I can't make it out."

"I can," responded gray-eyes from the depths of the basin. "It's you; the weather hasn't anything to do with it."

At this moment there were three deliberate thumps on the door, and an equally deliberate but very nice boyish voice said distinctly, without shouting: "All up there? Six o'clock, and a golden morning!"

"Craft ahoy!" sang out gray-eyes, whose proper name was Ross—"after his mamma," as he used to say when he was a little fellow; but the craft had vanished, and made no response.

Evidently there was something unusual going on in the rectory that morning; something of a stirring na-

ture, as the inmates were up an hour before their usual time. It was an event, indeed, for Mr. and Mrs. Aldern to be leaving their pleasant old-fashioned home in a country town so early in the season as the beginning of June; but overwork had threatened the faithful clergyman with an attack of nervous prostration, and he received marching orders from his physician to a well-known sea-side sanitarium, from which he was promised, as the reward of instant obedience, a return in three or four weeks with a complete renewal of strength.

It came very suddenly upon them all; and every one felt that it would have been much more convenient to have the necessity for breaking up the family wait until vacation, when they always went away somewhere. But Mrs. Aldern said laughingly that happenings never *were* so accommodating as this, and it was preposterous to expect it; they were thankful that papa could have the needed rest and nursing, and that their two boys could be trusted to take care of themselves.

"Three boys, I should have said," she added, smilingly, with her hand on the shoulder of a tall, rather delicate-looking lad, whom his cousins thought somewhat prim. "but I do not often forget my last son."

"Indeed you do not," was the prompt reply, as the boy, with much natural grace, kissed the dainty little hand. "You are very kind to me, dear auntie."

Her own sons thought this pretty, young-looking mother of theirs "too sweet for anything," as each now laughingly seized a hand and kissed it too, while Herbert lugle rather withdrew into himself again.

He had been there only a few weeks, and came from an English home, where everything seemed different from

his new one. He had lived with his uncle, a retired army officer, whose wife died some years before. Herbert went to him, and there was no one but themselves in the great house except the housekeeper and servants. When this uncle, too, died, it was arranged that Herbert should come for a time, at least, to the home of his mother's brother, the Rev. Mr. Aldern. He was sixteen, a year older than Ross, but he had grown too rapidly, his guardian wrote, and was scarcely fit to be sent away to school. A sojourn with his American relations might do wonders for him.

So here he was, not yet quite accustomed to things as he found them, but keeping his thoughts very much to himself, and rather wondering if he should ever feel at home with his cousins. Mrs. Aldern said that he was the neatest boy she had ever seen, and a perfect gentleman, and Mr. Aldern gave his sister's son a warm welcome; but the boys called him "stiff." He took a walk before breakfast to get up an appetite, he said, but he evidently did not get it, and his cousins felt some contempt for a boy who began the day on a cup of tea and a slice of stale bread. Then he never "got mad" outwardly, only changed color when he didn't like things, and walked quietly away. But he was always ready to do a kindness, and could be depended on to keep the smallest promise. He had promised to wake them at six o'clock that morning, and was at their door as the clock struck.

"Not a bad fellow," said Jamie, of the red brown eyes, and red-without-the-brown hair, "but there's no *go* in him; he ought to have been a girl."

"Yes," agreed his brother, "he's very ladylike."

Two people happened to overhear these remarks—Ross and Jamie never conversed in "subdued tones"—and one of them was Mrs. Aldern.

"You are naughty boys," said the bright little mother, "without meaning to be so, and you do not yet understand your cousin. Let me tell you that I wish you were both in some respects 'ladylike,' for the best and manliest of men, the true *gentlemen*, have always something of a woman's tenderness and helpfulness. Look at your father, for instance."

He was their pattern of perfection—manly, good, and very gentle; yet he could be stern enough when there was any occasion for it. Of course there was no one like *him*, and as to mamma—

But here followed a series of bear hugs, and Ross fairly lifted the little lady from her feet, and ensconced her in a huge arm-chair. "You are our Queen, and we your devoted knights," said the laughing boys, as they knelt on one knee before her; and Herbert, who had heard everything, and seen the affectionate romping, went sadly to his room, wondering why he was so completely cut off from everything like home ties.

"Stop this nonsense, boys," said mamma, presently, "and attend to what I have to say. Knowing that we can trust you thoroughly, papa and I are quite willing to leave you here while we are away, instead of closing the house and sending you to board in the school. I am sorry to have to take Pauline with me, because I should feel sure of having everything go on smoothly if she were here, but in papa's present condition she is indispensable to our comfort. But Bridget seems good-natured and willing, and I dare say that she will do very well. I wish she had been here a little longer, as it would give her a feeling of more interest and responsibility; but you must be as careful and considerate as you can, and remember not to expect too much. I will give her explicit directions about everything, and as she appears to be quite satisfied with her place, there need be no trouble of any kind while we are gone. Promise me that you will do your best to spare your father and myself all needless anxiety, and be *very* kind to Herbert. Think how *you* would feel to be strangers in a strange land."

"I think it would be just jolly," cried irrepressible Jamie, "if we had you and papa."

"That would certainly take away from the loneliness," laughed his mother. "But with regard to Herbert, I am greatly mistaken if you do not yet discover that there is much more in him than you seem to think."

"He plays a good game of tennis," said Ross, kindly, "and he never brags, but somehow a fellow doesn't seem to get at him."

"Why couldn't you unlock the store-room door this morning, when I sent you there in a hurry?" asked Mrs. Aldern.

"Because I took the wrong key," was the surprised reply. But presently coloring and laughing, the boy added, "I'll remember, mammaie."

Nothing was confused at the rectory on the morning of departure except the wonderful demonstrations of the two brothers. Herbert stood somewhat aloof, and mamma laughingly declared that each boy had as many arms as an octopus, and that her ruffles and other adornments would not be fit to be seen. Papa, after one warm embrace all around, broke quite loose from them, and took his seat in the carriage. Pauline, the nice mulatto maid who had been in the family ever since the boys were very little fellows, was in the rear, giving some last instructions to Bridget, the latter being on a broad grin, as usual.

But as soon as the well-loaded carriage drove off, the Irish girl threw her apron over her head and cried. "Ow! ow! ow!" she wailed. "What iver am I to do wid three byes in this haythen country?"

No one answered, for all had gone to the station to see the travellers off; and by the time they returned she was again wreathed in smiles.

"Shure an' it seems loike a funeral in the house," she said, giggling very inappropriately, when the young gentlemen appeared, "an' yez are to have apple-dumplings for dinner."

"All right, Bridget," replied the brothers, who had a weakness for apple-dumplings; but Herbert stared in some surprise at the familiarity of a servant who had been in the family so short a time, and thought that a dinner of apple-dumplings would be a very queer repast.

It was Saturday—rather a bad thing for the boys, as the distractions of school would have taken off the keen edge of their loneliness; but that day and the next were fortunately provided for, and the succeeding ones were to be "governed by circumstances," mamma said. But no one could have foreseen the circumstances. For the morning there were their lessons, which had been put off from Friday evening because of the near parting, and they were not allowed to leave them until Saturday evening: with baseball after dinner, and plenty of books and music and drawing to occupy them until bedtime.

Full justice was done to the dinner, even by Herbert, when he found that there was roast beef, which Pauline had gotten well under way before she left; for Bridget was quite a green hand, but "capable and willing to learn," her recommendation said. The dumplings were somewhat underdone and a trifle doughy; but the boys told the beaming cook that they were excellent, and she felt quite elated over her dinner.

Tea also was fairly good—except for Herbert, who took that beverage, while his cousins did not, and Bridget had made it weak and smoky. The toast, too, was cold and burned; but the brothers feasted on hot johnny-cake, while their cousin had a very unsatisfactory repast.

"I could make better tea than that myself!" he exclaimed.

"I know you are very clever," said Ross, "but how did you ever happen to make tea?"

"I learned it from Uncle Reginald," was the reply, as a look of interest came into the speaker's face. "He was in the army a long time, you know, and in a great

many queer places, where he often had to do things for himself. He and I would sometimes camp out in the home grounds for a day or two, just for the fun of it; and we took turns in doing the work. I learned to do lots of things in that way."

The Aldern boys were quite fascinated with Herbert's account of life at his uncle's house; and he was so unusually communicative that nine o'clock came before they knew it. This was the hour for preparing for bed, and away they all went, feeling better acquainted than ever before.

Unfortunately, however, Bridget had heard the criticism on her tea, and it made her very angry to have an "English furriner," as she called Herbert, say that he could make it better. She was quite sulky after that; and wherever she could spoil the Sunday meals, much of which had been prepared beforehand, they were spoiled.

There was a strange stillness in the house when the three boys came down to breakfast on Monday morning; and Bridget seemed to have forgotten that they wanted breakfast, as no preparations for it were to be seen in dining-room or kitchen. The girl herself was not to be seen either; and it began to look as though she had stolen away like a thief in the night.

Having opened the shutters, the bewildered boys found on the kitchen table a soiled sheet of paper, scribbled over with some strange hieroglyphics which bore a resemblance to large printed letters, and their united efforts finally arranged them in something like the following shape:

"Me heart aches wid lonesomeness and me cosen's nevvys babby tuk wid a fit and the young jintlemon scornin' the foine tay I made him I haveent a minnit to see the blissid babby aloive and wid me dooty to yez all,

"Yere affeeshunt frind BRIDGET SHEA."

II

The boys looked at one another in dismay. The letter did not seem at all funny, for they wanted their breakfast, and it would soon be time for school.

"It's the worst kind of a nuisance," said Ross, knitting his brows; "and when we were getting on so nicely, too!"

But Herbert seemed almost cheerful over their dilemma, as he replied: "I am the one to blame, for finding fault with Bridget's 'foine tay,' and I ought to be the one to help you out of the scrape. First, we must have some breakfast; and I think that among us we can certainly manage to light a fire."

He would have done it very well by himself, but he thought it would give the others a feeling of satisfaction to have a hand in it. So all three went at it together, and soon succeeded in getting up a very creditable blaze. The kettle was filled and hung over it; and while they were waiting for the water to boil, it was proposed to take an account of stock in the larder.

Fortunately there were two large loaves of bread baked on Saturday, and when they were finished, they could call on the baker; there was enough tea, and coffee, and sugar, and rice, and oatmeal, and 'such things,' as Jamie called them, to last a month; there was cold beef left from Sunday; there were two pies, and a good supply of cookies and ginger-snaps; and altogether they were pretty well provisioned for a siege. Besides, a man came every day with milk; and another one brought fresh eggs and butter twice a week.

"Now, Ross," said Herbert, briskly, "can you make coffee?"

"Why, yes," was the rather hesitating reply; "it is easy enough to make; but you'd better make the tea, as you're the only one to drink it."

"You'll have to *grind* the berries first," was the quiet

suggestion, as the new cook was about to put them into the coffee-pot whole.

The coffee-mill was found, and the berries were ground after a fashion; but Ross pronounced it hard work. His cousin did not interfere with him again, as he knew that he would be far more likely to remember what he learned from experience. Even when a superabundant supply of water was poured on the grains, he still kept silence. But he quietly prepared what looked a very generous supply of tea for one person; and first he set the kettle on again in the hottest part of the fire.

"It has boiled once," said Ross.

"I know it," was the reply. "But it must boil at the moment it is used; and if it were not so late, I would put on fresh water, which is far better. Uncle Reginald had a kettle-holder on which was worked in cross-stitch:

Except the kettle boiling be,
Filling the Teapot spoils the T."

I used to admire this very much as a little boy, because a teakettle and teapot were worked on the holder instead of the words, and there was a great capital for 'tea.'"

"It won't boil there," suggested Jamie, as the teapot was placed on the back of the stove; "and there's lots of room here near the coffee."

"It does not need to boil," was the unexpected reply; "that would spoil it. It needs only to steep for about ten minutes."

The brothers thought Herbert something of a crank, and then continued to think so until both the beverages had been tested. The coffee, which was boiled hard, proved sloppy and full of large grounds when it was poured out, as there had been nothing done to clear it; and after the first taste, Ross and Jamie set down their cups in disgust.

"Have some tea," said Herbert, hospitably; and he poured a bright amber-colored fluid into the two clean cups which he had arranged on the table in readiness.

"I did not know that tea was so good," remarked Ross, as he emptied his cup, and Jamie echoed his praises.

"It's easy enough to make it good," replied their cousin, "if people will only remember to have things just right. The dry tea must be good, to begin with, as this certainly is; the water must be boiling at the moment it is used, while the tea must not be allowed to boil for a moment. There should be a teaspoonful of tea for each person, and as much water as there are cups to be poured. I know," he added, coloring a little, "that you think it odd enough I should know about such things; but Uncle Reginald always said that to be able to make good tea and coffee, and to cook a few simple dishes, was the very foundation of comfort in camping out, and useful even to a man in many ways."

"It does seem queer, though," said Ross, reflectively, "for men to have anything to do with cooking."

"You'd think it queerer to have nothing to eat or drink," was the laughing reply. "Besides, are not the best cooks in your hotels and grand houses men?"

The boys were obliged to admit that they were; and Herbert added, with a flushed cheek and kindling eye, "Not that it makes any difference, for all I care for is to be like Uncle Reginald in *everything*—just the grand good man that he was."

"Well," said Jamie, as they finally sat down to a tolerably good breakfast, "it's fun to keep house, and get things to eat. We'll have beef for dinner, and for tea we can have cake and jam."

"What will become of the dishes?" asked Ross, suddenly. "They'll all get dirty, and we shall have nothing to eat from."

"We might wash them, I suppose," said Herbert; but he did not speak enthusiastically. Washing the soiled dishes afterward is not so exhilarating as the excitement of getting a meal.

"I'll go for Mrs. Slight," said Ross, in a tone of relief, "and she can wash the dishes and the clothes and—everything."

Jamie warmly seconded this motion, and volunteered to accompany his brother, while Herbert was honorably dismissed, with a vote of thanks for his services.

Mrs. Slight was an unusually broad and amiable person, who took in washing, and did a little of everything by which she could earn an honest living. Every one went to her in an emergency, and her large brood of children early learned to take care of themselves that their mother might take care of other people. While obliging all, Mrs. Slight had her favorites, and she considered it an especial privilege and honor to go to the rectory. Now, however, she had two children "down sick," and another in a half-way condition between down and up. She said "she was, so to speak, tied; but she was just too sorry for the poor young gentlemen, and she'd contrive to look in about dusk, and wind 'em up for the night."

"Sounds as though we were clocks," said Ross, in telling their adventures to Herbert.

But it was quite time to hurry off to school, and after school there came a loving joint letter from papa and mamma, who were both enjoying the sea-air, and papa already felt better. Three weeks, they said, would probably be the extent of their stay, and they hoped to find everything right on their return home, and to hear a good account from Bridget as well as from their boys.

"They won't hear much from Bridget," was the laughing comment, as they all enjoyed the letter.

Then they sat down to write a joint answer, each part of which was read aloud for the benefit of the others. Jamie, who was no great scribe, contributed the following:

"DARLING MAMMA AND PAPA.—We're getting on first-rate, and are glad to hear that you are having such a good time, and that papa is better. It's as lonely here as the Mammoth Cave without you, and we're in an awful mess. You'd never guess what's happened. Bridget went away while we were asleep, and left us an affectionate letter to say that somebody's baby was having a fit and wanted her, and she didn't like it because Herbert didn't like her tea. We don't think she knew very much about cooking. Mrs. Slight is coming to wind us up, and we're very happy. We shall surprise you when you come back. I needn't say anything about Ross and Herbert because they're writing too. Please write soon again.
From your loving son, JAMIE."

"I think," said Herbert, very quietly, "that I wouldn't quite send that."

"Wouldn't you?" asked Jamie, in a disappointed tone. He had thought it a fine production.

"No; for, you see, it would worry your father and mother to know that Bridget has left us, and that would spoil all the good the air is doing my uncle. Don't you agree with me, Ross?"

"Yes," was the reply, after a moment's thought. "I do. But I'm rather wondering, Herbert, how we shall get along. There are a good many days, you know, in three weeks, and three meals in each day. We don't know how to cook if we wanted to, and it wouldn't do to get a stranger in the house while mamma is away; and altogether, it's hard to tell what to do."

"I say," exclaimed Herbert, with quite a flush of excitement on his usually quiet face, "Mrs. Slight thinks she can take the clothes home to wash, and come in now and then to sweep and see that we do not get up to our eyes in disorder. I can cook beefsteak and mutton-chops, and things like that, and you can soon learn. We'll let Jamie peel the potatoes and shell the pease."

Jamie looked a little doleful at the prospect of useful-

ness opening before him, but he answered, bravely: "All right. I'll do my share."

"Now," continued Herbert, with great interest, "let's pretend that we are camping out."

"Or *in*," suggested Ross.

"Either way," was the smiling rejoinder. "But if we really *were* in camp, we'd not mind the work at all. It's such a grand thing that uncle's getting better already that we must give them no reason for hurrying home. By-the-way, we've got our beds to make, haven't we? Mrs. Slight can't do *everything*. Come on, and I'll show you how to make a sea-bed."

Such a tumbling up stairs as this invitation caused. And Ross, who could not get over Jamie's letter, said that there was some comfort, after all, in being as lonesome as the Mammoth Cave, for there was no danger of any one's hearing you.

Worthy Mrs. Slight, who had just climbed gracefully in at a window, for knocking and ringing appeared to be of no use, was rather stunned by the din; but she said, indulgently: "Bless their dear hearts! It does one good to find 'em so cheerful when they've been left, so to speak, like babes in the woods."

Two of the babes were trying to prevent their cousin from making his bed at all; and the neat little iron bedstead, of which their own were exact copies, seemed likely to go without its garments. They were a little curious, however, about the "sea-pie," as Jamie called it; and when, after putting on the under sheet and tucking it in evenly all around, Herbert arranged the upper sheet and counterpane together in three even parts—one in the middle, and one folding under on either side and meeting in the centre—and laid it exactly in place; then, by a dexterous movement, pushing down the top so that a kind of tunnel appeared, into which the sleeper thrust his feet and slid luxuriously down, the sea-bed was pronounced a great success.

The brothers then ran off to make two such tunnels in their own room, for it seemed a very easy thing to do as they watched Herbert; but after a series of laughing efforts and failures, they were obliged to ask his assistance. Finally the beds were in order and the rooms put straight after a fashion, but when the boys had gone down stairs, Mrs. Slight went up for some finishing touches of which they would never have thought.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW TO PLAY WATER POLO.

BY BENJAMIN NORTHROP.

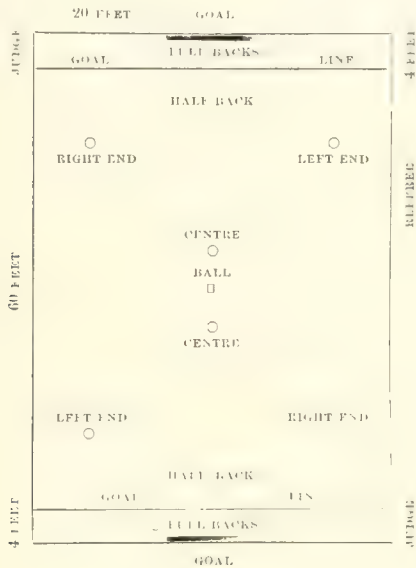
AFTER a boy has learned how to swim correctly, so that he does not waste any of his strength in the water, let him learn how to play water polo, and then let him play it as often as he can. He will learn more about swimming in ten games of water polo than he would in fifteen weeks of solitary practising.

Up to the present time water polo has been played indoors only, in big swimming-tanks, in the athletic clubs of New York, Boston, Providence, and other Eastern cities. But it can be played out-of-doors in any body of still water, and the Water Polo Club of the New York Athletic Club are contemplating playing the championship games this summer in the deep water of Long Island Sound. What this club can do in the Sound, any club of boys can do in a lake or pond, or even in a pool in a river where the current is not strong enough to affect the players or the ball perceptibly.

It takes six players to make a water-polo team, and it takes two teams to play a game. As in football, on each side there is a centre rush, a left-end and a right-end player, answering to quarter backs, a half back, and two goal-keepers, called full backs. The centre rushes face each other in the centre of the tank, and between them

the ball is thrown when the game is begun. The struggle is to get the ball down to the goal of the opposing side. It is a merry game, and a rough one, too. The players must know how to dive, and even to sit on the bottom of the tank, while the players of the other side search around for them and for the ball.

The boy who wants to make a first-class water-polo-player must not be afraid of a ducking. The diagram which accompanies this description will give an excellent rule for the positions of the players and the goals.



The men take their places in two lines, one line at each end of the tank, and when the referee blows a whistle he throws the ball into the water, and the twelve men dive simultaneously and swim with all possible speed for the ball. The ball is a rubber football painted white, so that it can be distinguished in the water upon which it floats.

The centre rush is in the middle of the line, and as he is chosen for that post of honor because of his speed as a swimmer, he is usually the first man to reach the ball. The opposing centre rushes reach the ball almost at the same instant. The fortunate player clutches it, and tries to toss it over his head to some of the swimmers of his own team who are behind him. Sometimes he succeeds and sometimes he fails. Often he fumbles the ball, and that is bad, very bad for him and his team. If he does manage to get the ball into the hands of his own players, the man who catches it proceeds at once to hide it, and to



DIVING WITH THE BALL.

get through the opposing lines to the enemy's goal. Sometimes he does this by diving and swimming under water. Other times he hides the ball deftly between his legs and swims with his arms alone. By this means he deceives the other side, and possibly wins the goal.

But woe be unto him if he makes a straight surface fight for the goal! Sometimes this fight is necessary, but all the same, woe unto the man who makes it, for he is pushed and poked and hugged and ducked and pulled and hauled, this way and that, until he gives up the ball or escapes from his persecutors and touches goal. It would look odd and unseemly on dry land to see a man calmly wind his legs around another man's neck and perch on his shoulders, while driving his head down until his chin almost rests on his chest, but in a polo tank it is regular and extremely seemly. It is simply the neck tackle, and I have never seen a game where it was not used. The time of the game is twenty minutes.

The rules of water polo are as follows:

- "The ball must be an Association Football, No. 3, painted white, not less than eight nor more than nine inches in diameter.
- "The goals to be boards four feet long and twelve inches wide, marked with 'GOAL' in large letters, one to be placed at either end of the tank, eighteen inches above the water-line.
- "To score a goal the board must be touched by the ball in the hand of an opposing player, and the greatest number of goals to count game.
- "The contesting teams shall consist of six on a side, with one reserve man, who can take the place of one of his side in case of disablement, and receive prize if on winning side.
- "Time of play twenty minutes—ten minutes each way, and five minutes' rest at half-time.
- "The captains shall be playing members of teams they represent, and shall toss for choice for ends of tank, the ends to be changed at half-time.
- "The referee of game shall throw the ball into the centre of the tank; the start for the ball only to be made at the sound of the whistle.
- "Ball going out of the tank to be thrown in centre opposite where it crosses the bounds.
- "No player is allowed to interfere with an opponent unless such opponent is in actual contact with the ball, or within three feet of it. Any player transgressing this rule shall be guilty of a foul. It shall also be a foul to hold any player by any part of his costume.



THE BALL BETWEEN THE LEGS.

- "A mark shall be made four feet from each goal on side of tank and a line drawn across. No player may come within his opponent's goal-line until the ball is put in play within it. The goal-keepers of the side are alone exempt from this rule. It shall be a foul to cross the line ahead of the ball.
- "Upon a goal being gained the opposing teams return to their own ends of the tank, and the ball is thrown by the referee into the centre on play being resumed.
- "Teams shall have an umpire at each goal-line, who, upon goal being made, shall notify referee, who will blow a whistle and announce the same.
- "The referee shall decide all fouls, and if in his opinion a player commits a foul, he shall caution the team for the first offence, and for the second, same team making the foul, shall forfeit one goal. After a foul is made the ball shall be placed in play by referee in the centre of the tank. Restart to be made at sound of whistle.
- "Time occupied by disputes shall not be reckoned as in the time of the play."

These are the rules of the game. Now for the water. The New York Athletic Club tank is sixty-eight feet long and eighteen feet wide. At one end the water is seven feet deep, and at the other five feet six inches. For boys a stretch of water about sixty feet long and twenty feet wide is recommended. The bottom should have a gentle slope, and should be smooth. At first no boys should play in water that is over their chins in depth. But after they have become proficient in the game they can safely play in water part of which is beyond their depth. To

fix the goal and goal-line, drive long stakes into the bottom, and fasten the goal board to two of them, and the goal-line to two more. It is well to shut in the playing space by cords drawn from stakes driven into the bottom at the four corners of the space. This cord should be at least two feet above the surface of the water, and is useful merely to keep the players at all times within lines during the game. With a little ingenuity and the proper body of water, any boys who know how to swim can play polo, and they can have as good a game as the men have in their tiled tanks.

But before the game is begun, let me give a little advice to beginners, which Gus Sundstrom, the champion swimmer of the world, and swimming-master of the New York Athletic Club, has prepared especially for youngsters. It is the same that he imparts twice a week to the sons of the club members when he teaches them to play polo in the little tank in the club-house.

In practising for water polo, it is absolutely necessary that the players should be able to see under water. The water, of course, should be clear and free from obstructions, such as floating chips or bits of wood or weeds or moss. It is almost as easy to see under salt water as under fresh water. The bottom should be gravelly or sandy and not muddy.

The beginner should accustom himself to open his eyes under water. When he can do this, let him hold out his hand before his face, say five inches from his nose. When he can see the fingers distinctly, let him gradually increase the distance until he can see the fingers with his arm extended to its full length. Then let him bend one finger and hold up three. When he can distinguish this movement with his eyes, he is ready to begin polo, so far as this exercise is concerned.

Diving is another requisite for the game. Beginners should practise the shallow dive which Mr. Sundstrom described in his article in *YOUNG PEOPLE* upon swimming. This plunge carries the player a long distance under the water, and does not bring him directly down to the bottom, as the deep dive does. The player must also practise swimming under water, swimming noiselessly and swiftly. He must also practise swimming entirely with his feet, or entirely with his arms. Each of these exercises is necessary.

Treading water is essential in polo. When a player has the ball in hand, and throws it to another player, he must raise his body out of the water, and to do this he must be able to tread water. In polo, throwing the ball is one of the chief plays. Beginners should devote a large part of their practice to this feat. They should begin by treading water at one end of the pool and throwing the ball to some player at the other end. Indeed, a portion of every practice should be given to tossing and catching the ball, just as baseball-players do, to warm themselves up before they go into a match game. The beginner should learn to save his wind and control his breathing. It is sometimes necessary for him to remain under water for several seconds, and he cannot do this without considerable practice.

Swift swimming is one of the chief factors in the game, but that is something that comes naturally to the player with practice. When

he can do all these fairly well, let him get together a club composed of two teams, one the "regular" and the other the "scrub" team, and begin regular work. Of course the members of the regular team are the picked players, and are superior to those on the scrub team. In practice these teams should be divided. One-half of the regular team, for instance, should keep goal and act as centre rush for the scrub team, and one-half of the scrub team should act as quarter and half backs for the regular team. This would bring the best men directly against each other. It is this kind of practice that wins matches, and makes the boys strong, long-winded, hard-muscled players, as much at home in the water as on the land, a credit to themselves, their team, and the royal game that they are playing.



TOMMY AND THE KING.

"TOMMY," said his mamma, as she saw his eyes beginning to go at half-past, "it's time you were in bed; and mind," severely, "I want you to get up promptly when you are called in the morning. I don't want to have to call twice."

"Yessum," said Tommy, sulkily, as he stumbled sleepily up stairs, and added, "I wish I's a King, so I could do jus' as I please, an' I wouldn't *never* get up till I got ready."

Tommy rolled sleepily into bed, and lay there thinking how much he was going to hate to get up in the morning, and how cruel it was to treat a poor boy that way, till he muttered again, "I wish I's a King."

"Wish you were a King, do you?" said a funny, stuffy little voice a long way off. "Well, maybe we'll let you try it some day."

Tommy looked all around, and finally saw that the voice came from the bureau at the end of the room—or no, it wasn't really a bureau now; it was a throne, and on it sat a very funny, very fat little man, just like the King of Hearts in a pack of cards.

"Well," said the little man, still in that queer stuffy voice, "what do I look like? Don't say I look like a Jack, because I don't."

"Oh no," said Tommy, turning rather red. He had been wondering whether the little man was really a King or a Jack; he had so much trouble in telling them apart on the cards. "I see now you're a King, because you've got whiskers and a sword."

At this the little man became very fierce. "I'm not a King because I've got whiskers and a sword," he said, severely. "I'm a King for a better reason than that. *You* might have whiskers and a sword, but would that make a King of you?"

"No," said Tommy, very meekly.

"No, I guess not," snorted the King. "And that reminds me. I heard you say you wished you were a King; and as you seem a bright, likely boy, I thought I might take you as an apprentice in the business."

"Business!" said Tommy; "I thought it was pleasure."

This reply tickled the King so that he laughed till he nearly rolled out of his throne. "I like you," he gasped,



TREADING WATER.

wiping away the tears of merriment; "I like your spirit. I'll take you as an apprentice to the business—or pleasure, rather."

"What is the business?" said Tommy.

"Oh, the reigning business," answered the King, "just reigning around in a general way, you know. You might as well begin to learn it right now. It's not hard, unless you get your heads cut off."

Tommy thought he talked as if he were the two-headed girl at least, and looked at his shoulders curiously to see if he seemed to have had any extra heads pruned away so far. Finally he said, "I thought Kings cut off other folks' heads whenever they pleased."

"Oh yes, they do," said the King, brightening a little. "That's the main fun of the King business; but when there's a revolution, the people cut off ours, and we have to get up mighty early to get ahead of 'em."

The mention of getting up early sent a chill down Tommy's spine. He looked about him. This wasn't his bedroom. It was a long room like a church almost; and people kept coming and going, and bringing things and taking them away, till he felt quite dizzy. He was hoping no one would notice that he was appearing at court in his night-gown, and wondering why there were so many cats under all the chairs and tables, and getting under everybody's feet, when the King said: "Come on, Tommy; I'm going to bed. You know I have to get up early to head off revolutions."

He followed the King into another room, where there was an immense bed with lace-trimmed pillows.

"Now," said the King, "you can be First Lord of the Bedchamber, and help me undress. My, but I'm glad to get away from 'em!"

"Who?" said Tommy.

"Why, the cats," answered the King, dismally. "Didn't you notice 'em? Meowing, wowing, prowling things! How I hate 'em!"

"What makes you let 'em in?" said Tommy.

"It's in the books," said the King. "You can't help yourself when a thing's in the books. You know 'a cat may look at a King'—that's what the books say; so here they come on in squads and platoons, and I can't help myself. They used to bring their kittens, too—horrid squirming little wretches!—but I stopped that. I said: 'See here, there's reason in all things; the cats I'll stand, because I've got to, but you never saw any book where it said a kitten may look at a King. Besides, half those kittens haven't got their eyes open, and can't see, anyhow.' That stopped it. Oh dear! would you mind to pull those jingle-bobs loose?" he continued. He had climbed into bed by this time with his crown on, and as he lay rolling his head about and talking, the gilt knobs on the top of it continually caught in the lace on his pillows, and either jerked the crown half off, or pulled the pillow up over his face.

Tommy sat down on the edge of his bed, and pulled the crown loose very carefully. "What makes you wear it to bed?" he said; "I'd take it off, if I was you." Somehow he was beginning to feel that there wasn't so much fun in being a King as he thought; and he wasn't in the least afraid of the King, even if he did say he was in the habit of cutting people's heads off; he even felt rather sorry for him.

"Why, don't you know?" said the King. "It's the books again. Don't you know they say, 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown'? So I have— Oh dear! would you mind to pull me loose again? I wish the books would let me alone. Goodness knows I let *them* alone! I must get a little sleep if this thing will let me. I have to get up so early!" (Tommy wasn't sure whether the King said that last or whether he said it himself.) "I don't care," said the King; "I'm a King, and I do just as I please—I do just exactly as I please. You can't cut the heads off

of books, because they haven't got any, except heads to their chapters, and they've got too many of them; but I'm a King, and they'd better let me alone, for I can do just as I please."

Tommy thought this was very far from being the case, but he didn't say so; and while he was thinking, there arose a shout outside the palace windows: "Down with the King! Down with the King!" the voices cried.

"Oh dear!" said the King; "I didn't get up in time to head 'em off, and there's another revolution. Now we'll all get our heads chopped off!"

Suddenly the cries changed: "Long live King Tommy! Tommy! TOMMY!"

"They're going to make you King," said the King to Tommy, turning very pale. "Don't let 'em cut my head off."

Tommy tried to say, "I won't," but the words wouldn't come, and the King seemed to be getting to be only a bolster, after all; and the calls of Tommy! Tommy! that came in through the window seemed curiously familiar, when suddenly he rolled over, rubbed his eyes, and heard his mother say, from the foot of the stairs.

"Thomas, if I have to call *once* more, I shall come up there and see what keeps you."

WHAT SOME THINGS HAVE COST.

THE magnificent national Capitol at Washington has cost, since the laying of its corner-stone in 1793, very nearly \$15,000,000, but the State Capitol of New York at Albany, although not yet completed according to the architect's designs, has already cost almost \$20,000,000, and is the most expensive building of modern times.

The largest and most expensive City Hall in the United States is that of Philadelphia, and its principal tower is to contain the largest clock in the world.

The greatest price ever paid for a horse was \$150,000, given by Mr. Malcom Forbes, of Boston, for Arion, which he bought from Senator Stanford, of California. Axtell, the trotter, brought \$105,000 when three years old, while in 1891 St. Blaise was sold for \$100,000.

One hundred and three thousand dollars has been offered and refused for a Hebrew Bible now in the library of the Vatican at Rome. This makes it the most valuable book in the world, so far as dollars and cents go.

In 1635, when the entire Dutch nation was crazy upon the subject of tulips, a single bulb was sold for \$2200. At such prices it would pay better to raise tulips than to own the most valuable gold mine in the world.

Speaking of gold mines, where do you suppose the most valuable bit of ore ever smelted in the world, so far as is known, was found? In California or Australia or India? No, indeed. It was a lot containing 200 pounds of quartz-holding gold at the rate of \$50,000 per ton, and was found in a mine at Ishpeming, Michigan.

The costliest cigars ever exported from Havana were a quantity made expressly for the Prince of Wales, and valued at \$1 87 apiece in the factory.

The largest sum ever asked or offered for a single diamond was \$2,150,000, which the Prince of Hyderabad, in India, agreed to give the jeweller who then owned the Imperial, which is considered the finest stone in the world.

The Shah of Persia and the Sultan of Turkey each possesses a prayer mat, or rug, made of diamonds and pearls, and valued at something over \$2,500,000 apiece. The largest and most expensive rug in the world, made of the ordinary materials of which such things are manufactured, is owned by the Carlton Club of London.

A broken wooden horse, with which Napoleon Bonaparte played when a child, was recently sold for 1000 francs.

Think of paying \$250,000 for a single meal! That is what a wealthy Roman once did, when he wished to impress a dozen guests with his disregard for riches.

The most valuable of modern paintings is Meissonier's "1814," which was bought by a Frenchman for \$170,000. The same gentleman paid \$150,000 for "The Angelus," by Millet, of which you all have doubtless seen photographs or other reproductions.

UNCLE JACK GOT CAUGHT

THEO. "I caught a fish the other day so big that he broke the line."

UNCLE JACK. "Then you didn't get him, after all."

THEO. "Oh, yes, I did—he broke the line while I was carrying him home."

MY DOG.

I HAVE a dog,
His name is Tray,
He likes to sleep
The livelong day.
He sleeps through morn
And afternoon,
Then all the night
Barks at the moon.
Perhaps he thinks
That this is fun,
But I wish he
Would take the sun.

TROUBLE AHEAD FOR THE ROOSTER.

PRESTON. "I've got a rooster that crows every night just at twelve o'clock."

ROBBIE. "Is that rooster yours? Papa said the other day he'd give fifty cents to know who owned it, so I'll tell him."

RIVALS.

KITTIE. "I heard my mamma say that papa was going to build a new house."

MAY. "Pooh! when my papa wants a new house, he doesn't have to build it himself—he just buys it."

THE SHADY SIDE.

"MAMMA, may I go down on the beach to play?" asked Ethel.

"No dear. The sun is too hot this morning."

"But I'll get in the shade, mamma. I'll let Bobbie bury me in the sand."

THE GOAT'S CHOICE.

FIRST GOAT. "SAY, WILLIE, WHICH DO YOU LIKE BEST, FRESH TOMATOES OR CANNED TOMATOES?"

SECOND GOAT. "OH, CANNED TOMATOES, IN ALL MEANS. I THINK THE CAN IS THE BEST PART OF THE TOMATO."

AN IDEA.

ETHEL. "I'm just as hungry as a big, big lion."

MAMMA. "Well, what do you think a hungry big, big lion would like to eat?"

ETHEL (*joyfully*). "Fruit cake!"

AT THE SEASIDE.

"MAMMA, it would be very naughty of me to go in bathing now that you've told me not to, wouldn't it?" said Jamie.

"Very naughty indeed, Jamie."

"Well, suppose I happened to be sitting on the beach with my back to the water, and a great big wave I didn't know anything about should come rolling in and go all over me—would that be naughty too?"

A REASONABLE REQUEST.

"PAPA," said little Francis after he had been playing on the beach for a few hours, "let's buy a couple of barrels and a pail, and take the beach and the ocean home with us."

AT SUPPER.

"WHY don't you eat your crackers, Jack?"

"I don't like crackers."

"Why, you ate three a little while ago."

"Yes—but that was between meals. I like everything then."

HAD A GRIEVANCE.

"IT WAS VERY WRONG of you to throw a stone at that little bird, Bobbie."

"I don't think so. He was the little bird that tells mamma about me when I do things."

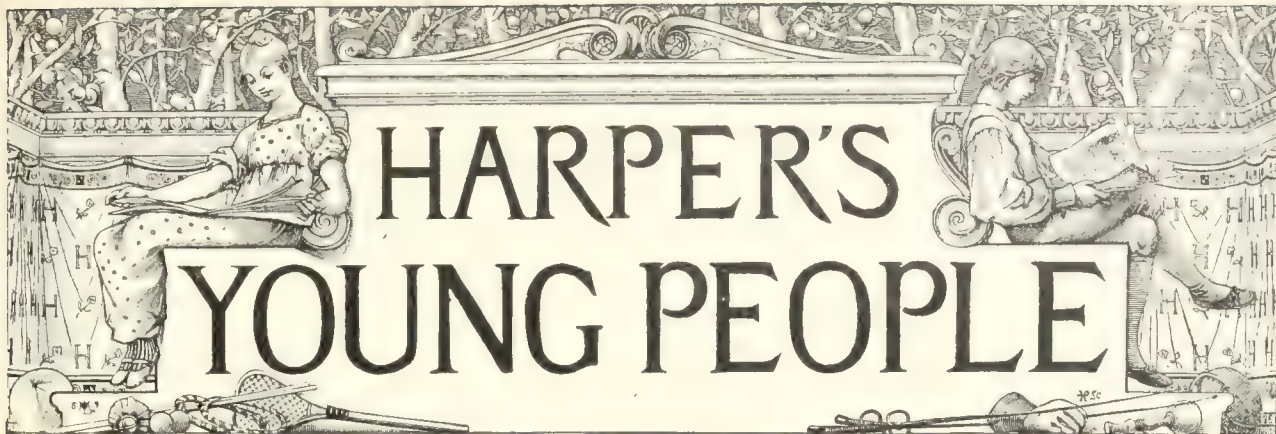
"How do you know?"

"I asked him," said Bobbie.



NOT A WATCH-DOG.

"I DON'T BELIEVE THAT BIG DOG IS A WATCH-DOG AT ALL," said Hal. "I'VE BEEN LOOKING AT HIM FOR TEN MINUTES NOW, AND YOU CAN'T TELL TIME BY HIM AT ALL."



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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

GEORGE HARRINGTON'S NAVIGATION.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

"IF my brother George is not invited, I won't go," said Nellie Harrington, with great emphasis.

"Yes; but don't you see, Nellie, that George will take up the place of one member of the crew, and you know he is not strong enough to pull on the ropes," said Frank Morton.

"I know this," replied Nellie; "George knows a great deal more about navigation than the whole lot of you boys put together."

"Yes," said Frank, "that's all right; but what we want on this yacht-race is not navigators, but sailors—fellows that can reef and steer. We are not going across the ocean, only out around the light-ship."

"Well, I don't care," answered Nellie; "if my brother George does not get an invitation, you can just count me out of the Ladies' Day Regatta of the Undine Yacht Club, that's all."

"But we must have you, Nellie," urged Frank; "you are the best sailor among the girls, and you are always so jolly, you know."

"It's real kind of you to say that, Frank; but George will feel very badly if he is not invited to go on the *Hornet* with the rest of us, and he will think I am not a very nice sister if I go when he is left out; and you know that he is so good and thoughtful to me that—"

"Well, all right, Nellie," said Frank, regretfully; "I'll invite him to go; but I hope he won't go down in the cabin and sulk if I ask him to help haul aft-sheets instead of heaving the lead and taking cross-bearings, as he is always wishing to."

"I am sure George will be just as much in-

terested in trying to make the *Hornet* win as any of us."

"Well, I wish he was a better sailor; but he shall have an invitation."

Nellie Harrington had been just a little spoiled by the other girls and the boys at Centre Beach. She was such a bright, merry girl that they all liked her very much, and they had all shown her so plainly how greatly they valued her society that she was now inclined to be a little exacting in her demands. Still she was really a lovable girl, and was not unpleasant in her manner at all. The Ladies' Day Regatta of the Undine Yacht Club was always the famous event of the season at Centre Beach. All the yachts entered every season, and the rules of the race provided that each vessel should carry



IN ADMIRABLE POSITION FOR THE START.

one man for every five feet of length on the water line, and that each man should be accompanied by one lady. Frank Morton owned a handsome 30-foot keel-sloop called the *Hornet*, and he had quite settled in his mind that his guest should be Nellie, because her presence would insure plenty of bright good nature in the party. He had already decided what boys should constitute his crew, but Nellie upset his plans by insisting that her brother George should go. George knew all about yachts, but he was not quite active enough to make a first-class racing sailor, and he was not a good helmsman. His favorite branch of maritime lore was navigation, and he could have conducted an ocean steamer from New York to Queenstown with as much certainty as an old officer if he had been called upon to do so. Of course he never was called upon, so he had to content himself with taking soundings all over Centre Beach Harbor and out at sea beyond the point, and with taking all kinds of observations of the sun and stars whenever he could get opportunities. The other boys sneered and laughed at his labors, especially at his habit of taking all his navigating apparatus with him whenever he went out sailing. He had a fine chronometer, a sextant, and a taffrail log, and he always took these and his navigation tables with him when he went yachting.

"What's the use of all that truck?" Frank Morton would say. "We are not going out of sight of land, and as long as I have my charts aboard, and my good compass in the binnacle, I don't see how we can get lost."

"Oh, I don't expect we shall get lost," George would say. "I just want to practise a little."

"What's the good of practising at a thing you'll never have a chance to use? You'll never be a ship Captain."

"No; but you never can tell when any knowledge you have is going to come in handy. Besides, I like to study navigation for its own sake."

And this remark always concluded the discussion, for Frank could not understand why any one should study a thing just for the sake of study, and without any expectation of ever making use of it.

The morning of the Ladies' Day Regatta was not promising. It was dull, damp, warm, and cloudy. It looked as if it would rain and be calm. Nevertheless there was great activity among the fleet of yachts as early as half past eight. The big schooners and larger sloops, which were to go over the long course, had their broad white mainsails up and the topsails stretched in flat, snowy triangles above them. Jibs and jib-topsails were hoisted in "stops"; that is, rolled up and tied with pieces of light twine, which would break when the sheets were pulled, allowing the sail to spread to the wind. Sailors in white, with red worsted caps, were running about some of the decks, pulling a rope here and slackening one there. Pretty varnished boats, manned by well-trained oarsmen, were gliding backward and forward, carrying ladies in handsome yachting costumes to the various yachts. The rhythmic click of oars in the rowlocks, the sharp, businesslike rattle of blocks, the hoarse voices of sailors, and the lapping of the ripples around bows mingled with the merry talk and laughter of the ladies and gentlemen; and in spite of the threatening skies, it was a brilliant scene. Frank Morton's sloop was the only yacht in the fleet whose crew consisted of mere boys and girls, but the young men and young ladies on the other 30-foot sloops knew that the *Hornet* was a flier and hard to beat. The only thing they could count on was the superior skill of older heads.

"Now, then," said Frank, when all his crew were aboard, "I want Nellie Harrington to take turns with me in steering, because, you all know, she is the best helmsman we have."

The crew assented with one voice, while Nellie blushed and looked pleased.

"George Harrington, Harry Fellowes, and Ferris Lockwood will tend main-sheet and backstays, and Will Short and Benny Brice will look after the head-sheets and ground-tackle. The girls can lend a hand wherever it may be necessary, but I guess we can handle her without them. Does that suit every one?"

The arrangement appeared to be satisfactory, except that George called attention to the fact that Frank had not provided for the topsail. Nellie looked triumphantly at Frank, as much as to say, "You see he is as good a sailor as any of you." Frank said the fore-castle men, Short and Brice, must look after the topsail unless they were busy and the after-hands idle.

"Bang!"

"There's the preparatory gun," exclaimed Frank, "and we are not under way yet. Get the anchor up lively, boys, and stand by to break out the jib. Go forward and lend a hand, George; we're all right aft."

Will Short and Benny Brice were smart hands, and in a few seconds they sang out, "Anchor's up and down!"

"Shove out the boom to port! Haul aft the starboard jib-sheet! Trip the anchor! Draw away the jib!"

Another moment and the *Hornet*, under mainsail, top-sail, and jib, was gliding slowly along on the starboard tack toward the starting-line.

"I don't care if it rains pitchforks," said Mamie Brice. "It's just glorious, anyhow. I hope we'll get some more wind."

"You'll get all you want before we come back," said George Harrington.

"That's right, old navigator," cried Ferris Lockwood; "you've got your museum aboard, and you know it all."

The boys and girls all laughed.

"I've brought my instruments and books along," said George. "Some day they'll come in handy. My chart might be useful even in a race. You know I've made a good many soundings along the edges of the shoals, where the government charts are not filled out."

"Oh, bother your soundings!" exclaimed Harry Fellowes, in a good-natured manner. "We don't want to sail over the shoals; we want to win the race."

"Ready about!" commanded Frank, and all hands became silent and attentive. "Hard-a-lee!"

He put down the helm, the crew trimmed the sheets, and the yacht came about. She was now in an admirable position for the start, and at that instant the second gun was fired.

"Now, boys," said Frank, "it's a long leg on this tack. All hands aft on the main-sheet. The *Hornet* likes her boom almost amidships. Heave, now! Block her right down."

The boys pulled with a will, and even the girls took hold and helped. The *Hornet* got over the line second in her class, and was then and there cheered by the spectators on the steamer. But now began one of those exhausting races with which old yachtsmen are familiar, when the winds are light and changeable, and there is no rest for the crew. The set of the sails must be constantly changed, and the skipper is at his wits' end. Long before the *Hornet* reached the light-ship, which was the outer mark of the course, George Harrington was tired out. He began to turn pale, and his sister was uneasy.

"That's what I expected," grumbled Frank Morton. "He is no good in a racing crew."

Nellie heard the remark, and bit her lip with vexation. A few minutes later, George, who had not heard anything, said, with a faint smile:

"Frank, I'm clean done up, and I must go below, and lie down for a minute. You'll be on this tack at least half an hour. Call me when you're ready to go about."

And so saying he descended to the cabin and stretched himself on a locker.

"Well, that's pretty cool," said Frank.

"Now, Frank," said Nellie. "I don't want to hear any more unkind speeches about George. He has been working like a dog, and if you're not satisfied to have him rest, I'm here to take his place."

"Oh, you know very well you can't do such work."

"But," cried Ferris Lockwood, "she can steer. Let her steer, and you take George's place in the crew."

"Yes," exclaimed the other boys, "that's the idea."

With flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes Nellie took the wheel, and exerted herself to make every inch of canvas do its work. Time passed, and George was fast asleep.

"Let him sleep," said Benny Brice. "I'm sure we are just as well off as possible."

"Yes," said Frank, "the *Azalea* has the luck to-day, and I don't see how we can do better than we are doing. We're going to lose the race, and" lowering his voice "all because we have a Jonah aboard."

In a short time the race homeward began. All at once the wind shifted to the southeast, and freshened up. The jib-topsail was taken in, and sheets were eased. The yacht now had the wind a point forward of the beam, and was dashing forward at a speed which promised to make the ten miles between the light-ship and the harbor point a brief run. Suddenly Will Short sang out,

"Fog!"

"I knew it!" exclaimed Frank. "Bound to come in like a flash with this wind on such a day, and it's breezing up all the time."

"We'll be shut in by it in about five minutes," said Harry Fellowes, nervously.

"That's so," said Ferris Lockwood, "and we're bowling along pretty fast."

"I wish we didn't have the girls aboard," said Benny Brice.

"We're not afraid," declared Mamie Brice.

"Bully for you!" exclaimed Harry Fellowes.

"You'd better call George," said Nellie Harrington.

"What for?" asked Frank.

"You take my advice, Frank," said Nellie.

Frank was anxious to please her, and did as she requested.

George came on deck rubbing his eyes. "Time to go about?" he asked.

"Look around quickly, George," said Nellie.

Her earnestness and the grave faces about him aroused the boy. He swept the narrowing horizon with his eyes.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, and disappeared down the cabin steps with a bound.

He came up again immediately with his chart and azimuth compass. An azimuth compass is one which has a sighting attachment on its top for taking bearings. George rapidly put the compass in a good position on top of the deck-house, and spread the chart, which he asked two girls to hold down. He handed to Frank a pencil and pad.

"Write as I tell you," he said, squinting through the sights on the compass. "Harbor point bearing northeast a quarter east; bell buoy bearing southeast by east. Got that?"

"Yes," answered Frank.

"Now, then," said George, drawing his parallel rulers from his pocket and laying them on the chart, "give me the pencil."

At that moment the fog swept across the *Hornet's* decks, and in an instant she was shut out from view of everything by the cold gray mist.

"We shall run on the rocks as sure as fate," said Frank, gloomily.

"Not much," exclaimed George.

He drew a line on the chart from the point southwest a quarter west, and then another from the bell buoy northwest by west. At the intersection of the two lines he made a dot.

"There we are," he said. "Bring the yacht to, Frank, while I see about the tide."

"Do as he asks you," urged Nellie, while George went below to consult his nautical almanac.

Frank, still doubting, complied with the request, and the yacht lay almost motionless, simply drifting with the tide.

"It's the second quarter of the flood," said George, returning to the deck and going to his chart. He made another line with his ruler, and did some figuring on his pad. "Tide runs northerly here at two knots an hour," he said. "With this breeze it will take us an hour to make the point. The course is northeast by east, and we'll allow half a point for the tide. Let her go northeast by east a half east, Frank."

"Are you sure that'll take us clear of the Cow and Calves reef?" asked Ferris Lockwood.

"That will take us four hundred yards to the eastward of the reef," said George.

The boys were beginning to gather confidence from his calm assurance.

"But the tide will be cutting us in toward the rocks all the time, and it's getting fresher every minute," said Frank. "I think we'd better stand out to sea and be safe."

"Yes, and lose the race," said Nellie.

"Never! never!" cried the other girls.

"Frank," said George, gravely, "I wouldn't advise you to do this if I wasn't sure of my calculations. To add to our security, I'll keep the log and lead going, and I'll tell you where we are every minute. I know the soundings here and the character of the bottom as well as I know your face. I've got my sister here to take care of, and I'm not doing this thing blindly."

"Well, we'll try it," said Frank.

"Hurrah!" cried the girls.

George brought up his patent log, and attached it to the taffrail. He smiled as he did so, for he knew that his soundings would tell all he needed. Then he spread a piece of tissue-paper on top of the deck-house beside the chart.

"What's that for?" asked Frank, now at the wheel.

"You'll see in a minute," answered George.

The yacht had just begun to gather way when George hove the lead.

"Ten with a hole in it!" he sang out, laughing.

His call meant that the depth was ten fathoms, and the mark for that depth is a piece of leather with a hole in it.

"Write down ten fathoms on the tissue-paper, Nellie," he said.

"Where?"

"Near the middle," he said, watching the log dial, which showed the distance the yacht was making through the water. As the vessel was about to complete her first quarter of a mile from the position he ascertained, he hove the lead again.

"And a half, ten!" he sang. "Watch the log for me, Nellie."

He ran to the deck-house. With his dividers he measured a quarter of a mile on the chart scale. Then, from the point where ten fathoms was written on the tissue-paper he ruled a line northeast by east a half east, the course they were sailing, and marking off a quarter of a mile on that line, wrote down ten and a half fathoms, the second sounding. He went through the operation again at the half-mile, three-quarters, and mile.

"Now watch," he said.

He took the tissue-paper up and laid it over the chart, so that the original position of the yacht and the course on both papers coincided. The chart printing could be easily read through the tissue, and they all saw that exactly at the points where ten fathoms, ten and a half, eleven, and nine had been marked on the tissue, the same

soundings were marked on the chart. And no other similar line of soundings a quarter of a mile apart could be found on any other course than northeast by east a half east.

"It's as sure as shooting!" exclaimed Will Short.

"George, you're a winner!" declared Benny Bruce.

Nellie looked prouder than a queen, but Frank was silent. As for George, he smiled and was well pleased, but he did not stop taking casts of the lead and making his marks on the tissue.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of safety at sea," he said, and they saw that he meant it.

He navigated the *Hornet* safely around the harbor point, and then the fog lifted.

"Hurrah!" shouted all the boys and girls.

For they found that the *Hornet* was heading almost directly at the finishing-line, and that her competitors were not in the harbor. In short, she won the race by nearly three-quarters of an hour, during which time the other vessels were beating about in the fog.

"George," said Frank, when they had come to anchor, "I want to apologize to you for anything unkind I have said about you and your navigation."

"Oh, that's all right," said George. "I've had a day of splendid fun."

"And I want to add," continued Frank, "that from this time out there's always a berth for you aboard this boat, and I'd no more think of sailing a race without you than without the jib."

And then Nellie clapped her hands, and cried, "I knew George was a sailor!"

THE SAD STORY OF THE SHARK AND THE BUOY.

BY CARLYLE SMITH.

"I THINK," said the Shark, as he sharpened his tooth,
"That whistling Buoy doth whistle too much.
The tune that he whistles is very uncount,
And might have been writ by a man in Duluth.
Whose knowledge of music is heavy and Dutch.

"He whistles all night, and he whistles all day.
He hangs on one note 'til he drives me nigh mad.
He whistles it too in the dreariest way,
And pays no attention to what we all say—
I think him a strangely rude sort of a lad.

"Complaints by the whale he has always ignored;
The critical shad he has ever disdained.
The whale of the sea is the monarch, the lord,
The mind of the shad with great learning is stored—
His treatment of these the whole ocean has paid.

"And I have resolved that the nuisance must end;
The whistling Buoy must whistle no more.
His proud iron will to our wishes must bend—
His manners disgusting I'll force him to mend.
I'll bite him in two—nay, I'll bite him in four!"

The Shark then swam out where the big Buoy stood,
To chew him all up and to make him behave.
He opened his mouth just as wide as he could,
He snapped 'at the Buoy, as he said that he would,
Then sank out of sight 'neath the rippling wave.

Poor Shark! All his teeth—every one, good or bad—
Broke off as they struck on that Buoy so red.
The Buoy went on with his whistling sad;
The Shark never spoke, for the voice that he had
Could utter no word now his molars were sped.

And strange to relate, now his mouth's so misshaped,
No sound can he utter except a small hoot,
Which, when from his throat it has fully escaped,
And over his palate and tongue it has scraped,
Is just like the Buoy's sad tootling toot.

THE DONKEYS IN CENTRAL PARK.

BY BENJAMIN NORTHROP



CHARLEY probably knows more children than any other donkey in this country. Indeed, there are very few donkeys in the world with a wider acquaintance with children than this brown little beast with the shoe-brush mane and the dark brown eyes. Charley has been trotting up and down a winding pathway in Central Park which leads from the Casino half-way to the Menagerie for over fifteen years, and he has seen children grow from wee little babies, who had to be held on his back, to great big boys whose feet would drag on the ground if they were to straddle his saddle. Charley is the oldest in point of service of the six donkeys that carry children over the donkey path in Central Park. He is also the prettiest, fastest, gentlest, and the greatest favorite. The other day, while I was asking some questions about the donkeys, a little boy standing near the donkey stand answered me.

"You want to know how long the donkeys have been here," he said. "Well, I'll tell you. They've always been here. I remember 'em when I was a little bit of a boy, and my brother used to ride on 'em when he was little, too."

But they have not always been in the Park, notwithstanding my little friend's answer. It was seventeen or eighteen years ago that Mr. Lucas worked in this city at his trade. He was a tinsmith and plumber, and had



THE DONKEYS' STABLE.

only been in this country a short time. One day he and the foreman of the shop where he worked were walking home together. A few blocks away Lucas saw a big crowd of youngsters gathered around a donkey. They were as much interested in it as if it had been an elephant or a trick monkey. Lucas was astonished. "What's the matter with the donkey?" he asked.

"Nothing," replied the foreman. "Only it's a donkey."

"And what of that?"

"They're rare here, man. I don't think there are twenty donkeys in New York. At least if there are we never see them on the street, and when one does come out it just sets the children crazy."

It was owing to seeing this donkey, and the talk which followed the sight, that thousands upon thousands of New York children have enjoyed the donkey department

of Central Park for nearly seventeen years. Mr. Lucas was a clear-headed young chap. He was thrifty, and had saved his wages, and therefore when the idea came to him that a herd of donkeys for Central Park would be a profitable investment, he had money enough to put his project into execution. He started at once for Wales, where he had been born and brought up. There donkeys are as common as poor men's dogs. They are the ordinary beasts of burden, and a Little Lord Fauntleroy boy would attract far more attention in the main street of Mr. Lucas's native village than all the donkeys in Egypt would. Mr. Lucas bought six good, gentle, strong donkeys, and brought them back to New York with him. Then he went to the Board of Park Commissioners and obtained permission to establish the donkey stand in Central Park. It has been there ever since.

Charley's father and mother were among this original herd. Some of the other donkeys are grandchildren, so to speak, of the original ones, and others were bought in this country. The present herd consists of Charley, Dandy, Daisy, Lillie, Frank, and Jack. Lillie is the biggest. She is tall and gray, and is strong enough to pull a wagon loaded with men. Jack is the father of one of the most famous donkeys in the country. The late J. K. Emmet, the actor, who, as Fritz, made more children laugh than most actors have ever done, bought Jack, Junior, when he was a youngster, and he took an active part in several of Emmet's plays. Perhaps this is the reason that Jack is lazy sometimes, and walks when he ought to trot, and stands still when he ought to walk. Perhaps he thinks that American children owe him a debt of gratitude. Who knows? Donkeys certainly do think, and Jack's brown eyes are wonderfully thoughtful at times.

Each of the donkeys has his separate keeper, and all of them are under the charge of Mr. Lucas's grown nephew, who is the superintendent of the donkey department. These keepers are boys, and some of them are hardly as tall as the heads of the donkeys they care for. The smallest boy cannot reach the tips of Lillie's long ears except when he stands on a chair. Every afternoon when the sun goes down and the children with their nurses leave for their homes, the donkeys begin to grow impatient for their home and their supper. Then the boys get on their backs, and off they canter over the path, across the Mall, and up the shore of the lake, until they come to the street that leads to the stable. This stable is a queer sort of a place to keep six donkeys in. It does not look large enough for one big donkey when you first see it. But it is, and there is room in it to spare. Donkeys are like sheep. They huddle together, and when they lie down, they look like one great donkey, all legs and ears. In the morning the

boys go to the stable and begin grooming their charges for the day. They curry and brush them until their sleek coats shine. Then they wash their little round hoofs, and the superintendent clips their manes. While this is going on, other boys are cleaning the saddles and polishing the brass buttons on the bits and bridles. After this is done, a breakfast of oats is fed, and then the cavalcade starts for the Park. It looks like a stray bit of a circus parade. When the donkeys come home from the Park they trot or canter; but in the morning, on their way to work, they walk. This is another thing that makes me believe that donkeys think.

Once in a long while a donkey dies, but this has not happened for so long a time that the boy keepers believe the story told about donkeys in the old country. This story is that donkeys never die. This is what one of the boys said to me. I asked him how that could be.

"Did you ever see a dead donkey?" he asked in reply. Of course, I never have.

"Neither have I," he added; "and that proves what I said. They never die."

When Mr. Lucas finds that one of his donkeys is becoming spoiled by petting, and is growing cross, he sells it to some man who uses it in a cart to haul vegetables to market, or employs it in some other menial service. Then he replaces it with a new donkey. These new recruits have to be trained before they are worth very much in the Park. One of the donkeys gave the superintendent no end of trouble. His name is Frank, and he is next to the biggest animal in the herd. He was bought from a museum man on Coney Island. Mr. Lucas paid \$50 for Frank, and he thought that he had got a rare bargain, as Frank is young, docile, and strong. After he had been saddled and bridled for the first time, his keeper started to ride him to the Park. Before the boy had ridden him half a dozen yards, Frank made a little kick with his hind legs and put his long face down between his fore legs. The boy rolled off his back, and fell in a little round heap on the ground, very badly frightened. Frank did not go to the Park that day or the next. His keeper and



A DONKEY BACK RIDE IN THE PARK.

the superintendent spent that time training him. No matter how well seated the boy was, he was thrown before he had been in the saddle two minutes. At length, after many trials and much patience and coaxing, Frank was taught that only bad donkeys acted in that way, and in the course of a week he could be trusted to carry his load safely. About a year after that, one day in the Park, the superintendent noticed a strange man stop and look at Frank as if he knew him. Frank seemed to know the man too. After standing still for a few minutes, the man said something that the superintendent did not understand, and then he made a peculiar gesture with his hands. In an instant the donkey stand was in an uproar of excitement. Frank pranced over to the man, rubbed his nose against his face like a pet dog, and fairly danced with joy, keeping up meanwhile a series of ear-splitting brays that started the animals in the Menagerie to roaring. Then the man said something else, and Frank reared up on his hind legs and walked a few steps. At another word of command he lay down and rolled over twice.

"I thought so," said the stranger.

"Thought what?" asked the superintendent.

"I thought this was Danny. Now I know it. Danny was my trick donkey in the circus for two years. I was the clown, and I taught him all sorts of tricks. My little boy was almost heart-broken when I had to sell him. I taught him to throw every one who got on him, and he made more fun than all of the other performers put together."

That explained why Frank acted so strangely the first lay he joined the herd, and the superintendent was glad he had met the man. Before he went away, which he did very sorrowfully, he told the superintendent many things about donkey-training, and showed him how he could make Frank behave as respectably as any donkey can do. Since then Frank has done no more tricks.

"APPERAFILE" (AFTER A WHILE)

BY MEL R. COLQUITT.

HE was the sweetest little boy you ever saw, charming in every way. He was only three years old, and he had a wonderful intelligence and the most angelic nature. He was always winning and friendly. He talked all the time, and wanted to be talked to as well. With all his amiability and winsomeness he was not one of those babies that can be set down with a lot of wooden animals or tin soldiers to amuse themselves; he wanted real flesh and blood to match his powers with, and a great deal of what he called "tention." His poor little widowed mother was very sad and distraught, losses and troubles had come upon her so thick and fast; but she loved her boy to her very heart's core. She was often absent-minded, and failed to answer his little demands, and this he resented sadly with a trembling of his pretty lips. He told his old auntie of his troubles:

"My mudder won't lissen to me when I tells my 'tittle 'ories; she des doze and fits in ernudder fair and 'ooks in de fire."

This dear little dimpled sweet-faced angel of a boy had only one failing, and that was procrastination; he never was quite ready for anything. Were his hands to be washed? "Wait a minit; me'll tum apperadile." Was he called to dinner? "Me ain't hundry now; me'll be dare apperadile." Was a drive proposed? "Me's payin' fait tain now; me'll be yeddy apperadile."

It came to pass in this sad world of ours that the poor little sorrow-worn mother fell ill. The dear baby hovered around her all the time, performing lovely little ministrations that seemed strangely wise for his tender years. His little hands, like crab-apple blossoms in their pinky

fairness, were so helpful and steady; the tiny feet, winged with love, were fleet to do his "mudder's" bidding. Finally, the day came when his dear "mudder," or the mortal part of her that he loved, could not last much longer, and, calling the dear, wise baby to her side, she talked to him in her low caressing voice.

"Now, darling, mother has to go on a visit to a sweet, far-away country, where God lives; she cannot take you with her now, but you must be a good boy, and you can come there some time. She will see your papa and your pretty auntie, who went there when she was like a June rose—and all this pain and coughing will be over."

His great, wondering eyes rested on hers, not sadly, but full of interest in his mother's pleasant journey. Then she kissed him, and oh, how she strained him to her heart! Friends gathered around to say a few last faltering words; she answered them calmly, with that unselfishness that had made her life so beautiful, but the last low whispers were for her little man:

"You'll come to see me some time, won't you, darling?"

He nestled his bright head down on the heart that was growing chill, and said, "Yes, mudder, tell Dod me'll be dare apperadile."

MAMSELLE MISS'S BOYS.*

BY M. E. M. DAVIS.

CHAPTER VII.

CHRISTMAS came and went, and the New-Year with its joyous old creole customs, and then the carnival with its mysterious maskings, its waving banners, and its gorgeous processions. It would be a pleasant task to relate all that befell Mamselle Miss and her boys during these gay holiday-times, but that would take too long. And so we come at last to a soft, sunny, rain-washed February day a little more than a year from the February day which ushered M'sieu Paul into the corridor of the Toulouse Street house with Sharlo and Yak at his heels.

Crissy and Claire were sitting on a bench in the inner court. The Maréchal Neil rose on the lattice above their heads was freighted with bloom. For nature is lavish in this semi-tropical climate, and except for the scorched patches on the old wooden benches, there was nothing left to tell of the ravages made by the great Fourth of July celebration. Crissy was poring over a well-thumbed algebra; Claire, embroidery in hand, watched her rather absently.

"It's no use!" said Crissy, suddenly dropping the book in her lap, "I can't fix my mind on anything. Everything seems so dull and quiet since Paul and Victor went away."

"I didn't even get to tell them good-by," said Claire, puckering her brows.

"It was all so sudden. The telegram came last night from their father's agent at St. Louis, directing them to meet their father and mother there; and M'sieu Paul, who had just come in from Westfield, thought it best for them to go at once. They didn't want to go." Crissy stopped and laughed a little. "Vic hid in the old dining-room until it got so dark that he was afraid. But they went early this morning. You cannot think, Claire, what a difference it makes. But you are not listening at all," she concluded, reproachfully.

"Oh yes, I am! That is," said Claire, in some confusion, "I really was not listening *very* much, Crissy. The truth is, *chérie*, I was thinking a good deal about myself. You know, I am going to take these off to-morrow;" she touched her little white cap with a forefinger, and passed her hand over the blue calico skirts.

* Begun in HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE No 663.

"O-h-h-h!" cried Crissy, half in delight, half in jealous consternation.

"Yes," said Claire. "It is just a year to-day since I put them on; and for more than a week past my new clothes have been coming into the house. Of course I'm not going to pretend that I'm not glad, Crissy dear! But I want to tell you something"—she dropped her voice to a confidential half-whisper—"I've found out what my mother's trouble was when she dedicated me to poverty. *It was I!*"

Crissy regarded her with bewildered eyes.

"Just *me!*" repeated Claire, impressively. "I did not think much about it then, though I saw mamma so sad and anxious. But I didn't think of anything in those days—how long ago it seems!—but myself. Oh, Crissy, you cannot imagine what a *vain, selfish, mean* girl I was!"

"Oh, *no, no!*" interrupted her friend, pressing closer to her.

"Yes, I was. I thought of nothing in the world but my clothes, and how I looked in them. And *I* was one of the girls, oh, Crissy, that didn't want to sit by a girl unless she had on a nice gown; and I wouldn't let my littlest sister come near me for fear she would muss my ribbons. It's true. And nobody has told me so; but I am *quite* sure that it was for my own sake that my dear, good, wise mother dedicated me to poverty. And I—I think I am a better girl." A little shower of tears fell from the soft dark eyes. Crissy nestled against her in sympathetic silence. "So, you see, *chérie*," she added, smiling, "I've learned a lot of things in these old blue frocks."

"Bless the old blue frocks!" said Crissy, fervently; "for if it hadn't been for them, *I* would never have had you!" An expression of sadness clouded her open face as she continued: "But I am going to be so far away from you. Yes"—as Claire made a quick movement of surprise—"my year is up too! It's just a year since I came. You are not the only girl who has learned a lot of things, Claire. When I left Fork Valley, I thought it would only take a month or two to get an education. And I was that *conceited* and *vain!* I'd give a great deal to be able to study a year or two longer. Anyway, I think I *can* teach that Fork Valley school, and after a while, maybe—"

Her confidences were cut short by the appearance of Mamselle Miss, who came down the steps limping slightly, and supported on Suzette's arm, for she had never quite recovered from the sprain. She was followed by Jin with the twins. The latter, fresh from their bath, looked very rosy and dainty in the pretty kilts fashioned by Crissy's deft fingers.

Suzette placed her mistress in a garden-chair, and stood behind her, awaiting orders. The street door opened, steps resounded in the corridor, and M'sieu Paul entered. His face wore an agitated and troubled expression. He leaned over his sister, and said something to her in a low tone which sent the blood flying from her cheeks.

"Oh, Paul!" she exclaimed, attempting to rise, and sinking back, trembling visibly.

"Don't be troubled, *ma sœur*," he said, patting her on the shoulder, and gulping down the sob in his own throat. "But—but I saw the gentleman just now at the club, a stranger from Boston, and he is quite sure that he knows to whom they belong."

Crissy's heart throbbed painfully as she listened.

"I promised to fetch them to him to-morrow," continued M'sieu Paul. "Christopher, please see that Sharlo and Yak—that they are ready by half past seven to-morrow morning. And make a package of the clothes they had on when they came—" His voice failed him; he turned abruptly, and strode away.

Mamselle Miss hid her face in her hands. Crissy gazed

at her, breathless and terrified. The twins, who had run forward at the mention of their names, caught sight of Joan in a corner, and darted after her, shouting.

"*Quel bon-heur-r-r!*" croaked Louis the Fourteenth from the boundary wall.

Jin, who had been holding a whispered consultation with Suzette behind the fig-tree, came back, tossing her head defiantly. "Look 'ee, Miss Cris," she began, "ef Mamselle Miss ull gin me de wud, I kin run dem chillen off some'er wher' dey can't be foun' ontwel dat low-down triffin' white man dat is got de face ter say dey is his'n is plum gone an' out'n de way. Mean' Aun' Suzette we kin run 'em off some'ers, an' we ain' steadin' nuther. 'Caze ef dem chillen ain' ou'n by dis time, whose chillen is dey?"

Crissy looked eagerly at Mamselle Miss. And Mamselle Miss plainly hesitated.

"No," she said, with an effort, "that will not do. If we love them so—" tears welled into her eyes—"how their own people must love them and miss them!"

"We-all is deir people," said Jin, doggedly; and Suzette and the girls agreed with her.

That night Mamselle Miss crept softly into Suzette's room, and knelt by the little crib bed. A low light burned on the mantel. She could see the two curly heads on one pillow; their chubby arms were tossed above their heads; their soft perfumed breathing stirred the air. She laid her head against the crib railing, and sighed. An answering sigh on the other side of the bed startled her. It came from M'sieu Paul, who was kneeling there.

They went away gayly enough the next morning, poor little men! They found it fine to go out into the street; and they did not in the least understand why they should be hugged so hard or cried over so tenderly. They marched down the corridor, trim, graceful little figures, on either side of M'sieu Paul, and as the street door closed upon them, the echo of a gay burst of joyous laughter floated back to the disconsolate household gathered in the court.

Late that afternoon Mamselle Miss was sitting by a low fire in the library. The slanting sun streamed in at the windows; Joan dozed on a cushion, blinking her half-shut eyelids; the smell of orange blossoms filled the warm air. The house was painfully silent; its mistress, with her head propped upon her thin hand, gazed abstractedly into the smouldering coals; more than once she sighed and murmured half audibly: "*My boys! I wonder where they are now!*"

The opening of a door aroused her; she looked up quickly. Crissy and Jin were standing side by side in the doorway, precisely as she had first seen them. Jin, with the battered old carpet-bag on her arm, was little changed, except that her skirts were brown instead of yellow, and she had on stockings. But her companion was transformed. The year of city life had toned down the little country girl. The slim figure, in its neatly fitting dark blue serge frock, had become lithe and graceful; the thin cheeks had rounded, and a peachlike color bloomed upon them; the fair fluffy hair was gathered into a loose knot beneath a dainty toque. "I declare," thought Mamselle Miss, with a thrill of pride, "the child is growing pretty! She looks like her father."

"Well, Christopher?" she said, inquiringly, as Tom Woodruff's son and her body-servant crossed the dining-room and entered the library.

"Please, Mamselle Miss," faltered Crissy, "I've come to tell you g-good-by."

"Good-by!" echoed Mamselle Miss, frowning, and sitting bolt-upright in her astonishment. "Why, where are you going?"

"Please, 'm, don't you remember? The year is up.... to-day.... back to Fork Valley.... I think I can get the school, and.... we have Jin's wages, you know, to go with.... and, oh, thank you a thousand times for all you've



MAMSELLE MISS WAS SITTING BY A LOW FIRE IN THE LIBRARY.

done for me." She blurted out the last few words, and broke down with a sob.

Mamselle Miss's lip trembled. "Christopher," she said, in a soft voice—a voice Crissy had never heard before—"do you really wish to leave me? I thought, I hoped, you had come to look upon this as a real home—"

"But there's nothing for me to do now," Crissy cried, amazed; "nobody for me to look after!"

"Surely I count for something," said Mamselle Miss, smiling. She drew the half-frightened girl to her and kissed her. "Stay with me, Christopher. Your mother can spare you to me, out of so many. You shall go to school with Claire and—"

"Well," remarked Jin, marching off with the carpet-bag, "ef Miss Cris gwine ter stay, I reckon I hatter stay too. But, dullard, how I is honin' a'ter some Fork Valley po'k an' greens!"

Crissy was still kneeling by Mamselle Miss's chair, listening to stories of her father's youth—for the apparently dried but only pent-up heart had suddenly overflowed—when Madame Durel and Claire came in. Crissy hung back bashfully at sight of the radiant creature who came bounding toward her with outstretched hands. Could this indeed be Claire? And how far away she seemed in her dainty pink robe and fleecy laces!

"Oh, you dear goose!" she cried, throwing her arms impetuously about Crissy's neck. "You—you are not really going away, Crissy?" she added, her face lengthening.

Mamselle Miss interposed. "My little cousin remains with me," she said, with a smile wonderfully like the smile of M'sieu Paul. "I hope to keep her always."

Crissy's heart swelled almost to bursting as she followed Claire over to the window-seat, where, with arms intertwined, they made plans for the future.

"She is a good girl, your Christopher," said Madame Durel, earnestly. "She has been such a help to Claire, we all love her, and André hopes that one of these days—"

her voice dropped to a whisper, and Mamselle Miss nodded and smiled.

As Claire and her mother arose to go, a well-known shout sounded in the court, and then on the stair.

"Hurrah, Cris!" cried Paul, bursting breathlessly into the room. "Here we are! We didn't have to go! Telegram at Jackson from papa turning us back. They've gone direct to San Francisco. Maybe we can stay for another year. Hurrah! Howdy, Aunt Rebecca? Am't you glad, Cris? Where's the twins?"

And this time Mamselle Miss's welcome was as cordial as the most exacting nephew could have wished. A few moments sufficed for the boys to scatter about things enough to restore to the house its every-day appearance; and by the time dinner was served, Mamselle Miss looked almost happy.

Almost, not quite, for there was the empty crib bed upstairs.

The street door slammed.

"Dat's 'Sieu Paul's do'-slam," said Jin.

Mamselle Miss nerved herself to hear his story.

"Well, here I am," he said, briskly, coming in and closing the door behind him.

"How *can* he be so hard-hearted?" Crissy said to herself.

"How did they bear it, Paul?" asked Mamselle Miss.

"Jolly little rogues! They were as frisky as a pair of little kittens. I came near losing them a dozen times before we reached the rendezvous."

"Of course I would not like them to be unhappy," said Mamselle Miss. But she could not help a jealous pang.

"Well, I wish they was here," said Victor, gloomily. "It makes me just sick to see their high chairs shoved back against the wall."

"Hush!" whispered Crissy, glancing at Mamselle Miss.

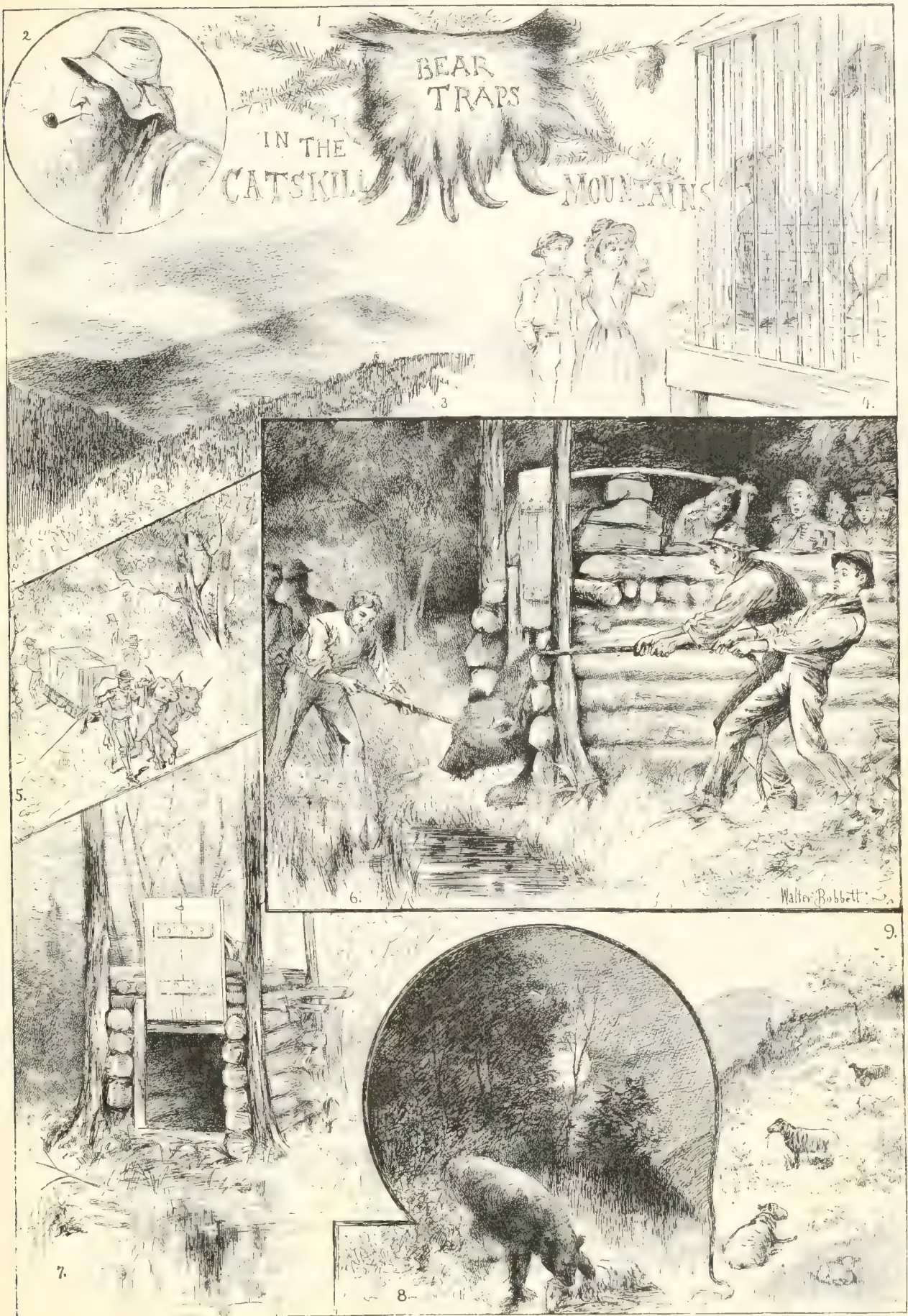
"It does seem lonesome without them," said M'sieu Paul, but his eyes twinkled, and he smiled under his mustache. "The truth is, *ma sœur*," he burst out, "there was one fact connected with the lost Boston twins which the gentleman forgot to mention, and also a fact concerning our twins which I forgot to mention. He said *a pair of twins* and I said *a pair of twins*, but our twins are boys, and the lost Boston twins are *girls*. And so—"

He would no doubt have prolonged the story, but there was a rush in the hall, and then a suppressed giggle. The door flew open, and in they bounced, very tousled and very sticky, but unmistakably Sharlo and Yak.

"And I am afraid, *ma sœur*," said M'sieu Paul, a little later, "that all of your boys have come to stay."

"I hope so," returned Mamselle Miss, with a beaming glance around the table.

"Didn't I tole you, Miss Cris," grinned Jin, "dat we-all is de onlies' fam'ly o' dem two twins?"



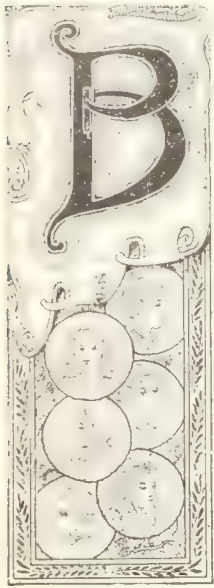
BEAR-TRAPPING IN THE CATSKILLS—DRAWN BY WALTER BOBBETT—[SEE PAGE 726]

1. Bear's Claws 2. A Trapper. 3. The Home of the Black Bear. 4. At the Station. 5. Taking the captured Bear down the Mountain. 6. The Capture. 7. The Trap. 8. A night Attack. 9. Sheep Pasture.

HOW THREE BOYS KEPT HOUSE.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

III



BRIGHT and early the next morning three wide-awake boys descended to the kitchen and set about the business of getting breakfast. By mutual agreement they had formed themselves into a staff, of which Herbert was head cook, Ross, first assistant, and Jamie, "useful man." Such a battalion as this certainly ought to produce satisfactory results, and all went to work with a will.

Fortunately for the boys the cooking stove could be depended on, and was not given to kinks without any visible reason. It was very much like one on which Herbert had experimented when with his uncle, in their camping out at home.

"I propose," said the chief, with great dignity, when the fire was fairly in working order, "to begin our breakfast with oatmeal porridge. All who are in favor of the motion will say aye."

Two very prompt ayes followed, and the same voices asked, simultaneously, "What *is* oatmeal porridge?"

"What you so often have on the breakfast table," was the reply, "only in speaking of it you do not put in the 'porridge.' It's a grand dish for camping out—or *in*," as Ross says—and this is the way uncle and I made it."

His cousins pressed forward to watch every movement, and saw him put into a saucepan, which already held a quart of boiling water, a teaspoonful of salt. Then, having a long wooden spoon ready, he sprinkled in with one hand a heaping cupful of oatmeal, and stirred it lightly with the other.

"There," said Herbert; "it now wants twenty minutes of seven, and when the clock strikes, the oatmeal will be ready. But meanwhile my 'useful man' must watch it and stir from the bottom every five minutes to keep it from burning, and to have the grains well mingled."

The "useful man" did his duty faithfully, and also managed to learn how to make coffee while the head one was explaining it to Ross.

"It is very much like making tea," he began, "only there's a little more of it. First, you want the best of coffee—two-thirds of Java and one-third of Mocha—a freshly boiling kettle and a well-scalded coffee-pot. I shall make it myself this morning; and if you will grind this, Ross, there will be just about two table-spoonfuls of Java and one of Mocha—one table-spoonful apiece of the mixed coffee. You see that I am scalding the coffee-pot thoroughly and pouring the water out of the spout; next, I put in the coffee, and pour on it about a quart of boiling water; lastly, standing it on the stove where it will keep very hot without boiling. This coffee-pot has, you see, a neat little lid over the spout, which keeps the aroma from being wasted; and when such a cover is lacking, a small wad of paper should be used to stop the hole."

In about five minutes after the coffee was made, Herbert poured out a cupful, and then poured it back through the top of the pot, added two table-spoons of cold water, and left it for five or ten minutes longer. A pint of milk was put on to boil, and the oatmeal in a finished state was transferred to a large scalloped bowl.

"There isn't a lump in it," said Ross, enthusiastically.

"Why should there be?" asked his cousin. "It was

stirred moderately to prevent that very thing; yet not stirred too much, as this would have made it starchy."

The coffee, clear and fragrant, was served with two lumps of loaf-sugar and a full teaspoon of thick yellow cream in the bottom of each cup, to which was added a liberal allowance of boiled milk, and the boys pronounced it delicious. The oatmeal, too, was "the best they had ever tasted—so different from Bridget's stuff."

After the oatmeal there were fresh boiled eggs and daintily browned pieces of fried bread. It was a perfect delight to see Herbert prepare this bread. It was so nicely and evenly cut from the loaf; then each slice was divided in half, and each half made into a symmetrical round with a cake-cutter, which took off the crust and yet wasted very little of the bread. A spider was well heated, but not, as the accomplished cook said, made too hot; and having dropped in two teaspoonfuls of butter—which was repeated when about half through—a neat pile of rounds was fried, like the things in stories and receipts, a "golden brown." The pile was then placed in a deep dish, and carefully covered; and so well did it turn out that fried bread became at once very popular.

Ross and Jamie were enthusiastic about cooking, and wished to plunge into a great variety of dishes at one meal; but their cousin insisted on moderation.

"We'll have an omelet next time," he said. And with this they were obliged to content themselves.

Meanwhile various parishioners inquired about the young Alderns and went to see them, and begged them to come and stay at their houses while their parents were away, and some excellent people almost insisted on coming and staying at the rectory to take care of them. But while grateful for their kindness, the boys preferred to stay at home and to take care of themselves. Then their independence was greatly admired, and this admiration took the shape of visits of sympathy and votive offerings of pie and cake, until Ross declared it was like an endless donation party. All, however, appreciated the good feeling that prompted these attentions.

"What a splendid fellow Herbert is at Cicero!" burst forth Jamie one day to his brother; "you don't know how nicely he helped me over that tight place, where I came near missing and going down."

"He's a splendid fellow about a good many things," said Ross, warmly; "a perfect brick! No, it isn't slang, Jamie—or if it is, it's very good slang. It began this way, Herbert told me: Some King, you see, ever so long ago, in Asia Minor, I believe, had a visit from some great ambassador, who was surprised to find that the capital city had no walls for defence. But the King took him out the next day to a great plain and showed him an immense army of splendid-looking soldiers. 'There is my wall,' said he, 'and every man in it is a brick.'"

"Then it really means something to call a person a brick," said Jamie, thoughtfully, "and I think Herbert is that kind of brick too."

"What kind of brick am I?" asked the person referred to, who had come in very quietly while his cousin was speaking.

"The best kind," replied Ross, quickly; "we are finding you out, you see. But what made you crawl into your shell all these weeks, so that we could hardly tell what you were like?"

"Well," stammered Herbert, who was dreadfully embarrassed, "you see, I feared that you didn't like me—and—"

"And you knew that you didn't like us. Let's shake hands on it, old fellow; for as you told me the story I was repeating to Jamie, you know that a 'brick' means something extra nice."

There was a warm hand-clasp from each of his cousins, and Herbert began to feel as though he really belonged to the family.

What he *said*, however, was of a very different nature. He merely asked, "Shall we make an omelet for tea?"

The boys were quite hilarious over this idea, and all three adjourned to the kitchen in high spirits.

"There are different ways of making an omelet," said the head cook, with a wise air; "some people add milk, and beat the whites of the eggs into a froth to spread over the top; but I think that a simpler and more substantial omelet is better. The other way makes a few eggs go farther *apparently*, but Uncle Reginald always liked it in this way. Six eggs will be about right for ours; and as the fire is a good hot one, I will put on the spider to heat. I break the eggs, you see, into this bowl, and beat them all together with a spoon only until the yolks are broken."

"I counted," said Jamie, with great interest, "and there were just eleven beats."

"This piece of butter," continued Herbert, "is about as large as a good-sized egg, and for more or less eggs it should be in proportion, and I turn it around that every part of the pan may be greased. Now it is boiling, and I pour in the eggs. With the handle of the pan in my left hand, you see that I draw up the whitened egg from the bottom, for it is very important to have every part equally cooked. I am shaking the pan backward and forward to keep the omelet from sticking; and now, you see, I turn with the spoon half of one side over the other. The shaking is kept up until it hardens a little, when it is ready to toss on the warm plate you have just handed me."

"And you sprinkled pepper and salt over the eggs while they were in the bowl," said Ross.

"Yes," was the reply, "and I forgot to say anything about it."

How they enjoyed that omelet, finding it just enough as a relish for three hungry boys! The brothers declared that Herbert had a wonderful gift as a cook. But he modestly insisted that his only gift was that of taking pains.

The longest day in the year had come to an end, but dragging its trailed robe along so slowly that the golden hem seemed to lie on the hills quite up to nine o'clock. And after a magnificent pillow fight, the three boys at the rectory turned into their "sea-beds"—which they now made perfectly—and slept soundly for an hour or two.

Herbert was the first to wake. A queer noise, like the cautious raising of a window down-stairs, startled him from his slumber. And after listening a moment, he crossed the hall to his cousins' room, and roused them as quietly as possible.

"Ross," he whispered, "are you sure that you fastened that kitchen window?"

Two pairs of startled eyes glared at him wildly. And Ross murmured, conscience-stricken, "I'm afraid I forgot it!"

"Then," said Herbert in a voice of dismay, "there are burglars getting into the house!"

IV.

"What *shall* we do?" cried Jamie, wildly. "Oh, if papa had only let us have a pistol!"

"A good thing for you that he didn't," replied his cousin. "We must keep quite still at present, for there is no way of giving an alarm without bringing the burglars upon us. They will hardly come up stairs, I fancy, but content themselves with securing the silver. And as soon as I can do so safely, I will climb down by the veranda and rouse our neighbors."

There was perfect silence for a minute or two, and the breathing of the frightened boys sounded very loud.

"They're coming up the stairs!" whispered Ross, in despair.

"The door is locked," replied Herbert, as calmly as though it were fastened with iron bars. And reassured by his tone, his cousins stopped shaking.

A stealthy tread—*two* stealthy treads indeed, evidently of people not accustomed to walk quietly—passed through the upper hall and up the stairs to the attic.

"That's very odd," said Herbert; but as he spoke, a sudden light dawned upon him.

There was a little creaking overhead, as of persons moving about too carefully, and then a sort of dull thumping, constantly stopped and repeated again, on the stairs.

"Shure an' they're fast ashlape," whispered loudly a somewhat familiar voice.

It was bright moonlight, and they had turned up the gas in the hall, so that Herbert, who had partly dressed himself, was quite a distinct figure as he opened the door and confronted the invaders—Bridget and a sheepish-looking boy, with a trunk between them.

"Let me open the hall door for you," said the young gentleman, politely, as he went before them down stairs. "You will find it an easier way of getting out than by the window. This is an inconvenient time to come for your trunk, Bridget. You were quite welcome to it during the day."

Bridget sat down on the trunk and cried, and the boy sat down too, although he did not cry. It began to look as though they might spend what remained of the night there. But Herbert was holding the door open, and in a dazed way Miss Shea passed through it with her belongings, and was seen no more.

The English lad smiled at the queer and unexpected experiences he was having during his sojourn in America; and while carefully fastening the neglected kitchen window, and examining all the other inlets and outlets in the house, he was joined by his cousins in a great state of hilarity over the pleasing turn which affairs had taken.

"We were coming down *anyway*," said Ross, "as soon as we got some sense in our heads, to join in the fight; but when we found it was only Bridget after her trunk, we got laughing so that it hindered us."

"I wonder what's coming next?" said Jamie, in an equal state of glee.

"Bed, I hope," replied his cousin. "We've only got a little more than three hours now till half past six, when, you know, we have to get up again and attend to breakfast."

It seemed to Herbert that he had only just fallen into a doze again, when he found himself shaking two sleepy boys, who insisted that it wasn't six o'clock yet. But once convinced of the alarming fact that it wanted only a quarter to seven, they were wide awake in a moment.

It was the regular day for writing to papa and mamma, which occurred twice a week; and Jamie, who liked to be dramatic in his letters, was very much tried at not being allowed to mention the wonderful event of the night before.

"It is too bad," he murmured, "that when people have burglars they can't even tell about 'em."

"But you haven't had any burglars," said his cousin, laughing.

"He looks as if he was sorry he hadn't," added Ross; "but he didn't seem to yearn for them last night."

Jamie laughed then himself, and gave in to his elders with a good grace.

When Mrs. Slight came that evening, she was full of sympathy for the young gentlemen's fright. She said that Bridget had paid her a visit in the morning, and "it was only because she was *that* shamefaced, so to speak, at leaving them in the way she did, that she went with her brother to get her trunk in the middle of the night, when, she thought, they would all be asleep."

"But how did she expect to get into the house at that hour?" asked Ross.

"Well," replied the good young man, smiling a little, "I think she rather calculated on your leaving something unfastened."

The boys glanced at one another and decided to offer no such accommodation in the future.

More than half the time had passed now, and all were looking forward to the home-coming. The sea shore visit had been extended to four weeks on papa's account. Mrs. Aldern wrote; for although he, like herself, was quite impatient to be at home again, they wished to avoid all necessity for taking a second trip before the summer was over. But expect them *certainly* on the 3d of July.

"What a glorious Fourth we'll have!" shouted Jamie. But suddenly remembering, he added, "Excuse me, Herbert; I didn't think."

"Oh, I don't mind your running away from us then," replied his cousin. "What does it matter?"

"It mattered a great deal to our great-grandfathers," said Ross, with a kindling eye; "but Jamie and I have no quarrel with *you*, Herbert. But for you we should have been in a regular mess all this time; and mamma says you are the most sensible boy she ever saw."

"Nonsense!" was the embarrassed response. But Aunt Emily's approval was very dear to the reserved lad.

"Coming," said a telegram, "on the five-o'clock train."

Mr. Aldern had a healthy bronzed color now, and he moved with so firm a tread that it was not easy to recognize in him the delicate-looking invalid who left them four weeks ago. Mamma was as sweet as ever; and the boys could not say more than *that*. Things were going on charmingly as they took up a triumphal march for home until Mrs. Aldern happened to say:

"And so Bridget made my boys very comfortable, I hope? You certainly *look* in good condition."

Their wonderful story came out by degrees, first from one boy and then from another, and father and mother scarcely knew whether to pity or to praise; so they did both. And Ross, while giving full credit to his cousin, declared that they had lots of fun, and that it was pleasanter without Bridget than with her.

But the great surprise of all was at the tea table, for each boy had taken part in getting up the feast. The coffee, manufactured by Jamie, was pronounced delicious; the waffles, made by Ross after a receipt of Mrs. Slight's, were excellent; and Herbert's omelet was beyond all praise. The mountains of cake and seas of preserves sent in by friendly neighbors were scarcely touched, while the home-made articles had full justice done them. Pauline, who was now in her element, waiting on the table, declared that she could not have done better herself, and Mr. and Mrs. Aldern said that their sons had proved quite as valuable in a domestic emergency as daughters could have been.

"And none the less manly for that," added their father, with a loving look; "while this experience of house-keeping and self-dependence will be of use to you all through your lives. I am proud of all my boys, but I feel that to Herbert a special vote of thanks is due."

"And he has been studying so hard, too, papa. Did you know that he is *Dux*? But of course you didn't, when he has been so quiet about it."

It was Ross who spoke; and when they turned to congratulate Herbert, he had fled.



AN AWFUL BATTLE.

BY S. WALTER NORRIS.

"**W**OULD you give a penny to see an awful battle?" A fine question for two boys to hurl after bursting into one's studio.

"Please do, papa."

"Do what, you rascals?" demanded the papa, swinging round from his easel and assuming his most interrupted look.

"Give us a penny to see an awful battle."

"Oh, I begin to understand," the papa said, very gravely, at the same time trying to rub the twinkle out of his eyes. "Well, yes. Off with your coats and pitch in. I suppose the one who comes out best gets the penny."

At this point the papa very foolishly judged that all the twinkle had been rubbed out and left off rubbing, and of course when he found his mistake there was nothing to do but hand over the penny.

"Thank you," the interrupters said, as they attempted to scamper away.

But this was a wide-awake papa, who liked to have his money's worth, and so he called out: "Hold on there. How about that battle?"

The two scamps halted by the door. "You didn't think we were going to cheat, did you?" one asked, reproachfully. "Soldiers don't cheat."

"Oh, don't they?" said the papa, raising his eyebrows at this piece of information.

"Well, Captains don't, anyhow, and we're Captains. The battle isn't ready to commence yet."

"No," the other said. "When the battle's commencing we're going to ring the dinner-bell."

"I guess," observed the papa, reflectively, "I'll trust you this time. Send a Corporal's guard for me when the battle is getting ready to rage."

Now this papa sometimes did more thinking than was suspected, and he did not have to overhaul his memory more than two or three times to recall that only a short while before each of these two Captains had managed, through his persuasive ability, to be placed in charge of a leaden army, and he recklessly fancied he could predict just the sort of battle he had paid his money to wit-

ness. There would be row after row of brave "tin" soldiers, through whose ranks spring-cannons would hurl dried-pea cannon-balls.

But there was one fact which this papa entirely overlooked, that the modes of warfare are ever being improved, and so, when at length he was escorted to a seat by the garden walk, he was not a little surprised to find before him two paper forts, cut and pasted into shape, and really quite picturesque with their water-color decorations.

"I'm the German Captain," announced one of the officers.

"And I'm the French," the other said.

The forts, situated about a yard apart, contained the respective garrisons, with here and there a head peeping above the ramparts, and each had its particular flag floating from a tiny staff.

"Do you think it's perfectly proper for the commanders of opposing garrisons to associate so freely?" asked the papa. You see, after having paid his money, he did not want to run any chances of a treaty of peace.

"Oh, that's all right," the German Captain hastened to assure. "We're not enemies yet. We have to draw a big ring around the forts."

"A-ring-around-a-rosy?" inquired the papa, who seemed bent on gathering all the information he could.

"No, no. It's something like a golden pavement. The Captains must stay outside the line."

"Oh, I see," the papa said, with a great show of wisdom. "It's a sort of a dandy-line." When the circle had been drawn, each of the commanders produced from his pocket a rubber ball, and these were filled with water at the fountain. This seemed to puzzle the papa very much; but he wrinkled his brows and said nothing.

The cannons and a handful of peace next came to view.

"Ah! the artillery," the papa exclaimed between his set teeth, covering his ears with his hands.

The German Captain selected a position directly in the rear of the French fort, where the walls were lowest, while the French cannon was turned upon the side of the German stronghold, where several soldiers were apparently making observations.

"We're enemies now," the French commander announced, grimly, "and we can't talk to each other."

"Does that include me?" the papa asked.

"Oh no," the Captains cried in chorus.

"You can talk to me," the French officer said.

"And me," from the German.

"Then I'll be suspected of being a spy, and be shot to death by both." And the papa showed such a decided inclination to seek refuge in his studio that the officers united in capturing and bringing him back.

"Well, go ahead," the papa said, when he was again seated. "I'll be war correspondent," and he produced a note-book and pencil.

There was no uncomfortable formality as to exchanging alternate volleys. Each side shot as fast and as frequently as it chose, and in consequence the peace pattered against the paper walls at a furious rate, and several of both French and German soldiers dropped out of sight with surprising promptness.

"Hadn't I better run for an ambulance?" the papa asked, with a good deal of eagerness.

Strange to say, for this tender thought the papa was instantly seized by the officers.

"Now you must stay just where you are till the war is over," one said.

"But I was pitying the poor wounded soldiers."

"Mine aren't hurt much," the German Captain declared. "The balls just grazed their skin."

"And mine aren't hurt at all," said the Frenchman. "They only fainted when they saw the cannon-balls coming."

"Besides," continued the German, "the real battle part is just commencing."

"You give a good deal of battle for a penny, don't you?" the papa observed, propping his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands.

"I guess maybe we ought to have charged two cents," the Frenchman said, reflectively.

"Well," the papa declared, brightening up, "as I only paid one penny, just let me know when the battle is half over, and I'll go away."

"Oh no!" the German Captain said. "Perhaps a penny is all it is really worth."

The battle now took on a phase which caused the papa to open his eyes in genuine amazement.

The German commander lighted a "blue-head" match, slipped it into his cannon, and, while the sulphur was burning, discharged it against the French stronghold.

"What's that for?" the papa demanded.

"You oughtn't to ask questions of soldiers while they're fighting," averred the Frenchman.

"But I'm a war correspondent."

"Well," the German said, "I'm trying to set fire to the French fort."

"Um!" And the papa, wrinkling his forehead, measured with his eye the distance between the battleground and the house.

When the French officer saw the "fire-arrow" discharged toward his garrison, he seized the rubber

ball which had been filled at the fountain; but as the match rebounded to a safe distance, the water brigade was not called into action.

The papa had grown strangely silent, and the battle continued furiously. Match after match was lighted and discharged from each cannon, and at length one fell within the French fort. In a moment all was excitement. The papa arose to his feet that he might overlook the entire scene, and the French water brigade squirted blindly in the direction of the blaze. To add to the confusion, the German stronghold was suddenly discovered to be also on fire. At last the conflagration was under control, but not before both forts were sadly damaged.

"The battle's over," announced the Frenchman.

"Which side is victorious?" the papa inquired.

"Both," the German said, decisively.

"Well," the papa declared, "that ought to be a very satisfactory ending. Let's examine the forts and count the damage."

A search amid the ruins disclosed a woful state of affairs. Several of the soldiers on each side were without



A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

From a Photograph by Sawyer, Wichita, Kansas.

limbs and heads, and one poor fellow was melted into an unrecognizable mass.

"I never thought of the heat melting them," the German Captain said, mottily, as he gathered up his men.

Nor I," admitted the Frenchman.

"Well," the paper said, "I think one such battle is enough. If the German army ever chases the French close enough to the nose to shoot one of those matches in at the cellar window, I give you warning that Uncle Sam's Home Guards will immediately take a hand."

A PRAIRIE BOY.

MANY years ago a little boy in northern Illinois became possessed of a single-barrelled, muzzle-loading shot-gun. He could not hold it out and sight it without a rest, but as he grew stronger and a little older and could use it, he became ambitious to try it on real game; and when his father was about to go with a friend to the great marsh for a few days' duck-shooting, he successfully petitioned to be taken along.

This marsh was a few miles wide and many miles long, and was about twenty miles from the village. After leaving the fringe of farms about the village, the wide upland prairie, only a few feet above the water-level, was barren of houses or roads. You travelled entirely by landmarks, such as a distant meeting-house spire or some one of the rare groves of trees that might be seen on the horizon-line. The knee-high prairie grass and the longer reeds in the marsh made nearly a dead level, so that the marsh-line was only a color-line.

Tenting on the hard ground at the edge of the swamp was easy and comfortable, with but one drawback—fuel. There was not much wood except dead willow twigs, and these had to be economized. The sportsmen left the little boy alone in the tent each morning about four o'clock, and went a mile or so into the marsh to locate a flyway, and get the morning's shooting. Similarly they went out in the afternoon for the evening shooting, returning late.

The first day there were no ducks. The second day a few were seen, but none were killed. The third day was more eventful. The ducks moved in great numbers, the shooting was good, and it promised to be very good, but the provisions of flour, bacon, and potatoes gave out. Apparently the sportsmen had not counted on the boy's appetite and his great opportunities when left alone in camp.

Probably few sportsmen were ever driven to leave good shooting for such a little matter as lack of variety in food. These sportsmen staid and ate roast duck for their breakfast. They also ate roast duck for dinner. They tried to eat it for supper, but could not; they had had enough duck. Next morning they made a miserable breakfast on fried livers. At noon it was broiled gizzards; and from then on the only part of a duck they had stomach for was the gizzard roasted in the coals hard and black. Sportsmen should know, if they have never tried it, that they cannot live by duck alone, cooked in the conventional way; but that parched gizzards, carried in the pocket, just barely beat nothing.

Stray flocks of ducks now occasionally flew near the tent, and one evening, when the little boy was alone, he went into the marsh as far as he dared to go, and got a few chances to miss. The sun had gone down, and his attention was attracted by the wonderful after-glow. The whole western horizon was a rich dull red. It was beautiful, even to an unobservant little boy. A little later, when he looked, the glow had crept higher and grown brighter. It occurred to him that the sun had changed its mind and was coming back. He had an unaccounta-

ble feeling that something was wrong. The color now increased more rapidly, until he believed he could see a fringe of smoke above the glow, and finally the truth dawned on him. He had never been near a prairie fire, but he knew it by tradition, and this was a great one and coming directly upon him. He flew as fast as a very small bog-trotter could fly from the marsh to the tent.

The fire-line was now well in sight, and extended right and left as far as he could see. His only thought was to run, and the only thing that kept him from running was the conviction that he could neither run around it nor before it. It may have been thoughtlessness or it may have been wisdom that kept him from running to waist-deep water in the marsh. He may or may not have known that the fire in the reeds would have been as fatal as in the upland grass. In any event he was baffled, and he threw himself on his face and cried.

I think that this soothed and steadied him, for there gradually came into his poor little addled memory the stories he had heard of fighting fire. He looked again, and there was no time to be lost. From around the tent he tore up the grass by the roots until his hands were cut and bleeding. It was too slow. He could never do it. He could hear the fire now, and the air began to be filled with flying, fleeing prairie birds. He could hear and occasionally see wolves running past, and one almost brushed against him as it ran between him and the tent.

When he recalled what little he had heard of back-firing, it was none too soon; it was almost too late. He brought a blanket from the tent, and carefully fired the grass on the windward side. By thrashing with his blanket, he strove to control and guide his fire so as to burn a swath around the tent. He had just succeeded in this, and was singed and choked and utterly exhausted, when the great hissing, snapping prairie fire enveloped the spot he had made barren. The top of the fire swept by him like a race-horse. The under part was slower, and it seemed as if it would never leave him.

When the immediate danger had passed, he had a paroxysm of sobbing and screaming. He had no shame in this, perhaps, because there was no one to see; and you should know, too, that he was only a very ordinary little boy, not very wise and not very courageous. His father was probably burned up, and he had only gizzards to eat. He was miserable and lonesome.

However, it finally occurred to him that he had further duties to perform. It was dark, and in the chance that his father had escaped the fire, he must be signalled into camp. He naturally thought of firing his gun, which he did, and then he thought that a beacon light would be better, but there was no grass in the region, and he was slow in remembering the grass bedding inside the tent. He was dazed and sluggish in his mind, but at last he got an armful of this bedding and twisted wisps of it, which he lighted, and flared at what he tried to make regular intervals. Finally—it seemed to him like many hours—he got a signal, two shots from his father's gun, and not very long after he heard his father's voice.

What occurred for perhaps twenty-four hours after this the boy does not know. His reason gave way under the strain, for, as I have told you, he was not an unusually bright little boy.

BEAR TRAPS IN THE CATSKILLS.

BY WALTER BOBBETT

ALTHOUGH the railroad has pushed its iron pathway through the valleys of the Catskills, and the wagon road has here and there in a wavering sort of way essayed to climb the heights, bears still maintain their homes in the mountains. Since the time when the echoes of Rip Van Winkle's gun sent the crows

flying, and long before, Bruin has preferred the upper slopes and summits of this small but far-famed range, rambling at will through the dense undergrowth of the woods. If these bears would confine their attentions to the mountains altogether, feeding in the clearings on the dainty wild berries and such other food as came in their way, it is likely that little would be heard of them, and that few people would be interested in them excepting such as climb the peaks in the summer-time to obtain the views. But with civilization has come also a new industry to Bruin, namely, sheep killing.

During the summer, sheep belonging to the farmers in the valleys are taken by their owners to pasture-land on the sloping sides of the mountains, and are then left to themselves to roam as they please during the daytime. As the pasture is generally distant from the farm-house, and too much trouble is required to bring the sheep home at nightfall, they soon accustom themselves to herd together near some little thicket or group of small trees to pass the night. Apparently the bears have found this out, for in their night journeys they often venture down almost to the doors of the dwellings, and should they happen to pass the flock on their way, a neatly rolled hide would tell to the farmer the tale of the night attack.

Tis then that a spirit of revenge and a desire to prevent further destruction prompt the "native" to an unusual fit of exertion, and with such assistants as he is able to gather round him a party is formed which proceeds to the well-known haunts of the bear, where one or two build a trap or "pen," as it is called, while the rest look on, offer suggestions, smoke pipes, and in a general way assume all the brain-work. The spot usually chosen is in a bit of swampy clearing through which the bears love to wander, and the structure that is erected bears at first sight some resemblance to a small log cabin, being about large enough inside to accommodate a full-grown bear who, after entering, has no desire to turn around easily. A primitive trap-door and bait, which is generally a sheep's head, a few heavy stones piled on the roof of the "pen," and the strong support of two or three trees, against the trunks of which the trap is built, complete the work. The rest is left to chance—and Bruin.

News travels quickly, even down a mountain-side, and it is not long after a capture is made that the fact is pretty generally known, and a party is formed to go and get the bear. Whether or not the descendants of Rip Van Winkle still inhabit this mountain region is a question; but one thing is certain—Rip's spirit still lives, for no matter how busy the people may be, they are always able to find time to join a bear hunt. Usually they are re-enforced by a small army of summer boarders, the recognized rear-guard of all such expeditions.

Chains, if possible, but ropes if there are no chains at hand, are taken up to the trap, when a halt is called and a general survey is made. Then, after many opinions have been expressed and disputed, one or two ropes are let in at the chinks between the logs which form the sides and top of the trap, and the bear's legs are caught in a noose. This is always a feat of some difficulty, but its accomplishment is necessary, as it prevents the bear from charging on his visitors when the door is opened. After the animal is partially secured a slip-knot is laid at the door, which is then cautiously opened, and it may be, after many attempts this noose is drawn over the protruding snout of Bruin and then pulled over his head until it holds him tightly around the neck. With men holding ropes stretched at various angles the snarling animal is allowed to leave the pen, and is led to the nearest road, down which he is forced to go, or else he is driven into a huge box that is awaiting on a roughly built mountain sledge, on which he is drawn by an ox-team down to the valley below.

Since the trouble with the sheep has arisen a bounty of ten dollars has been placed on Bruin's head, to obtain which and to save the trouble of capture the rifle is sometimes used, the bear being shot while in the pen. This makes a short and unheroic ending so far as the hunter is concerned, but he would get for his pains besides the bounty a fine skin and some bear meat. But as the chance of profitable sale is always before the eyes of his captors, the bear is usually brought down the mountain-side alive and exposed for sale in a cage at the railway station, where, with one or two of his kind, several large trout, and such other local curiosities as are supposed by the oldest inhabitants to cause "Yorkers'" eyes to bulge with astonishment, he is gazed at for a time with wonder and awe. But this is not the end, for at last the animal is sold and transferred to the park menagerie of some large city, where for the rest of his natural existence Bruin has ample opportunity to reflect on the punishment which is meted out in this world to evil-doers.

SPORTING RULES FOR BOYS.

VI—CHERRY-CHASING.

EXERCISE as much discretion as you may be able to manage in the selection of your hunting-grounds. Do not hunt for cherries in apple-trees or on raspberry-bushes. Cherries do not grow on flora of this description.

As far as possible confine your field to the cherry-trees that belong to your own preserves or that are a portion of the preserves of others who are willing that you should hunt through their property.

In leaving a cherry-tree be well assured before you come down that there are no fierce dogs resting in the shade of the particular tree you may have chosen for your sport to extend to you an unpleasant welcome.

Do not try to catch cherries with mole-traps or lassos. Cherries are not susceptible to the blandishments of mole-traps, nor are they likely to surrender to the lasso, however well thrown. Your parents or any well-written dictionary will explain to you the meaning of the word blandishment.

As in fox-hunting, costume has much to do with success in cherry-hunting. It is not proper to wear your best clothes in which to climb cherry-trees. Velvet trousers or white duck suiting should always be avoided for this pastime. The oldest and most worn-out garments you possess are the best for the purpose.

Should you by any mischance weigh over 150 pounds, do not venture into young trees, nor on the older and stancher trees go too far out on the limbs. Several boys who have violated this rule have not only broken the limbs of the trees, but have seriously injured their own. It is better and cheaper to buy cherries at a dollar a million than to incur a doctor's bill of one hundred dollars by falling out of a tree.

It is unsportsmanlike to the verge of what some persons call vandalism to cut down a cherry-tree for the purpose of securing its fruit in safety. George Washington did something of this sort, and it is true that he became President of the United States, but you must remember that in Washington's day there were fewer people who aspired to that office, and the day has gone by when a boy could secure so exalted a position through such an act.

Dogs are not necessary in hunting for cherries, and have often been found positively inconvenient, as in the case mentioned in rule above. The only living creature that can possibly help you in the chase is another boy or a tame robin, and both have drawbacks. The other boy will undoubtedly require that you give him half the cherries, and the tame robin, like his wilder brothers, is liable to injure the fruit in plucking it.

Some huntsmen, who care more for the sport than for the cherries, like to shoot them from the tree, and if you like that sort of thing yourself, you will doubtless find that that is the sort of thing you will like. Otherwise you will find greater satisfaction in securing them in the regular way—by purchase or by climbing for them.

CARLYLE SMITH.

BABY'S OCEAN.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

BLLOW, blow, baby, blow, and set the breeze in motion
To sail your little bark away across the shallow ocean;
For over there are France and Spain,
And here's the coast of Sweden;
And here's the mighty Indian main,
But yonder way lies Eden

Blow, blow, baby, blow; ah, now the tears are forming,
Because you've blown too hard, alas! and all the sea is storming
But shut your lips and close your eyes,
And oh, but it is funny!
If baby sleeps, 'twill clear the skies,
And make the ocean sunny.

Blow, blow, baby, blow, and set the breeze in motion;
Another day has dawned upon our pretty, shallow ocean.
And over there are Spain and France,
And here's the coast of Sweden;
But where the baby's dimples dance,
There lies the realm of Eden.



A VERY GOOD REASON.

"I KNOW why they call the top of a mountain a peak," said Ronald.

"Why, dear?" asked his nurse.

"Because it peaks at you over another mountain."

COMPARISONS.

REETS "I'd like to go on a voyage around the world."

SAM. "I wouldn't; it's hard enough to go around the block sometimes when mamma wants something."

A PIECE OF BEACH.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" yelled Tommy, as a great gust of wind blew some sand in his eye. "Come quick. I've got a piece of beach in my eye!"

A CAREFUL BOY.

ONE of Walter's front teeth was loose, and his mother cautioned him to be careful lest he lose it.

"Don't be afraid," he said; "it isn't half as loose as my fingers have always been, and I haven't lost one of them yet."

BUT IT ISN'T.

"THERE'S one thing I don't understand," said little Harry. "That's why good tasting things like pie make me sick, while bad tasting things like medicine make me well. It ought to be the other way."

THE EXCEPTION.

"WELL, Toddlekins," said papa, when he arrived at the hotel late in the afternoon. "What has happened to day that was exciting?"

"A great big wave came in and wet everybody on the beach except me, and it wet me too," said Toddlekins.

ALL OVER SALT.

"GOOD-MORNING, May," said her uncle as they met on the beach. "Haven't you a sweet kiss for Uncle John this morning?"

"No, thir," lisped May. "My kitheth are all over thalt thith mornin'."

MOTHER GOOSE.

ILLUSTRATED BY JESSIE SHEPHERD.

THE DANCING LESSON.

One and two and to and fro
Dances little Dorothy
Then she makes a courtesy low—
One and two and two and three.

A LONG WAIT IN PROSPECT.

POLLY had been looking at a mountain brook and thinking very deeply about it for some time.

"Come, Polly, let's go back to the hotel now," said the nurse. "It is getting late."

"Wait just a minute, please," replied Polly. "I want to see the end of this brook go by."

A FINE LITTLE SCHEME.

"DEAR me," cried little May, as a big wave dashed over her and she got her mouth full of salt water. "This water does not taste nice. I'm going to bring the sugar-bowl down next time and make it sweeter."

ANOTHER KIND OF CURRENT.

"I WISH I was a little fish," said Jack. "Papa says the ocean is full of currents, and I like currants better than any kind of fruit 'cept bananas, apples, oranges, and sweet-potatoes."

TOM'S VIEW OF AN ECHO.

"THERE'S a mockin'-bird up in that mountain," said Tom. "I know, 'coz he mocked me whenever I hollered this morning."

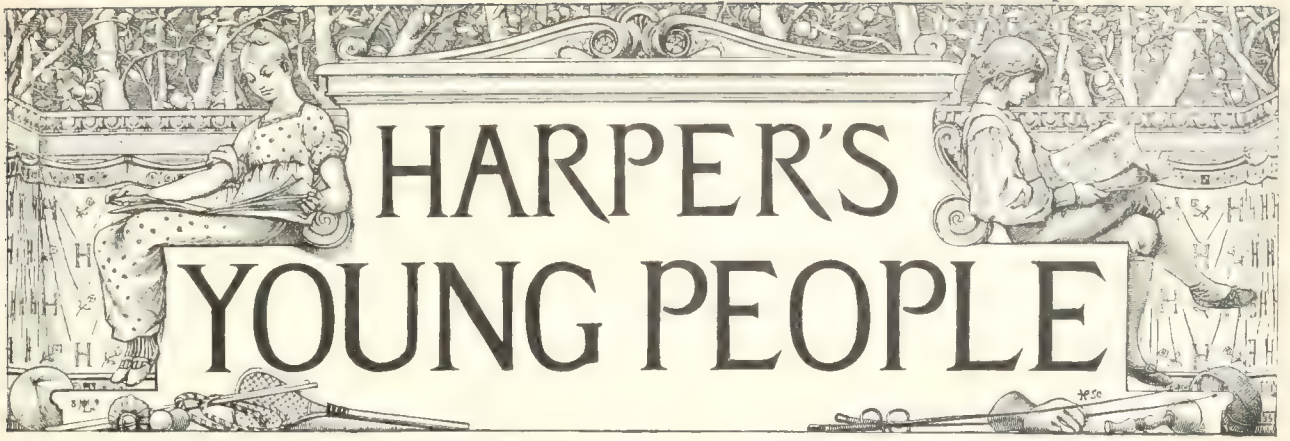
**Dingty, diddlety,
My mammy's maid,
She stole oranges
I am afraid.
Some in her pocket and
Some in her sleeve,
She stole oranges
I do believe.**



**Ride a cock horse
To Banbury cross
To see what Tommy can buy,
A penny white loaf, a penny white cake
And a two-penny apple pie.**



**Cross-patch
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin.
Take a cup,
And drink it up,
And call your neighbors in.**



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ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

"WHAT schooner is that just going out of sight down towards the Dragon's Mouth?"

"That is the *Summers Isles*, of Bermuda," said a by-stander on the wharf at Port-of-Spain, on the island of Trinidad.

"Then I'm left," said the sunburnt, barefoot boy who had asked the question; and he sat down on a pile of railroad iron, thrust his hands into his pockets, and began to whistle "God save the Queen."

"Do you belong on that schooner?" the by-stander asked.

"I was her cabin-boy," the lad replied, "and the Captain let me come ashore this morning to see the town, for we were not to sail till afternoon. But I see there's a good wind come up, and I suppose they forgot me in the hurry of getting away. Well, this looks like a pretty good place. I think I can make out here for a while."

There was something odd about this deserted sailor-

say that made the by-stander look at him with interest. There was nothing unusual in a boy, or even one of the sailors, being left behind in this way, but the boy's accident attracted attention. He wore nothing but a straw hat, a cotton shirt, and a pair of trousers rolled up to his knees, and his skin was quite as tawny as that of many mulatto boys; but his hair was fair and straight, and instead of any of the negro dialects, he spoke the good English of a well-schooled white boy. But a white lad to be cabin-boy in a trading schooner! Absurd! And the by-stander turned away.

"Now, then, Mr. Andy Campbell," the boy said to himself when he was left alone, "you're rather in for it. Came out to see the world, did you? Well, here's part of it. See that brown haze far across the water? That's the mountains of South America. See this big bay? This is the Gulf of Paria, and the water in it, most of it, comes out of the Orinoco River. And this beautiful hot town at the end of the wharf is Port-of-Spain, where I'll not stay long, or I'll be roasted. And this empty place here is where I should like to put some dinner, if I had any. Let me see."

Beginning his whistling again, he drew out in one hand all his money—an English shilling, a sixpence, and two copper pennies.

"One and eight," he said, aloud. "I'd better save that. I wonder what the fare is to Nassau? There's no direct steamer, so I should have to take the Royal Mail to St. Thomas, then go to Havana, cross Cuba by rail to Cienfuegos, then take the Ward liner to Nassau. That would be twenty, and ten, and about four, and eight—forty-two pounds. My! what a lot! The *Summers Isles* doesn't touch here on her way back, or I might wait a month for her. I'll take a walk up the beach, and see what turns up."

When a hungry boy in the tropics takes a walk along the beach he has an object in view. Mr. Andy Campbell came from Nassau, as his reckoning the steamship fare to that port might imply, and he knew from experience that cocoanut-palms have such a liking for water about their roots that they are often to be found near the sea-shore, where the sand is always damp. Could he find a cocoanut-tree his craving for dinner would soon be satisfied. What better dinner could any Nassau boy ask than a fresh jelly cocoanut? He never had made a meal entirely of cocoanut, but he had seen many colored boys do it, and knew that the diet was wholesome and satisfying.

He walked up the hot beach a mile, more than a mile, without seeing a sign of a cocoanut. Then came a sharp turn, and in the distance, fully another mile away, stood a row of cocoanut-trees, their feathery branches waving gracefully in the breeze. He was not long in reaching them, and his appetite was soon satisfied.

But the cocoanuts were not all. Immediately in front of them on the beach, far enough from the water-line to be safe from the tides, stood a handsome boat, big enough to have been the long-boat of some ship, kept upright with props on both sides. Over the boat, to shield it from sun and rain, a rough board roof had been put, supported by four uprights at the corners.

"How thoughtful somebody has been!" the cabin-boy said to himself. "Here is my dinner in the trees, and to-morrow's breakfast, and any number of other meals; and here is a fine house, with a roof over it, where I shall live till further notice." And he stretched himself out in the shady bottom of the boat, and cut into another cocoanut, which gave him both food and drink.

"Suppose the *Summers Isles* should put back for any reason?" The thought struck him while he lay in the bottom of the boat, and he determined to make another visit to the wharf. Possibly the schooner might return for him; or, more likely, some threatened change in the

weather might send her back. He walked back to the town—not this time along the beach, but by a road that he soon found, which was shorter. The road led presently into a street, and on the opposite side, over a great warehouse and counting-room, he saw a sign that made him start. The sign said "Miller & Hughes." That was all, but it made Andy Campbell start.

He kept on to the wharf, and saw no sign of the *Summers Isles*. She was gone for good, beyond a doubt, and he sat down on the railroad iron again to rest and think.

"Miller & Hughes," he said to himself. "And the fare is £42 by steamer. And there are two very fair-looking hotels in the town, though not so fine as the Royal Victoria in Nassau. And I have one and eightpence in my pocket. No, I'll not do it as long as there's a cocoanut or an empty boat left in Trinidad."

He was brave, this stranded sailor-boy, though he did not like the idea of sleeping alone in that empty boat, now that the shadows were beginning to fall. For all his straw hat and cotton shirt and bare feet, he knew that if he walked into that counting-room of Miller & Hughes and made himself known, he would be sent to the best hotel in a coach, or taken home by one of the partners, and fine clothes would be bought for him, and money put in his pocket, and his passage paid in the best steamer going. But knowing all this, he deliberately walked back to his lonely boat and his cocoanut-trees.

With the first glimpse of daylight he was out for a swim in the surf, and while the sun was beginning to gild the tops of the distant Venezuelan Andes, he climbed one of the cocoanut-trees, and picked and threw down enough nuts for a day's supply.

"What are you doing there, boy?" suddenly came a voice from below; and looking down, Andy saw a middle-aged gentleman mounted on a handsome black horse. The horse had approached so silently on the soft beach that Andy had not heard his steps.

"Getting some cocoanuts, sir," Andy replied, as stoutly as he could, though he was sure that he had fallen into the hands of the owner of the trees. "I'll pay you for the nuts, sir."

"They are not my cocoanuts," said the gentleman, smiling. "Come down here till I look at you."

The gentleman spoke as though there were no doubt in the world about his being obeyed, and Andy slid down the rough tree and stood before him.

"Why, you are a white boy!" the mounted man exclaimed. "Don't you know that a white boy ought to be ashamed of himself to be stealing cocoanuts?"

"I was not stealing them, sir!" Andy indignantly replied. "I wanted some for my breakfast, and if I knew who owned them, I'd pay him for them."

"Most white boys on this island get their breakfast at home," said the gentleman, not unkindly. "Have you no home to go to?"

"Not here, sir," Andy replied. "I have a home in Nassau."

"In Nassau!" the gentleman exclaimed; and the information interested him so much that he dismounted and fastened his horse to the tree that Andy had climbed. "And what is your name?"

This was something that Andy did not care to speak about; but what could it matter, here in far-off Trinidad? so he answered,

"Andy Campbell, sir."

"Indeed! And your father is McIvor Campbell, the great merchant in Bay Street, is he?"

"Yes, sir," Andy admitted, surprised that the stranger should know so much about him.

"And you ran away, and now you are robbing cocoanut-trees in Trinidad. You see, I know something about Nassau. I have been there, and have met your father. But you cannot live on cocoanuts. Get up behind me,

and I will give you some breakfast before I send you to jail for stealing."

There was a kindly look in the gentleman's eyes that told Andy he need not fear such a catastrophe, and he climbed up behind the saddle, and the two soon galloped along the beach into Port-of-Spain. In the town the gentleman avoided the busiest streets, but people stared to see him riding double, and the men took off their hats as he passed. He must be some wealthy planter this, for all the workmen going early to their labor knew him, and were quick to salute him. He crossed the town, and went through a wide parade-ground up to a gateway that opened upon a handsome park, so long that Andy could not see the end of it in either direction, and full of palm-trees and beautiful flowers.

A soldier on each side of this gateway presented arms as the gentleman rode through; and there were more soldiers and some workmen in the broad drive that led up to the house. And such a house! It was the finest place, in every respect, that Andy had ever seen, far superior to anything in Nassau. Grooms ran up to take the horse, and footmen threw open the big front doors.

"Take this youngster to a room and find one of the boys' suits to fit him," the gentleman said to one of the colored men at the door. "We shall expect you to eat breakfast with us at nine, sir," he added to Andy as the footman led him away.

In a moment Andy was shown into a gorgeous room, with four great windows, and a very high ceiling, and a polished mahogany floor, and a shining brass bedstead, and everything to correspond. But, curiously enough, the barefoot boy did not seem at all awed by this splendor.

"Who is the gentleman who brought me here?" he asked the servant as soon as they were in the room.

The colored man, in spotless livery, was somewhat offended at being sent to wait upon a boy in bare feet and a tattered hat, and he delivered the answer with crushing dignity: "Dat is Sir William Robinson, sir, Governor of Trinidad, sir."

"That's all right," said Andy, very coolly; "he's a friend of my father. Go and get my clothes."

Sir William had no sons of Andy's age, but two boy relatives were staying with him, and attending the military school in Port-of-Spain, and in one of their uniforms Andy soon made a brilliant appearance.

At breakfast Sir William introduced the transformed sailor-boy to Lady Robinson, whom he married in Nassau soon after he was transferred from the Governorship of that colony, in 1879. "That," said he, "is how I happen to know your father, who is one of my best friends in the Bahamas."

After breakfast, in the library, the Governor asked Andy to give an account of his leaving home.

"I should not have run away," Andy said, quite at ease now in his borrowed uniform, "if I had had time to think about it. But it was all done in half an hour. The *Summers Isles* was in port from Bermuda, bound for Trinidad and Demerara on a trading voyage, and I happened to hear the Captain say that his cabin-boy had run away. It just flashed across me in a minute, and I ran home and put on some of the colored boys' clothes, and got the place ten minutes before the schooner sailed. I came ashore here, and the schooner accidentally went off without me."

"I am glad you happened to fall into my hands," said Sir William, "and I shall send you home at once, for your father will be very much worried about you."

Andy's countenance fell at the mention of his going home.

"I should have worked my way back if I had not met you, sir," he replied. "I could easily have raised money, for Miller & Hughes do a great deal of business with my

father, but I was determined not to do that. It isn't so much the question of getting home as—"

"As the consequences that may follow when you meet your father; is that it?" the Governor laughed. "Well, I think perhaps I can arrange matters for you so that he will not bring the trunk-strap out of the attic this time. You say you are fifteen, so you were born in Nassau while I was Governor there, and I must protect my native subjects. I have some despatches to send to Governor Blake at Jamaica, and also some for the Governor of Nassau, and I shall make you my special messenger to carry them. Then let us see that wealthy Scotch father of yours lay his hands on her Majesty's messenger!"

"Oh, will you, sir?" Andy exclaimed, almost clapping his hands with glee; for how much better to return as a Queen's messenger than to go home barefooted in the *Summers Isles*.

"A schooner starts for Jamaica to-morrow morning," the Governor continued, "and you must be ready to sail in her. I will give you a letter to Governor Blake, asking him to send you on to Nassau. You will really be doing me a service, for the despatches are of considerable importance."

Andy thought they must be of great importance, indeed, when the despatches were put into his hands early the next morning. There was a package of private letters for the Governor's friends in Nassau; but they were nothing compared with the two official documents in big white envelopes, with the seal of Trinidad in one corner, in this way

ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.



SIR HENRY ARTHUR BLAKE, K.C.M.G., F.R.G.S.,

Governor, Commander of the Forces, &c.,

Kingston, Jamaica.

The other was the same, but addressed to Sir Ambrose Shea, Governor of the Bahamas; and there was a private letter for Governor Blake, and one for Andy's father. It was a great sorrow to Andy that all the people of Nassau, particularly his father, could not be on the Port-of-Spain wharf to see him start, all in his bright uniform, and the letters under his arm in a leather case, and the Governor standing there waving him good-by, and calling after him, "Be very careful with my despatches!"

This boy in uniform was the pride of the ship on the voyage to Jamaica, and when he reached Kingston and rode out to the Governor's house, which is called the King's House, and was halted by the guards at the gate and made to send in his card, he could not resist the temptation, after writing his name upon the card, to air his importance in one extra line, with a broad dash under it:

MR. ANDREW CAMPBELL,

Nassau.

ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE

He was shown in with all the promptness that such a service demands; and Governor Blake (who was Governor of Nassau from 1884 till 1887, and knew Andy's father well, and even remembered Andy), after reading the private letter from his friend Governor Robinson, smiled, and said that Andy had arrived just in time to be forwarded to Nassau, as such an important bearer of de-

patches should be, for the great iron war-ship *Bellerophon* was to sail for Bermuda that very afternoon, touching at Nassau, and Andy should go home in her.

When Andy lay in his berth in the great thundering pulsating *Bellerophon* that night, travelling toward home as fast as the Queen's iron ship could carry him, he pinched his arm to make sure that he was not dreaming. But it was all sure enough, and in four days the big ship dropped her anchor outside the Nassau bar. She fired a gun, and the forts and the merchantmen in harbor dipped their flags to her. She lowered a boat, and half of Nassau flocked down to the wharf to see the boat land, Andy's father among the rest. From the stern, when she touched the wharf, stepped Mr. Andrew Campbell almost into his father's arms.

"Andrew!"

"In five minutes I'll be with you, father. I am on her Majesty's service, and have important despatches to deliver to Governor Shea. But here is a letter for you from my friend Sir William Robinson, Governor of Trinidad."

Before the astonished merchant could interfere, Andy was off for the Government House, and while he was absent his father read the letter.

"MY DEAR CAMPELL (Sir William wrote), -I found this hopeful son of yours up a cocoanut-tree near Port-of-Spain. He is a likely lad, and I send him home to you without delay. . . . Pray bear in mind that he is on her Majesty's service, and that to lay hands upon him is a misdemeanor.

Faithfully yours,

W. ROBINSON."

Andy Campbell will tell the story to his grandchildren (and be sure it will lose nothing by age) how he ran away from Nassau in a trading schooner, and came back in a man-of-war on her Majesty's service.

SOME CURIOUS MODELS.

BY MEREDITH NUGENT.

AS a pupil in the studio of an "animal artist," I had an excellent opportunity of watching the games of the curious little people who did service as models. Some of these models lived at the studio; others were simply



MR. CROW HAD NOT FORGOTTEN THE INSULT.

transient guests, staying but a few days, sometimes only a few hours.

Among the permanent residents were two alligators, a baby owl, a crow, and a large bull-frog. The bull-frog's home was a spacious globe which hung from a large bird stand, and the upper perch of the bird stand was a favorite resting-place for the crow.

Now the frog was under the impression he could swallow any living thing, no matter what it was, so that his usual diet of live mice, soldier-crabs, frogs, fish, etc., did not always satisfy his ravenous ambition, and he pined for larger game. One morning I noticed he was sitting on his haunches looking very intently at the crow, and I wondered if it could be possible he was thinking of making a meal of him. The thought had hardly crossed my mind, when a flash of sparkling green shot by the bird, and in a twinkling the frog was on the floor. Putting the frog in the globe again, and placing him on a high shelf so that he could not see the bird, I retired to an anteroom to continue my work.

Shortly afterwards there was a slight commotion in the studio, which, however, I paid no attention to; but the disturbance increasing, and suspecting something wrong, I deemed it wise to make an investigation. Something was wrong. Mr. Crow had not forgotten the insult offered him in the morning. Perched on the globe, grasping the rim of it tightly with his claws, the clever fellow had lowered his head so far down into it as to bring his bill dangerously near to the frog, who was crouched on the bottom of his glass house, evidently much frightened. I drove the crow off, but after this incident kept the globe covered with a sheet of glass, until the bird was finally sent away for general bad behavior.

In one corner of the studio, by the heater, was a box for the two alligators—the smaller reptile measuring about twelve inches in length; the other, a fierce creature, something over two feet. Daily I put them in the wash-basin for a swim, and fed them meat, which they viciously snatched from my fingers. Once I placed a live mouse near the larger "gator"; the usually sluggish animal quickly turned its head, and killed the mouse instantly. This made me wonder the more why he did not hurt the frog, for, strange as it may seem, I repeatedly found that animal in the "gators'" box. Morning after morning I missed the frog from his globe, only to find him with his scaly companions. This partnership always puzzled me, for I could never see of what benefit it was to the frog, nor why the frog was not killed by the "gator." Besides, the "gator's" quarters were so warm that I often found the frog stiff, hard, dried up, and to all appearances dead. However, a liberal supply of water would bring him to, when he would be as lively as ever, and ready to make the experiment over again, notwithstanding the possible danger attendant thereon.

On going to work one Monday, I heard some one calling from the janitor's quarters, and walked up the hall to see what was the trouble. There, facing the janitor's door, was our large alligator, his mouth wide open, pouring forth hisses, and his tail lashing violently. He was evidently in possession of the hallway, and if continuous activity counted for anything, he meant to retain it. The girl had left the studio door open after "sweeping out" on the previous Saturday evening. During the night the



THE PET ALLIGATOR.

alligator made his way to the hall, and Sunday morning, when the janitress opened her door, there was the alligator, and there he staid until I arrived Monday morning, and released the frightened women from their embarrassing position.

But the "tables" were sometimes "turned" on ourselves, and we in the studio would have a fright. I shall never forget our experience with a full-grown Virginia owl which had been sent to us by express. We were all anxious to see the bird, but when the box was opened we were all as anxious not to see it. The owl was angry, very angry; it had travelled a long distance; its box had probably been knocked about and turned over any number of times, and the much-ruffled bird looked savage enough to kill us. For a few minutes it was awful. We pressed our backs against the studio walls as if trying to get through them, anywhere, away from that owl. I almost shudder now as I remember how the bird slowly winked one eye at us, as much as to say, "Your last day has come!" I certainly thought it had. If we could only have gotten out into the hall! But no; unfortunately the box had been opened just by the door, so that there was no escape for us.

At last it was proposed that I attract the owl's attention, while one of the artists crawled up behind it and dropped his overcoat over it. The idea of serving as bait did not please me, but as our only safety lay in catching the bird, I did as I was asked, almost holding my breath until the coat was successfully dropped. Once captured, it was comparatively easy to fasten the bird to the iron stand; but after a few hours' rest it gave so evident intentions of rearranging the studio bric-à-brac that we decided to give the bird its freedom.

As a rule our models were very well behaved, and rarely gave us trouble. Many of them were very comical; as, for instance, a cub bear we had. This chunky fellow would go through the most ridiculous performances with a perfectly sober countenance. No matter what happened, Bruin always wore this same sober expression, and even when the studio rang with shouts of boisterous laughter at his absurd plays, the little bear kept the fun

around our necks to get a better look. This familiarity we stood for a long time, but when Bruin added to it a trick of planting his hind feet in our coat pockets, and



THE ORIOLE TURNED OUT A GREAT BULLY.

another of biting our necks, we concluded to send him away, and his career as a model ended. His next situation was as an advertisement in the window of a large confectionery shop; from there he was taken to a dime museum, and after that I lost track of the rollicking fellow.

For fun and mischief, however, I have seen few animals superior to three birds I bought recently — an oriole, a nonpareil, and an African finch. I wished the birds for a drawing, and that I might see them unobstructed by cage wires, put up a long perch back of my table for their common use. The feathered models were not afraid of me, and, provided I made no unusual disturbance, were satisfied to stay on the perch; but in my absence they roamed about, and on suddenly entering the room I would find them anywhere but where they belonged.

The oriole turned out to be a great bully, so much so that I made a second perch for his special benefit. This sole ownership pleased him for a while. Woe to the finch or nonpareil that alighted on his domains! But his natural love for bullying led him to make the other birds' lives miserable. He was never so happy as when driving these little fellows from perch to perch. Occasionally the tiny finch would pluckily refuse to stir, but a blow from the oriole's bill always made the finch repent of his daring. Tired of being driven hither and thither, the small birds would seek shelter in their cage. The oriole would wait some time for them to come out, but in vain, so the malicious bird in black and orange would hop into the cage, drive them out, help himself to water, and try very hard to eat seed which was unfit for him. Then he would see them on his perch. Out of the cage he would fly, and drive them off; then from the other perch, then from the cage again, until at last, to protect the little ones from further annoyance, I would have to shut them in. Then, if the oriole wouldn't poke his head through the wires, and just scare them dreadfully! When he could not tease the live birds he would pay his respects to dead ones, and make an attack on a harmless stuffed sparrow, scold it, and peck it so severely that I would be forced to drive him away. I have often wondered if this hatefulness was his way of revenging himself on me for holding him in my hand and making pictures of him.



HE CLIMBED UP THE BACKS OF OUR CHAIRS.

up, quite oblivious to us all. When tired of nonsense, he climbed up the backs of our chairs, as though to see what we were drawing, sometimes putting both paws

LIVING FIREWORKS.

THE hot summer evening brings them out in great force, and from the comfortable veranda there is a constant spectacle like a noiseless Fourth of July. The warmer the weather and the damper the situation, the thicker are the flying stars that dash and sparkle down from the tree tops or up from the ground, spangling the darkness with moving points of light in green, blue, and yellow rays, and, like the stars,

"Forever singing as they shine,
The Host that made us is divine!"

"Only a lightning-bug," says one who has caught the luminous insect, and we see a very small brown unobtrusive-looking beetle whose only attempt at decoration is a modest stripe or two down his back. But when he turns on his electric light, which he does presently in a soft green flash, no object can be more beautiful; and graciously giving a free exhibition on the detaining hand which has opened for his freedom, he sails off in a yellow glory to add his mite to the illuminations that circle round the grand old trees.

This little radiator of our Northern States has many grand relatives who are not aware of its existence, and naturalists have discovered two or three hundred kinds of luminous beetles. Among these the magnificent fire-flies of the West Indies and South America shine like solitaire diamonds; and they are not only worn as jewels, but three or four of them secured in a bottle will give light enough to read by. They are also fastened by travellers to the toes of their boots to light up the road at night.

There is a great variety among these curious illuminators, and some of them seem to have arranged a sort of entertainment in which they flash out or withdraw their lights simultaneously. In the East Indies, especially where the ground is swampy, luminous beetles of one species gather among the foliage of the trees and send forth one splendid flash all at once. Then for a short time there is total darkness, until the leader seems to have said again, *Now!* and out flash the jewelled lanterns like soldiers firing at the word of command.

Besides flying lights there are also crawling ones, like the glow worm, the centipede, and the earthworm. In Borneo there is a species of glowworm which is ornamented with three rows of lamps, one down the back, and the others on each side. It looks quite capable of setting on fire the dead twigs and leaves among which it is fond of crawling. Earthworms are said to glow like red-hot coals, and centipedes illuminate the soil for some distance around them.

The ocean too has its living lanterns, or phosphorescent animals, and among these the jelly-fish and sea-anemone are very numerous. Sometimes they look like pillars of fire, sometimes like stars, and sometimes like fiery serpents, flashing out red, green, yellow, and lilac rays. Many luminous sea-creatures are very small, not larger than a spark, but these gather in such masses, that in the Indian Ocean the water often looks like a great sea of molten metal; and a naturalist who bathed among them in the Pacific said that he found himself luminous for hours afterward, while the sands on which the insects were stranded at low tide gleamed like grains of gold.

The bottom of the ocean is magnificent with its starfish and sea-pads; some in rich purple, and shedding a soft golden-green light, while others send out silver flashes, and the lamp-fish carries on its head at night a golden light. Another fish seems to be decorated with pearls, and it is evidently the fashion there to be brilliant in some way. Even crabs, in hot climates, seem to set themselves on fire, and when captured and teased they blaze all over with indignation. A species of shark, too, is intensely brilliant at night, and one that was drawn up shone like a splendid lamp for some hours after it was dead.

Naturalists have long been at work on this curious subject, and the source of the illuminating power is supposed to be contained in little sacs or cells in the body of the animal.

THE BOTTOM DROPPED OUT.

BY P. M. BRASHER.

IT was a clear cold evening. There was splendid sleighing, and cutters and sleighs of various descriptions sped up and down the main avenue of a certain lively mining camp in the Rocky Mountains, while crowds of men passed along the wooden sidewalks, walking fast, as a rule, to keep warm. In front of a large jewelry store stood a boy about fifteen years old, deeply enough absorb-

ed in admiring the gold, silver, and precious stones spread out behind heavy panes of glass to be indifferent to either cold or crowd. He was trying so earnestly to decide whether a large diamond breastpin glistening in a morocco case was preferable to the heavily chased watch alongside of it, supposing he were to have his choice from all that magnificent collection of valuable articles, that he did not observe a man who came out of the store and looked at him keenly for several seconds, and he was a little surprised to feel a hand laid on his shoulder and to hear a strong voice say, pleasantly,

"Well, Jimmie, are you going to buy some Christmas diamonds?"

"No," answered the boy; "I haven't any money. But how did you know my name?"

"I didn't know it," replied the man, laughing. "I just guessed that a boy of your lively appearance would be called Jimmie, and it seems I was right. Now, Jimmie, would you like a sleigh-ride this fine night?"

"You bet I would!" responded Jimmie, eagerly, in the slang that is common in mining camps.

"Come on, then, and you shall have a good one."

And the man, advancing to a team of black horses standing by the curb, quickly untied them, and took his seat with Jimmie, who had already scrambled into the sleigh to which the horses were harnessed. Wrapping himself and his young companion in warm fur robes, of which there were plenty, the driver chirped briskly to his team, and in two minutes the avenue, with its glare and bustle, lay far behind. In front, only a mile or two away, was a great valley, and beyond that a huge mountain range glistening in the moonlight. Snow covered the entire country, and Jimmie could see almost as well as in daytime. He was delighted with the view, and so pleased with his position that some time passed before he noticed how quietly the sleigh moved onward. There were no bells on the horses. This was a surprise and a source of regret. He pondered over it for a while, and then said, "I should think you'd have bells with such a fine turnout as this."

"Oh, I've got bells," answered the driver; "but one of the buckles was broken, so I didn't put 'em on to-night."

This explanation was quite reasonable; but Jimmie wished the broken buckle had been replaced by a new one. Bells add so much to the fun of sleighing.

A very fine team were the blacks, and for nearly an hour they spun along at a swift trot. At last they turned from the hard level valley road and began to ascend a hill.

"I believe," began Jimmie's new acquaintance, "that I'll go up to a mining claim just beyond here and get some samples of rock. We're so near it now, I can save making a journey from town on purpose."

"All right," assented Jimmie. "I'll hold the team while you get the rock."

A quiet laugh followed this remark, but there was no answer. In ten minutes more the horses came to a place where some mining work was being carried on, and were stopped. There was a shaft here and various piles of rock, with other things indicating that somebody was prospecting for mineral; but not a soul was in sight; not a sound broke the stillness, save the horses' panting. Jimmie's companion jumped out and hunted about among the rock piles for a few minutes, and then went to the shaft, down which he peered curiously.

"Jimmie," he said, turning toward the boy, "I want some rock from the bottom of this shaft. Will you go down and get it for me?"

"How'll I get there?" asked Jimmie. "There isn't any windlass."

"No," replied the man; "it has been taken away."

"Is there a ladder?" inquired Jimmie.

"No; and there is timber only part way down. The

shaft is only twenty feet deep, though, and I can let you down by a rope and haul you up again easily enough." He had returned to the sleigh now, and was groping about under the seat. Presently he pulled out a coil of rope and an empty bag. "If you'll go down that shaft I'll give you five dollars."

He smiled as he said this, and Jimmie hesitated no longer. Five dollars was wealth to him, and there was no danger to be feared. The man was a big strong fellow who could hold two small boys on a rope.

"All right, pardner," said Jimmie, saucily, "I'm with you. Swing me off."

This speech produced another laugh, and a noose was quickly placed under Jimmie's arms. The bag was thrown down the shaft, and the boy followed, but more slowly. Indeed, his companion lowered him, hand over hand, with ease. Once at the bottom, Jimmie began selecting bits of rock from different places, as he had been instructed, and while thus engaged, was astonished to see the entire rope come tumbling about his ears, the man above having let go of his end. A trick of some kind instantly suggested itself to Jimmie's mind, and he looked upward to remonstrate, but could see no one. He dimly heard shouts, however, and pistol-shots, and the conviction forced itself upon him that he had unwittingly taken a hand in some unlawful proceeding, and been caught like a rat in a trap.

His first impulse was to call for help, but reflecting that that might get him into trouble, he sat down in a dark corner of the shaft and waited. In a few minutes strange voices were heard above, and then all was quiet again.

"If ever a fellow was 'in a hole,'" soliloquized Jimmie, when his patience finally gave out, "it is me, and how I'm going to get out is more than I know. That big fellow brought me here to hook some specimens from this claim, and somebody ran him off. I'll bet he'll never think of the fix I'm in, or the five dollars he promised me."

But it was of no use to waste time in regrets, and Jimmie turned his thoughts to making an escape from his prison. If he could reach the shaft timbering overhead, it would be easy to climb out on that, but the lowest timber was too high to jump to, and though he threw one end of his rope up in the hope that it would catch somewhere, it always came tumbling back, and at last that plan was given up in despair. Then he piled some pieces of rock in a heap, and tried to reach the timber from the top of it, but it was not high enough. There was a very large rock partly uncovered in the bottom of the shaft, and Jimmie thought that with that for a foundation the rock pile could be made a good deal higher, and he at once began to loosen it, using in his work an old pick that somebody had left in the shaft.

After working for about half an hour, Jimmie noticed that the rock settled a little, and just as he was going to pry it from its bed, he was astonished to see it drop out of sight altogether, and leave a ragged hole through which nothing could be seen but intense darkness.

"Well," remarked Jimmie to himself, "I have heard of the bottom of a shaft dropping out, but I never expected to see such a thing. It's done, though, and now I'd better find out where it went to."

Some bits of rock thrown down the hole struck bottom so quickly that it was plain the cavity below could not be very deep, and Jimmie, lying down and peering cautiously into the dark abyss, at last perceived the big rock about six feet from him. It seemed to be in a cave, but he could not be certain whether a natural or an artificial one.

"I might as well explore it," he soliloquized. "It may be a tunnel leading to the surface, or it may be a cave full of mineral."

The boy's father, being a miner, had taught him a good deal about underground-work, and taken him on one prospecting expedition, so Jimmie didn't feel very uneasy in his strange position. His first move was to secure one end of the rope by piling rock on it, and then he lowered himself carefully into the hole. His feet touched solid ground almost immediately, and waiting a few seconds to get accustomed to the darkness, he started slowly in a westerly direction. After going, as he thought, about forty feet, he came to a wall of rock with no opening at all in it, and he retraced his steps, passed under the hole, and continued on toward the east. He felt his way with extreme care, from fear of unseen openings, and at length saw a faint streak of light ahead. On coming to this, he found himself at the bottom of another shaft, and with great joy perceived a ladder leading to the world above. In a few seconds more he stood again in the calm moonlight, very thankful to be out of his subterranean dungeon.

Jimmie knew now that he had made his escape by means of a mining tunnel, but why it should have been driven under the shaft where he had been imprisoned puzzled him, and supplied food for reflection as he walked to the spot where he had left the train. He found no team there, but two men suddenly sprang out from behind a pile of rock, and levelling rifles at him, called out,

"Throw up your hands."

"Hold on, boys; don't shoot," cried Jimmie, pretty well scared now, and beginning to wonder where this night's adventures would end. "I haven't any money—the man didn't pay me."

Seeing that they were in no danger from one small boy, the men lowered their rifles, and one of them asked,

"What are you doing here, anyway?"

"Why," answered Jimmie, "a big chap in a fur overcoat took me out sleigh-riding, and when we got here he offered me five dollars to go down that shaft and get him some samples of rock. He lowered me with a rope, and then threw the rope after me and ran away. I don't know what his game was, but he left me in a hole, that's certain."

"What was his name?" asked one man.

"Don't know," replied Jimmie. "I never saw him before to-night."

"Look here, kid," said the other man, in a threatening tone, "we think you are lying. There's a scheme a-going to jump our claim here, and it looks as if you were mixed up in it. Now we've got you prisoner, and if you don't tell the truth we'll make it hot for you. Who is putting up this job?"

Jimmie knew very well that miners and prospectors were generally pretty rough men, who would not hesitate to take the law into their own hands, and he knew that he was in the power of these two fellows; but conscious of his own innocence in this matter, he felt little fear of serious consequences to himself if he persisted in telling the truth.

"Hope I may die, pardner, if I haven't told you the straight truth," he said.

"Then how did you get out of our shaft after you were left at the bottom of it? There's no ladder."

"Got out through the back door," answered the boy, grinning.

"Look here, now," exclaimed one man, angrily, "we don't want any funny business over this. Look out we don't thrash the nonsense out of you."

"You'll thrash nothing," retorted Jimmie, boldly. "If you don't know there's a back door, or a bottom door, to your shaft, it's about time you were told of it; that's all."

He then related his underground adventure, and the story astonished his hearers beyond measure, for it at once became plain that they were being robbed of ore by



HOLD UP YOUR HANDS!

the owners of the Comet, which lay east of their own claim, the Tiara. They had stopped work on their shaft just before cutting into the tunnel secretly run from the adjoining claim, and the Comet people, taking advantage of this circumstance, were diligently abstracting Tiara ore and hoisting it out of the Comet's shaft. This trick has been played on his neighbor many a time by the "honest miner."

"Well, kid," said Jack, as one of the men was called, "you've let us into a great secret."

"But if you've lied to us," added Larry, the other man, "we'll bury you alive. If you've told the truth, we'll give you something handsome."

"Go look for yourselves if you don't believe me," replied Jimmie.

As daybreak was not far away, an investigation was quickly made, and Jimmie's story concerning the tunnel was, of course, found true in every particular. Jack and Larry then laid a plan to catch the thieves. They first brought a small ore bucket and a rope, and with these hoisted out the loose stuff which had fallen from the Tiara shaft into the tunnel, Jimmie being sent down to load the bucket. This move was to prevent the Comet men from suspecting anything wrong when they resumed work. Then some short boards were brought and lowered into the Tiara shaft, where they were used to cover the hole and exclude light from the tunnel.

"Now we'll just sit on those boards," said Jack, "and when those precious rascals have passed underneath us, we'll drop in and have 'em caged."

The men clambered down, and Jimmie lowered their rifles to them. Then he concealed himself behind a pile of waste, but the Comet shaft was within range of his hiding-place. At about half past seven two miners appeared and descended that shaft. Jimmie crawled out and warned his friends to be ready.

Jack and Larry waited silently until two men passed under the trap and began work in the "breast" of the tunnel. Then, with quiet but rapid hands, the watchers uncovered the hole, and dropped through, bringing their cocked rifles to bear on the ore-stealers, and crying,

"Throw up your hands!"

"Not much will we," was the answer; "you've got to take us if you want us."

"If you move or blow out a light, we'll shoot," cried Jack.

It was an intensely dramatic scene. The ore-stealers stood in a blaze of light coming from several candles hung about on the walls; they were at the mercy of those two men, whose rifle barrels reflected the furthest-reaching rays, but, daring and unscrupulous, they refused to surrender. A terrible silence followed, which was broken by a shrill voice crying from above:

"Hold 'em down, boys! hold 'em down! All the fellows are coming. They're right here now."

It was Jimmie's voice. He had hastily slid down the rope and witnessed the summons to surrender. Fearing that there might be a severe and bloody battle in that dark tunnel, his ready wit invented the fiction of a large re-enforcement close by, and it accomplished its purpose. The ore-thieves, who really had no fire-arms, gave up, and were taken as prisoners to the surface. Once there, they were filled with wrath at seeing how they had been duped, but it was then too late to resist.

The end of it all was that the ore-stealers were tried and sentenced to pay for the stolen ore, besides undergoing a term of imprisonment. Jimmie was rewarded with a pretty large sum of money and employment at the Tiara. He never again saw the man who left him in the shaft, but that made little difference, for, as he said himself:

"If he hadn't done it, I'd never have dropped through the bottom of the shaft into such everlastin' good luck."



LIKE MOTHER LIKE DAUGHTER.—DRAWN BY WILLIAM M. CHASE

THEY CHANGE WITH TIME

BY R. W. M. ALPINE.

A SINGLE drop of ink, says a poet, has set millions to thinking. So it is not strange that the contemplation of a single word—and that a very commonplace word too—should have given the fireside community at Grandpa Bentley's ample material for an evening's entertainment, and as Scipio, the colored waiter, says, "sufficient wick enough fur to keep the Bentley folks an' their frens an' all the books in the Bentley liberry busy clean fun now outwell harvess."

This is the way it came about. The Christmas holidays were over, and so was dinner; and Grandpa and Grandma Bentley, Aunt Ella, Uncle George, and half a dozen of the home children, together with an equal number who were on a visit from various distant points—not overlooking Captain Cartridge, without whom a jolly family gathering at the Bentley ingleside is like a peach pie without any peach in it, as Dord has it—were comfortably disposed about the spacious parlors, the older people commenting upon the news of the day that had been sifted from the evening papers just in from the city, and the younger ones, each in his own way, seeking to start some game that should bring all in as competitors.

Uncle George had just finished reading the story of the latest victim of the bunco men in the big city.

"Yes," said Grandpa Bentley, "it's the old story. The fools are not all dead yet."

"It's what you may well call a chestnut, father," said Uncle George, dropping the paper upon the floor. "By-the-way," he said, with the suddenness that is sometimes prompted by an inspiration, "what *is* the connection between an old story and a chestnut?"

"That is a question that has often set me to thinking," said Dr. Grey.

"I gueth if you athk Captain Cartridge," said Dord, who had smuggled himself into the circle, and at the sound of whose voice from a new direction a number of the other children had moved forward, "*he* could anther it."

"Captain," said cheery-voiced grandma, as she tucked Dord up to her side, with her arm about his waist, "it is the desire of the house that you crack this chestnut."

"Really," said the Captain, laughing, and shifting his cane to the other side of his chair, "I can't say whether what I have picked up about this chestnut is authentic information or not, but I verily believe it is. Some of you have heard it, no doubt. The story is that some commercial travellers—drummers in more senses than one—were one night thrown together in a smoking-car of a train on their homeward trip, and were amusing themselves by telling stories. Some of them can beat old soldiers telling stories, too. Well, as the train slowed up on its approach to a station bearing the name of a great thoroughfare in one of our large cities—Philadelphia, perhaps—one of the drummers was just finishing a story of uncertain truth, but of undoubted age. As he reached the end of the story, the train reached the station, and the conductor bawled out, 'Chestnut!' The audience of drummers were, of course, at that moment saving their breath for some verbal explosion that would frighten the last story-teller out of a year's growth; but the conductor's cry fitted in so well—and, like most catch words, had so little bearing upon the subject at hand—that they took it up, and tossed it, and banded it, and imported it, and exported it, and it was not very many days before *chestnut* and *old story* were synonyms all over the world. The new use of *chestnut* is but another instance of the fact that the English-speaking peoples would much rather give new meanings to old words than burden the dictionary with new words to fit improve-

ments or modifications of old things. *Chestnut*, in its newly acquired sense, is certainly a slang word; but it has taken root as a part of our language, and I think I risk nothing in predicting that it will be admitted to full membership with *mob*, *omnibus*, *quaker*, *humbug*, and *greenback* when the publishers get ready for new editions of the great dictionaries."

"The seemingly meaningless resemblance between significant parts of many of our common words has puzzled me greatly," said young Mr. Thatcher, a medical student. "There's *behold*, for example. What connection is there between it and the simple word *hold*?"

"The original sense of the simple verb *hold* is preserved in *behold*," said Captain Cartridge. "The Anglo-Saxon *healdan* is to regard, observe, take heed of, tend, feed, keep, and, lastly, *hold*. When you hold a thing as valuable, you look upon it as valuable. The Latin *servare*, to keep, to hold, is found in like manner in *observe* in the sense of look; and the Italian *guardare*, to look, as in *regard*, bears upon its face the original meaning of the French *garder*, to keep; *guard*, *hold*."

"One of the oddest words to trace in its many jumps from place to place in the verbal world is the French word *bureau*, which has been so long in use among us that it may almost be recognized as English," observed Dr. Grey. "Not being a linguist, and unable thus to note its many changes, I ask Captain Cartridge to enlighten us in regard to it."

"It has had a strange career," said the Captain. "In Russian the word for brown is *burui*, which is a modification of the old French *bure*, the Spanish *burial*, reddish-brown, first applied to the color of a brown sheep, then to the coarse undyed woollen cloth made of the fleece of such sheep. As the table in a court of audience was covered with a cloth of this material—as we cover ours with baize—the term *bureau* came to be applied to the table. In time it was given as the name of the court itself, and at last to an office in which business of any kind is transacted. In domestic life we make it describe not a covered table, but a cabinet or chest of drawers in which papers are kept, but more frequently a dressing-case, which has nothing whatever to do with brown wool, or courts, or writing-desks. The Italian *buio*, dark, was formerly pronounced *buro*, as it still is in Modena and Bologna."

"And that's why Uncle Harry calls his Mexican pony a *burro*," said Roy.

"The hardy little horse of the far West is always known as the *burro*," said Uncle George, "and it is on account of his color, too."

"Just as the *donkey* is named from his color," said the Captain. "It was once, and is now in some places, usual to make a proper name of the color of a horse, and to speak of the animal as Roan, White, Dun, Whity, Ball (Whiteface). Donkey is in but few of the dictionaries, and none of them gives the etymology of the word. I have no doubt it is simply *Dunkey*—little Dun. This chat about the names of horses reminds me of an expression whose origin I searched for a long time without success. 'To curry favor' must, of course, have had its beginning in the stable. Well, the old proverbial expression is corrupted from the older one, 'to curry favel'—the old English way of pronouncing *courroyer favel*, that is, to rub the horse—to win his good-will by very active attentions. In time the meaning of favel in the proverb was forgotten, and the sense was made up by substituting *favor*—a substitution by no means unhappy, either."

By this time Dord was asleep on his grandmother's knee, and Roy's eyes were suspiciously heavy, although he asserted stoutly that he wasn't a bit sleepy.

"I think," said grandma, "all you younger children had better go to bed."



BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

AUTHOR OF "THE MOON PRINCE," "A DAY IN WAXLAND," ETC.

Part I.

OPOPONAX the First was a very dignified and austere King, who was never known to smile. It is only consistent with the undying principles of truth to say that many and various were the attempts of his subjects and ministers to throw him into a laugh, for there was a superstition among them that if his look of melancholy could once be changed into one of merriment, the ice would be broken, and he would continue to laugh, and cause sunshine and happiness to go hand in hand through the length and breadth of his great domain.

Opoponax was greatly amused at these well-meant attempts for his own happiness and that of his subjects, but his amusement never manifested itself in even the ghost of what might be termed a smile.

"Should I laugh, it would only be out of compliment," often mused Opoponax, "and that would not be consistent with my sentiment of honesty. If my face shall ever blossom with merriment it must come from the heart. Never shall I be guilty of a dishonest laugh!"

In his retinue he had two jesters—on approval. He had tried several who had been sent to him with flattering recommendations, but none of them had succeeded in producing the desired effect. He pronounced them all as stupid as so many swineherds, and notified each, after a trial of two days, that his services would not be required after his month was up.

The effect of his severe but honest strictures upon the performances of these worthy creatures was anything but soothing to their professional pride. It made them so sad in appearance, that they were funnier than ever to those who had anything like a full appreciation of their efforts. One of the trial Jesters was so mortified at his reception that he became despondent, and through imagining that in reality he was not funny, left the employment of the King without giving his royal master a day's notice, and apprenticed himself to an undertaker.

When a jester perpetrated a joke calculated to set the table in a roar, every one would look at the King to note its effect upon him. Should he attempt a laugh they would all be ready to roar, even if the saying did not impress them as being in the least funny. But as Opoponax never laughed, his retinue never roared; but frequently some one would titter, in a wild endeavor to suppress the laughter bubbling in his heart.

This would displease the King very much, because he really envied every man his capacity for the enjoyment of the ludicrous, and felt that while others were amused by a joke which he could not see, it simply placed him in the unhappy light of a dull, boorish person.

"Ah, what would I give if I could but appreciate the smallest witticism!" said the King one day. "To see all about me wild with delight, and not be able to join in is what is making my beard as white as snow. Was that thing just uttered about the boot-maker's niece wearing

cut-glass eyes of different colors to match her various dresses funny?"

"That is the way it struck us," replied the Prime Minister, at his left.

"It is very strange," replied Opoponax, wearily, "that I cannot see it in the same light. It strikes me as being simply a statement setting forth an absurd vanity on the part of the boot-maker's niece. But if I am wrong in my estimate, pray tell me why you didn't laugh? You admit that it was funny. Now if it was funny and you have a keen appreciation of fun, why didn't you laugh, my lords, why didn't you laugh?"

"We did not think it would be courteous to laugh when you were silent. We did not feel warranted in manifesting the joy which you could not feel."

"You are all indeed very considerate; but you enjoyed the Tartary tarts, which I could not partake of on account of my dyspepsia. I suppose if I were to be taken sick, you would all go to bed if only for the sake of being consistent!"

"Did we understand you to say you are the victim of that gnawing malady, dyspepsia?" inquired the Prime Minister, in a tone of sympathy, calculated to improve the King's spirits.

"That is what I said," responded Opoponax, with a touch of feeling; "but I am at a loss to know whether you so understood me or not, and, I must confess, I don't care."

"It's the dyspepsia! It's the dyspepsia!" murmured the Prime Minister.

"What's the dyspepsia?" demanded the King.

"It's the dyspepsia," said the Prime Minister, "that makes you incapable of enjoying a joke. Clam juice is the thing that will make the point of a joke quite clear to you by first annihilating your dyspepsia."

"Perchance I should apologize humbly to the Jester—"

The table was immediately in a roar. Even the Jester himself could not refrain from laughing, although, like a good joker, he never laughed at his own sallies.

"What are you all laughing at?" roared Opoponax, growing red in the face.

"At your joke about apologizing to the Court Jester."

"I did not know it was a joke," replied the King.

"That it was," replied the Prime Minister, in a warm, complimentary tone—"that it was, your Majesty, and one that I consider—"

"Consider your salary reduced fifty per cent.," broke in the King, with great feeling.



I DID NOT KNOW IT WAS A JOKE.

"The King is not a fool by a long shot," mused the Jester, "but he is witty enough to be a Court Fool."

"To show you that no joke was intended at your expense," said Opoponax to the Jester, "I wish to humbly apologize to you for not having enjoyed and laughed at

your jokes before. But in offering a word or two of apology, what should I say?"

"You might simply say," replied the Jester, "'Ha, ha!'"

"Ha, ha!" shouted Opoponax.

"I accept your apology," said the Jester, bowing low, "and if laughter be not natural with you, it might be acquired. I would humbly suggest, looking only to your

Second Jester. "What a sad world it would be for the professional clown if all men were like our good Opoponax."

"Was that funny?" asked the King.

"It was not," replied the First Jester.

"Then I will not indulge even in a practice 'Ha, ha!' But hold—a thought occurs to me!"

"What is it?" asked the First Jester.

"It is this: are not the rest of the company often in error when they laugh? Do not they sometimes laugh at a thing that strikes them as being funny when in reality it is not?"

"Possibly you are right," responded the First Jester, with a tinge of wounded professional pride in his manner; "some applaud stupidity for wit, bombast for eloquence, and platitude for poetry. The average merit of the fool is about as high as that of the philosopher, whose most elaborate theories are generally combated successfully by some other philosopher quite as eminent as himself."

"Then," said Opoponax, making an unsuccessful attempt to smile, "it is not as humiliating to remain silent at a real joke as it is to laugh immoderately at one that may in reality be no joke at all. I think, after all, my attitude is not entirely without its merits. Can you furnish us with a sample for analysis?"

"Certainly," replied the First Jester, with a pleasant smile. "The other day I picked up a paper, and the first thing that caught my eye was 'Sport in the Woods.' Under this head followed a story of how a sportsman was eaten by a bear."

"Where's the joke?" asked Opoponax when the last laugh died away behind the kitchen door.

"On the sportsman," replied the Jester.

"I cannot see the joke at all," replied Opoponax. "It is simply a heart-rending calamity that should be productive of tears and not laughter, especially if the unfortunate man left a large family and had no insurance on his life. Now I propose that we put it to a vote. If it shall be decided a joke, we will all laugh; if a calamity, then we will all weep."

The vote was taken, and the First Jester carried the day unanimously.

"Ha, ha, ha! ha, ha, ha!" shouted Opoponax, with great emotion. "I laugh to show my appreciation of your appreciation; but, by-the-way, what do you think of my laugh?"

"To be frank with you," replied the First Jester, "it is not what I call a good honest laugh yet; in fact, it is what might be termed a laugh of promise. It has volume, but it lacks soul; but you must be patient and persevere. Unfortunately there is no method by which laughter can be taught, yet at the same time I feel warranted in offering you encouragement. By energy and perseverance you may yet acquire a laugh that will impress the stranger as having been born in you—a nice, sweetly modulated laugh, characterized by the most delicate shades of coloring. I trust my honest, outspoken manner may not cost me a reduction in my salary."

"That it shall not," replied Opoponax. "If all my sage advisers—"

"Don't you mean advisers?" asked the Second Jester.

"Thank you very much," replied Opoponax. "You have hit upon my meaning exactly. I was simply going to state that if all my sage advisers were as sage as my fools, my nightly sleep would be sounder and more refreshing." Then turning his gaze upon the First Jester, he continued: "I am going to make you a more important person in this palace. Hereafter you are to be known as my Preceptor in Laughing—first, because you understand the principles of the comic art; and, second, because you are not afraid to tell the truth."

The First Jester bowed low in acknowledgment of so



CREATING A MINISTER OF LAUGHING.

Majesty's welfare and happiness, that when a joke is uttered you 'Ha, ha!' with all your might, and soon you will find yourself unconsciously laughing."

"What a happy idea, what a happy idea!" said Opoponax, with mechanical glee, for his so-called gayety was all assumed, his face being as glowless as that of a cabbage. "I am going conscientiously to work to follow your directions, that I may acquire a taste for fun as I long ago acquired a taste for olives."

"Favor me with another tart," said the Jester to one of the servants.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Opoponax.

But while he roared and swayed to and fro, as though unable to control himself, it was evident to all that his laughter was only attempted laughter, with no soul in it, for his face wore an expression of anxiety, as though he wondered if he were going to be congratulated upon a successful effort.

"What are you laughing at?" asked the Prime Minister.

"Then I laughed, did I?" said the King, too greatly pleased to answer the question put to him. "And was it a good, natural sort of laugh that would pass current anywhere?"

"It was very good for a beginner," replied the Prime Minister, with a diplomatic smile, "but there was no joke to be laughed at. The Jester simply asked for a tart. Was that funny?"

"Of course it is impossible for me to say," replied Opoponax, deeply grieved. "When you know that you can distinguish a joke when you hear one, and that I cannot, you should not come to me for information on the subject. I find that when I cannot distinguish a joke, it is worse than madness for me to master the art of laughing, lest I laugh where the laugh should not come in, and perhaps destroy the spirit of some beautifully solemn occasion."

"What an unhappy condition of mind!" observed the

graceful a compliment, and the Prime Minister's face wore an expression that indicated the fact that he had just swallowed a mouthful of hot soup the wrong way.

"I shall be happy to enter upon the sacred duties of my new position at once," said the new Minister of Laughing, "and will begin by tying a string to the foot of our gracious sovereign, that I may inform him of the perpetration of a joke by pulling upon the same. Then he will not undergo the humiliation of being ridiculed for laughing when I simply ask for a cup of coffee."

The King thought this an excellent idea, and submitted to the operation of having a cord fastened to the foot with the lesser gout with becoming grace and dignity.

"Don't laugh until I pull," said the Minister of Laughing.

"'Tis well," replied the happy monarch; "but don't pull too hard."

"About like this," suggested the First Jester, who gave the cord a slight pull.

The King indulged in a slight chuckle.

"There was no joke, and you should not have chuckled," said the First Jester. "That pull was merely to show you the manner in which a joke should be made known to you."

"Pardon me," replied Opoponax, humbly. "I suppose a slight pull is to mean that you have perpetrated a delicate joke that should be enjoyed by a low chuckle, while one that requires a wild guffaw should be accompanied by a hard sudden jerk."

"It would doubtless be a very good code to follow, and I think it would be advisable to adopt it. But it will be impossible to give you the proper attention in the presence of all this company. What I propose is that we go out for a walk, that we may philosophize on laughter and get at its fundamental principles. I would also take you to the abode of Timothy Hay, the Laughing Farmer, for an object-lesson."

"As Timothy Hay is the name of a farm product," replied the King, with a sort of preoccupied air, "it strikes me as being a quaintly happy cognomen for an agriculturist. Upon first hearing it I was prompted to attempt a laugh, but as you did not pull the string, I refrained. I am now wholly in your hands, and that being the case, I shall never laugh on a slack string."

"You are indeed a gratifying pupil," said the First Jester; "and if I do not make a laughter of you in eighteen or twenty easy lessons, it will be because you were not born with laughter in your soul. I believe you are as full of latent laughter as a grocer's barrel is full of undesirable eggs, if you will pardon the simile. When your latent laughter is properly developed you will be able to go about alone without a cord, and without any fear of suffering the poignant mortification incident to laughing at a serious statement."

Opoponax attempted to smile in gratitude, but the effort was without success. He said:

"You must never deceive me by pulling the string on a serious statement. You must not remark that you think it looks like rain and then tighten the cord, just for the sake of hearing me laugh at something that is not at all funny."

The First Jester, or, rather, the Minister of Laughing, promised that he would under no consideration be guilty of such an act which, he said, would be nothing short of a misdemeanor. He would be very careful and conscientious, even to the finest details of the business in hand, and endeavor to make himself worthy of the royal confidence reposed in him. He fully realized and appreciated the importance of his commission, and would have the Second Jester accompany them, for the purpose of making notes and kindly suggestions.

It was suggested that they start immediately for the

establishment of Timothy Hay, the Laughing Farmer. So without further ado they filed out into the hallway of the palace, where Opoponax took his crown and purple robe—the water-proof which he wore in dubious weather—off the hat-stand peg, and donned them for the journey.

"Perchance I had best take my sceptre along to ward off the chance canine on the highway."

The First Jester pulled the string instantly.

"Must I laugh at my own utterances if you happen to think them funny?"

"You must!" replied the First Jester; "my object is to teach you to laugh. Now you will kindly laugh at what you just said about waving the highway dog off with your sceptre."

To make him realize that he was in earnest the First Jester pulled the string, and Opoponax made a violent effort to laugh, while the Second Jester looked on and took notes to be preserved for future reference.

"What's that you are writing about me?" asked Opoponax.

"Nothing but memoranda of your case," replied the Second Jester, "which we propose to preserve for scientific purposes. Laughter is one of the wholesomest things in the world, and we should all know everything connected with it. 'How Opoponax was Taught to Laugh' may be the title of a volume to result from this pleasant experience."

"Then it is well," replied Opoponax, "and I do not feel offended. When the book shall appear it will give me great pleasure to put my name down for a copy. Oh, when I learn to laugh I intend to even matters with many people who have laughed at me when they knew I was powerless to laugh back. It will also be a happy day for you, too, my good jesters."

"How so?" asked the Second Jester.

"Because," continued Opoponax, "you can work off all your old witticisms on me. I have listened to your jokes, but have never been able to enjoy them. Of course that was no fault of yours; but when you have taught me to appreciate anything funny, the jests that are ancient and white-whiskered to you will be quite new and fresh to me, and it is quite possible that you will not be obliged to invent anything in your line for several years."

And so, in the best of spirits, the three walked together in the direction of the home of Timothy Hay, the Laugh-



THE FIRST JESTER PULLED THE STRING.

ing Farmer. The trees were full of singing birds, and the meadows were bathed in softest sunshine, as the three jogged gayly along, Opoponax walking ahead, the First Jester a pace or two behind, holding the string attached to the King's foot with the lesser gout, and the Second Jester still a little farther in the rear, with a lead-pencil in one hand and a book in the other, ready at a moment's notice to jot down anything that might afterwards be of historical or scientific value.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BOY KINGS.

BY ZIEGLER COCKE.

A BOY hearing it announced that the young King of Spain was likely to make a visit to this country, exclaimed, "Oh, what a fortunate boy! how happy he must be to know that he will be a King!"

This remark brings to mind a similar exclamation once uttered from the lips of a peasant woman who had been asked to ask some favor from the household of Louis XVI. when they were at Versailles. "Oh," said she, "if I could only have it I should be as happy as a Queen!"

"As happy as a Queen!" said the little Dauphin, who had been listening to the woman. "as happy as a Queen! I know a Queen who weeps all day long."

The little Dauphin, child though he was, had been made strangely thoughtful by the scenes and events which came into his every-day life. There is something pathetic in the very thought of boy Kings and royal youths, so sad and so tragic have been the fate of many; none more so than the fate of the little fellow who astonished the peasant woman by his remark.

Upon hearing that his father was condemned to die, he rushed out of the apartment where he and his mother and aunt and sister were imprisoned, and made an effort to pass the guard, saying:

"Do let me go. I want to get out and beg the people not to kill my father."

When he was told that his father had been executed he said:

"And he was so good! Why did they kill him?"

Afterwards, when torn from his mother's embrace, and subjected to the brutal treatment which Simon, the shoemaker, practised upon him day and night, his only remonstrance was, "What harm have I ever done to anybody?"

Death came to the rescue of this boy King, and his suffering was comparatively short. Not so fortunate was Ivan VI., who, descended from the elder brother of Peter the Great, could claim a right of inheritance to the Russian throne, but when old enough to possess his rights was, through tyranny and treachery, thrust into prison, where he passed his whole life. Said he:

"I have hardly any idea of the distress which assailed my infancy, but from the moment that I began to be sensible of my misfortune I never ceased to mingle my tears with those of my father and mother, who were wretched on my account; and my greatest misery was to see the barbarous treatment they suffered as we were hurried from one prison to another."

He had been guilty of no crime or misdemeanor, but he was the rightful heir to the throne, and the usurper Catherine II. was determined that the people should not see the boy King. After years of imprisonment he was murdered in his cell, and, dressed in the garb of a fisherman, was hurried into an obscure grave.

The fate of the young Princes in the Tower, murdered through the cruel ambition of their uncle, Richard III., is another example of the misery which so often falls to the lot of youths who have a right to a throne and a crown.

If the gossiping chroniclers may be considered authority, Louis XIII., the son of the brave and famous Henri IV., the revered monarch of the French, did not rest upon a bed of roses. The old King, Henri, was a believer in the virtues of the rod, and he gave it to the boy King unsparingly. Louis was not wanting in wit, and upon one occasion, when his governess and governor were disputing with each other as to which had the best right to the boy, he said in an undertone, "And I hope some day I shall be my own."

At his birthday dinner his father drank the toast: "I hope, Louis, twenty years from to-day to be able to give you the whip." And the boy refused to echo that senti-

ment. Once, as he was being taught the Ten Commandments, when he came to the words "Thou shalt not kill," he said, "What, not kill the Spaniards, who are papa's enemies!" The reverend instructor tried to make him understand that he must not desire to take the lives of Spaniards, who were Christian people. "Well, then," replied he, "I suppose I must kill the Turks."

His father had told him that one of his pottery figures, a monkey, resembled the Duke of Guise. Shortly afterwards the Duke entered the boy's play-room, and seeing the image, asked him what it was. "It's your likeness," answered Louis.

"How do you know that?" asked the Duke.

"Papa told me so," replied Louis.

The Dauphin was out riding when his father was murdered by François Ravaillac. When he was informed of it, he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "Oh, if I had only been there with my sword, I could have killed him!"

Perhaps no child ever lived who had a less joyous and less loved childhood than Frederick the Great. To call his father a bear in uncouthness, and even in cruelty, seems perfectly consistent with the facts which are known to the world. To be boxed and cuffed and whipped was an every-day experience for the little Crown-Prince. The old King's temper was terrific, and when he was in an especially ill humor he always took occasion to vent it upon his son, and daughter, Wilhelmina. Indeed, if we were not familiar from other sources with the character of this surly and ill-tempered old man, it would be difficult to believe the things recorded in Wilhelmina's diary. When the royal rage broke out the favorite child and the mother did not escape, but the worst storming and thumping were reserved for Fritz and Wilhelmina. The boy's life was directed in a Spartan spirit. His food was coarse, and often insufficient, and he was able to get a due allowance of sleep only through the interference of the doctor. Beer-soup constituted the chief article of his diet, and until he was seventeen he was not allowed one cent of pocket-money. What would American boys say to such discipline? As the King grew older his treatment of the Crown-Prince became more and more severe, and he added to his unkindness indignities and taunts, telling the boy that he was a coward to endure such treatment. Upon this, young Fritz tried to escape to England, and being captured, was imprisoned by order of his father. Such was the childhood and youth of Frederick the Great.

Of all boy Kings, there is no more picturesque figure than Conradin, the last of the house of Hohenstaufen. At the age of fifteen, in the year 1267, he set out across the Alps with an army of ten thousand men to espouse the cause of the Ghibelline party in Italy. The victim of treachery, he was imprisoned and sentenced to be beheaded. Upon the scaffold he said, "I ask all chiefs and princes of this earth whether he is guilty of death who defends his own and his people's rights." Then flinging his glove from the scaffold, to be taken to King Peter of Aragon as a token that to him Conradin bequeathed his rights over Naples and Sicily, he submitted to the executioner. A boy in years, he had the courage and the dignity of a man; and even in dying showed such nobility of spirit and such Christian heroism that his enemies could not withhold their admiration of the chivalrous boy King. What a mockery, in the face of all these sad experiences, is the expression, "as happy as a King."

When the little Dauphin, son of Louis XVI., fell one day in his sport, and hurt himself badly, his attendants were making a great matter of it, when his mother, Marie Antoinette, said: "Let him alone; he must learn to suffer. It is the lot of Kings!" Dreadfully true was this in his own short life, and true of royalty in every age. High places often demand high suffering.

WEATHER SIGNS FOR SAILOR BOYS.

"THE most trustworthy sailor is the most weatherwise," and no part of a young yachtsman's education is more important than that relating to the weather. To know that a squall is a squall after it is upon you is nothing, but to recognize it while at such a distance that you have ample time to prepare for it is to win half the battle before it is begun. To all sailor boys then I would say, study the weather at all hours and under all conditions. Make careful note of the results of every change, and you will soon find yourself possessed of a code of rules dictated by personal experience, and consequently more valuable to you than any or all that ever were printed.

To begin with, however, do not fail to commit to memory the following rules which may be relied upon in most cases, and being in rhyme are easy to remember. For greater convenience they are divided into two sets, "cautionary," and "of fair promise":

CAUTIONARY.

A blow long foretold will long last.
A blow of short notice is soon past.

When first comes rain, and then the wind,
Top-sail sheets and halyards, hand;
Make all aloft both snug and fast,
In trim to meet the coming blast.

Mackerel skies and mares' tails
Make tall ships carry low sails.

If early morning set in storming
'Tis apt to storm all day;
But a storm at night, for lack of light,
Is apt to lose its way.

A rainbow in the morning
Is the sailor's warning.

OF FAIR PROMISE.

A rainbow at night
Is the sailor's delight

A blow after noon
Will pass away soon.
A blow after night
Is apt to be slight.

When wind comes before rain
Soon you will make sail again

With an easterly wind
And a sunset clear,
That night's weather
You need not fear.

North, south, east, or west,
A sea-breeze is the best

THE CANARY-BIRD'S FUNERAL.

LUCILE DUPRE, the violinist, when a little child six years old, before she left the violin for the piano, was asked if she did not grow tired when nobody listened.

"My canaries always stop and listen," she answered. "I know what music they like, and I play for them. My cat, too, has its favorite melodies."

Two brief sonatas of Beethoven, she insisted, most delighted the birds. I don't remember that the cat did more than rest and purr and seem perfectly happy when waves of sound stroked its nervous back.

Lucile used to have very charming concerts, in which her cat, canaries, a pretty poodle, and a sleepy negress constituted the audience. She fancied, too, that roses and mignonettes that fell into the windows of her home in Austin, as well as fairies, came to make up her audience. Her music, she said, "descended from heaven, and went back to it. It mattered not whether people heard it or not; angels bent down to listen."

A year later, when she was becoming known as a violinist, one of the canaries died. It was a wonderful singer, having, like a bird-of-paradise, a long forked tail. Lucile had attended a Masonic funeral. With her associates, little girls eight to twelve years of age, she organized a most solemn procession. Coffin, bier, flowers, Bible, crozier, and crape were provided, and children were drilled to chant the solemn anthem and dirge which resounded from her violin. They went with tearful, downcast eyes along the avenue late one hot, sultry summer

afternoon, and never a sadder scene was witnessed. The children's grief appealed to the rudest men, and grown persons were tricked into tears by the genuineness of this sorrow.

THINGS NOT WORTH DOING.

SENSIBLE people are fond of saying to youthful hearers that it is better to be occupied in any way that is not harmful than to be idle; and years ago this suggestion was often carried out in a very peculiar fashion. So many wasted valuable time in doing things not worth doing, that it does not seem to have occurred to them that in the years often spent on useless achievements they might have accomplished much good, both for themselves and for others.

A very popular feat of this kind was the writing of the Lord's Prayer in a space that would afford scant accommodations for the writing of one's name; and in the reign of Queen Elizabeth a man accustomed to cramped writing, having been clerk of the Chancery, presented to her Majesty a ring decorated with an enclosed paper on which were written the Lord's Prayer, the Commandments, the Creed, two Collects, his own name and office, with the date of the year, the month, and the Queen's reign. Fortunately for the Chancery clerk, he had been thoughtful enough and sufficiently gifted to "devise" what was far more necessary than the other, "an excellent spectacle for the easier reading thereof"; and probably in consideration of this saving clause, as well as the fact that her uncertain Majesty happened to be in a gracious humor, she condescended to place the ring on her royal finger, to the overwhelming delight and gratitude of the favored clerk.

The fancy for reducing things to what seemed an impossible size was not confined to writing, and about three hundred years ago an artist painted a city on so small a scale that a good-sized fly could cover it. A museum kept by the gardener of King Charles I. contained a set of chessmen packed into the small compass of a pepper-corn. Baskets made of cherry-stones are not uncommon, but it is decidedly out of the ordinary way to find such a tiny receptacle carved with one hundred and eighty human faces, easily distinguished with a microscope. This curiosity may still be seen in the Dresden Museum.

A hundred and fifty years ago a London watchmaker displayed a number of wonderful things manufactured by himself, and exhibited at a charge of one shilling. From half a cherry-stone he took a table, twelve chairs, a looking-glass, two dozen plates, six dishes, twelve spoons, a dozen knives and forks, two salt-cellars, and a lady and gentleman sitting down at table and waited upon by a footman. The second act of the exhibition was a pair of scissors, warranted to cut a large horsehair, but so small that six pairs could be wrapped in the wing of a fly, and a camel that passed through the eye of a middle-sized needle. A flea carried a chain of two hundred links with a padlock and key, the weight of the whole being one-third of a grain; while a four-wheeled ivory chariot with its driver, and the same flea in the character of horse, weighed a scant grain. The crowning wonder was a carriage, with wheels turning properly on their axles, with four occupants, two footmen, and a coachman on the box, with a dog between his legs, driving six ivory horses, with a postillion on one of the leaders, the whole being so light that a single flea could set it in motion.

Very accomplished automatons have been manufactured from time to time, and among these a lady pianist who could play for an hour, breathing naturally, and following with her eyes the movements of her fingers, gracefully inclining her head to the audience when she had finished; and the man who played chess are the most remarkable. A humming-bird that could fly from its nest and warble for about three minutes; a duck that would move its wings, quack, drink water, and eat corn; and almost equally accomplished caterpillars, snakes, lizards, and spiders for parlour decoration make up a list of not altogether desirable automatons.

A lady who must have found time heavy upon her hands spent thirty years in making fruit, insects, birds, and flowers from the bones and scales of fish; but the writer who prided himself upon a feat which probably did least good to himself or any one else, was he who accomplished a folio volume with a single goose quill, and dropped into poetry as follows:

"With one sole pen I wrote this book,
Made of a gray goose quill,
A pen it was when it I took,
And a pen I leave it still."



A SHORT BUT HARROWING TALE.

"DON'T LET GO, JIMMIE! IF YOU DO, I'LL HAVE TO HUNT HER DOWN AND TIE ON SOME WEEDS."

AN EXCUSE TO BE NAUGHTY.

MAMMA. "Now be a good boy, Frank, and I'll take you out as soon as the rain stops."

FRANK. "I'd rather be bad for a while."

MAMMA, *astonished*. "Why?"

FRANK. "'Cause I don't think the rain is going to stop to-day."

A BOY'S WISH.

"UNCLE JOHN," said Harry, "did you write this book?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Why?"

"I wish you'd let me have written it."

TOMMY GIVES AN OPINION.

"I'm afraid my little brother isn't very brave," said Tommy. "He cries awful loud when he has a pain, when it can't be a very big one. He isn't big enough himself to have a very big one."

BOBBIE MAKES A BULL.

"It's awful cold on top of the mountain. 'Cause my papa said so," said Bobbie. "Seems to me if I lived on top of a mountain I'd live at the foot of it."

AN EXPERT HIDER.

"Do you ever play hide-and-seek?" asked a gentleman on the hotel piazza of little Hal.

"Yes," Hal answered. "I hid so well in the woods once, I didn't even know where I was myself."

A HINT.

"Do you know what I'd do if I had a trunk like you?" asked the bear, when he found the elephant in a nice shady cool spot in the forest.

"What would you do?" asked the elephant.

"I'd travel," suggested the bear, who envied the elephant.

A CRITICISM.

"HOH!" jeered Abner when he saw a watering-cart for the first time. "That's the funniest way to have rain I ever saw."

THE EXCEPTION.

JIMMIEBOY had a musical grass roller made of wood, at the seashore. He was very fond of pushing it before him, and when Sunday came was much disappointed because he could not have it out.

"Sunday is not a day for rollers, Jimmieboy," said his papa. "No one else has one out."

Jimmieboy was thoughtful for a moment, and then he looked at the ocean.

"The ocean's got its rollers out just the same," he said.

A GREAT DEAL OF IT.

"How much do you love your baby brother, Mabel?" asked Mabel's mamma.

"Oh, 'bout free times as much as he is big," said Mabel after studying the baby closely for a minute or two.

WHAT JAMIE HAD.

"I've got a pony and a cart," said Jack.

"Well, I've got a goat," bragged Tom.

"I've got legs and can walk," retorted Jamie.

NOT HEROIC.

"WAVES aren't very brave," said Allan at the seashore. "A great big one chased a little feller no bigger than me 'way up on the beach, but as soon as he stopped and turned around, the wave ran back again."

JENNIE'S FAVORITE.

"WHAT are your dollie's names, Jennie?"

"Jennie, Jennie, and Jennie," returned Jennie.

"But why have you called them all Jennie?"

"I've named them after my favorite little girl."

"Indeed! Who is she?"

"I'm her."

BOBBIE'S REASON.

BOBBIE was apparently all ready for a surf bath, but for some reason or other he kept away from the water.

"Why don't you come in, Bobbie?" called his uncle.

"I can't. I don't think mamma wants me to get my bathing suit wet," he replied.

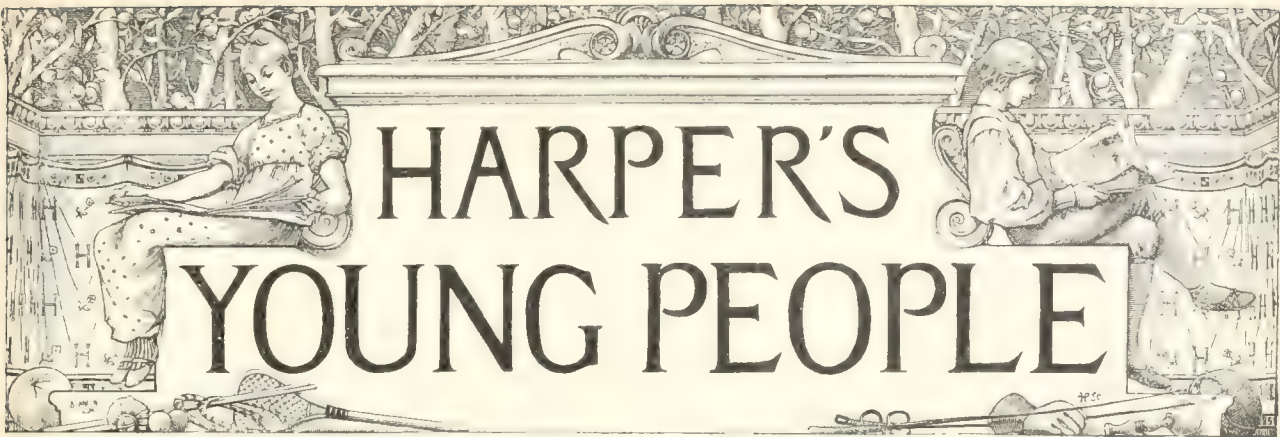


THE GUILTY BIRD.

"BESSIE," SAID ADAMS TO HIS SISTER ONE DAY, "THERE'S A PARROT IN THIS HOUSE."

"Really?" said Bessie.

"I'M SURE OF IT," SAID ADAMS. "THERE'S A LITTLE BIRD SOMEWHERE THAT TELLS ON US, AND PARROTS ARE THE ONLY KIND THAT CAN TALK."



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



HE TOOK THE CHILD IN HIS ARMS AND WADED BACK.—(SEE PAGE 106.)

KIT.

BY W. R. MACKAY.

I.—THE WAIF.

THE Mississippi River was rising fast. The spring flood had begun two days before, and the water was rising at the rate of six inches an hour. It was already almost at the level of the banks, and the road through the cut to the steamboat landing was a muddy lake which opened through the banks, and which was creeping nearer every moment to the feet of a man who was standing there looking out upon the river.

Behind him, climbing slowly up the road which ascended from the river towards the bluffs, was a large wagon with an immense hooped canvas covering, a "prairie schooner," drawn lumberingly with creaking wheels by a team of four stout oxen, and followed by three men on foot, while a fourth man walked by the team, and shouted and urged them on with frequent blows of a long "black snake" whip, which he flourished and cracked over them.

Before him was the swollen and muddy river, with sudden swirls and eddies nearer shore, and its mid-stream marked by logs and boards and floating fragments of all sorts borne swiftly Gulfwards; and far down-stream was the black smoke of the steamboat which had landed the wagon yonder and this man a little while before.

He was a tall, lean, wiry-looking man, about forty years old. A kindly face, with blue eyes and a sandy close-cropped beard, looked out from under a broad brimmed slouch-hat; a rough hunting-jacket was too short to conceal a leather case at the hip, from which the butt end of a revolver protruded, and the corduroy breeches were stuck into the heavy-soled boots which completed his costume.

"It's mebbe my last look at a white man's country, an' it's good-by to you, old Mississipp'. An' you don't keer a continental; you just go boomin' along, an' it's all one to you whether I'm standin' here or goin' down drowned like one o' your logs out yonder. I've fished on you an' skiffed on you, an' mighty poor luck you ever brought me; if you'd been half decent I wouldn't be startin' for the gold-diggin's now, an' leavin' the old folks to scratch gravel for a livin' till I come back with my pockets full o' shiners to make 'em happy."

He was speaking his thoughts out aloud, after a fashion of his, and he looked back over his shoulder at the wagon, now half-way up the hill, and then out once more at the river.

"Good-by to you, then; an' if I ever—" He had been looking down-stream, and as he turned to go his eyes were arrested by a singular piece of wreckage which had just turned the bend above. It was coming head on, and seemed to be a sunken passenger steamboat; for the pilot-house and upper deck were above the water, and though both smoke-stacks were gone, and the forward state-rooms sunk to the line of the hurricane-deck, the after state-rooms were still clear and apparently lifted out of danger.

As it turned the sharp bend the force of the current carried it over towards the bank, and there the eddies and cross-currents caught it and swung it round, and showed that it was only the upper works of a steamboat, cut off as clean from the hull and all below as if a monster knife had passed from bow to stern.

"A busted steamboat, sure as my name is Jim Peters! An' the biggest bust I ever seen," he added, as the forlorn-looking wreck was whirled around once more and came helplessly nearer. Then a great swirl of the shore current caught it, and the bow end ploughed into the muddy lake at the roadway and stuck fast, while the outside current swung the stern against the bank, and made a dam against which the water rose and gurgled and bubbled.

"You've made the landin'," ejaculated Jim, "but you're

a leetle behind time in doin' it. Blest if you ain't the cleanest an' down-forsakenest old bust I ever seen!" The forward cabins were now out of water, and he could see that the windows on one side had all been smashed in, and there was a great gash in the side, and the guards and wood-work had been splintered and shattered. He looked at it a moment as it lay there, and then he sat down, and pulled off his boots and woollen socks, and rolled up his trousers above his knees. "I'll have a look at you, anyway, before I go."

He waded out to the bow end, and looked in at one of the cabin windows. It was an ordinary state-room, empty, but berths and everything in it dripping with water and covered with slimy mud. He waded along to the opening which had been broken in the side, and went through it, and found himself in the main saloon. The deck which formed the floor was solid as ever, but the chairs and sofas and tables were upset and tumbled in every direction; some pictures lay upon the floor with the glass broken, and the carpet was soaked and muddy and oozy at every step.

He went towards the light, trying the doors of the state-rooms as he went, but finding them all empty, and the same muddy drip and little pools upon the floors. Then he stopped still, with his mouth open and his eyes wide-staring. The sofa under the stern windows was fastened to the wall, and two arm-chairs had fallen against it, with their arms interlocked and their legs up in the air, like two old gentlemen whose dinner had been too much for them. It was a ridiculous looking thing; but it wasn't that which had brought Jim to a sudden stand. A little boy was lying on the sofa, white and still.

"Dead!" said the man, and he drew a step nearer. "Poor little chap! Stone dead, an' lyin' here all alone in this busted old coffin! What on earth's to be done now?" He stooped down and laid one big rough hand on the child's hair and kissed him on the forehead. "Poor little—Why, great jiminy, this child ain't dead! Wake up, little one! Hi—hallo! We've got to the landin'!" And he put his arm around the child and lifted him to a sitting posture, kneeling down in front of him, and holding him back against the sofa.

The child opened his eyes. He was apparently between two and three years old, stout and handsome, with dark curly hair and dark brown eyes; a little blouse of black velvet fitted him neatly to the waist, and a skirt of Scotch plaid came to his knees, and his chubby legs were encased in stockings of the same pattern.

"That's it, young 'un! Now how did you get here an' what does it all mean?"

The child stared at him, and the brown eyes filled with tears, and the lips began to quiver. "Mamma! Papa!"

"I'm your mammy now, sonny. Where's your pappy, an' how long hev you been here?"

"Baby 'ont drink," and the little fellow lifted up his voice and wailed.

"Right you are, an' baby shall hev a drink. Come along with me;" and he took the child in his arms and waded back to the spot where he had left his boots. There he set him down on the grass, and going again to the river, filled his hat with water, and made it into a scoop from which the baby might drink. And drink he did, ravenously, chocking and strangling as Jim in his eagerness tipped the hat too freely, but clutching at it when Jim drew it back, and sucking for the water when it didn't come fast enough.

At last he seemed satisfied, and sat quiet, staring with round baby eyes at Jim; and Jim pulled his wet hat down tight again on his head, and slowly scratched his chin, and stared back at him in turn.

"Blest if I know what to do with you! I can't leave you here, an' it won't never do to put you back on that old sinkin' consarn all by yourself; you might get drownd-

ed, you know. An' there ain't no houses round here for miles an' miles; an', of course, I can't take you."

The baby laughed. "Me 'out mo' dink!"

"It ain't so much of a joke as you seem to think, young 'un. We ain't got no call for babies this trip, an'—" He looked up the road. The wagon was out of sight, and one of the men was standing at the turn of the bluff and waving to him to come on.

The little fellow rose on his sturdy little legs, and toddled off up the road as fast as he could go. Jim looked after him and laughed again. "I reckon you've got it right and you're bound to go 'long; there ain't no other way, till I can drop you somewhere. So here goes!" He got up, and with another look at the wrecked upper deck and its cabins and the ruined desolation of it all, he went after the child, and taking him up in his strong arms, trudged on up the hill after his companions.

They had gained a good mile on him through his stay at the river; and the sun was setting, and the oxen had been unyoked and tethered out for the night, and the men were gathering sticks for a fire to cook their supper by, when the two strangely assorted companions appeared.

"Great snakes, Jim! What have you got there?"

"It's a baby, Dan," he replied, as he gravely put the youngster on the ground; "a real live baby!"

The other men came running up, and all stood in a circle round the boy. "Where did you ever pick it up?"

"Found it in the top half of a steamboat that came cavortin' round the bend an' got stuck in the cut at the landin'. This young 'un was the only passenger aboard."

"Honor bright, Jim?"

"Honor bright; it's just as I tell you. It was a reg'lar smash-up; an' this here little fellow was lying on a sofa, tired out an' fast asleep, an' so white an' tucked out that I thought he was dead. But he wasn't; an' I took him ashore, and he wanted a drink; an', great jiminy! you ought to hev seen him suck it in!"

The men stared at the child, who was sitting contentedly on the ground and sucking hard at his thumb, and then looked at each other and at Jim. "What are you goin' to do with him?"

"Blamed if I know. Put him in the wagon, I reckon, till I can drop him onto somebody; it's a reg'lar conunpition fix to be in!"

"He's no common young 'un, from the cut of his clothes," said Dan Brown, looking critically at him. "That's a rich man's child. What's his pap's name?"

"What's his great-grandmother's name!" replied Jim.

"How should I know? An' the boy don't know neither; don't know nothin' but 'pappy' and 'mammy' and 'dink'; he's immense on the 'dink'!"

"He'll be immense on the eat too," said Jack Williams, "if you give him a chance. Look at him chew that thumb!"

"We'll have the fire goin' in a minute," said Dan, an' we can give him some hot coffee. Get him a piece o' that pie we bought on the boat, till I can get the coffee ready," and he hurried away.

"Hold on," cried Jim, as another of the men started for the wagon; "I don't b'lieve babies like him ever eats pie."

The man stopped and turned half round. "What do they eat, then?"

Jim didn't know; none of the men knew. They were all unmarried, and had never considered such questions before.

"We might try some o' that jerked beef," said one, tentatively. "An' there's them crackers an' that Bologna sausage we was keepin' for a rainy day."

The unanimous vote was, fortunately, for the crackers. And they sat around on their heels with their hands on their knees, and laughed, and worked their own jaws in

pure sympathy at the way the hungry youngster devoured them, doubling his little fists around one and trying to cram them both into his mouth at once.

"My sakes!" said Jim, nudging his elbow into the man next him. "Don't the young 'un eat, though -eh?" And he sat down to feed the crackers to his charge as they might be wanted, while the other men went to help with the supper.

They were "five honest, rough-mannered, and good-hearted men, part of the great army that in those days was streaming across prairies and plains for the newly discovered gold fields of Colorado. By dint of selling what little property they had, and by putting their savings together, they had a fair equipment for their journey—two pairs of stout oxen and a big wagon, with rifles and provisions and miners' tools—and a baby!"

That unexpected infant had gone to sleep in Jim's arms after his supper of crackers, and after putting him to bed on the bottom of the wagon, wrapped up in a light blanket and with a coat rolled up for a pillow, Jim had come back to where the others were lying on the ground, smoking their cob pipes and discussing the situation.

"Guess his folks was all drowned," Jack Williams was saying. "Accordin' to Jim's account o' that wreck, there couldn't have been none o' them saved."

"They'd never have left that child there if they'd been alive," said Dan. "The little chap must have crawled on to that sofa after the rest was drowned."

"Pears like a shame to drop him after he's been fairly throwed into our hands like that," said Reuben Miller, the youngest of the party. "You'd better keep him, Jim, an' take him along as part of your kit."

Jim puffed at his pipe thoughtfully. "I don't say but what I was thinkin' that way myself when he was sleepin' in my arms. It makes a fellow feel queer to hev a little trustin' thing like that lyin' there an' dependin' on you to take keer of him. An' as to takin' him as a part of my kit, he'd be the queerest kit that was ever took to the gold-diggin's. An' there!" he exclaimed, bringing one hand down on his knee—"there is his name! I'll call him 'Kit,' an' we'll keep him, anyway, till we can drop him in some good home."

At sunrise next morning they were again upon the road. The ways of civilization were left behind them, and the unknown and almost trackless West stretched away before them. And the wheels of their "prairie schooner" creaked and the oxen lumbered on, and the waif of the wreck sat inside on a bag of shelled corn and laughed and crowed, and fairly deserved the encomium which the delighted Jim passed to his companions:

"He's got more sense, has Kit, than any young 'un of his age I ever seen."

Two days before, the following item had appeared in the telegraphic reports of the daily newspapers:

"A BAD ACCIDENT."

"CAIRO, ILL. The steamer *Morwood* left the wharf for New Orleans last night at eight o'clock. There was a high stage of water and the current was very strong, and in attempting to pass under the bridge the pilot lost control of the boat. She was dashed against the pier, and with such violence that the hull parted from the main deck and immediately sunk, and the upper portion, containing the state rooms, etc., was carried off down-stream in a sinking condition. Several tugs went in pursuit of the floating wreck, and succeeded in taking off the passengers. It was at first supposed that every soul had been saved, but it is now known that one child, the son of Henry Sherlock, Esq., of New York, must have been drowned. Owing to the darkness and confusion, and the mixing up of passengers on the different tugs, it was thought that the child was amongst the rescued; but he has not been found, and has doubtless perished. He was an only child, and the parents are distracted with grief."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



The Cicada's Part



BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

AUTHOR OF "SHARP EYES," "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS," ETC.

UNDER the popular name of "locust," our cicada or harvest-fly has long enjoyed the reputation as our chief insect musician, vying with the katydid in the volume of its song. We all know its long whizzing crescendo in the sultry summer days. But let us call things by their right names. This buzzing musician is *not* a locust; it is a *cicada*. The true locust is what we ordinarily call a grasshopper, that "high-elbowed grig" of the meadows, so generous with his "molasses," and with such a vigorous kick. He, too, is a musician in a modest way—a fiddler, carrying his "fiddle" on the edge of his folded wing covers, against which he gently grinds out faint, squeaky music, using his thigh-joint as a fiddle-bow. His single efforts are barely audible, but multiplied ten-thousandfold in his great field orchestra, becomes a murmur which may be distinctly heard, and which no doubt all of us have heard without a suspicion as to its source. It is a part of the great musical symphony of the harvest-fields, a roundel sustained and prolonged by the hum of bees and the buzzing of innumerable flies, and the sprightly notes of crickets, attuned to the soft murmur of breeze-blown grass. This meadow music is perceptible to any one who cares to listen for it, but it is rarely noticed. What we call the "quiet" country life, or "the quiet summer noon" of the poet, is a misnomer.

The contrast to the observant ear between the meadow in a hot July noon and the same meadow on a following cool and overcast day would be remarkable could we but compare the two conditions during the same moment of time. Even a cloud shadow passing over a "quiet" meadow will often suddenly reveal to us how *noisy* it really was but a moment before. But the harsh tumbrel of the cicada is not a part of this "quiet" music. He is no retiring fiddler hiding somewhere among the grass-blades. His note rings out high above the meadow chorus, and he always gets the credit as the chief soloist, and we say, "Hark! there's a 'locust,'" when we ought to know better. Let us try and straighten out this confusion of terms, and let the younger generation at least begin the reform that shall eventually set matters right and correct this widespread popular error.

Our cicada belongs to quite another family of insects. Instead of jaws for biting, as our fiddling "grasshopper," the cicada has only a long "beak for sucking," and this feature alone connects him with the tribe of "bugs." Moreover, his methods of music-making are very different from those of the "grasshopper" tribe. It is the male

only that makes the music, and his instrument is a drum. He carries two of these enclosed within his body, the opening of each being covered beneath by a broad plate, which is easily seen on the under surface of the body. Deep within lies the "drum," and the hard and hollow body of the insect acts as a resonator or sounding-board. This drummer does not use his legs as drum-sticks, as might be supposed, his drum being vibrated by twitching muscles and cords.

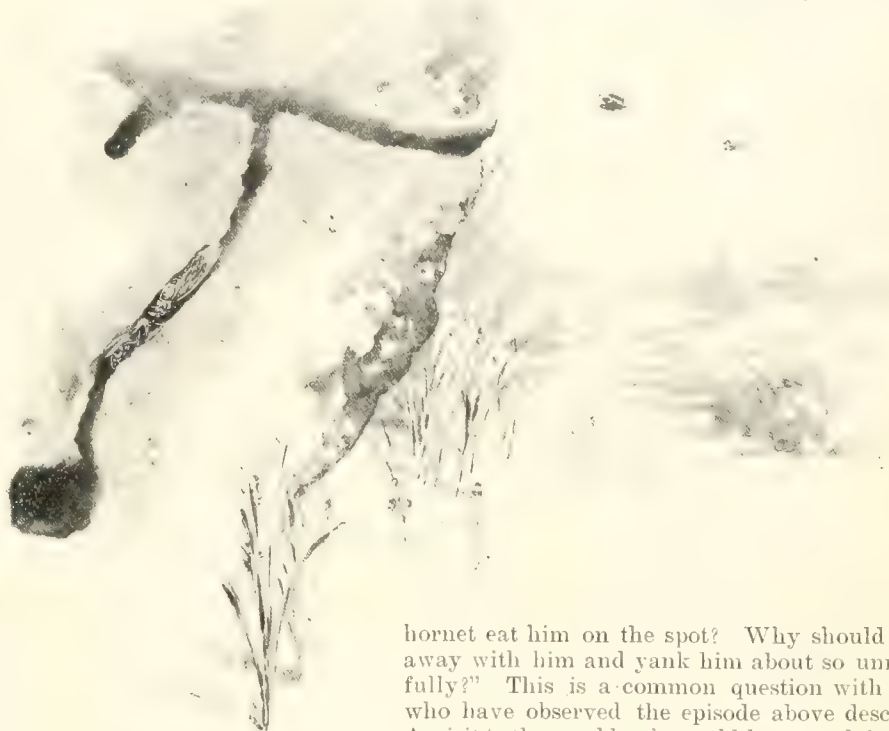
The method by which the sound is produced may be illustrated by a simple experiment. Take a small piece of stiff sized writing-paper or smooth Manilla paper, and by pressure with some rounded blunt instrument produce a slight hollow or blister upon its surface. Upon pressure from either side this blister will be found to "snap," and could we but repeat the operation with great rapidity, a continuous sound would result. The toy called the "telegraph ticker" is made on this principle, the blister being made on a strip of steel, and the click produced by pressure upon its top, the elasticity of the metal bringing it back to its original position of rest, and each motion accompanied by a snap as the blister changes sides. Indeed, we need look no further than the bottom of almost any well-ordered tin pan for a complete illustration of this principle. So our cicada is a drummer, and his favorite tune is a "roll-call," the beats following each other with such rapidity as to form a tone. All through the summer we hear his strain. Even at this moment, as I write, a very long-winded specimen is tuning up in the tree just outside my studio window, and I am almost moved to give him some good advice. Have a care, my noisy minstrel. If it were I alone who were within ear-shot of your noise, all might be well with you, but there are others near by to whom your music hath charms. Have a care! Only a moment ago I heard an ominous hum on my piazza, and upon investigation discovered a huge sand-hornet prying about the premises. He knows what he is looking for, and so ought you, if your parents have done their duty by you. Hereditary instinct at least ought to teach you that your drum should play second fiddle to that hornet's humming music. I remember once being the witness of the sad fate of an ancestor of yours who drummed not wisely but too well. He was monopolizing the neigh-



neighborhood, just as you are doing now, when I noticed his principal effort was suddenly cut short in the middle in a most unusual manner. If he had been a singer I would have supposed some rival had clapped a hand over his mouth, so suddenly was the song abbreviated. In another moment there was a rustling among the leaves, as something fell from the tree in his immediate neighborhood. Down, down it dropped, its passage to the ground accompanied by one or two short sharp spasmodic tattoos on that same noisy drum. The object fell among some rocks, but before I could reach the spot the humming sound of a sand-hornet greeted my ears, and in a moment more the insect took flight directly across my path, and, what was more, he was not alone. Would you know who accompanied him? Look then on the picture opposite, and have a care, my noisy friend, for the lineal descendant of that sand-hornet now hovers outside my doorway. He has a grudge against your tribe, and he is even now on your scent. Perhaps you may be interested to know what the hornet did with that rash ancestor of yours. Well, I will tell you, for your own good. Guided by his noisy demonstration, the hornet spied him on his twig, and in a second had pounced upon him, and, like a highwayman, stabbed him to the heart with a poisoned javelin. This cut short his song, as you may well suppose, and he fell in the grasp of his assailant. In another moment the hornet got a fresh hold upon him, and though your ancestor, like yourself, was much bigger than the hornet, those powerful buzzing wings made an easy burden of him for quite a distance across the meadow. Here our captor took a rest, and after tugging that helpless cicada some distance up a high fence-rail, started off on another flight, which was brought to an end in the grass at the foot of a tree. In a moment more the hornet was seen tugging its huge load up the trunk. When some ten feet in height a third flight was made, this time gradually settling down on the roof of a shed down-hill. Tugging his game to the edge of the shed roof, a fourth trip was made, and this landed the two in the neighborhood of a sand bank at the roadside in the valley below.

A sand bank of some sort is usually the terminus of this strange ride of the cicada. Thus far many curious observers have followed the two, and wondered what it was all about. If they had cared to follow the matter to the end, they would doubtless have wondered still more at the strange fate which awaited the unlucky harvest-fly, whose last song had been his own requiem. The sand-hornet is also known as the "digger-wasp," the largest of its kind, the most formidable of all our hornets, and carrying within its black yellow-spotted body a most searching and terrible poisoned sting. It was a common belief in ancient times that "seventeen pricks of a hornet" would "kill a man," to quote from Pliny; and there are many country people to-day who would as quickly attack a rattlesnake as this big sand-

hornet, and who "absolutely know" of men who have been "knocked down" and even "killed" by one stab of its sting. However this may be, it is well to keep at a respectful distance. When we know what the little yellow-jacket can do with its tiny dagger, and then reflect that this sand-hornet's javelin is about a third of an inch long, we can draw our own conclusions, and will readily understand why it was that our cicada's song was cut short. "But why didn't the



A SECTION OF THE SAND BANK.

hornet eat him on the spot? Why should it fly away with him and yank him about so unmercifully?" This is a common question with those who have observed the episode above described. A visit to the sand bank would have explained the object of it all. The exposed surface is seen to be perforated here and there with holes as large as one's little finger, while from one of them an occasional tiny stream of sand pours out, and we catch a glimpse of the horny spiked legs of the digger-wasp within. Even as we observe him closely a loud hum is heard, and a filmy buzzing object falls precipitately upon the bank, and in the jumble of wings and black bodies we now distinguish our hornet and cicada, which only a moment before had started for the edge of the shed roof above. The cicada is apparently dead, and is now an easy prey as the wasp lugs him to the mouth of one of the burrows, and soon disappears in its depths.

Further than this few have followed the couple. But Professor C. V. Riley, our government entomologist, has unearthed the entire mystery, and eye-witnessed the fate of our cicada, and I am thus enabled to picture the rest of the tragedy. What now follows is very similar to what I described in a previous paper concerning the mud-wasp nest packed with its dead spiders. Our cicada is not dead—more's the pity. The thrust of the sting has only paralyzed the insect, in order that the young of the hornet may be provided with *living* food. From the opening of the tunnel in the sand our harvest-fly was lugged a distance of about six inches, when the tunnel branched in various directions. Down a branch for about eight inches more, and his journey terminated in a dungeon, where his career was doomed to end. Doubtless each of the other branches held one or two similar prisoners, for the cicada is the favorite prey of this particular wasp. Once arrived at the dungeon, the hornet deposits an egg upon its victim, and leaves him in its charge. In a few days it hatches into a larva with such a voracious appetite that within a week it has devoured

the contents of the cicada's shell and reached its full growth. It now encloses itself within a silky cocoon, and after adding the winter, emerges at the brim in the spring a full-fledged hornet, with its mouth watering at the thought of cicadas.

What a strange wonder-working medicine is this which the hornet carries in its laboratory! In the guise of death it yet prolongs life indefinitely. The ordinary existence of the cicada, for instance, is but a few weeks at most, and yet it is claimed by Mr. Riley that if for any reason the egg of the wasp should fail to hatch, the paralyzed cicada will remain in its condition of suspended animation for a year, and presumably longer.

Here is a suggestion for the materia medica which may open up immortal fame to the chemist of the future. What is this mysterious essence which the wasp carries in its poniard? As Professor Riley suggestively remarks, "If man could do what these wasps have done from time immemorial, viz., preserve for an indefinite period the animals they feed on by the simple insertion of some toxic fluid in the tissues, he would be able to revolutionize the present methods of shipping cattle and sheep, and obviate much of the cruelty which now attends the transportation of live stock and much of the expense involved in cold storage."

MASTER MAJORIBANKS'S REVERIE

BY R. K. MUNKITTECK

I WISH I had a pretty boat
In which to gayly sail,
And round among the lilies float
Before the gentle gale.

It's hard upon the bank to stay
And watch the ripples run,
And chase each other all the day
Beneath the laughing sun.

An airy boat I'll never want;
I'm pretty sure of that;
Then wherefore do they dress me in
A sailor suit and hat?

PUNCTUALITY WORTH TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS A MINUTE.

EVERY business man realizes the value of punctuality, and every boy who expects or hopes to become a successful business man must learn its worth sooner or later. It is to be hoped, however, that they will not wait to be taught by the old Indian who charges \$20,000 a minute for his lessons, as was the case with certain white men who once bought some land from him.

Matthias Splitlog, chief of the Wyandottes, lives in Kansas, and being known to possess about a million dollars' worth of property, is called the wealthiest Indian in America. Although over seventy years of age, and unable to read or write, he is a keen business man. By his shrewdness and ability he has acquired large tracts of land in Kansas and Missouri, houses and lots in Kansas City, and has money invested in a number of paying enterprises.

The white men to whom he gave a \$20,000 lesson in punctuality had persuaded him to sell them a certain tract of land for \$140,000, and were to pay him the money at ten o'clock at a bank in Kansas City. On the appointed morning, a few minutes before the hour named, the old Indian entered the bank and took a seat, with his eye fixed upon a clock. The capitalists had not appeared when the hands of the clock reached the hour. As it began to strike, the old Indian rose to his feet, and at the last stroke of the clock he promptly walked out of the building. On the street, less than a block away, he met the men who were to buy his land hurrying toward the bank. They begged him to

return with them, but he refused, saying that if they still wished to deal with him he would meet them at ten o'clock on the following day at the same place.

This time both the white men and the Indian were promptly on hand; but when the former offered old Matthias the price agreed upon for the land, he told them that while \$140,000 was yesterday's price, to-day's price was \$160,000; and to these terms they finally were compelled to accede.

STUBBY'S CHANCE.

BY FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

STUBBY SULLIVAN stole through the thick field of mustard lining the road, his eyes and ears alert. He wore a coarse straw hat, a dark flannel shirt, and a pair of trousers whose lengthwise stripes were almost effaced by the dirt with which they were encrusted. From time to time he looked down upon these garments with a feeling of pride. He had not misspent the half-hour that he had lain concealed in a pit of brick-clay, energetically rubbing the moist earth into the coarse threads of the fabric.

In his heart there was deep pride and a sense of triumph. The twelve-year-old boy had accomplished a feat that many desperate men had attempted, and few had ever succeeded in doing; for he had eluded the notice of the officers, and escaped the cordon of guards surrounding San Quentin prison.

He was happy as a bird that has escaped from its cage after a year's captivity. He began to whistle, but checked himself. The world stretched before him, broad and beautiful. The yellow field of mustard was like a shimmering sea of gold. The low hum of the bees was music. A rabbit, startled by his step, stopped an instant in the road to look at him with bright curious eyes, and ears erect, and then darted away. The stone the boy would have flung at it dropped from his hand, for was he not in sympathy with all free wild creatures? His plans for the future were vague and irresponsible as theirs. A few miles more, and he would be safely entrenched in the chaparral of the foot-hills, where he could snap his fingers at his pursuers, and wander at will through the beautiful wooded cañons; or steal down to hidden coves where the sea laved stretches of solitary beach flanked by high bluffs.

Stubby knew how to shift for himself. A dead father, a drunken mother—these were the sum of the advantages nature had bestowed upon him. Dwelling on the mud flats that skirt San Leandro Creek, on the Oakland side of San Francisco Bay, he had learned to dig clams and hunt mussels, and to cast a line with the cunning of an old angler, and in the garden at San Quentin he had seen the prisoners set cunningly devised traps for gophers and squirrels—traps that, built on a larger scale, might do for mountain-lions, or even grizzlies. Large ambitions and splendid expectations were in the head of this embryo hermit and trapper.

"Hello!" cried a voice, over the top of the tall mustard.

Stubby had run, unawares, full upon a low outlying farm-house that he had often seen from the upper windows of the prison. It was a boy's voice that hailed him; he could dimly see the outlines of a carriage and a pair of gray horses standing in the door-yard.

"Hello, I say!" cried the voice, this time imperative.

Stubby was quick to think and act in a matter that so vitally concerned his own welfare. If he should disregard the call, suspicion might be aroused, on account of the nearness of the prison, and a hue and cry be raised, which would be sure to result in his capture. But if he acted as any other boy would under such circumstances, little attention would be paid to him, and he might go his way undisturbed.

He left the tall weeds and walked boldly up to the carriage. The horses were chained to a post, but a boy sat on the front seat, holding the lines—a pale delicate boy, with large brown eyes that looked straight before him with a melancholy expression.

"Who are you?" asked the boy, looking off over Stubby's head.

"I'm a ranch hand," said Stubby. "Who are you?"

"I'm nothing in particular," returned the boy, sadly. "We drove up from San Rafael this morning. My father left me here with the driver. He had to go over to San Quentin."

Stubby was beginning to understand. He had been scowling at the fine clothes and handsome carriage with the instinctive jealousy of the homeless unfortunate. This was the son of the newly elected Governor, who was paying his first visit to the prison. It was through the unwonted stir caused by his unexpected arrival that the boy convict had been able to get away. The scowl in his face deepened. Like all of his class, it was part of Stubby's theory of life to hate any one remotely allied to the law and its officers. He would have liked to strike the boy and then run away.

"How large are you, and what do you look like?" persevered the strange lad.

"See for yourself," replied Stubby, shortly.

"I can't see. I'm blind."

"You lie! You've got your eyes wide open. I see 'em," said Stubby, sharply.

"I've never seen a thing in my life. I live in darkness all the time," said the boy, gravely. "I don't know how the sky looks, or the grass, or trees, or flowers. I've never seen my dear father or mother. I only know my friends from each other by touching their faces with my hands."

He turned his full lustrous eyes on the other as he spoke, and there was something in their mournful vacant expression that made Stubby shiver, while his own eyes became unaccountably moist.

"I wish you'd get up on the seat here beside me, and let me see how you look."

The blind lad made his plea so meekly that something swelled in Stubby's throat. He put his foot on the step and sprang into the carriage. The boy placed the reins in his hands, and groped for his face with slender sensitive fingers. The driver, lounging at a short distance, seeing a coarsely clad boy, evidently the farmer's son, climb into the carriage and take the reins, and the horses standing quietly, felt relieved as to his charge, and strolled out of sight around the house. The boy passed his fingers doubtfully over Stubby's square jaw and chin, touched his freckled pug nose and round cheeks, lingered around the eyes—frank blue eyes well set beneath regular and shapely brows, and touched his bristly light hair, concluding his exploration with a smile of good-comradeship.

"You're a nice boy," he said, with decision. "Wouldn't you make a jolly playfellow, though!"

Stubby tried to murmur a reply, but the words stuck in his throat.

"I never have anybody to play with me," said the blind boy. "It was awfully lonely here till you came. I don't see why my father wouldn't let me go along with him. Have you ever been there?"

"Once," replied Stubby. He understood only too well why the Governor would not take his afflicted child, with his sensitive hearing, into the neighborhood of brutal criminals, whose every other word was a curse.

"And have you ever seen a murderer?" asked the boy, turning his large eyes again upon his more experienced companion with the same vacant appeal.

"I expect so. There's a pile of 'em over there."

How would the innocent young fellow feel could he

know that this new-found friend had messed with murderers every day of his life for a year, and slept with one at night?

"How do they look?" inquired the boy, eagerly.

"They looks and acts just like other people. Some of 'em are a heap better an' kinder."

Stubby was thinking of his own cellmate, a man who had killed another in a drunken frenzy, a man whose head had grown white within prison walls, and who was the only one in the world Stubby was really sure had ever cared for him. It was he who had planned the boy's escape, because he was sure there was good in him, and could not bear to see him grow up in the vile atmosphere of the prison.

"Give him half a chance, and he'll make a man worth lookin' at some day," he had often said.

So much had he talked about the boy's capacity, if ever this blessed chance should come to him, that Stubby himself had been awakened into an interest in his own future, and together they had watched and waited for the opportunity that was to bring his release and set him on a new path. He thought of old Silas, now anxious and watchful, screening his disappearance with some adroit excuse, and he wondered how the old man would feel if, after all, he were to be brought back. A savage unrest took possession of him, and a wild purpose formed in his mind. He looked towards the house. The driver was still out of sight. He looked at the sleek gray roadsters attached to the carriage. It was not likely that the farm stables held a pair that could overtake them on the open road. A thought, half terrible, half grotesque, came to him. He had got into all his troubles through running off with one pair of horses; it would be curious if he should find relief by running off with another pair.

"Do you like to ride?" he said to the blind boy.

"Better than anything else. You see, I can't run about like other boys. It's the only way I can go fast—fast like a bird through the air."

"You want me to give you a tearin' big ride—the biggest and fastest you ever had?"

"Can you drive? But Julius wouldn't like it. He'd make a dreadful fuss," objected the lad.

"Who cares for Julius? I'm a daisy driver, I am. You keep mum, and we'll just go a-kitin', you bet!"

Stubby sprang out of the carriage, unfastened the steel chain that held the leader, and was back on the seat in another instant.

Before them was an open gate and a level road stretching far away to the south. The region was sparsely settled. By avoiding villages and following the turnus seaward they would soon reach the lightly travelled road that ran along the coast.

At the touch of the whip the strong gray horses gave a bound and dashed through the gateway and down the road. The blind boy caught at his companion's arm in fear.

"Oh, stop; please stop!" he said. "My father will be angry. I don't want to go off this way."

"You quit! Let go o' me!" said Stubby. "You shut up, unless you want the horses to kill me an' you both."

The boy sat still, resentful and frightened. Stubby no longer cared for him or his helplessness. All his thought was of himself and the manner in which he would now escape his pursuers. He seemed to hear cries down the road at his back, and wanted to shout a mad defiance. All the world was down on him, but he would yet outwit it. By-and-by, when he was away out of sight and hearing up on the bluffs, he would jump from the carriage and run for a hiding-place. But rather than be taken, he would drive the team over the bluffs into the sea. In his own extremity he did not think of what the shock of such an experience might produce upon the innocent boy by his side, or the risks to which he was exposing him. He



YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE AND YOU TOOK IT NOBLY

had no scruples about the splendid animals that, with flying manes and foaming mouths, were bearing him on to freedom. He was a little warrior with an ignoble cause hewing his way to liberty.

They were nearing a depot on the North Coast Railway, an isolated station on a barren piece of land. People were standing on the platform, laden with bundles and wraps. He must get quickly by, or some one might observe them and try to stop them.

There was a puff of white smoke around the curve of the road. Stubby saw it, and lashed the team, in order to cross the track in advance of the train. The grays saw it, and gave one mad plunge ahead, then stopped and reared at the scream of the whistle. The blind boy heard the rumble of the wheels and the engine's hoarse warning, and gave a piteous cry:

"The train is coming. We shall be run over. Oh, father!"

They were on the edge of the track, the horses still rearing and plunging and refusing to go on. The train, slacking down as it approached the station, was still coming at terrific speed less than fifty yards away. Stubby saw his chance. The bank above the road was soft and weedy. He could jump like a cat, and they would be slow to miss or search for him in the excitement. But the blind boy's hand was on his arm; his plaintive cry was in his ear. He looked at the frail lad, and thought of him, mangled and bleeding, under the car wheels. Then he set his teeth together with a man's purpose. He thrust the lines into the boy's hands.

"Hold them tight. Pull hard. Don't let up for an instant," he said.

Those who were watching saw him leap over the dashboard and step out on the shafts. He swung himself down, gripping the bridle of the leader, throwing himself directly in front of the maddened animals, while the great iron monster, puffing and screaming, thundered down the track.

When Stubby opened his eyes, he was lying on the

depot platform. There was a queer, numb feeling about his head, and both arms seemed to be pinned to his side. He could see the big grays, champing and fretting, but unharmed, standing near, with a couple of men at their heads. The carriage was empty. His eyes came back to those around him, and he realized that a very small, nervous hand, with a familiar touch, was resting on his forehead.

"Is he awake yet, father?" asked the blind boy.

The tall man in black looked very grave as he replied. Stubby knew the face; he had caught a glimpse of it at the prison that morning, and knew him for the Chief Executive of the State. He addressed Stubby, speaking with a gentleness and courtesy that were new to the little outcast.

"Who are you, and what is your name, my boy?"

A man in the crowd, one of the prison officials, answered for him.

"It's only Stubby Sullivan, your Honor. You'll find his name on our records, sir. He's serving a seven-year term for horse-stealing. Looks like he's been up to his old tricks again."

"Do you mean to say that this child is a convict?"

The Governor's voice shook. His eyes were blazing fire. Stubby interpreted the situation in his own way. It was the same old thing. The whole world was down on him, as it always had been. He tried to clench his small fists; he looked anger and hatred at them all.

"You're all agin me. My last chance is gone," he screamed shrilly.

The Governor stooped beside the injured boy, so that his words might reach him and him alone.

"Stubby," he said, slowly and impressively, "you've had your chance, and you—took—it nobly."

The anger died out of the boy's eyes as he met the Governor's gentle look. He searched the faces of those about him. For the first time in his life he beheld kind looks and warm approval on every hand. The homely freckled face was transfigured with the look of happiness that dawned upon it, but his eyes still searched the face of the Chief Executive with unspoken longing.

"There are many more chances for you," continued the Governor, and his dignified look, which swept the crowd, including the prison officer who had spoken so slightly of the boy, seemed to challenge question.

"The boy who will meet his duty bravely in the face of temptation and danger is deserving of everybody's trust, and I for one shall not withhold it. I only hope other convicts I may set free will do as well as this boy, who shall never again set foot within the prison."

Stubby shut his eyes very tight. He was not going to let all of those strange people see the tears that shame and pain and hunger, and all the ills he had suffered, could never wring from him.

A BRILLIANT YOUNG TENNIS-PLAYER.

IT is frequently said that the younger men are crowding out the older ones, and nowhere is this seen more clearly than in the game of expert lawn-tennis. Slowly but surely the older, more experienced, and veteran players at the game have to give way to younger and more brilliant experts. The last two years have been full of tennis successes for the boys, and the future, doubtless, has increased triumphs in store for them. Two years ago the singles championship of America was won by a boy of nineteen years, and less important prizes have been won by younger lads.

In the national tournament at Newport in 1890 the brilliant playing of a boy, then fifteen years old, attracted much attention. His name was Malcolm G. Chace, and his home was Providence. Besides being well known as an expert player in his own city, he had attracted considerable notice by the close match he had played at the Narragansett Pier tournament with that almost invincible opponent, R. P. Huntington, Jun., the week before the national championships. A great number of the spectators who see the daily contests at Newport gathered round the court upon which young Chace was doing his very best against that experienced expert Deane Miller. The older man evidently did not expect to have very much trouble with his little adversary, but his confidence changed to surprise when he found himself being beaten. Long after the other contests of the day had been finished, these two were still playing away. Two sets each were scored, and the count mounted very



MALCOLM G. CHACE.

respectively schools that silk banner which was the emblem of the supremacy. After a hard and close match, in which both showed great coolness and nerve, Chace won, thus becoming the Interscholastic champion for 1892. This fall Chace will enter

high on the fifth and deciding one. Finally the plucky efforts of the boy were rewarded, and he won this set and the match amid much applause. Although beaten in the next round of the tournament by Clarence Hobart, yet the Providence boy had made his mark as a coming player, and old heads at the game said, "There is a boy who one day will be heard from in tennis circles."

Last year young Chace was a little out of health, caused by an injury, and he very wisely decided not to play tennis. So he kept out of tournaments, and did not appear in the Newport championships of that year, and those who did not know of his injury wondered what had become of the Providence lad. But in the first tennis competition of this year he appeared, and the way he wielded his racket showed that his year of enforced idleness had done him no harm. It was the annual Interscholastic tourney, which is held each May on the Harvard College courts, and is open to all students at any of the college preparatory schools belonging to the association. Chace entered from the University Grammar-School of Providence, and in spite of a sore hand he won his way easily right through the tournament to the final round. Here he met another rising player in the person of C. R. Budlong, also from Providence. So these two Rhode Island boys played for that Interscholastic championship and the honor of proudly taking back to their



A TOURNAMENT MATCH AT NEWPORT.

Providence University, which institution he will represent at the Intercollegiate Tournament in New Haven next October.

From the time of his success at Cambridge down to the present, this season's career of the boy from Providence has been full of triumphs. In no less than four of the New England open tournaments and he reached the finals only to find when he arrived there that his old antagonist, F. H. Hovey, the present Intercollegiate champion, was also there ready to meet him. For Hovey also had entered these tournaments, and invariably defeated his young antagonist in the concluding match of each competition. But Chace kept right on playing his very best game, and each time made a better showing against his victor. He bided his time, and finally his turn came.

He entered the Nahant invitation tennis tournament, to which only the eight best players in the country are invited. Every contestant plays at least one match of the best three out of five sets with every other man. The first day Chace met defeat at the hands of E. L. Hall. The third day the great surprise of the tournament occurred. The redoubtable Clarence Hobart, the second best player in all these United States, went down before the cool, steady, and skilful play of the Providence boy. Perhaps the noted Hobart was not playing as well as he has at times, but however this may be, his victor deserves great credit for being the third player to defeat Hobart in two years. As coolly and composedly did the winner play as if at practice on his own court, and when he saw a chance of success, instead of becoming nervous, he became steadier and more determined.

Next Chace met F. H. Hovey for the sixth time this summer, and encouraged by his success over Hobart, the Intercollegiate champion played as he seldom had played before. Hovey, it was said, had been ill, but he did not show it during the only set that was played. Each point of every game was contested with cool persistency, the swift volley strokes of Hovey met by the accurately placed and almost as fast returns of Chace. Game after game slowly alternated, and the score gradually crept up to the astonishingly high count of nine games all. First one player would get the vantage game, and then the other would bring the score back to deuce games again. At several different times one single point would have given either contestant the set. Finally, Chace won the set at eleven games to nine, after which Hovey felt too ill to continue the play, and so defaulted to his opponent. At Nahant, Chace and Hobart were a tie for the second place, an exceptionally good record in so famous a competition.

Malcolm G. Chace is tall and well formed, and was seventeen years old on his last birthday. He evidently will make a large man before he stops growing. He has played tennis for about five years, and loves the game for itself, and not for the prizes incidental to success. He prefers the "base-line" game. That is, he takes the ball on the bound whenever he can, and not on the volley. He is about as strong with his backhand ground strokes as with his forehand, and his close, swift, and accurate side-line placing is one of his strongest points. He serves remarkably well, but is rather weak in his net play, in which position he must become more skilful and effective if he desires further triumphs at the game. Chace is always courteous, quiet, and manly, and his further progress on the tennis-field will be watched with much interest. F. R. C.

AN IRON RAIN.

ANY clear night, if the watcher has patience he may see one or more "shooting-stars," or meteors. These are not stars at all, but often are more brilliant than any star, because they are so near us that their friction against the earth's atmosphere either causes them to glow at white-heat or to flame up like a torch. Even a very small meteor, one not much larger than a pinhead, might become distinctly visible in this way, and seen against a background of constellations, outshine the north star.

The whole solar system, astronomers say, is strewn with particles of matter known as star-dust, while larger bodies known as meteoroids chase one another about the sun at intervals of a few miles. Usually when these meteoroids encounter the earth's atmosphere they break into small fragments and fall harmlessly to the ground. It is thought that only six or seven hundred of these meteoric stones reach the surface of the earth unbroken in the course of a year, while the number of small particles which fall has been estimated at 2,000,000 a day. If the air did not act as a cushion, no casualty would be more common than being hit by a meteorite.

Meteorites are usually composed of iron, silicon, and oxygen,

the three elements which are most common in the earth, and as no new elements have been found in these visitors from space, it is believed that the solar system, and perhaps the universe, are made out of the same material as the earth.

The motion of falling meteors is very curious. One has been known to travel on a line almost parallel with the earth's surface, and from sixty to one hundred miles above it, all the way from Indian Territory to Central New York, where it is supposed to have fallen in fragments. Another passed from Michigan across New York State and on out to sea between New York city and New Haven. These meteors travel six or seven hundred miles an hour after they become visible.

Meteors are most common about August 10th and December 7th, when the earth annually encounters long droves of meteoroids as they journey around the sun. Once in thirty-three years the earth crosses the thin stream of Leonides which seems to come from the constellation Leo, and is so long that six or eight years are required for this flock of meteors, travelling twenty-six miles a second, to pass a given point. When the earth meets this great torch-light procession there is a display worth seeing. The next one will take place in November, 1899.

Where meteors come from is not known. Whether they are fragments of a bursted planet or collected star-dust can only be surmised. Once it was thought that they kept up the sun's supply of heat by running into him, but that theory has been abandoned. What is certain is that the planets are becoming somewhat larger and heavier every year through the shower of meteors and star-dust that is constantly falling. Thus it happens that while it never rains pitchforks, yet iron enough to make a pitchfork rains upon the earth every day.

HUNTING FOR BURIED TREASURE.

THE idea of digging in the ground in the hope of finding a store of gold appeals to every one, even to the least imaginative person in the world. It is so easy a way to get rich that digging does not seem like hard work in the excitement of the moment. After the search has been thoroughly pushed and nothing found, then the labor becomes apparent.

An expedition has sailed from San Francisco, bound for Cocos Island, a place 400 miles from Panama, containing 16,000 acres. It is said that in 1822 some famous pirates buried \$50,000,000 on the island, and that the men were all killed before they could unearth it. The secret came into possession of a Captain August Gisher, who now owns a large portion of the island, and he is at the head of the expedition to find the treasure. It is said that the party are confident of success, and will stay some time on the island. The treasure is said to be buried in different places, 175 tons of silver dollars being in one spot, and \$15,000,000 worth of gold brick in another. This is certainly a treasure worth hunting for, but there have been so many wild-goose expeditions of the same kind that people are rather sceptical about the success of this one.

Within sight of prosaic New York another search is being made, but this is for no pirate treasure, and it is not in the ground. During the Revolution the British ship *Hussar* sank near the entrance to Long Island Sound. According to tradition there was nearly \$5,000,000 in gold aboard of her, intended for the payment of British troops then in this country. A company has been formed to search for this treasure, and a great dredge is now at work seeking the sunken vessel. It is believed that the divers have found the correct spot, and the dredge is bringing interesting things to the top. Among other things found lately were some grape-shot, a silver shoe-buckle, a gold guinea of 1728, and a penny. This has encouraged the seekers to further exertions, although plenty of scoffers are to be found. It must be exceedingly interesting to feel that any day \$5,000,000 may be made at one scoop of the dredge. In years past other people have sought for this wealth and have found—nothing.

The buried spoils of Captain Kidd probably have interested more people than either of the treasures referred to above; but the trouble about Kidd's treasure is that no one knows where it is hidden. Some say in Florida, some in New England, others claim that it was buried in an island of the Southern Ocean. The wide difference of opinion is not at all encouraging, and though there is a little island in Long Island Sound which the natives call Kidd's Island, no coin has ever been found there to the writer's knowledge, except one single copper cent, and as that bore the date of 1880, it probably was not left there by the famous old pirate.



BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

AUTHOR OF "THE MOON PRINCE," "A DAY IN WAHLAND," ETC.

Part XX.

"IF you will now have the kindness to pull the string, I shall be happy to make the attempt of my life," said Opoponax, as they turned a bend in the road.

"I should be but too happy to comply," replied the First Jester, "could I do so conscientiously. You know I have undertaken not only to teach you the physical art of laughing, if I may so put it, but to make it clear to you when to laugh, and the things to laugh at. It would therefore be unjust to you, and inconsistent with my self-respect as a philosopher and a fool, to pull the string without cause."

"But I notice a picture yonder which strikes me as being funny, yet I think it cannot be in the least ludicrous on account of the slack string. It represents a man driving a pig. The man and the pig are connected, so to speak, by a long cord, which stretches from the hand of the man to a hinder leg of the pig, who is at present filling the air with an undulate screech that loosens the jewels in my crown. Now, then, is that man teaching the pig to laugh, as I am being taught, and is the pig's laugh a success?"

The face of Opoponax was as cold and expressionless as a goat's eye until the First Jester gave the string a pretty hard jerk.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha—"

"That's enough!" replied the First Jester; "take it easy; no house was ever builded within six months of the date set by the builder. When we can swim three strokes we can swim any distance if we have the confidence. You can already laugh three syllables pretty well; now you must be perfectly calm, and you'll soon be able to laugh gracefully and well. But what pleases me most is your appreciation of the comic side of the man driving the pig. Of course you did not really appreciate it, because you had to ask me if it was funny. But you at least thought it funny, and asked me if I could confirm you in that suspicion, which is an indication of progress."

Then turning to the Second Jester he told him to make a note of the entire scene, with all the details. While doing so, the First Jester complimented the King in warmest terms, and assured him that he had great hopes of his ultimate success. This unexpected compliment, which Opoponax knew to be a sincere one, would have made him smile if he had been capable of so doing. But not being able to smile, he danced for joy.

"You say this Timothy Hay, the Laughing Farmer, is really a great laugher?"

"Indeed he is," replied the First Jester. "If his turnips were as great as his laughs they would be bigger than barrels, and would have to be pulled out of the earth by horse-power."

"That is good enough to pull the string on," said the Second Jester. "Give it a pull, and don't keep the poor King in suspense. Don't you notice the worried expression of his face?"

"Excuse me," said the First Jester; "I didn't make that remark for the sake of an excuse to pull the string. I merely wished to impress upon the mind of good Opoponax the laughing power of Timothy Hay, and the turnip simile was the first one that occurred to me. But," said the First Jester,

"the laughter of Timothy Hay is peculiar. He laughs at anything and everything. Tell him a hot biscuit is not as digestible as a cold one, and he will laugh until the tears roll down his face. Now, as laughter is infectious, I want you to catch it from him. Notice how he laughs, and laugh with him, without reference to the string, and you will catch the movement and spirit of his merriment, just as you catch the time and air of an operatic chorus. You hear a piece of music that makes no particular impression on you, and three weeks later, while walking along the street, without knowing how or why, you whistle that tune perfectly. Now I presume it is quite possible that after hearing Timothy Hay laugh a few times, you may, some fine day, while signing the death-warrant of a strolling musician, unconsciously burst forth into the same kind of a laugh, and be happy ever after."

"Ah, that I may!" said Opoponax; "ah, that I may! But I trust I may never know how to laugh until I am first capable of distinguishing those things which should be laughed at from those things which should not."

The King's mind was greatly disturbed by the reflection set forth in the foregoing paragraph. In fact, he already feared the result of learning to laugh. What could be more painful than to know how to laugh and not when to laugh? Being at present unable to laugh, no one was ever offended at his silence, but let him once learn, and he would be expected to join in on the occasion of every jest. This, he reflected, would make him what he termed the trial dog of the kingdom. Every man with a joke would try it on him, and his life would become a burden. And, further, he would laugh at



IS THAT MAN TEACHING THE PIG TO LAUGH?

many utterances absolutely barren of merit, and his royal indorsement would give currency to many an alleged *bon mot*, and fill the country with feeble jests.

These and other equally depressing thoughts filled the mind of Opoponax as the three hobbled along the road. The Second Jester was the first to break the silence.

"Yonder is the homestead of Timothy Hay, the Laughing Farmer."

Opoponax looked in the direction in which the Second Jester pointed, and saw a small weather-beaten house standing alone upon a hill, under a spreading tree.

"How said," mused the King. "Do you suppose it looks doleful by way of contrast to the demeanor of the Laughing Farmer?"

"Very likely it does," replied the First Jester, wishing to please the King.

"I trust so," observed the King; "for then must the farmer be merry."

Here they entered the gateway and ascended the hill, but no sooner had they gone half-way up than they met a cow that, while munching clover, appeared to be laughing. Before the King could express his great surprise at such a curious sight, the Second Jester observed, "It is possibly the result of living with this farmer, who, probably, from motives of economy, allows his herds to fatten on laughter, or, rather, to laugh and grow fat."

Bang! went the string, and the King attempted a laugh that caused the cow to look up in startled surprise, while tears formed in her eyes. It made the King sad at heart to be regarded in this way by a cow, and he, no doubt, would have wept, had he not just at that moment heard a peal of laughter floating over the hill, and directly Timothy Hay appeared, shaking with laughter.

"He is probably laughing at nothing at all, and is doubtless unconscious of the very fact that he is laughing."

"If he can laugh that way at nothing, how must he laugh at a good joke?" asked the King.

"We haven't time to discuss that," said the First Jester. "Just you watch him, and try to join in."

The King tried in vain. In fact, his solemn demeanor frightened Timothy Hay, who fancied his King had come to do him evil.

"I have not put water in the milk, or been guilty of a dishonest action in disposing of my produce," began the Laughing Farmer, wishing to set the King's mind at rest before he could accuse him of anything.

"Is that a joke?" asked the King of the First Jester.

"Oh my, no," replied the Laughing Farmer, in an agitated tone. "It is no joke; it is the honest truth."

"Must I laugh?" asked the King.

Here the Laughing Farmer suddenly lost control of himself, and laughed so hard and well that the King tried to join in, but suddenly checked himself with the remark that he was not so vain and conceited as to fancy himself warranted in laughing in the presence of such an artist.

"Indeed, my good fellow. I never heard such a laugh as yours before," said the King, pleasantly.

"And I must say I never heard one like yours before," replied the Laughing Farmer, feeling happy through and through upon realizing that the King was not making him a hostile visit. "Are you out of tune?"

The First Jester gave the string a jerk, and the King made a violent attempt to obey. But it seemed to freeze the heart of the Laughing Farmer.

"Oh, suppose I should ever be able to laugh like that!" said the King. "Were you born so, or is it an after-effect of typhoid fever?"

The string was pulled again, and again the King tried to laugh, but with no better results than before.

"Would you mind telling me the meaning of that string?" asked the Laughing Farmer. "Is the King near-sighted that he should be led in this way?"

The reply was a jerk on the cord, and another attempt upon the part of the King to laugh heartily.



A COW THAT APPEARED TO BE LAUGHING

"I'm pretty well informed in the ways of men that work by the day," said the Laughing Farmer, in disgust; "but I don't know much about Kings and their ways, which leads me to fancy that the work of a Court Jester must be a thankless task. I should think such a laugh as that would be a scorching commentary on the jest."

"You use very good language for a simple agriculturist," said the King. "Will you tell me how you acquired it?"

"From reading the circus posters on the highway fences," replied the Laughing Farmer. "For beautiful imagery, flowery simile, and silver phrase, if I may so put it, there is nothing that compares favorably with the circus poster, which, in spite of the vulgar illustrations, is an irregular poem—a limpid, purling runnel of sweetest song."

"Hereafter," said the King, "I shall be a patron of the circus, and shall abandon my habit of collecting postage-stamps and coins to become a collector of circus posters. On my return I shall cause this advertisement to be printed: 'Will exchange a rare and valuable collection of coins and postage-stamps for circus posters. For particulars address Opoponax, Axminster Palace.' It will be an intellectual amusement, and will doubtless make me a silver-tongued orator."

"Stranger things than that have happened," said the Laughing Farmer; "and I don't see why one cannot glean wisdom from the circus poster. We are taught by the busy bee—"

"What are we taught by the busy bee?" asked the King.

"Not to take hold of him by the hinder extremity."

In response to the cord Opoponax made a desperate attempt to laugh, which resulted in tears pouring down his face.

"He is not weeping," the First Jester explained; "it is only his way of laughing."

"But I notice that you never laugh."

"On the principle that the undertaker never weeps, I never laugh," replied the First Jester. "Being a Minister of Laughing, it would be inconsistent with my professional dignity to even smile. If you knew how candy is made, you would never eat it. If you knew how jokes are made, then would you never laugh."

"I never thought of that before," said the Laughing Farmer; "but as sure as my name is Timothy Hay it is sound philosophy, for I can say that although I raise spring chickens, I never eat them."

"You don't?"

"No; I barter them for gold, and live on beef."

"But if you don't live on the chickens you raise, your argument is a little shaky, as you must live on the beef you raise," observed the Second Jester.

"But I don't raise my beef. I buy it with the money realized from the spring chickens. You see the price of one pound of spring chicken yields two pounds of beef. But, prithee, let us abandon this commercial talk."

"If you will tell us how you learned to laugh in such a spontaneous, soulful way we will agree to dismiss the subject of business. Now what do you laugh at when you appear to be laughing at nothing at all?" asked the King.

"At humanity," replied the Laughing Farmer. "I was sent in early life to a great city to learn a business, and it was there that I first laughed on observing the amusing vanities of man. And as the vanities continued, so did the laugh. It is not a sinister, uncharitable laugh, for I am very fond of my fellow-man in whatever station I find him. I imagine that your inability to laugh is owing to the fact that you know little of the world and your kind. But if you will come up to the house I will show you some circus posters."

The King was delighted beyond measure at this kind

invitation, as were the First and Second Jesters, and the party immediately started in the direction of the house, in the happy anticipation of a rare treat. They seated themselves around a long table, upon which the Laughing Farmer placed a great pile of circus posters of every color and description. The King regarded them with great joy, and when the others returned from the well whither they had gone for a drink, they found the King lying on his chest on the floor, with his chin resting on his hands, regarding the blue and yellow posters with childish delight. He didn't notice the reappearance of the others, and they remained silent in the enjoyment of the novel scene.

"This is a clown trying to ride a trick mule," he soliloquized; "but I dare not attempt hilarity independently of the string. What beautiful language! The average Prime Minister has not such a vocabulary. And what entrancing animals! Why, it is a liberal education to study the circus poster!"

Just at this time the King began to drum on the carpet with his toes, and to kick his feet in the air. The small boy of the house, never having seen a King before, didn't know exactly what to make of him; so when he entered at the back door and saw the cord, he thought the other end of it should be made fast to something to prevent its subject from wandering away. With this idea uppermost in his mind, he noiselessly tied the cord to the knob of the open door and went out. He had not been gone more than a minute or so when the wind blew the door shut, which tightened the cord, and the King again tried to laugh.

"There was no joke," said the First Jester, coming in; "it was only an accident."

This amused the King very much, and the Laughing Farmer was so pleased at the way in which so powerful a monarch regarded it that he said he would unfold a secret. The secret was to the effect that during the winter a circus made his farm its quarters. Out in the barn they had a practice ring, in which youthful aspirants were taught to ride and tumble, and where all the mysteries of the profession were laid bare to the observer. Opoponax wanted to know if he could drop over during the season of snow, to make a study of it.

"I will hold balloons and spread the carpet in the ring," said the King. "If you don't believe me, let us now go out, and I will show you how I can rake a ring."

They took him at his word, and out they went to the ring, where the King raked away like a good fellow. After he had raked the ring, he said he would like to ride around a few times and study a poster.

Accordingly a horse was brought, and the King rode around waving an orange-colored poster, and seemed as happy as a small boy with a new drum.

"Opoponax is really a very good King," laughed the Farmer, as he watched him flying around the circle, his robe flying behind him in the air, and his crown bobbing up and down in response to the motion of the horse.

"A good King," said the First Jester. "I think that is too mild a way of putting it. He is a most excellent person. He doesn't laugh at our jokes, to be sure; but then he doesn't ask us to explain them."

The horse had stopped, and the King hopped down.

"I will show you a neat trick," said the Laughing Farmer. So he embraced the King, and away they whirled around the ring like a wheel, until you couldn't tell where the King began or the Laughing Farmer ended.

The jesters looked in blank astonishment at the presumption of the Laughing Farmer, and said together:

"He will surely lose his head!"

And sure enough he did, because when they stood up the Farmer's head was on the King's shoulders, and the King's was on the Farmer's.

"I never heard of such a thing as this," said the King's

head. "Here I have the body and legs of a Farmer, with which I can never appear in court."

"As you are so sensitive," replied the Farmer's head, laughing, "you had better stay on the farm, and I will run the kingdom with your legs. It will be a great change for both of us. In saying this I want to be understood as regretting the change that has just occurred."

"Sir," said the King's head, severely, "I am Opoponax the First!"

"Pardon me," replied the Farmer's head, "you are now only Opoponax the Half. I am the other half. I think that as a King you are now, so to speak, null and void. You are better fitted for farming than I am, because you have my muscular body. If I haven't your knowledge in my agricultural head, I can depend on a Prime Minister for guidance. And in the winter you can have a grand time with the circus people. All I want is my jack-knife."

Here the Farmer's head took the knife from the vest of the other, and went away laughing with the jesters.

"It is all right," said the King's head. "I will remain on the farm, and allow you to have the throne; I trust you may be very happy on it, and live a long and prosperous life."

"I thank you," said the Farmer's head, "but wish to impress upon you the fact that this peculiar change is quite as unpleasant to me as to you, and I would give anything to have you your old self again. Remove the cord, Sir Jester."

While he was untying the cord the Farmer's head said,

"What is that peculiar pain in this foot?"

"It is the gout," replied the King's head, "and you want to take good care of the body on account of the rheumatism. Is there anything defective about your—or rather this—my—body?"

"Nothing," replied the Farmer's head, "that I know



THE FARMER'S HEAD WAS ON THE KING'S BODY

of. Those legs will carry you fifty miles a day, and you have what I have not."

"What, pray?"

"A pair of hands," replied the Farmer's head, "that will always make you a living. It is now time to milk the cows and bed the horses for the night. Adieu!"

"Adieu," replied the King's head, trying in vain to laugh, "and may you be such a great and good King that your name shall become dear to all the people, and may your fame lead the appreciative to name many race-horses and standing collars after you."

And the King's head went to milk the cows, while the Farmer's head departed with the jesters in the direction of Axminster Palace.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

MISS KITTY'S FIRST PONY.

BY JNO. GEMER SPEED.

A LITTLE while ago I told something about my little friend Miss Kitty and her attempt to make a kitchen garden. That was a story of last summer. This spring she came to her country home in Nearby much earlier than usual, and was very anxious to begin work in a flower garden under the guidance of Mr. Sandy McCosh, her father's gardener. But this has been a cold and unamiable spring, and pretty nearly the whole of May passed before there was warmth enough for Miss Kitty to begin her work. There promised to be long days for the young lady, who was an impatient little body, but probably not more so than is usual. It was clear to me that something must be found for her to do. The grass was not yet strong enough on the tennis-courts for these to be played upon, and the winds were so chill that to be comfortable in the open air it was necessary to be in motion. And surely no one, after a long six months in town, cared to come to the country to be shut up in the house. Miss Kitty told me one day that during the winter she had had, on two or three occasions, a donkey ride in the Central Park. But with fine scorn she tossed her little head, and expressed the opinion that donkey-riding, with a boy to lead the beast, was but small sport for a girl of her age. Miss Kitty will soon be eleven years old now. She said that donkey-riding might be very jolly for babies, but it was too undignified for her to enjoy. You see, Miss Kitty is an only child, and as she sees much more of her father and mother than of children of her own age, she has many grown-up notions and grown-up ways of expressing herself.

This gave me an idea. Miss Kitty ought to have a pony. But where could one be had, and how could Miss Kitty's mother be won over to the idea of trusting her precious daughter on the back of a little horse? These were serious questions, for Nearby is way up in the mountains, where the farmers do not have any horses except heavy animals fit for field-work. Clearly, a pony could not be had in that neighborhood, and in New York those sufficiently trained to be ridden by a little girl were held by the dealers at prices too fancy for me to pay. My heart was set on getting a pony for Miss Kitty, but how I was to do it was a most serious puzzle. One day, while out riding, I saw in the pasture of one of my neighbors a small colt, the mother of which had been the mustang pony that belonged to a boy who had been a boarder with this farmer several years before. The colt was quite a small fellow, and in color a bright chestnut. I went up to the fence, and the colt came up to where I was. I dismounted and climbed over the fence. He did not run away, but rubbed his nose against me, and seemed as friendly as a dog. I looked into his mouth, and found that he was four years old. This was the very thing, I thought, for he was clean-limbed and strong, and seemed as gentle as an old lady's kitten. Just about the time I had reached this conclusion, my neighbor came along in his wagon and stopped. We exchanged greetings.

"Don't you want to buy a race-horse?" he asked, with a smile.

"Not exactly a race-horse," I answered; and then added, interrogatively, "I did not know you dealt in thoroughbreds."

"Well, I don't," he answered, "unless you call that thing a thoroughbred."

"Surely you don't wish to sell him?" I asked.

"Yes, I do, if I can find anybody fool enough to buy him."

Now ensued a nice little discussion as to the value of colts in general and of this one in particular. The upshot of it was that the little fellow was brought down to

my place, a boy leading him by a halter, and Miss Kitty had a pony. By careful grooming, in which process the long hairs were trimmed off, he was immensely improved in appearance. Soon I heard a little voice scolding Dot for some naughtiness. Dot was Miss Kitty's fox-terrier. I went out into the garden and joined her.

"How would you like a pony, Miss Kitty?" I asked.

"Oh, ever so much! But mamma would be afraid for me to ride."

"But she let you ride the donkeys."

"Yes; but donkeys are not ponies, you know."

"Well, suppose I should get you a little fellow that was half donkey and half pony, don't you think she would let you ride him?"

"Oh, you are making fun," she said.

With that I took her into the stable and showed her the little mule I had bought that morning. I had trimmed him up so neatly that he looked as little as possible like a donkey. But there were his donkey ears. Miss Kitty's eyes evidently looked at these oftener than at his trim legs and strong shoulders. She had been at the horse shows in New York, and was not to be imposed upon and made to believe anything she was told. But her faith in me made her doubts vanish, and she said,

"And may I ride him?"

"If your mother consents. And if you like him, you may have him."

"Oh, you dear old old sweetheart!" she said. "Let us go ask mamma at once."

So, with the mule following by the halter, we went over to see Miss Kitty's mother. We found that lady pacing up and down the piazza with a fur wrap on, although it was well into April. The consent of this lady was easily obtained, for she thought Miss Kitty's pony was a donkey, whereas it was only a mule. Miss Kitty's mother did not think donkeys in the least dangerous, for she had travelled in Egypt when she was a girl, and had learned that the sluggishness of these deep-braying long-eared little brutes is all but unconquerable. So far in our enterprise all had been plain sailing, and we could not do much more until Miss Kitty had a saddle and bridle for her steed. This, too, was an easy matter, for in the village there was a long-distance telephone, and soon I had the ear of a New York saddler, and in a short while he had promised that a little saddle and bridle and whip should reach Nearby by express the next morning. It is to be noticed that a whip was also ordered. This is a good place to say to all young people who shall ever attempt to ride mules, that the whip is an absolutely necessary part of the outfit.

When we had returned from the village, Miss Kitty wished to pay another visit to the stable, and of course I went with her, for I had now become more her slave than ever.

"What shall you call him?" I asked.

"Let's see; it's a boy name we want. How would Philip do?"

"I don't think that would do; that's too fine a name for a mule. Suppose you call him Bill, or Billy?" I suggested.

"Oh, that's what they call goats. I don't like that at all."

By this time we were at the stable, and the little fellow looked at us with friendly eyes that had never known fear. He had been brought up in the farm-yard, and had been as much a part of the farmer's family as the dogs and cats. The children had played with him and ridden him from the time he was a year old, and so he had become thoroughly domesticated. When the farmer learned that he ate almost as much as a horse, and did no useful work, he was very anxious to sell him. He had long before "eaten his head off." He was a chestnut, with mane and tail inclined to be flaxen, and the

only white was a diamond shaped spot in the centre of his forehead. When Miss Kitty saw this, she said:

"Suppose we call him Spot? Then I shall have Spot and Dot."

"When a horse has a white spot like that in his forehead, it is not called a spot," I said, "but it is generally called a star."

"Well, then, suppose we call him Star?" she said.

I did not think that Star was a very appropriate name for a mule, but I saw that Miss Kitty's heart was set on making a kind of match team, so far as names went, out of her horse and dog, and assented to this choice. The dog was called Dot because he had a little black spot in his forehead just between his eyes. We took Star out into my pasture lot, and I asked Miss Kitty if she would think it too undignified to take a ride astride. She said of course not. She was *all* little girl now, and I don't think that the donkeylike look of Star's ears worried her in the least. Indeed, I am convinced that if any one had been heartless enough to twit her about her horse's ears, she would have maintained stoutly that they were very good ears, very handsome ears—for a mule. So I lifted her up, and then led Star around in a walk. He seemed to like it, and so did Miss Kitty. Then we trotted a little, and I found that if we went a little faster than a walk, that Star broke naturally into a low canter very similar to that of the Indian ponies of the West. This was an inheritance from his mother, and it was most admirable, for there is no gait easier at once on horse and rider than this low canter, which in the West is called a lope, and is constantly used on the plains. I got tired out long before either Star or Miss Kitty showed fatigue, and so begged off till morning.

The expressman arrived with a box from New York before I had finished breakfast. I had it sent to the stable, and then sent for Miss Kitty. She came in almost breathless hurry. We had the box opened, and found in it a beautiful little side-saddle of English fashion, with three pommels, the third pommel fastened with a screw, so that it could be removed. And the saddle, as should every lady's saddle, had three girths, a crupper, and a breast strap. And the bridle, too, was a beauty in fair leather. It had a double headstall, a curb bit, and a snaffle, with a rein for each. And there was a pair of martingales. The whip was a pretty little thing that looked like a toy, but was capable of service. That saddler knows his business, and if I had his permission I should tell his name right here. But he is a modest man, and might not like it. I removed the crupper and breast strap from the saddle, and the curb bit and second rein from the bridle. In our ride that morning we did not mean to do anything but very simple work, and I thought the less Miss Kitty and Star had to bother them, the better they would get along. On second thought I also removed the third pommel, which probably is more in the way than not when a little girl takes her first lesson in riding. When Star was saddled and bridled he really made a very good appearance, and if it had not been for his ears, would have been all that could be desired. But then if it had not been for Star's long ears, we should not have had so plain sailing with Miss Kitty's mother. So probably, as the whist-players say, honors were easy on that score.

When I lifted Miss Kitty into the saddle, her cheeks were aglow with pleasure, and her blue eyes had in them a depth of light that indicated keen and active enjoyment. Before we started out in the country lanes—I did not mean that morning to go on any of the main highways—I led Star into the pasture lot, so that we could walk around and see whether all was right or not. Four or five times we circled this, and all seemed well. Miss Kitty knew something of driving, as she had often held the reins while out with her father. She knew that to

make a horse go to the right, she must pull the right rein, and if she wished him to go to the left, the left rein. Star knew this much too, and so far he was what the horse trainers call "bridlewise." But surely, thought I, it won't do for Miss Kitty to hold a rein in each hand, like an old woman driving to market, and pull first on one and then the other. She would never be a graceful horsewoman in such fashion. Then I tried to think how I was taught to hold the reins in one hand and still unerringly guide my horse. But it was so long since I had learned to ride that I had clean forgotten the method of instruction. So I concluded not to bother about how to teach the young lady, for I rightly concluded that Miss Kitty would do what I told her without caring to know the reason why.

When I had concluded that there was no harm in Star, I fastened a strap to the ring of his bit, and passed it through the other ring. Then I mounted, holding this strap in my right hand, and we started out on an unfrequented mountain road. For half a mile we went no faster than a walk. Then there was a steep hill, and I went a little faster, so that Star could take his easy lope. All the while I explained to Miss Kitty as best I could what she should do. We got along famously, and did a good four miles before reaching home. Then in the pasture lot I let Miss Kitty ride Star without the leading rein. I walked by her side, and she guided her mule pony one way and another at pleasure. This, I think, was doing very nicely for a first lesson.

The next day and the next the same exercises were gone through with. On the fourth day we took our four-mile ride, and then in the pasture lot I let Miss Kitty walk, trot, and canter about, while I stood and looked on without attempting to follow. All went well, and I was persuaded the next day to let Miss Kitty and Star go it alone without the leading rein. This I did, and without mishap. After about ten days we took to the big roads. Our first unhappy adventure was when a big cur-dog ran barking at our heels. Star got frightened and ran into a ditch on the side of the road. Miss Kitty was scared too, but more scared at the dog than at anything Star might do to her. I was glad that this had happened, as no harm came of it, for it is very hurtful for one just learning to ride to have an idea that the exercise is devoid of danger. Such persons are apt to become reckless, and so invite disaster. This fearlessness in an ignorant person is only less advantageous than too much timidity. Both need to be overcome. So I told Miss Kitty that she must watch Star, and when he was likely to become frightened, she must reassure him, and supply him with the courage that he lacked. I also told her that a thoroughly frightened horse was frequently uncontrollable except by main force, and was as irresponsible as a madman. Now we were ready to give an exhibition, and Kitty's mother and father were invited to the pasture lot to see Miss Kitty ride.

Miss Kitty took Star around in a walk, in a trot, and a canter. She turned him this way and that with only the left hand, and both pony and rider seemed to like the performance. There is mighty little of the mule in Star, after all. The father and mother were delighted, and the latter would have sent off at once to a tailor to have made for her daughter a regular riding-habit with a high hat. Probably Miss Kitty would have liked this; but I persuaded the mother to wait for that until they went to New York in the fall, when they could buy a real pony—all horse, and no mule at all—and send their charming little daughter to riding-school, where her equestrian education could be completed by some master in the art. But I am sure that even when Miss Kitty becomes a fine young lady, as surely she will, and gallops through the Park on a Kentucky thoroughbred, she will always fondly remember her little long-eared Star—her first pony.



LITTLE GIRL FACING-BOTH-WAYS. (From Panel.)

A SOUTH AFRICAN INCIDENT.
THE VAIN MONKEY.

THE monkey said to himself, said he,
"There is nothing else that looks like me;"
And a little bird,
Who had overheard,
Laughed so hard that he fell from the tree.

A REASON.

"OH, Willie dear," said his mother, "why do you whine so?"
"Tause I don't want to forget how," answered Willie.

AN OPINION.

"WHAT sort of a baby is your new brother, Abner?"
"Oh, he's just like my other new brother. Couldn't tell 'em apart, if it wasn't that his name is different."

DOROTHY'S RESOLVE.

"I KNOW what I'd do if I'd been one of Mrs. Twemlow's little girls," said Dorothy, giving her mother's hand an affectionate squeeze.

"What would you do, Dorothy?" asked her mother.
"I'd run away, and come and live with you and papa," said Dorothy.

A COMMISSION.

WALTER had been collecting coins for some time, and one morning at breakfast he asked,

"Papa, do you go down town to make money?"

"Yes," said his father. "Why?"

"I wish you would make me a set of United States gold dollars," said Walter.

A HARD ORDER TO FILL.

POLLY. "Tell me a story, nurse."

NURSE. "Very well, honey. What'll it be about?"

POLLY. "Oh—about a—about a dwarf two miles high who lived on a mountain that was so small you couldn't see it."

WILLIE'S QUESTION.

"PAPA," said Willie.

"Well," said papa.

"If snakes were crackers, could we eat 'em?"

THE GREAT POINT.

"ARE snails awful slow, papa?" asked Marjorie.

"Very, very slow," was the reply.

"Well, would we be any faster if we had to carry our house about with us wherever we went?"

AT BREAKFAST.

"JACK, will you have some shad?" asked Jack's father.
"Yeth, please," said Jack. "Gave me a bone to pick."

THE OWL.

THE owl with his sane-like eyes
May appear exceedingly wise—
But I think he's a stupid thing.
He doesn't even know how to sing—
And sleeps while there's a ray of light,
Then wonders why he can't rest at night.

A CRITICISM.

"PAPA," said Jimmieboy, after he had inspected the new baby's hand, "this boy hasn't anything but little fingers on his hands—is that right?"

TWO HALVES MAKE A HOLE.

"WHY do you dig two holes, Jimmie?" asked his uncle, as he met his industrious nephew on the beach.

"I've only dug one hole. Those are only halves," said Jimmie.

IT LOOKED EASY.

"PAPA," said Willie, on his first day in the mountains, "I want a cloud."

"You can't get a cloud, my boy."

"Yes, you can, papa. There's one up on that mountain now, and you can go up and tie a rope to it, and lead it down; oh, awful easy."

THE DIFFERENCE.

"SEE the eagles," said Archie, sitting on the fence.

"Those aren't eagles. They're sea-gulls," said Adams. "Eagles begins with E, and sea-gulls begins with C."

A DRAWBACK.

"How many brothers have you, Jennie?" asked a visitor.

"Free—only two of 'em's girls," said Jennie.



PROOF.

"WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL—" JIMMIEBOY BEGAN.
"YOU SAID WERE A LITTLE GIRL, JIMMIEBOY," SAID THE VISITOR.
"YES, I WAS," RETURSED JIMMIEBOY. "I WORE DRESSES THE I WAS GOIN' TO FOUR."



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AN OCEAN TOBOGGAN SLIDE.—[SEE STORY ON PAGE 762.]

HERBERT'S REVENGE.

"YOU'LL be sorry for this some day!" said Herbert, angrily.

"Sorry nothing," retorted Dwight Hardy. "And if you don't want your head punched, you had better leave my sister alone. She doesn't need your help. Charlie and I can give her all the toboggan rides she wants. Can't we, Charlie?"

"I guess we can," replied Dwight's younger brother; "and anyhow, I don't believe May wants to ride with a fellow whose father has been in State-prison."

The boys had arrayed themselves in bathing suits, and stood waiting for some of the more courageous girls of the Hilltop Sunday-school picnic party, who had promised to venture upon the water toboggan at the shore. Herbert had suggested to May Hardy's brothers that he take May on his toboggan if she were willing. Mr. Hardy was a very wealthy man, and Dwight and Charlie were more conscious of their father's and their importance than any boy should be. They therefore rather curtly declined Herbert's polite offer, although they were notoriously neglectful of their sister; and when Herbert showed his resentment at the slight, the talk became decidedly animated. Finally, when Herbert heard the words "State-prison," he sprang forward to punish the boy who had dared to insult his father's good name. To Herbert's discomfiture, Mr. Thorp, the boys' Sunday-school teacher appeared just then.

"The girls are ready," Mr. Thorp began. "Why, boys, what's the matter? Fighting, Herbert?"

Herbert retired, abashed. He could not explain that although his father had been in prison, his innocence had been fully established by the death-bed confession of the real criminal. He did not wish to say that his father had died in middle life, broken in spirit and fortune, nor that his mother and himself had removed to Hilltop hoping that the story of their misfortunes would not follow them. In spite of the hard luck which Herbert had faced in his fifteen years' experience with the world, he was rarely unhappy. Perhaps the reason was that he knew what real troubles are, and trifles did not affect him; but the knowledge that his and his mother's secret had been found out was too much for his peace of mind. He cared even less on his own account than for his gentle mother, whose sorrows had already made her old, and who was at that moment sitting alone at home thinking only of her boy.

On the appearance of their teacher, all the children except Herbert ran to the toboggan slide, and were soon riding swiftly down the incline, and splashing merrily about in the water at its foot.

"Come on, Herbert," said one or two of the boys. "Don't mind those Hardys. Nobody cares what they say."

But Herbert's pleasure was spoiled, and he refused to be comforted. He stood at the top of the slide in a very resentful mood, watching the fun as the bathers sped swiftly down and toiled up to the top of the incline again. Suddenly the desire for revenge shot through his mind, but how to accomplish his desire he could not decide. At length he decided to ride down the slide a few times, just to get his bearings and hit upon a plan for punishing the Hardys.

Even with nobody to share his toboggan, the ride was glorious, and Herbert climbed up to the starting-point with less bitterness of spirit than when he went down. He lost still more of it on the second trip, and after he had ridden half a dozen times, he was ready to admit that, after all, life without the Hardys might be worth living even to a boy whose father had been imprisoned for another man's crime.

Suddenly, as he reached the top of the slide, and turned

to place his toboggan in position to descend again, he heard a scream from May Hardy, and shouts for help from her brothers. Herbert's opportunity for revenge had come. Should he take it?

The toboggan carrying the three Hardys had sailed out into deeper water than usual, and May Hardy, who was already tired with swimming and climbing, became frightened and sank. As she went down she clutched wildly at Dwight, who struggled violently to free himself, and finally sank out of sight with his sister. Meanwhile Charlie Hardy was floundering wildly about, attempting to help, but unable to do so, and becoming more terror-stricken every second. Nobody was near, and the only boat in sight was two hundred feet away. The other children were either climbing up for another slide or waiting at the top for Herbert to start. Delay might be fatal. Would Herbert delay?

With a run and a spring the boy started down the incline at a speed which promised to take him within reach of the struggling children. But alas for the mistakes of human calculations! His toboggan buried its nose in water at the foot of the slide and sank, while Herbert went heels over head. He rose to the surface of the water almost immediately, and struck out toward the three Hardys, propelling his toboggan. He reached Charlie first, and pushing the toboggan toward the shrieking lad, commanded him to grab it and go ashore. Charlie obeyed, and ran swiftly for the boat. Herbert did not pause an instant, but seizing the Hardys' toboggan, swam to the spot where Dwight and May were sinking and reappearing, the girl almost fainting, and the boy struggling desperately to keep both their heads above water.

"Here, Dwight," said Herbert, as he reached them, "you get ashore with the help of this toboggan, and I can save your sister. Leave her to me, will you?"

Dwight grasped the toboggan and managed to shake himself free from his now unconscious sister, while Herbert seized her by the hair, and keeping her nose and mouth above the surface of the water, began to swim toward the shore. None of the children had been far beyond his depth, and Herbert was soon able to touch the bottom with his feet. By that time plenty of help was at hand, and May was carried quickly into a hotel near by and there revived.

"That was very bravely done, my boy," said Mr. Thorp to Herbert.

"It wasn't much," replied Herbert, who thought with shame of his plan of revenge. "Anybody could have done it if he hadn't been frightened. The water was hardly over their heads."

"That's just the point," said the teacher. "The ability to keep your head above water at times of danger is about as important as anything I know."

Herbert was confused by the praise far more than by the danger he had faced, and when he found words to protest that he had done nothing extraordinary, Mr. Thorp was walking towards the hotel.

But Herbert's triumph came when Dwight extended his hand in the presence of the other boys and said:

"Herbert, you're a brick, and I've been an awful cad. I'm ashamed for the way I acted, and I hope you and the other fellows won't lay it up against me."

"That's all right," said Herbert, after the awkward fashion of all boys, who hate scenes and "making up" — "that's all right. You'd have done the same thing if you had been in my place. You were a little rattled in the water, that's all; and we won't say anything more about the — the other."

Nothing more was said about "the other," and none of Herbert's playmates except the Hardys have yet heard the real reason why he and his mother came to Hilltop to live.

KIT.

BY W. R. MACKAY.

II.—"KIT'S CAMP."

AT the head of Clear Creek Cañon, a little above where the mining town of Central City now stands, there are two gulches, running into one deep gulch at the lower ends and enclosing a hill between them. To the traveller of 1892 the gulches are dry with dust and gravel, and the hills all around are rocky and bare, without so much as a blade of grass or a tree; and it is hard to believe that, not so many years ago, brawling mountain streams, filled with trout, ran down those gulches, and that those hills and ravines were so thick with pine and fir and cedar that a man might lose his way in going only a mile from one mining camp to another.

Yet so it was; and on that hill between the gulches, with only a falling log cabin and dilapidated chimney to tell of it to-day, were the rude log homes of nearly ten thousand men. They had been built with some pretence of regular streets, and saloons and gambling-houses were thick in every block, and did a bad and thriving business day and night, for "Missouri City" was the centre of the gold-mining region of Colorado. It was almost entirely "surface" mining then (turning the water of the mountain streams aside into roughly made sluices, and searching the natural beds of the torrents and the bottoms of the sluices for gold), and all day long the sound of axes was in the air, cutting the timber for the sluices and for fires, and for building cabins in which to live; and far into the night, and often all night long, the saloons and gambling-houses were in full swing.

Half a mile from the town, and on the side of the hill near the right-hand gulch, was a mining camp of a few log cabins. They were roughly built of unhewn logs, unplastered, with no other furniture than a dry-goods box for a table and cots of pine branches and blankets for beds. The camp was like hundreds of others scattered through the mountains, mere shelters for men whose every thought was spent on getting gold, and nothing to distinguish one camp from another. But this one little group of log houses had a name of its own, and was known throughout the foot-hills from Denver to James's Peak as "Kit's Camp."

Men tramped miles over the mountains to see it with their own eyes. There wasn't a camp that didn't feel itself still linked with the old home beyond the plains, finding knowing that a child life lived in the midst of all their rough and wild surroundings; and the dwellers in Missouri City fought with each other in being the first to tell the stranger within their gates: "This ain't nothin', stranger; wait till ye see our Kit. A *baby*! Ye hear me? A live baby; an' the only one in Colorado!"

No one knew anything more about the child than the simple fact that he was there. Jim and his friends had kept their own counsel, and it was supposed that Jim was in some way related to the boy. Every one was too intent upon his own affairs to trouble himself about his neighbors', and any curiosity which they might have had was lost in the greater and never-ceasing wonder that a child should be there at all. He was "Jim Peters's Kit," and that was the end of it.

Kit himself was sitting in the doorway of the largest cabin on this September evening, beating a tattoo on

a tin cup with a knife by way of welcome to a man coming slowly up the hill. A year and a half had gone by since Jim had waded with him in his arms to the shore, and his handsome little face was browned with sun and wind, and he was as healthy and strong as plain food and the pure, fresh mountain air could make him. He had outgrown the little velvet waist and plaid skirt, which had been replaced by rougher nondescript garments of Jim's own manufacture; they were not very stylish in cut, and the seams were decidedly "bunchy," but Jim took great pride in them, and would turn Kit round to show off the strong points of them: "Made 'em all myself, every stitch of 'em, an' I never held a needle afore!"



KIT KEPT UP A CONTINUOUS CHATTER, TO JIM'S GREAT DELIGHT.

The man coming up the hill had a pick and shovel on his shoulder, and he waved his free hand in answer to the clattering welcome; and at that the child ran with a joyful shout to meet him, and the man threw down the pick and shovel and caught him in his arms and kissed him, and then set him on the ground and stood back admiringly: "Why, Kit, you've grown! I declare you've grown since mornin'; I never see such a child!"

Kit laughed delightedly. "I'm mos' big as you; ain't I, Jim? An', Jim, you mus' make me a pair o' pants an' take me wiz you to wash gold."

"I'm goin' to, Kit," he replied, taking up his tools and going towards the cabin. "I've been turnin' them pants over in my mind; an' thinkin', mebbe, I could slit one o' the legs of an old pair o' mine an' sew 'em up royal for you. But it's the upper fixin's that fetches me; I ain't caught on to that, somehow."

They went into the cabin, and Jim lighted the fire and began to get ready the supper, Kit putting the tin plates and tin cups on the primitive table, and keeping up a continuous chatter, to Jim's great delight, as he ran here and there.

"Just to think," Jim said, half to himself, as he turned the sputtering bacon he was frying—"to think that I was goin' to drop you onto somebody, to get rid o' you. Why, there wouldn't be no livin' without you, Kit, you know."

"There wouldn't be no one to take care o' you, Jim," replied Kit, shaking his head with a self-importance that was very funny, but which Jim took in all seriousness;

"an' the table wouldn't get set, an' there wouldn't be no one to watch for you at the door. I'm glad you took me off that—that."

"Steamboat," said Jim.

"That steamboat that was—" he stopped again.

"Busted," suggested Jim.

"Busted," repeated Kit, gravely. "An' I'm goin' to have a gun an' shoot wabbits, an' Dan says—they're comin' now," and he broke off suddenly, and ran to the door; and in a moment more the other men came in.

They were the same rough, good-natured men as when they had stood around Kit on the bluff by the river, only now their clothes were old and patched, and their faces browned and bearded. And after supper they sat around on the cabin floor by the light of the fire and smoked their pipes, while Kit nestled close to Jim, who had one arm around him.

"It's just throwin' ourselves away," Dan Brown was saying, "to stay here any longer. The best claims was all took before we come, an' for the last two weeks it's been all work an' no pay."

"Hardly seen the color o' gold in all the dirt we've dug an' sluiced for a month," assented Jack Williams; "an' them sutlers at Missouri charge ten prices for every bite we buy."

"This gold-washin' is about played out, anyway," said another. "There's got to be reg'lar minin' done afore long, an' them that's got the money are the men that's goin' to win."

"I seen that red-headed fellow from Californy, him they call 'Brick Top,' down in the gulch to-day," said Dan, "an' he was full of goin' back where he come from."

Jim nodded: "I seen him too; an' he says that nothin' but stamp-mills an' deep minin' will ever get the real gold out. He's comin' up here to-night."

The words were hardly spoken when a step was heard outside, and the expected visitor lounged in and seated himself carelessly on the box which served as a table: "Evenin', pards. Thought as how I'd drop in an' say good-by; I'm goin' back to Californy."

"You're makin' a short stay?"

"Sho! nothin' here but dirt now; an' if I hev to dig for the shiners, give me the Sierras every time! That's a fine boy you've got," he added, looking at Kit; "but sluice me dry if I ever heerd of bringin' a child to the diggin's afore; it rakes the pile! His mammy dead?"

Jim stroked the little head and drew him closer. "He ain't got no mammy, an' no pappy—they was drowned:—there ain't no one but me."

"Drowned? Sho! you don't say? But I reckoned his mammy was dead, by the cut of his jib; they're the curiousest clothes I ever seen."

Jim's face got red, and the other men laughed, and Dan Brown broke in: "Them's only his workin' rig. Show him your circus clothes, Kit. Bring out the span-gles."

Kit jumped up and ran to a box in the corner of the room, and brought the faded little velvet blouse with its tarnished gilt buttons, and the plaid skirt and stockings—the stockings having little more than the legs left—and laid them out with pride upon the table.

"Now you're shoutin'!" exclaimed the red-headed man.

"Why, you was dressed like a Californy nabob, Kit." He took up the little clothes and held them against the child, and then tossed them back upon the table and turned to go: "Good-by, Kit. Good luck to ye, pards."

"I'm a Californy miner with my pick an' iron pan, An' I'm always goin' to strike it rich—to-morrow."

And they heard him singing till the distance closed him in.

They sat silent for some minutes after he had gone. Kit had nestled down again in his favorite place by Jim's

knee. "Jim," the boy said, suddenly, "why don't we go to Californy an' st'ike it rich?"

"Listen to him!" said Jim, looking round upon the others admiringly. "You've got more sense, Kit, than the whole lot of us. What do you say, Dan? Speak up, the rest o' ye. I vote with Kit, an' I'm ready to start to-morrow."

There was nothing in the way. They had worked out their claim and had saved their money, and their free, untrammelled life had woven its charm around them, and they were ready for any new venture which might open. Dan knew where they could get a pair of good stout mules to carry Kit and their traps as far as Denver, and there they could buy a wagon and go to any point they might choose.

The change of plan was heartily accepted by all. This was Monday night, and on Wednesday morning they would start at daybreak on their new road.

Before they turned in for the night Jim went to the door to close it, and he stood there so long that one of the men asked him if he was "lookin' for ghosts?"

"No," he replied; "but I'm lookin' at somethin' I never seen before; the clouds look as if they was afire."

The others came out, and all stood together, wondering what it might mean. West and north and south the skies were lighted up with fires—not flickering and uncertain gleams, but a steady, continuous glow. During the day the air had been thick and hazy as if with smoke, but the hills and the pine woods had intercepted any view of the cause, even if they had thought that it might be a forest fire. Now it was plain that it was not only a fire, but that it must be of great extent and burning steadily. It was impossible to tell how far it might be away, but the night was still and with hardly a breath of wind, and there could be no immediate danger. So they came again inside and shut the door.

But early next morning men came hurrying in from mining camps beyond, and reported the woods on fire on every side, and spreading rapidly. The wind, too, had risen, and was blowing from the west, and the air was not only thick with smoke, but full of the smell of burning. By noon the alarm was general, and the work in the gulches stopped, and all Missouri City poured itself out to fight the fires. It was an army of men with picks and shovels and axes, fighting to save their homes and to beat back the flames. They made trenches, they piled up earth, they cut down trees, they lighted back fires. They drew the line of defence in a half-circle, a mile from the town, and all that afternoon and night every man who had so much as a dollar to lose worked hard and desperately.

By sunrise Wednesday morning they had won the hard-fought fight. The course of the fire was stayed, and Missouri City and the camps around it were saved. Nothing remained to be done but to check any fires that might start inside the line from burning embers carried by the wind, and to set guards to see that it was cared for.

Then the workers returned to their homes, and Missouri City, which from Tuesday until Wednesday noon had been as solitary and deserted as a city of the dead, again took on its customary noise and bustle and excitement, increased by the clamor of voices discussing the events of the fire, and with a prospect of being worse rather than better for the experience through which it had gone.

In the gray dawn of that Wednesday morning two mules laden with miners' tools, and accompanied by five bearded men in patched and well-worn clothes, were climbing toilsomely up the long Smith's Hill by Clear Creek Cañon. They stopped to rest upon the top for a few minutes, then disappeared from sight behind it.

And on one of the mules was Kit.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"BUTTERCUP."

BY MARY V. WORSTELL.

I NEVER knew who gave her the name "Buttercup." I rather think it was bestowed years ago, when *Pin-afore* was the rage, by some girl long since graduated. There was a tradition in the school that her real name was Mrs. O'Neil, but this name had grown rusty from disuse; and, indeed, she might as well have had no name at all, for nearly all the remarks made to her were: "Have you some nice oranges to-day?" or, "When will you bring some more of those delicious red apples?" or, "Have you no red bananas?"

Buttercup, you must know, sold fruit to the scholars who attended "Miss Phelps's Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies." Miss Phelps knew that Buttercup belonged to that small and select class known as "the worthy poor," and so had given her permission to stop at the school every day with her basket of fruit. This fruit was always so fine that her sales were usually considerable, and we all found it less trouble to patronize Buttercup than to bring fruit from home. So every school day, at exactly noon, Buttercup appeared, plump and rosy, and as neat as a pin, and set her basket on the little hall table. Within five minutes she was surrounded by a circle of chattering school-girls, while out of the confusion came little disjointed bits of sentences: "That's mine!" "Five cents apiece." "Here's your change, Miss." "One or two bananas?" "Oh, I'm tired of apples!" "How much—" until you wondered how any woman in the midst of such a noisy crowd could make change at all and keep her temper.

A day came, however, when Buttercup's face looked less rosy and happy. Pauline Knox was the first to notice it. Miss Phelps said that Pauline was an unusually clever, observing girl; and she really did observe many things that the rest of us did not. For instance, when John Bates, the gardener, was laid up for six weeks with rheumatism, it was Pauline who proposed that we should each contribute fifty cents and buy him a comfortable chair. John was so delighted with this testimonial of regard that it always held the place of honor in his little home, and both he and his wife looked upon it with unbounded pride.

But that has nothing to do with Buttercup.

She had been looking tired and downcast for a few days, when Pauline, purposely the last one to be served from Buttercup's basket, asked a few questions in her own gentle and kindly way, and then the whole story came out.

Buttercup had a daughter, a little girl about twelve years old, who spent nearly all day at the house of a physician, answering the door-bell, running errands, and making herself useful in many ways. Sometimes, on rainy days, when sick people were afraid to come out, Lizzie would

go up to the nursery and play with the doctor's baby all the morning. Lizzie liked rainy days.

But one day Lizzie fell sick, and what at first seemed only "a little cold" grew worse and worse; so the doctor came to see her and prescribed for her. Then he told her how the baby missed her.

It was hard indeed. Lizzie well knew how much her mother needed the two dollars her little daughter had brought her every Saturday night, though her mother told her to "keep her mind easy, like a good child, and she would get well sooner." But it appeared that "getting well" would be a matter of some weeks at least; for while the fever was never very high, it quietly burnt up all the child's strength and energy. What wonder, then, that Buttercup looked anxious?

How much of this Pauline Knox found out we never knew till long afterward; but when she was asked to subscribe five dollars toward a silver lamp for the teacher of drawing, she said, quietly, that she was "unable to just then."

"Only think!" said Ellen Madison that afternoon to her roommate. "Pauline certainly has as much money as any girl here, and yet she was 'unable' to subscribe. I don't believe she wanted to."

"You must admit, anyway, Ellen, that she usually is very generous. There may be some good reason for her refusal."

"I don't believe it. You know she didn't approve of our giving *Fräulein* a set of Ruskin last Christmas, and instead of subscribing anything toward it, made her a present of a linen handkerchief, all drawn-work. I believe she's got some similar crotchet in her head now."

"Well, *Fräulein* carries her handkerchief every high day and holiday, and she told Professor Stone the other day that her English was so poor she could make nothing out of Ruskin; so perhaps Pauline was right, after all."

"That's just like you—always sticking up for any one that it pleases *me* to blame. I have a great mind—"

"No, you haven't," laughed the other.

Ellen scowled as she untied a small box with care, and



FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED—DRAWN BY E. M. ASHE.

reiterated, "I have a very great mind to go to the gymnasium by myself, and eat every marshmallow in this box."

And by way of fulfilling her dire threat, she linked her arm lovingly in her roommate's, and together they disappeared down the long hall.

Pauline's failure to subscribe to the silver lamp did make talk, and every possible reason, except the right one, was suggested. A mere accident revealed what her reason was, and I, for one, shall never forget what a stir the revelation made—not openly, you understand, but among the girls in school. Most of them were in the gymnasium one rainy April day when Sadie Barlow rushed in, her eyes shining and her cheeks glowing with excitement.

"Girls, girls! Oh, girls!" she began.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen," came in a taunting, saucy voice from somewhere.

"Lend me your ears, *do*," cried Sadie, who by this time was closely surrounded by all the girls present. We all felt that something very important was about to be divulged. "Just lend me your ears, and I'll tell you something that may clear up matters a bit. Buttercup has just gone, and I happened to see her *after* she had waited on a certain person whose initials are"—lowering her voice and glancing carefully about, to be doubly sure that the owner of the initials was not present—"P. K." We all knew instantly to whom Sadie referred. "'She's the salt of the earth,'" said Buttercup. 'Who is?' I asked. She pointed to P. K., who was in the garden. 'She is a nice girl,' I assented. 'What in the world I would have done without the four dollars she has given me every Friday since Lizzie' (that's her little girl) 'was taken sick, I don't know, with medicine and food to buy and rent to pay.' But on Monday Lizzie goes back to her work, and Buttercup says that P. K. will never know the comfort she gave to a sick little girl and her mother. Wasn't that just *good* in her?" cried Sadie, enthusiastically. "She saw that money was needed, and she just *gave* it, and said nothin' to nobody; and I feel as if I wanted to go and give her a good hug, and beg her forgiveness because I had thought she was stingy."

I think we all felt the same way; and that Pauline Knox was not immediately encompassed in an octopus-like grasp was due to Ellen Madison.

"Wait, girls," she said. "Don't you think it would be nicer, somehow, to say nothing whatever to Pauline about it? We have misunderstood her, but we haven't openly shown it. Pauline did the whole thing so quietly that to go and apologize for misunderstanding her would be like rubbing the bloom off a peach. Let's *some day*—not directly, you know, but indirectly—show her that we appreciate her."

A low hum of approval greeted the suggestion.

April and May dragged by slowly enough to the happy girls who were to graduate in June, but at last the important day arrived. The Commencement was like dozens of others before it—the fresh-faced girls with their essays, poems, and valedictory, the music, the speeches, the deluge of flowers, and the crowd of admiring parents and friends. All these were expected and planned for. The only unusual part of the programme was almost the very last, when Miss Phelps, beautiful in soft silk and lovely old lace, rose, and in the presence of all presented a small leather-covered jewel-case to "Miss Pauline Knox, from her friends in the school."

With hands that trembled a little, Pauline opened the box, and a glow of pleasure overspread the fine young face; for there, on a cushion of light blue velvet, lay a pin of exquisite workmanship. The design was a cluster of golden buttercups, and in the heart of each, like a drop of dew, glistened a tiny diamond.

A QUEER TRIBUTE.

IN many instances, particularly in olden times, large and powerful nations have demanded tribute from smaller and weaker states. This demand was generally complied with by the petty ruler, who fancied that such a step would render his throne secure. When a tribute-paying King thought he could whip the other he generally stopped making any payment, and then there was a fight about it. As a rule, the tribute consisted of so much gold or some rich product of the country.

A queer tribute, however, was exacted by King Edgar the Peaceable, who ruled over a part of Britain about nine hundred years ago. Then there were several petty Kings scattered here and there, and a much larger number of fierce wolves ran wild. So in 961 King Edgar commanded that all who paid him tribute should pay it in wolves' heads, and from Wales he demanded three hundred annually. As there were plenty of wolves this tribute was easily paid at first, and people in those days did not regard the selection of wolves' heads as at all queer, for the payment of tribute was merely an acknowledgment of the other nation's strength. So the wolves' head tribute was regularly paid, until wolves began to get pretty well thinned out, and parts of England were entirely divested of the animals, which, perhaps, was just what the King wanted.

A LONG YACHT-RACE.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

IT was a dull day, and the two boys did not know how to amuse themselves. All at once it occurred to Henry that they might go down and visit the Old Sailor.

"Perhaps," said the boy, "he will tell us another yarn."

"But," said his little brother, "I don't believe that the last one he told us was true."

"Neither do I," said Henry, "but it was funny, and if he can tell us another of the same sort it will amuse us."

So they went down to the pier, and there they found the Old Sailor solemnly gazing out on the ocean.

"Please, sir, Mr. Old Sailor," said Henry, "will you tell us another yarn?"

"What!" exclaimed the Old Sailor, "weren't the other one enough for you?"

"No, sir."

The Old Sailor gazed out over the water and laughed one of his silent laughs.

"S'pos'n," he said, "I was to go for to ask you wot kind o' a wessel were that one out yonder, wot 'd you say?"

"A light-ship!" answered both boys.

"Werry good, too," said the Old Sailor; "a light-ship are wot she be."

Then he indulged in another long, silent laugh, while both boys looked on in wonder.

"An' s'pos'n," continued the Old Sailor, "I was to go for to ask you where she were bound, wot 'd you say?"

"She isn't bound anywhere," answered Henry. "Light-ships stay in one place to mark the direction in which ships have to go to enter port."

Again the Old Sailor laughed and stared hard at a mere speck on the distant horizon.

"Oh, light-ships they stays in one place, does they?" he said. "Well, sometimes they does an' sometimes they doesn't. An' that's wot the yarn's about wot I'm a-goin' for to tell you."

Both boys were now eagerly attentive. The Old Sailor took another look around the horizon, and not seeing anything startling, fixed his gaze on the rolling red hull of the light-ship and began.

"This here yarn wot I'm a-goin' for to tell you are about a yacht-race. You see, once upon a time, as they

say in them there fairy tales wot kids ortn't to read ('cause sailor stories is better)—once upon a time I were sailin'-master o' the racin' schooner *Jabberwok*—

"Could she galumph?" asked Henry.

"Could she wot?"

"Could she galumph? You know the *Jabberwok* always went galumphing home."

"I don't know wot *Jabberwok* you're a-talkin' about, an' it are not perlite to interrupt gentlemen wot's a-tellin' stories. This here schooner *Jabberwok* were a wall-sided old hooker an' a regular church for carryin' sail. Waal, it were in the spring regatta o' the Hog Island Yacht Club, an' there was four prizes up. The largest class were schooners 85 feet on the water-line an' over, an' the smallest were second-class sloops an' cutters 45 to 55 feet. You see, we didn't want no small fry in it, 'cos it were a extra ewent. The course were from a startin'-line off Buoy 15 in New York Bay to an' around the Sou'west Spit Buoy, thence to an' around the Sandy Hook Light-ship—that's where light-ships comes in—a-keepin' of the same on the starboard hand, an' back over the same course.

"Well," continued the Old Sailor, after pausing a moment to examine the horizon, "it were as beastly a mornin' as ever you see. I were down at Staten Island aboard the *Jabberwok*, a-waitin' for Mr. Parker, her owner. Mr. Parker were one o' the best amateur sailors wot ever gripped a king-spoke. He had passed his examination an' had a pilot's license, an' he was a good navigator, fit to navigate a ship around the world, that's wot he were. When he were aboard his own boat he were jest as good a sailin'-master as I were. Howsumever, as I were a-sayin', it were a dirty mornin'. The wind were no'theast an' freshenin', an' I made up my mind that we was a-goin' for to have one o' the bloomingest, liveliest yacht-races wot ever got under way in them waters.

"Mr. Parker he came down on the judges' boat, the *E. W. Butter*, a mean an' contemptuable tug-boat. Mr. Parker says he to me, says he, 'It's goin' to be a big race,' an' I says to him, says I, it were. With that I hove up the killick an' got the *Jabberwok* under way. The startin'-gun were fired at 10:40, and we had ten minutes for to cross the line in. Of course Mr. Parker sailed the *Jabberwok*, an' as usual she were across the line fust, a-doin' it at 10:40:47. The others followed along in this order: *Vamoose*, *Skeerwagon*, *Plaffer*, *Ollagawalla*, *Tammang*, *Young Duck*, *Edwin Booth*, *Veracious*, *Comet*, and *Get There*. The *Get There* were always last. The *Jabberwok* crossed the line under fore an' mains'ls, workin' main-tops'l, jib, flyin' jib, and fore-staysail, an' them sails was all a-pullin' like they was mad. The *Jabberwok* tore through the water so fast that she made it hot, an' steam rose behind her in her wake."

The boys stared at one another in open-mouthed astonishment, while the Old Sailor gazed solemnly at the light-ship. Then he continued:

"Well, it were jest about all that contemptuable tug, the *E. W. Butter*, could do to keep within hailin'-distance o' the *Jabberwok* a-goin' down to the Sou'west Spit. When we was off the inner end o' the Swash Channel, the seas begin for to come in with a kind o' savagery that made me know we was a-goin' for to have a damp time outside the Hook. By-an'-by we rounded the Spit an' put her nose ag'in' them seas. We was still a-leadin' the fleet about a hundred yards, with the big cutter *Veracious* second, a-comin' after us like a scared dog. Well, as soon as we headed up ag'in' them seas, I felt like goin' back, for our bowsprit began to climb up as if it was a-goin' for to jam a hole in the sky, an' then it would come down again as if it was a-tryin' for to knock the plug out o' the bottom o' the Bay. Outside the big whitecaps was a-rollin', an' the surf were a-poundin' on the Hook as though it were a-tryin' for to knock the

p'int off. We weathered the Hook all right, an' soon we was a-bilin' past Buoy 5. The *Jabberwok* were a-laborin'—maybe that was wot you call galumphin'—an' so we took in the main-tops'l an' housed both topmasts. When that were done we was a little more comf'able, but still it were not no bed o' daffadowndillies wot we was a-reposin' on.

"By this time we was past the Scotland Light-ship, an' were a-bearin' down on the Sandy Hook Light-ship. The *Veracious* were on our weather quarter, an' seemed to be a-gainin' onto us. The judges' boat, the contemptuable tug, were away in by the Hook. She didn't dare for to come out, for no yacht-race had ever been sailed in such a sea, an' the tug's cap'n were so skeert that he wanted to go ashore. Well, boys, sich were the general sitiuation o' things, w'en, blow me for a barnacle, if the wind didn't die clean out, an' leave us a-jumpin' around there helpless like a lot o' cork floats on a fishin'-net. The yachts wot hadn't turned back—all 'cept we an' the *Veracious*—got up their topmasts an' set club-tops'ls. There ain't much a yachtsman won't do in a race, but that were a-haulin' it a leetle too taut.

"'Cos why. You can't never tell wot's a-goin' for to happen when a gale o' wind drops dead. An' sure enough, all on a sudden, blow high an' blow out, out comes the wind out o' the nor'west a-screechin' like four hundred cats with their tails stepped on. I heard one big crash, jest as if a house had caved in. I looked back, an' every one o' them fellers wot had set club-tops'ls had carried away their topmasts. The last we saw o' them they was a-clearin' away the wreckage an' tryin' to beat back to the Hook. Well, boys, in five minutes we had the most disruptive cross-sea on wot I ever knowed. The *Jabberwok* seemed to sit right up on her taffrail sometimes, an' I told Mr. Parker I thought it wasn't no kind o' weather for a gentleman to go to sea in. But he said he'd never go back as long as that bloomin' cutter, the *Veracious*, stayed out; an' so we reefed close down fore an' aft, an' squared away for Sandy Hook Light-ship, the *Veracious* followin' under balance-reefed mains'l an' spitfire jib.

"An', now, boys," continued the Old Sailor, "comes the part o' this here yarn wot I'm a-tellin' you wot's goin' for to astonidge you."

The boys looked at the Old Sailor eagerly as he went on thus:

"The more we sailed the more we didn't seem to get any nearer to that light-ship. The hands forward got scared an' wanted to go back, but Mr. Parker wouldn't hear on't. There were the *Veracious* a-hangin' onto our weather quarter, an' Mr. Parker were bound to go around that there light-ship ahead o' the fleet, or wot were left of it. But we couldn't get nowhere near the light-ship. Mr. Parker he says to me, says he, 'Heave the log.' An' I hove her, an' I reports to him, 'We're a-doin' of thirteen knots, sir,' says I to him, says I. Then we looked astern to see wot'd become o' the other boats, an' bless you, we couldn't see nothin' at all of 'em. We couldn't see the Hook. We couldn't see the Highlands. Fact is, we was clean away out to sea with ten thousand screechin' furies of a gale a-blowin', an' a tumblin' stretch o' crazy sea ahead of us. Putty soon I made out that they was a h'istin' some kind o' a flag aboard the light-ship. I got the glass onto it, an' made out it was the international code signal o' distress.

"'Salt mackerel an' buckwheat cakes!' says Mr. Parker; 'now I know wot's the matter.'

"'Wot d'you think?' says I.

"'The light-ship,' says he, 'has gone an' snapped her cables, an' she's runnin' away.'

"'Wot are you a-goin' for to do?' says I.

"'I'm a-goin', says he, 'to round that light-ship if I have to follow her to the Cape o' Good Hope.'



"THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO, AND THAT WAS TO FOLLOW AS FAST AS WE COULD."

"Well, sir," says I, "it won't take long at this gait."

"Then I looks around, an' there were the *Veracious* still a-hangin' onto our weather quarter, an' bound to round the light-ship too. Blowin'? Well, boys, if a dog had tried to run against that wind it 'd 'a' blowed the ha'r right off his back. We was a-scuddin' under bare poles, an' still a-goin' like a express train. Well, I ain't a-goin' to tell you about every day o' that trip, 'cos they was all alike. The wind hauled more to the west'ard, an' we laid our course dead afore it after the light-ship, wot couldn't go no other way. So there was all three on us — light-ship, *Jabberwock*, an' *Veracious* — whizzin' straight across the ocean. One mornin' the lookout he sings out 'Land ho!' an' sure enough there was the Rock o' Gibraltar right over our jib-boom.

"Mr. Parker," says I, "it looks to me like that there light-ship were a-goin' ashore."

"I'm a-goin' to round her," says he, "if she goes up in the air."

"He were a werry particular man, were Mr. Parker. Howsumever, there were the *Veracious* still on our weather quarter, an' we wasn't goin' to be beat by no sich craft. Well, shipwreck was a-starin' of us all in the face when the gale broke, the wind dropped to a moderate breeze, an' hauled to the east'ard. An' then wot d'you s'pose happened?"

The boys signified that they were unable to suppose.

"Well," continued the Old Sailor, after one of his silent laughs, "a tramp steamer comes out o' the Mediterranean an' takes the light-ship in tow, an' goes off toward America with her. Well, to say that Mr. Parker were mad ain't tellin' you nothin' at all. We fired guns an' made all kinds o' signals, but we couldn't get them there fellers

to understand that we was sailin' a race an' wanted to round the light-ship. The tramp went right on, an', of course, as the wind were so light, we couldn't catch her. There were only one thing to do, an' that were to follow as fast as we could. An' there were the *Veracious* a-hangin' on to us just the same as before, only this time we was on her weather quarter. Well, boys, to get to the end o' this here yarn wot I'm a-tellin' you, we sailed back across the Atlantic, an' in due time we sights the Highland lights, an' begins to bear down on Sandy Hook once more. It were a fair to middlin' kind o' night, with a light wind an' an old sea on. Putty soon we sighted two red lights dead ahead. Mr. Parker squints at 'em through his glass, and then he jumps for the wheel.

"There," says he, "are that bloomin' light-ship right back where she belongs, an' salt me down for a codfish if I don't round her now or carry away my head."

"An' we rounded her, keepin' of her on the starboard hand, accordin' to the sailin' directions, the *Veracious*, wot had been with us all the time, roundin' at the same time an' a little behind us. Then we sailed up to the club's anchorage an' let go the mudhook. The next day Mr. Parker saw the Regatta Committee an' claimed the prize for schooners, an' the owner o' the *Veracious* claimed the one for sloops an' cutters, 'cos, don't you see, them was the only boats wot 'd rounded the light-ship."

The Old Sailor paused, and indulged in another long, silent laugh.

"And," said Henry, "did they get the prizes?"

"Not a bit of it," replied the Old Sailor. "The committee said they wasn't entitled to 'em 'cos they'd gone out o' their course. An' whose fault were that but the light-ship's, I'd like to know?"



DINNER AT THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING-HOUSE.—DRAWN BY JESSIE CUMIS SHEPHERD.—[SEE PAGE 770.]

DINNER AT THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING HOUSE.

BY ACTON DAVIES.

TO see the Brace Memorial Newsboys' Lodging House at its best you ought to go there on a pork and beans night. There is always a bigger crowd of diners on hand when that dish is announced in the bill of fare than at any other time. It seems to suit the newsboys' digestion to perfection, for somehow you will always find them in the best of temper after they have partaken of two or three helpings of pork and beans. Mr. Heig, the superintendent of the lodging-house, who has made a deep study of the subject, says that there seems to be something in the "little inside" of the average newsboy which has an extraordinary affection for this composite dish. In fact, their love for this delicacy has almost driven corned-beef and cabbage—the lodging-house's other standing dish—out of the bill of fare. Finger glasses, table-napkins, puddings and nuts and raisins are all unknown quantities at a newsboys' dinner. But he gets a good bowl of soup, and as many helpings of pork and beans as he likes, and provided there is any room left after that, he has the privilege of filling up the rest of himself with as much tea and bread as he can possibly hold.

For this excellent feast he pays the sum of six cents. His breakfast costs him the same amount, and a snug little cot in one of the long dormitories upstairs can be hired at the same figure. But it isn't every newsboy in New York that can afford to pay eighteen cents a day for his board and lodging. So many of them just drop in for dinner at night, and get their beds and breakfasts where they can.

A newsboy, if he's worth his salt at all, never dreams of such a thing as luncheon. The hours from noon to three are the very height of the newsboys' busy day, for the first editions of the afternoon papers are just appearing on the streets, and the newspaper traffic is at its height.

At the lodging-house dinner is served at the extremely fashionable hour of seven, while breakfast can be had from four to half past six. The meals are served at long tables in the big dining-room on the second floor. After dinner, the boys have the use of the gymnasium until nine o'clock, when all the lodgers are supposed to go to bed. That they don't all go goes without saying. What would be the use of being a boarder if one were not able to sit up as long as one felt inclined?

After half past nine no boys are admitted to the lodging-house except those who have obtained passes earlier in the evening. As newsboys are inveterate little theater-goers, nearly every boarder has a pass tucked away somewhere in his inside pocket all the time.

These passes permit them to stay out till midnight, and as the Windsor Theatre, the newsboys' prime favorite, is near at hand, and the performance there is always over at eleven, this gives the young newsboy-about-town half an hour's grace for a peanut and pretzel supper before turning in on the stroke of twelve.

No description of the Newsboys' Lodging-House would be complete without a word or two about Carlo, the newsboys' dog. Carlo originally belonged to the former superintendent. But upon his death two years ago the boys adopted him. If written down, Carlo's experience of newsboys, as he has met them, would make an exceedingly interesting book. He knows just a little bit more about newsboys than Superintendent Heig does himself.

Carlo can eat pork and beans with the best of them, as you can see for yourself by the illustration. But it is entirely an acquired taste upon Carlo's part. Up to a

year ago he used to turn up his nose disdainfully whenever a bean was offered him. But in his five long years' experience of newsboys Carlo has always found it the best policy to fall in with the boys' ways and humor them as much as possible. On one occasion Carlo even went so far as to condescend to go to the theatre with two of the boys. But as a dramatic critic Carlo was not a success. In fact, it's very hard to get the two boys who took him there to talk about it now, for it was such a dreadfully harrowing experience. How he ever managed to get by the doorkeeper who guards the entrance to the gallery at the Windsor the boys say they don't know. The doors had just been thrown open, and, as they were both well up in the line, they scrambled upstairs in the first flight of small boys, and secured capital seats in the front row. Suddenly they heard a commotion behind them, and turning round, saw Carlo bounding over the seats towards them.

Tip Connors, the elder of the two boys, at once realized the situation. Quick as a flash he caught hold of Carlo and made him lie down underneath his seat. In this position Carlo's nose rested comfortably upon the lower edge of the railing. He couldn't have had a better view of the stage if he had been in a reserved seat. The play was called *The Charity Ball*, and it was its first production at the Windsor.

During the first act Carlo behaved admirably. He lay there under Tip's seat, wagging his tail in a gentle, approving sort of way, and panting in a stage-whisper as any well-bred theatre-going dog should always do. But no sooner had the second act begun than some speech or action of one of the actors enraged Carlo, and before Tip or Whitey Johnson could do anything to stop him he gave vent to three tremendously loud barks. Of course it caused a great sensation, and Carlo was turned out in short order.

But the boys weren't going to desert Carlo in his hour of need, so when the usher laid hands on the dog and proceeded to carry him, the two boys followed close at his heels to see that he got fair play.

As soon as he reached the first landing on the way down stairs the usher turned and gave Carlo a brutal kick. With a yell of rage the two boys sprang at the usher. Whitey began to pummel him in the face, while Tip devoted his legs and energy to the task of tripping the usher up.

In an instant the whole party, not excluding the dog, were rolling over and over on the floor.

The rest of the story is best told in the words of Tip Connors, as he told it on the steps of the lodging-house a few nights ago.

"Well, purty soon the cop he come an' he pulled the t'ree of us in. But Carlo he broke away, he did, and started home on a bee-line. Me and Whitey was took to the station-house, and next mornin' they took the pair of us up to der Tombs. Duffy was der bloke on der bench that day, and when we'se come up in front of him he scowled so hard I knew as it meant five dollars. So we'se up an' told him der whole story, and when we was t'rough I gave Whitey der nudge, and der two of us begun to cry. I seen as we was on der right track to his heart, so then I sez, sez I, 'Your Honor, you wouldn't have had us go back on der dog, would yur?' And then Duffy he thinks for a minute wid a twinkle in his eye, and then he sez, sez he, 'No, I wouldn't. Get out of here. I'd have done the same myself.' Then," added Tip, in conclusion, "we got."

"But Carlo did dead right," remarked Whitey Johnson, as he passed his arm about Carlo's neck, and gave him an affectionate squeeze. "The teayter wasn't no good that night, anyway. 'Twas an emotional show, that Ball was. And Carlo, he's just der same as me. He likes lots of t'under and blood in his dramers."

OPOPONAX $\frac{1}{2}$.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK,

AUTHOR OF "THE MOON PRINCE," "A DAY IN WAXLAND," ETC.

Part III.

"PROBABLY these hands can milk cows and bed horses," observed the King's head; "but I cannot imagine how the thing is done, because such knowledge never lodged in this head—"

"Mercy sakes!" broke in Timothy Hay's old mother; "what has happened to you? I recognize you as Timothy Hay by your clothing, but how came you by that head, and what kind of an airy summer hat is that you have on?"

"By a process which I cannot explain," replied the King's head, "I became so mixed up with Timothy Hay while rolling around the circus ring, that when we arose I found his head on my body and mine on his. He has gone away to rule the country, while I remain here to conduct the farm. The airy hat you speak of is a crown. How long does it take to milk a cow?"

"It depends upon how much milk the cow gives and how fast you work."

"If I had but a Prime Minister or an ordinary Duke I should feel all right—"

Here he was disturbed by a horse that rubbed against him.

"What, ho, there, vile caitiff!" exclaimed the King's head.

"You have no doubt been enjoying an easy life," said Timothy Hay's old mother, "and it will do you good to have a taste of work, while poor Timothy, who has worked all his life, will now have a happy existence."

"If you think the King has a happy existence, all right. For my part I am not particularly sorry for the change. I am now Opoponax the Half, your son Timothy being the other 50 per cent. of the monarch."

"Well, well! this is the queerest thing I ever heard of; one man going around with another man's head on. Now you're a farmer with a royal understanding, while Timothy is a King with an agricultural mind. It all seems like a dream to me. Come, and I will show you how to milk."

The King's head followed her to the stable, and she initiated him into the mysteries of milking. It was very amusing to see the King milk, after he had first hung his crown on the cow's horn. When the pail was full he carried it into the house and sat down.

"Did you milk the others?" asked Timothy Hay's old mother.

"Why should I?" asked the King's head. "Haven't we abundance here for all our wants? How much can we drink, anyway?"

"It isn't what we can drink. But how about the butter? That is the question."

"Well, what about the butter?"

"How are we going to get butter if you don't milk all the cows?"

"Exchange chickens for it, if you must have it," said the King's head.

"But we trade our chickens for coffee."

"Coffee is an abomination," said the King's head; "it produces nervousness and insomnia, and should have no place on any Christian table. Exchange the chickens for butter and go without coffee, or else engage a minister of milking. Now if you will show me the ladder, I will carry the chickens up and set them on the sycamore limb for the night."

"You certainly don't know much about farming," laughed the old mother of Timothy Hay.

"How can I know it with my body?" asked the King's head.

"Not very well. But do you know when potatoes are dropped?"

"When they are too hot to hold, I should say."

"How do you dry apples?" laughed Mrs. Hay.

"With a towel, I suppose."

Mrs. Hay then laughed long and loud; but the King's head could not join in. He had made up his mind to do the best he could, and if everything should go wrong to secure a man who would work the place on shares, and allow him to walk around and learn by looking on; or he would sit in an easy-chair, and thus have the benefit of inspiration while observing his colleague in the act of unfolding the mysteries of agriculture.



"MERCY SAKES!" BROKE IN TIMOTHY'S OLD MOTHER. "WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO YOU?"

"But," said Mrs. Hay, "the man who works the place on shares will rob you of at least half the profits."

"Tis true," observed the King's head, "but if I run it myself we shall lose all. I would rather languish in studious idleness for a 50 per cent. interest than work like a slave for nothing. You must look at it in a sensible, matter-of-fact way. I might kill a cow by not giving her a sufficient number of homeopathic pills in the starry midnight. How am I to know all these things at once? I wonder what makes my left shin feel so queer?"

"Timothy broke it last summer, and a sympathetic twinge occasionally thrills it."

"What is this?" asked the King's head. He then drew forth a black object from one of the pockets, and unwound about two yards of cord from it, when out dropped a lot of hayseed and some money.

"That's what he got for the brindled calf this morning," said Mrs. Hay, as she eyed the wallet. "Now it's time to split wood for the morning."

"All right," replied the King's head; "give me the saw."

"You don't split wood with a saw, and you know you must be down at five in the morning to start the fire."

"Is that the regular programme?" asked the King's head.

"That's about it."

"Then there is no money in farming, and no pleasure, either. I think it would be a good idea to sell out and buy a baker shop. I have an intelligent business head, combined with a body that can lift a hundred-weight. I could carry the barrels of flour and keep the books, and you could superintend the baking. Then should I be as happy as the half King I am?"

But Mrs. Hay would not listen to this. She had spent all her life on a farm, and did not care to make such a change in her old age. She said she would always be a loving, kind mother to him, and do all in her power to make his lot a happy one. She insisted on calling him

Timo, which, she said, was half of Timothy, as near as she could make it; and so the poor King's head had to make the best of it.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the farm ceased to be a paying institution. Timo never rose before nine in the morning. Even when his agricultural half was restless for the bucolic fray, his head was as sleepy as when he retired. He also demanded his breakfast in bed, and mortgaged the place that he might have chocolate and guava jelly. When the cow broke into the turnip field, he argued that she would only eat the green tops, or the



IT WAS VERY AMUSING TO SEE THE KING MILK.

foliage, as he expressed it, and thus save the ordinary labor of removing them with a knife. He would not hoe the potatoes, for fear of cutting or smothering them. One day his disgust was completed when he had the rare misfortune to lose the end of one of his fingers in a hay cutter. It was then that he denounced farming in the roundest terms, and wished to be a King once more.

"Would you not like to look upon the face of your son once more?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed, Timo—yes, indeed!" replied Mrs. Hay.

"Then we will abandon the farm, and start for Axminster Palace. If Opoanax the Half will not listen to our tale of woe, my face and crown should still be of service to us."

"Just wait till I fix up a basketful of gingerbread and cookies to preserve us on the way."

She accordingly filled a basket with all the good things she could find, including a dried-apple pie and a bottle of cold tea, and, taking Timo by the hand, they started together in the direction of Axminster Palace.

When the Farmer's head, or Opoanax the Half, started for the throne with the First and Second Jesters he was the happiest man in the land. He was quite as glad to be away from the farm as Timo was to be away from the palace with all his cares.

"What time do we get up at the palace?" he asked.

"Any time," replied the Jesters; "and not at all if you don't wish to."

"And can I have pie and cake at every meal?"

"Yes, and all you want of it."

"And go to all the circuses without paying?"

"Certainly you can. You can have a private circus if you want it."

Here he swayed to and fro with laughter, which was his only way of showing his appreciation of anything—funny or sad.

"I am not accustomed to walking on such delicate legs as these," said Opoanax the Half. "I fear they must have tired themselves on the way to the farm. Did they walk very fast?"

"Not very," replied the Second Jester.

"Then we must rest if we would reach the palace to-night."

"I think it a very sensible suggestion," said the First Jester. "What say you if we drop in on Nimbleshanks the Giant? He lives in yonder cave."

"By all means, let us do it. I am extremely fond of giants, if they are all like the one belonging to the circus that I used to care for during the winter."

So over they went to the cave, where they found Nimbleshanks sitting on a cushion with his legs crossed, and smiling a smile of supreme content.

"Good-morning," said Nimbleshanks, rising and elongating himself like a telescope; "have you any cigar-boxes with you?"

"We don't smoke," replied the First Jester. "But what would you do with a cigar-box—make a little bird-house?"

"Not exactly," replied Nimbleshanks; "I am now working away with my jig-saw, making curious castles and churches out of very thin wood, and I am a little short on cedar for the trimmings of this bracket."

"Very sorry, Mr. Nimbleshanks," said Opoanax the Half; "but what do you do with these pretty things?"

"I am making these for a fair," he replied. "The One and a Half Hospital is now in financial straits, and I am using all my skill in its interest."

"What is the One and a Half Hospital, anyhow?" asked the First Jester.

"It is a hospital," replied Nimbleshanks, "where whole orphans and half-orphans are cared for."

While Nimbleshanks sawed away in the deftest manner, Opoanax the Half said:

"You are indeed a very nice giant, and I wish you would come home with me to the palace. I have always had an exceeding fondness for giants, and I have about made up my mind to stop collecting circus posters, and turn my attention to collecting giants. Would you have any objections to being No. 1?"

"I should be only too happy," replied Nimbleshanks, "to accompany you. Will you kindly sit there and rest while I finish this bracket?"

They did as requested, and Nimbleshanks worked away with a will. When he had finished he called in a swineherd from an adjoining field, and sent him with all the castles and brackets to the One and a Half Hospital Fair. Then he said:

"I am now ready to start and become No. 1 in your collection of giants."

They started down the road at a brisk rate, but before they had gone far Opoanax the Half remarked:

"I am not used to these new legs yet; they are hardly broken in, and that is probably what tires me so. I fear we shall not be able to reach the palace to-night."

Thereupon the Giant took Opoanax the Half on his back and a jester under each arm, and began running. They told him the road, and he never stopped until he deposited his burden on the palace steps. All the people ran out in great alarm to learn what had happened.

"Where is the King?" they shouted.

"I'm half of him," replied the Farmer's head.

"Where's the other half, and where's the crown?" they demanded.

The First Jester then explained all, and was told that he ought to lose his head too.

"But I can't," replied the First Jester, "because I am the friend of Opoanax the Half."

"Oh, stop your noise," exclaimed Opoanax the Half to a haughty minister in a fluted collar, "and get out to the barn, and see to the milking, and feed the pigs!"

"He has an agricultural head and mind," explained the First Jester, "and you must all learn to like his bucolic phrase and simile."

Seeing a tall, slender page, with wavy flaxen hair, Opoponax the Half addressed him as "Shears," and remarked that he would be a first-rate thing to grow lima-beans on. His off-hand remarks were very distasteful to every one.

But at table that night he kept every one in a roar. He wanted nothing but johnny-cake and cookies and things of that sort, and he ate about twice as much as the Giant. After the meal had been cleared away, he began reading jokes out of an old almanac, and roaring with laughter. The courtiers had never before seen anything like it, and they would all have left at once had they thought they could do so without arousing the wrath of Opoponax the Half.

"At the farm," he said, "I heard the King, before we changed heads, say he was going to make a great collection of circus posters; and it was from him that I got the idea of doing the same thing. But since then, as I remarked in the cave of my dear Nimbleshanks, I have determined to collect giants. Any one who brings me a giant shall have a ticket for the next circus, even if it's right in the middle of the haying season."

Many of them pretended to be overcome by the generosity of this offer, and, for the sake of pleasing Opoponax the Half, promised to go forth on a giant hunt, and bring in as many specimens as possible.

He retired for the night at eight o'clock, and was awake at four, at which hour he absent-mindedly arose, and went out to look after the stock. It seemed strange to him that there was no stable about the place; and when he went back to the palace, and found no one stirring, he started the morning fire, and put on a kettle of water.

"I tell you," he said to himself, "this King business gets me. It's the funniest kind of work I ever had. The only thing I really like about it is the chance it gives me to collect giants. I think the old farm would suit me better if I could only indulge my weakness for giants there."

Having put the kettle on, he went about the palace grumbling because his breakfast was not ready. He had an appetite that was simply agricultural in its intensity, and he sighed for buckwheat cakes and pie. "I don't suppose they have breakfast here much before dinner, so I had better go down and hunt up some pie."

Accordingly he went rummaging about the pantry shelves. A venison pasty rewarded his search, and this he took out under a tree, where he sat down and ate it in peace. The birds sang in the branches overhead, and this made him feel a little bit more at home. He sat there for an hour or so, meditating on the queerness of his change, as though in a dream, when he heard some one shout, "The King's lost! the King's lost!"

"No, he isn't," shouted the King in reply; "he never knew his whereabouts better."

"But what are you doing here?" asked the courtier.

"Just looking around a little after breakfast, that's all. What time do you feed the chickens here?"

"We don't have chickens," said the courtier.

"Well, this is a funny sort of life anyhow, and I feel it in my bones as plain as ague that I never was cut out to be a King. I am afraid that I must ask some of you to give me a few easy lessons, or else I must send for the King's head to advise me, and help me run the thing. Two heads would be better than one, eh?"

"It would," replied the courtier; "and probably the King's head would like to have you at this very moment tell him the proper language to use when you want to coax a calf within reach."

"All you have to say is 'cuff, cuff, cuff!' and up walks the calf."

"But the King's head is not aware of that," replied the courtier, who continued, "Do you know the Giant is up and out?"

"No. Where is he, No. 1, the Bracket-maker?"

"In the garden hard by."

Without offering a word of thanks for the information or apology for his abrupt departure, Opoponax the Half stood up and walked into the garden, where he saw No. 1, the Bracket-maker, sitting under a mulberry-tree in a sort of pensive reverie. The King stood behind him, where he could not be seen, and as he did so the Giant vented his joy in the following merry song:

"THE CHILDREN.

"I'm very fond of children small,
And they are fond of me;
I love to have them climb and fall
In laughter at my knee;
And when in silken snood or poke
I hear their prattle sweet,
I feel just like the giant oak
With flowers at its feet.

"Oh, once I was a happy child,
A perfect little lamb;
My mother fondly on me smiled,
And gave me bread and jam;
She never made me eat the crust,
So good and kind was she,
And I treat other children just
The way she treated me.

"I love the children's gentle smile
When in the sun they troop;
I love to skip the rope awhile
With them, and roll the hoop;
I love to hand them ginger-cake
Beneath their parasols,
And with my shining scissors make
Them pretty paper dolls.

"To me with visions rosy-ripe
Full often they repair,
And with a little penny pipe
Blow bubbles in the air
Until we quite exhaust the soap
That generates the suds—
The children are our only hope,
The precious little buds."



THE GIANT TOOK OPOPONAX THE HALF ON HIS BACK, AND A JESTER UNDER EACH ARM, AND BEGAN RUNNING.



"WHAT, HO, THERE! SIR KNIGHT OF THE SUSPENDER, COME HITHER!"

"You are well worthy of being No. 1, Sir Bracket-maker, when you can sing such a song as that. I like you better than any of these people about here, and I am going to tell them to bring in no more giants. I shall consider you my collection."

The Giant, in bowing, struck his head against the limb of a tree.

"You have a common every-day manner about you that I like, and if you are fond of children you must be all right."

The Giant blushed.

"I just wish we were back on the old farm together. I am tired of this smiling on everything I don't believe in with my honest agricultural face, and stalking around on these attenuated Sir Walter Raleigh legs."

"Your language at times shows learning not to be looked for in a farmer. I say this to compliment, not to patronize you. Where did you acquire this knowledge?"

"Mostly from the *Fireside Cyclopædia*. An agent came around and offered it in fifty monthly parts at a very low price. The only way I could get rid of him was to take it. I also gained a respectable vocabulary from studying the circus poster, to say nothing of a mastery of that department of natural history that does with rare wild circus animals. I learned the rest by observing my fellow-man. I wonder what salary I am to be allowed for kinging this country?"

"I couldn't tell," replied the Giant. "Let's talk more about the circus."

"After this man in the crimson cloak has departed. He is probably coming to ask me to go to the blacksmith to be measured for a crown."

"But haven't you one already?" asked the Giant.

"No," replied Opononax the Half, "I have not. I left the crown with the King's head to keep it awake all night. But what say you if we slip behind yon syringa, and avoid this Knight of the Suspenders?"

They stepped behind the syringa, and the Knight of the Suspenders passed. "Have you any little brothers and sisters?" asked Opononax the Half.

The Giant heaved a deep sigh, and replied:

"I am an only child. Papa and mamma have been dead this many a year."

"Poor fellow, you shall have a dear, constant friend in me. Now notice the royal dignity with which I am going to summon this man."

Then he shouted,

"What, ho, without there, Sir Knight of the Suspenders, come hither!"

The man came up very humbly.

"Don't scrape the ground that way like a Shanghai rooster, but just go and have that giant order countermanded. Bracket-maker No. 1 is my only giant!"

The knight departed, and Opononax the Half said:

"I don't like to talk of the circus too much; it makes pleasant memories that I would forget, because a circus winters on my old farm every year. Do you think there is any way by which we could return to it?"

"I don't know; but if we could I would work for you all my life. You could manage the farm, and I would open a little kindergarten."

Just then the air was agitated by the brazen blare of a trumpet, and Opononax the Half said:

"We will not be without hope. But let's go in; there goes the dinner-horn."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME INTERESTING COWS.

AMONG the anecdotes of animals of all sorts and conditions hardly any mention is ever made of cows. They certainly are not very demonstrative. But occasionally some private and retiring cow, unknown to fame, is heard of in quite a distinguished way, and a Scotch lady has just given the writer an account of one she knew at home.

In the field adjoining the one where this cow roamed by day a quiet, plodding cart-horse was often turned out to graze; and although he apparently looked neither to the right nor the left, but seemed bent only on improving to the utmost his opportunities at grass, the cow found something very attractive in his appearance and ways, and followed him about as closely as she could. Sometimes she succeeded in getting into his domain, and then her happiness was quite complete. She sidled up to her strange friend and seemed almost to caress him with her horns, all of which he bore with exemplary patience. But there was no romance in his composition, and it never occurred to him that the cow's devotion was at all touching.

The people around the place noticed this little comedy, and became quite interested in it, even taking down a portion of the fence between the fields that the cow might visit the object of her attachment as often as she pleased. She decided to take up her quarters permanently beside him; and when the lady left the farm where the animals were kept, the horse had his oats and the cow her hay as near together as possible. But the cow did it all; and while she often stopped chewing her beloved cud to raise soft brown affectionate eyes to the adored creature beside her, the horse went on munching as stoically as if she had not been there.

A Pennsylvania cow rejoices in the distinction of a wooden leg. Having lost one of her four supporters through a railroad train, which cut it off below the knee, a veterinary surgeon took the wounded animal in hand, and through his skill and care her life was saved. A cabinet-maker completed the good work by manufacturing a wooden leg that seemed to answer every purpose; and when the stump of the leg healed, the artificial substitute was successfully strapped on. At first the cow persisted in hopping along on three legs and holding the injured one up from the ground, but before long she grew tired of this, and cautiously tried the wooden one. At last accounts she was doing very well with it, although going about with a decided limp, and she has the proud distinction of being the only cow in the world with a wooden leg.

This sounds wonderfully human for a four-legged creature; but what is even more out of the common way, many cows in Russia have been decorated with blue spectacles because of the blinding effects of continuous fields of snow, and the plan is said to work well.

A strong friendship exists between a cow and a dog belonging to the same owner; and the advances were made by the dog, who followed his strange companion about when her calf was carried off by the butcher, and insisted upon sleeping in the manger near her at night. One day when the dog's master was

playing with him in the field the dog was accidentally hurt, and the cow, hearing a well-known howl, made a rush for the spot, with her tail in the air and her head close to the ground. It was only because she could not vault over the fence, as her master did, that the latter escaped without injury.

THE RANCHMAN'S BRAND.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

IF you were to pick up a newspaper in the far West or Southwest, and see picture after picture of strangely marked cattle, you might think a new circus was coming to town. But that is not the case; the strange marks represent a herd of cattle in New Mexico, marked with the brands of their various cattle owners. The principal business in that Territory is stock-raising, and many of the stock ranches are so large that to build fences around them would cost almost as much as the land is worth. When they are fenced, thieves sometimes cut the wires and drive the cattle away, and the only protection the ranchmen have is to brand each animal with a mark that cannot be removed, so that no matter where it may be taken he can always recognize it.

When a man is about to start a cattle ranch he selects a mark with which all his cattle shall be branded. This is often the initials of his name, or of the name of the ranch; but it may be any other mark he chooses, provided it is not one that somebody else is already using. He takes a copy of this mark to the county town and has it registered, and no one else has a right to use it. His mark is just as much a protection as an author's copyright on a book he has written. There are mechanics in the large towns who make the branding-irons to correspond with the marks, but many of them are ordered from New York and the other large cities. The branding-iron has a long handle covered with wood, so that the brander will not burn his hands when he uses it, for although he presses the cruel hot irons against the animals without mercy, he is very careful not to burn his own skin.

When the animals are to be branded the iron is heated very hot in a charcoal fire and pressed against the hide. It burns away the hair and sears the skin, giving the poor beast great pain. Different ranchmen brand their cattle in different parts of the body. Sometimes it is on the left shoulder, sometimes on the hip, or it may be on the side, or just back of the ear, or on a leg. Others nick or cut off one of the ears. Wherever or however it is done, it is a cruel business.

After the branding, it is necessary to let the public know what the brand is and who owns it, so that if one of the branded animals should be stolen and offered for sale, everybody would know to whom it belonged, and the thief be exposed. For this purpose the ranchman procures a small picture of an animal branded with his marks, and has it published in one of the county newspapers, together with a notice giving the name of the ranch and its owners, and the post-office address. These notices are generally worded in this way:

"JIM STOCK AND RANCH CO.

"Post-office address, W. H. Donaldson, Ranch Manager, Silver City, N. M. Cow brand as in cut. Range, Burro Mountains and vicinity. Horse brand same as cut. Cattle branded on left side. Ear marks, half crop the right and under bit the left. Additional brand I on left side."

Sometimes this notice is added:

"\$1000 Reward.—We desire to call attention to our marks for cattle and horses. We will pay \$1000 reward for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons found unlawfully handling cattle or horses in the above brands and marks."

Or this:

"All parties are cautioned against purchasing cattle in the above brands except from myself, as I have purchased the brands and all cattle running in them."

Brands are necessary, not only to guard against thieves, but that the ranchmen can tell their cattle apart. But if there were no dishonest people, burning brands need not be used, for less cruel marks would suffice to distinguish the animals. A mark that is burnt into the skin cannot be removed, but it is sometimes changed by adding more letters or other marks to it. For instance, the brand C. can be changed to H. C.

There are so many ranches in New Mexico that the local newspapers generally have several columns of these notices and pictures, and very odd they look—pictures of horses, cattle, and sheep, with every imaginable mark. All horses and mules belonging to the government are branded in this way with a big U. S. Perhaps some day some of our bright boys or men may invent a way of branding cattle that will not give the poor animals so much pain.

I WOULDN'T BE CROSS.

I WOULDN'T be cross, dear, it's never worth while;
Disarm the vexation by wearing a smile.
Let hap a disaster, a trouble, a loss,
Just meet the thing boldly, and never be cross.

I wouldn't be cross, dear, with people at home,
They love you so fondly; whatever may come,
You may count on the kinsfolk around you to stand,
Oh, loyally true in a brotherly band!
So, since the fine gold far exceedeth the dross,
I wouldn't be cross, dear, I wouldn't be cross.

I wouldn't be cross with a stranger. Ah no!
To the pilgrims we meet on the life path we owe
This kindness, to give them good cheer as they pass,
To clear out the flint-stones, and plant the soft grass.
No, dear, with a stranger, in trial or loss,
I perchance might be silent; I wouldn't be cross.

No bitterness sweetens, no sharpness may heal,
The wound which the soul is too proud to reveal.
No envy hath peace; by a fret and a jar
The beautiful work of our hands we may mar.
Let happen what may, dear, of trouble and loss,
I wouldn't be cross, love, I wouldn't be cross.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

ABOUT HORNBOOKS.

OCCASIONALLY in reading of old times in England mention is made of the Hornbook, but so little is said about it that its appearance and use seem to be left entirely to the imagination. As this is a busy faculty, it goes to work at wondering: "Were these books really made of *horn*? And did they have leaves? And what was printed in them?" In an old poem by Shenstone, called "The Schoolmistress," it is said of the children:

"Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from fingers wet the letters fair."

To say that books are "of stature small" has a very comical sound, as it seems much easier to call them little books; yet it is a quaint old-time expression that harmonizes with the "pellucid horn." It is easy to understand from the poem that the hornbook was a primer, although it is often supposed to be a kind of almanac; and the "pellucid horn," very thin and transparent, covered and protected the single leaf, which was all that the book contained. On this leaf, headed by a cross, was the alphabet in old English and Roman letters, making it very hard to learn, followed by a small batch of two-lettered words like *ab*; then came an ascription of praise to the Holy Trinity; and the Lord's Prayer finished the literary part of the book.

This precious leaf was often pasted on solid oak, with a frame and short handle of the same, and in shape it resembled a hand mirror. Sometimes it was pasted on horn, without any protection from "the fingers wet" that were expected to make havoc with the lettering; and such a "book" could be bought for the moderate sum of two English pennies. From the cross and the alphabet on it, the hornbook was commonly called the "Christ Cross Row," and this degenerated into "Criss-cross Row," which name has been given to a very old book at Oxford.

Hornbooks were used as primers until rather more than a century ago; and in their time school-children had no use for satchels, as the one book usually had a hole at the end of the handle for a string to pass through, by which it was fastened to the waist or girdle. Some old pictures of children show the ancient primer thus attached. These books are now very rare, but there is a copy in the British Museum that was found some years ago in the walls of an old farm-house by a laborer who was pulling them down. It is one of the best specimens, in a frame of black oak, with the horn cover in front, and the back has a portrait of King Charles I. on horseback.

THE THREE WINNERS

A dog and a shark and a bird had a race,
 And which of them think you, won?
 The bird spread his wings with an air of grace,
 And sailed up toward the sun,
 While the shark dived down at an awful pace,
 And the dog went on a run.
 When the bird got up to the bright blue sky,
 And the dog had reached the hill,
 While the shark was down where the sea-shells lie,
 And the mighty waves are still,
 Each said to himself, "Goodness, gracious, I
 Am winner, say what you will."

WHAT HE DID.

"What do you do with yourself on rainy days, Abner?" asked a visitor.
 "Oh, I have little arguments with mamma," returned the boy.
 "What about?"
 "Stayin' mean keepin' dry," said Ab.

A COIN COLLECTOR.

"That man is a great coin collector," said Bobbie to Uncle George, as they rode on the horse-car.
 "Why, he's only the conductor," said Uncle George.
 "Well, what of that?" asked Bobbie. "He's collected coins from every passenger on this car, hasn't he?"



A LONG TIME TO WAIT.
 "PAPA's going to give me a watch my next birthday," cried Andrew, joyfully.
 "When is it?" asked Tommy.
 "A year from last week," was the reply.

A LITTLE PLACE.
 "That is where you live," said mamma, pointing out New York on the map, which was only a spot.
 "Is it?" cried Nannie.
 "Why, I didn't know I was so little."

HIS PREFERENCE.
 "Do you like the fall of the year?" asked Uncle Russell.
 "Yes, sir," answered Sammy, "but I like the fall of the snow best."

THE REASON.
 "SHALL you be glad to go to school again?" asked papa as the end of vacation drew near.
 "Yes, sir," replied Robbie, "cause they're going to make me captain of the baseball nine."

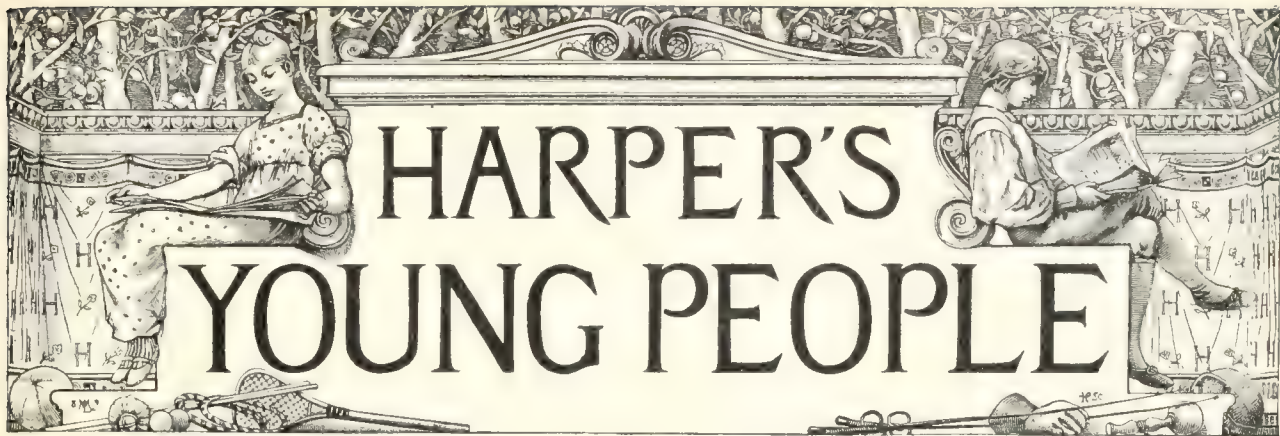
A DIFFERENCE.
 "CAN you tell time?" asked the visitor.
 "No," replied Tot; "the clock tells the time, but I know what the clock says."

HIS IDEA OF THE SURF.
 "THE people on the other side of the ocean must be in bathing too," said Jack.
 "Why do you think that, Jack?" said his mother.
 "Because all those soap-suds keep coming in here all the time."

IN THE BARN-YARD.
 EVELYN. "Why can't chickens swim, papa?"
 PAPA. "Because they don't know how."
 EVELYN. "Then why don't they get the ducks to teach them?"

YOUNG AMERICA ON THE DIAMOND.

1. The wary Pitcher. 2. The latest Thing in "Curves." 3. Good for his Base. 4. Throwing to Third. 5. Short Stop. 6. Likely to get an Error. 7. Man Out. 8. A close Shave. 9. Ready to steal a Base.



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

A WILD STEER IN NEW YORK STREETS.

GOATS sometimes hold brief possession of small sections of New York, and even mad dogs and runaway horses have had their day. Recently a Texas steer galloped into Madison Square, which, as everybody knows, is at the very heart of the metropolis. He was a big fellow, and was visiting the city in the interests of a pressed-beef company. He had hardly time for a good survey of the little park when several hundred persons who had been sitting there on benches rose as one man, or, perhaps more correctly, as one woman, and tendered the freedom of the city to the stranger from Texas. They didn't say much, but they rapidly and politely gave him all the room there was.

Next a young man with a broom came along, and flourished it at the steer. The steer put his head down and started for the young man, who very nearly broke the record for sprinting in attempting to reach the Fifth Avenue Hotel before the steer did. Fortunately for the young man, he won the race. The steer thereupon turned his attention to a stage which was passing, and succeeded in goring one of the horses before he took a second stroll through Madison Square. He finally got into a fight with a plumber, a policeman, and a butcher, and as they were better armed than he, the steer was killed in a street brawl.

This steer seems to have been a relative of a heifer



EXCITING STEER-HUNT IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY W. P. BODFISH.

which lately made Mr. Gladstone very unhappy. Whether the heifer's political opinions were widely different from those of the great statesman or the dislike was merely personal the cable despatches do not say. At any rate, the animal deliberately trespassed upon the grounds of Mr. Gladstone's country place, Hawarden, and loitered about until she saw the Grand Old Man crossing a lawn. Then, with a blood-curdling whisk of her tail and a soul-stirring bellow, she rushed upon Mr. Gladstone and knocked him down. Were he not remarkably active for his age, the result might have been serious. He managed to regain his feet and to escape behind a tree, which he succeeded in keeping between him and the heifer, until she became tired of aiming at Mr. Gladstone and hitting the tree, and ran away with a snort of disgust. The animal was afterwards shot; but it is a thrilling thought that for several minutes the course of British politics depended to a great extent upon a plunging and bellowing heifer.

At all events, the escapade of the heifer was considered so important in Great Britain that Queen Victoria sent a telegram about it to Mr. Gladstone, and the great man received a flood of messages from less distinguished persons. But the heifer's notoriety may be called emphatically a *post mortem* one. Tom Bailey, the man who shot her, received the head, horns, and hoofs as a reward. He has had a chance to sell them for fifty dollars, but he has had them mounted instead, and exhibits them as proudly as if they were crosses of the Legion of Honor or decorations of a life-saving service, as in one sense they are. The hide of the heifer was bought by a bookbinder for twenty-five dollars, and will be manufactured into mementoes, while the animal's flesh was sold in the local market at twice the ordinary price of beef. In short, the heifer that knocked down a Premier bids fair to become second in fame only to the celebrated cow with a crumpled horn.

A STORY OF VENTRILOQUISM.

BY BENJAMIN NORTHROP.

THERE were four of us—Dick, the Captain; Levi, the fur-trader; Graham, and myself. We had left Duluth four days before on the propeller *Manistee*, and had laboriously steamed down Lake Superior, until this November afternoon we were peacefully moored beside the moss-grown dock of Ontonagon. The beach made a long curve inland below the creek where we were lying, and on this level plain of sand and stones the old town stood. Pebbles were in the deserted streets instead of grass, and the quaint old houses, bleached by sun and rain and polished by countless storms of hail and sleet, glistened in the moonlight like houses in ghostland. The lake broke gently on the beach, for this curve is sheltered, and the white combs of the waves rose in a silver mist which was carried inland on the evening breeze. At the end of the beach stood the big hotel which had once been the pride of the old town.

After supper we sat around the cabin table and listened to Captain Dick talk about the new railroad, which would give the town new life.

"There is a legend of this town," broke in Graham, "which I heard when I was an actor and used to play in the camps along this shore with a dramatic company. It is the story of Silver Heart, whose father long ago was the chief of the Indian tribes in this neighborhood. She was very beautiful, of course, and fell in love with a young fur-trader who came here in his schooner, the *Otter*. Her father would not let her marry him, but when the trader went away he gave the maiden a gold ring and told her to come down the shore to him if he did not return in the spring. Spring came, but the trader

did not come, and after many days and nights of anxious watching, Silver Heart stole away from the camp and slipped into her birch-bark canoe. The Indians saw her paddling out toward the setting sun, and hastened to give chase. Before they could reach her a storm sprang up and she was drowned. Just as she disappeared she is said to have raised her arms and chanted the Indian death song.

"The old French father who told me the story also repeated the ballad which was written commemorating the event. I can remember only the last part. It went like this," continued Graham, in a sing-song tone ending almost in a wail:

"Out she sailed with the wind to sea,
And never again came back did she.
Ah, me! Ah, me! Ah, me!"

"Pshaw! I don't believe in these Indian tales," said gruff Captain Dick, after a pause. "But it's in keeping with the old town after all."

After supper the next evening, Graham, Levi, and I walked over to the old hotel. A small lamp flickered at one end of the big dining-room and made the darkness that filled the other part of the room seem grewsome. Our voices and footsteps awoke the echoes and made the old room alive with sounds. It was as if those who had filled the hotel in its youth had returned, and somewhere back there in the blackness they were mocking us. It was not a cheerful place, and as we were leaving it we heard from the lower end of the room this melancholy chant rising above the other sounds:

"Out she sailed with the wind to sea,
And never again came back did she.
Ah, me! Ah, me! Ah, me!"

The host brushed the lamp from the table with a sweep of his arm, and we tumbled out of the door without waiting to see who the weird singer might be.

"Did you hear that?" asked Levi, his teeth chattering.

"Yes," said I. "What was it?"

"Guess it was a ghost," said Graham, cheerfully.

"For mercy's sake!" gasped the landlord. "I'll move to-morrow."

"I wouldn't be in too great a hurry," said Graham, reassuringly. "Maybe you won't hear it again."

Long before we were awake the next morning we were out on the lake. A day or two later I bade farewell to my travelling companions at Houghton, where I took another steamer for the railroad at the other end of L'Anse. Graham was to leave the propeller at its next stopping-place, and Levi was bound for the South with Captain Dick.

Poor Captain Dick! This was his last voyage. The brave *Manistee* went down on her homeward trip, and every soul on board was lost in the tempest.

I started out last week to find a communicative ventriloquist, so that I might tell the readers of *YOUNG PEOPLE* how this interesting trick may be performed. The only ventriloquist I could find was exhibiting his skill in a down-town variety theatre. I found him in his stuffy dressing-room behind the wings. He was sitting on a stool facing a cracked looking-glass adjusting his false mustache, beard, and wig. On a shelf were some puppets dressed up like dolls, or more like Punch and Judy. Outside on the stage a man and woman were singing and dancing, and the music came back to the dressing-room mingled with the comments of the other actors behind the scenes waiting for their turn and the stage-hands.

"Any boy or girl can become a ventriloquist," said the man. "Ventriloquism is merely a vocal delusion. It is a trick that is easily learned, but a great deal of practice is needed before one becomes expert enough to give public performances. Ventriloquism is the art of so modulating the voice as to deceive those who hear it. Every

boy knows that he cannot tell from what direction a sound comes unless he sees something to indicate it. If there should be any one who doubts this, let him blindfold himself and sit in the centre of a circle of persons. Let these persons take their places after he is blindfolded, and then let one of them speak. Ten chances to one the boy will be unable to tell where the voice comes from. How many times have you heard a street car coming long before you have actually seen it, and how many times have you been deceived as to the direction in which it was going! I am afraid that I am making this more of a lecture than an explanation. If I am, just stop me. I am only repeating to you what an old printer, who had been a showman once, told me when he taught me to 'throw my voice,' as it is called, when I was a boy and was learning my trade. I picked up ventriloquism then, and very often since it has saved me from starving when I have been far away from home. But that will not help your boys."

"What is the secret of the trick?" I asked.

"It is to produce with your voice sounds similar to those you hear. For instance, I want to make you believe that there is a dog whining in the bottom of this trunk. Don't get up. I am doing it," he explained, as I jumped up, for I heard below me the anxious whine of a dog in distress. "I make a sound that is identical with the sound I should hear were there a dog really imprisoned in the trunk. In a sentence, my first advice would be, imitate sounds as you hear them. You hear a man calling 'way down the road. A faint 'Halloo!' comes to you. Try to imitate that halloo just as it sounds to you, softly and under your breath, just as I am doing. Now as he comes nearer, increase your tone, until, when he knocks on your door, you are ready to receive him," and Professor De Leon, for that was the ventriloquist's stage name, acted out his lesson so perfectly that I was surprised that he did not open his door at the sound of the knock, and I involuntarily waited a moment for the stranger to come in before I went on with my questions.

"But that isn't all?" I asked.

"No, but it is the first and most important lesson. After that has been learned perfectly, all the rest will be easy. The learner should practise, if possible, out of doors and in a quiet place. In order to deceive persons, one must not move the lips in speaking. To learn to do this, practise talking with your finger between your teeth. Of course the lips must move a little, so on the stage we wear false mustaches and beards to hide all movement. The boy should learn to be a mimic, not only of sounds, but of voices and dialects. He should be able to imitate any sort of a voice. One second he should speak with a woman's voice and the next with a man's voice. By this means he can carry on dialogues, and that adds greatly to the fun of the trick. He must not attract attention to himself. He must centre it on the persons or things that are supposed to make the noise. Most of us use puppets, and move their lips by means of levers in their backs. These are supposed to talk, and by changing our voices quickly to suit each character, we carry on very puzzling conversations.

"The boy should learn to sing without moving his lips, and in all degrees of loudness, so that the singer may be supposed to be in the same room with him or a long way off, just as he desires. I have told you now all that



THE HOST BRUSHED THE LAMP FROM THE TABLE.

I know about it. Any boy of ordinary quickness can pick up enough from my suggestions to make a fair start in a week's time."

"You said that ventriloquism had saved you from starving."

"Yes, and from worse than that. Once I was out in the Northwest with a travelling show. The treasurer ran away and left us penniless. I started out alone to walk to the last town we had visited—about forty miles away. One night I was lying asleep in a farmer's barn. I don't know what time it was, but I was waked up by hearing two men talk. They were talking about me, and while I didn't open my eyes or make any sign, I knew that they had a light with them. It appears that they had just robbed the farmer's house and were dividing their spoils when they found me. They were afraid that I was awake and had overheard them. So one of them pleasantly suggested killing me as a means of saving themselves. Just at that moment the two robbers were surprised to hear the loud barking of a dog and a man's voice shouting, 'I've got him; come on with your guns.' They didn't stop to hurt me, but ran away as fast as they could. I then got up and took the stolen goods which had been left behind to the farm-house, where I lived in clover for a week, and rode in the farmer's best wagon to the town I was going to. Of course the dog and the man were myself. My call? Well," said the Professor, "you must excuse me. I have to go on the stage now. I wish you would wait until I am through; it won't take long. Can't? Well, come and see me some other evening."

As I was turning away, the applause which greeted the song and dance couple filled the back of the stage and rattled the wings. Then there came a lull as an *en-core* was about to be given. While I stood waiting I heard behind me, soft and low:

"Out she sailed with the wind to sea,
And never again came back did she.
Ah, me! Ah, me! Ah, me!"

Instantly the noise of the orchestra changed into the sighing of the wind, and the patter of the dancers' feet into the rolling of the surf, and once more in mind, at least, I was on the long beach of Ontonagon. Before I could recover from my surprise, Professor De Leon,

wig, mustache, and beard removed, approached me and smilingly held out his hand.

"Graham!" I exclaimed. "I didn't know you."

"Didn't you?" he laughed. "I knew you all the time." Second call: Good.

And he was gone.

LINDA'S IDEA.

"I'm sure I don't know what we can do this year," said Blanche, disconsolately. "Every one's tired of fresh-air fairs and concerts."

Linda, who was curled in the hall window-seat at Brewer's Hotel, listened with an absent expression.

"It must be something original," she announced at last, fixing her cousin with a resolute look.

Blanche laughed, and quoted: "I fear there's nothing original in me, excepting original sin."

"Oh, Blanche," said Linda, lightly, "you're always quick—and I have an idea."

"Oh, tell it at once!"

"Well, you see," said Linda, "I took Miss Carmen those shells she wanted, and I found her busy washing out a piece of lace. She said she couldn't trust it to the washer-woman, as it would come home all torn, and 'It's torn now,' she said, 'and I don't know how to mend it.' Well, it flashed across my mind how all last summer at grandma's I watched Hannah do up her laces and mend them, and she often let me help her. I know I could do it. 'And my fine cambric handkerchiefs,' Miss Carmen said, 'they are never really soiled. I use two or three a day, and the laundress has simply ruined them.'"

Linda paused.

"Well?" said Blanche, impatiently.

"Well," echoed Linda, "it occurred to me as the ladies in the hotel wear so much lace frilling, and always want a fresh cambric handkerchief, just for show, in their hands, you and I might undertake to do them up, and take less pay than the laundress, and so every week use something for the fund."

"Enchanting!" exclaimed Blanche, springing to her feet. "But do you suppose they would trust us?"

"Oh, I guess Miss Carmen would," returned Linda; "and if we succeeded, the others would patronize us."

The girls laughed, and presently went off to the sitting-room Blanche's mother, Mrs. Dale, had upstairs. She was an invalid, seldom able to leave her sofa, but no one looking at her sweet bright face would have guessed either her physical suffering or the effort it required an active mind to be bound down and forced to complete tranquillity. Perhaps this was one reason she entered so heartily into all the schemes for work and play of her "two girls," as she called them, since Linda Rogers, an orphan niece, was like her very own daughter, as she often said.

"Why, that seems an excellent idea, girls," Mrs. Dale said in her sympathetic way. "And I'll tell you how I can help. I can show you certain 'tricks' of the trade in washing and ironing fine cambrics and laces."

After tea that night the cousins discussed their project first with their particular friend and object of admiration, Miss Carmen.

"Delightful!" that sweet but rather lazy young lady exclaimed. "You will certainly be an improvement on Mrs. Jones. I'll give you all pieces of the kind very gladly."

Several other ladies came up, and all expressed interest in Linda's idea, and as the Fresh-air Fund was very popular at Brewer's, they were ready enough to assist the cousins in earning money for it. Mrs. Dale had sent a liberal check herself, but it was one of her rules that the girls should earn or save out of their pocket-money for their little charities. "It would be no credit if you

just came to me for it," she would say, and the cousins had long learned to tax their resources to the uttermost for their "Help Bank," as a box they kept was called.

Early the next day the girls went from room to room among the ladies who had promised their "custom," and in a dainty linen bag Mrs. Dale had given them collected various bundles of delicately embroidered handkerchiefs and pieces of lace used in neck and sleeves of the cambric dresses. Each person's packet was labelled, but Linda explained that until the experiment had been made there would be no question as to the amount of remuneration.

When they got back to Mrs. Dale's room they spread out all the packets separately on the floor. All the laces were the good imitations used now, or rather real of their own kind, but not expensive. Linda looked them over critically.

"Yes," she remarked, "I know how to mend these, and, Blanche, I might start at that, while you wash some of the handkerchiefs."

"Tell me how, mamma," said Blanche.

"Well, you can use the basin in my dressing-closet, you know. First fill it with warm water, and throw a very little borax, you'll find there, in. Now dip your handkerchiefs one by one in and out, and when thoroughly wet, soap them; roll each in a wad, and leave them about twenty minutes. Then drain off the water; let fresh run on the rolls, and open them, and dipping up and down, pat between your hands. *Don't rub them.* Next refill the basin, and just run your bluing-bag lightly through it, and give them another rinsing. I think," added Mrs. Dale, who was about as much interested as the girls themselves, "you might have a line out on my veranda for drying them in the sun. But wait—have any of them lace borders?"

"Yes, mamma; four in this lot."

"Well, now for my trick. You want to *iron* those on cold marble, just as you will your laces."

"Why, how is that?" both girls exclaimed.

"Perhaps we can get Mrs. Brewer to lend us a marble-topped wash-stand not in use. Then you take your lace or your lace-edged handkerchief, and spread it out on the marble *very* wet. Make sure there are no creases in it, and that it is thoroughly wet. After a few hours you can lift it up dry and looking just as if it had been clear-starched. I learned that in travelling, where it was hard to get one's washing regularly or quickly done. A German lady told me of it."

"What fun!" exclaimed Linda; "only I'd be so impatient to lift it off the marble."

Mrs. Brewer, who was a devoted ally of the girls, readily procured them an old wash-stand with a generous marble top, on which four handkerchiefs could be laid at a time, and Mrs. Dale's little kerosene stove was brought into requisition for an iron when it should be needed. Blanche started to work in the dressing-closet, and Linda on an ottoman beside her aunt's sofa, prepared to baste the torn lace down on brown paper, and then skilfully with "back and forth" and button-hole stitch make the repairs. For the *écru* lace she dipped her thread in weak coffee, for Brewer's was a place "twelve miles from a lemon," and for the first of their work they had no art materials.

Like all novel enterprises it captivated the girls, and for the next two days they worked indefatigably, the result being that on Thursday afternoon six piles of beautifully laundered handkerchiefs and laces stood ready for distribution among the owners. Some of the heavily embroidered ones had been ironed on the wrong side on soft flannel; others had undergone the "marble" treatment, and looked beautiful, while even the plainest among them had been as carefully done as the best.

Mrs. Dale loaned a pretty oblong basket, lined with

silk. The girls had managed to get a bolt of narrowest blue ribbon, and each package was tied up with this, and a card bearing the owner's name slipped under it; and then away, proud and happy, if a trifle tired, went the little laundresses, laughing with pleasure as they knocked at one door after the other.

"My dear!" Miss Carmen exclaimed, as her dainty parcel of twelve handkerchiefs and three strips of lace was handed out, "I declare you have done wonders! and no fear of those horrid stuffs they put in to whiten them."

"Oh no," laughed Linda. "In *our* laundry we don't allow it."

When every packet was delivered, came the decision the ladies insisted upon as to "terms," and for handkerchiefs and laces four dollars was gladly paid, being less than the village washer-woman would have asked.

Promptly was this despatched to the "fund," and so began an industry for tired city children, which occupied only two days out of every week, and resulted in sending regularly from five dollars to eight dollars; since, of course, the little workers soon had more orders, and the ladies of the hotel were more than pleased to feel their delicate cambrics were so well laundered, as well as the means of sending many a little denizen of crowded New York to the green fields of the country.

"Indeed," remarked Miss Carmen, one afternoon, as she just touched her handkerchief with *mille-fleurs*, "I never take out one of these without thinking it has helped some poor baby to get well."

The banners waved and glittered;
Then came the riders gay;
The elephants all swung their trunks;
The band began to play.

And on a golden chariot,
Far, far up, all alone,
There sat a lovely lady
Upon a gilded throne.

Then came the spotted ponies;
They trotted brisk and small,
And one a clown was leading,
The littlest of all.



Next was a cage of lions,
And dressed in spangles bright,
There sat a man among them:
Indeed it was a sight!

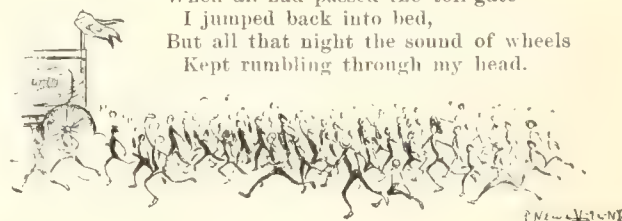


Another band; and wagons
Still rumbling, rumbling
passed,
And then a crowd of little
boys,
And then—that was the last.

That night when all were sleeping,
And everything was still,
I heard a circus wagon
Come jolting up the hill.

Another and another
Went rumbling through the night,
And then two elephants passed by,
Close covered out of sight.

When all had passed the toll-gate
I jumped back into bed,
But all that night the sound of wheels
Kept rumbling through my head.



WORDS PLAY MANY PARTS.

BY R. W. McALPINE.

ONE evening after dinner was finished, and Uncle George had had his second cup of coffee, all the Bentleys gathered around the fire.

"Roy," said grandpa, "did you ever hear of a Pope's bull?"

"No," replied Roy. "What good does a bull do him?"

"A Pope's bull isn't an animal," said grandpa, "but a message which formerly had a very large seal attached to it in the days when seals were considered very much more important than they are now. I have seen seals which were several inches across, and must have required a pound or two of wax to make them. Well, most Popes have been Italians, and the Italian word for seal is *bola*, which English-speaking people soon confused with bull; and as the seal was the most conspicuous part of documents sent out by the Pope, the message, or command, or whatever the Pope chose to say to Christendom, became familiarly known as a *bola* or bull."

"As a rule," said Lawyer Waddell, "I should think that the new meanings of words grow directly or indirectly out of the old ones, as in the case of board. A 'board' is a piece of lumber. We make of it the table which is often called the board. The first tables were little else. My bed and board are my couch and the table at which I eat. When I board with another, I eat at his table. To go aboard a ship is to step upon its deck, which is a flooring made of boards. To fall overboard is to fall beyond the deck into the water. Then the word 'board'



BY KATHARINE PYLE

ONE day we took our lunches,
And all went driving down
To see the big procession
Parading through the town.

The people lined the pavements;
Along the curb they sat;
Some woman with a parasol
Knocked off Eliza's hat.

The boys climbed up the lamp-posts,
And up the awnings too;
They shouted and they whistled
To every one they knew.

The people were so noisy,
All talking in the street,
I thought I heard the music,
And heard the big drums beat.

Some boy cried out, "It's coming."
I pushed with all the rest.
It only was a wagon
"Salvation oil's the best."

Tommy began to whimper—
It was so hot that day;
Till all, upon a sudden,
Began to look one way,

And down the street came something—
All big and gray and slow—
The elephants and camels;
At last it was THE SHOW.



supplied, like cabinet, bureau, and such words, to a number of officers who transact business about an office table."

"Is 'board' a more useful word in our language than 'post'?" said Dord. "There's the post that belongs to the fence; we rest a letter at the post-office; the postman brings us our mail, and a policeman sometimes sleeps on his post. I don't see where they all fit together."

"A post," said Aunt Ella, "is something fixed or placed. Then 'tis the place itself, as a post in the army. The post-office is the place where letters are sent; to travel post is to have relays of horses placed at intervals on the road, so that you may move from point to point without delay; to post your books, you place or register the items they contain. Post, and board, and stock, and stick, and many other simple words in our language perform a variety of duties which at first glance seem to have nothing in common, but which, when the original meanings of the words are taken into consideration, are shown to have a very natural relationship."

"Aunt Ella," said Katie, "what is the connection between stock in trade and the stocks which were used at Morristown in the old days for the punishment of vagrants and petty thieves?"

"There is a point in common between them which you will see when you recognize the fact that the word stock is the old word for the trunk of a tree, and therefore meant something fixed or permanent. The old-time stocks for punishment were contrivances in which the feet of the evil-doer were fastened; and stock in business is fixed capital of one kind or another."

"But live stock on the farm is not fixed, Auntie," said Roy. "It's always in motion."

"None the less fixed capital, Roy, for it has its known value always."

"Here is something that suggests an odd thought in connection with the changes that come about in the meaning of words," said Captain Cartridge, replacing his glass upon the tray. "This glass is often called a tumbler. How many of you have ever thought why the vessel should at any time have borne the name of the acrobat, the circus performer, the mountebank's assistant?"

"Isn't it called a tumbler, Captain," said Dord, "because the rith the thertain thure to uptnet when there'th thomething good n't?"

"Time was, in the old, old days," said the Captain, "when there was a great deal of drinking done, even among the best people. Everybody drank. The first courtesy shown to a guest was the offer of a cup or goblet of wine, and the last attention he received was at the hands of his host, who handed him the brimming stirrup-cup as he prepared to say good-by and spur his steed homeward. At table in the hall—and men of the old days seemed to spend most of their leisure time at table—there was constant drinking, and it was considered rude for a guest to show a disinclination to keep up the orgies at least as long as the host. To refuse to drink was almost an insult, and to leave liquor in the glass was an evidence of timidity or of a want of sociability. Drinking-glasses called tumblers, therefore, had rounded bottoms, making it impossible to set them down filled without spilling their contents. Of course they were called tumblers in the first place because they toppled over so easily. I saw a pair of silver tumblers down in Virginia during the late war. They belonged to a family whose archives showed that these relics of the past had belonged to their ancestors more than four hundred years ago."

"When I was a boy, I used to play our old game of shinny," said Mr. Thatcher, "which, in England, I believe, used to be called 'bandy.' Now we bandy words and play bandy, and some of us have bandy-legs. Where do we make the connection, Captain Cartridge?"

"Bandy," said the Captain, "is the same as band, a strip for binding; and then sometimes the things or people band together into a side, faction, or party. The word is very like the Spanish *banda*. In Italian, *bandare* means to take sides. 'The Prince,' says Romeo, 'expressly hath forbid bandying in Verona streets'; that is, he forbade faction fighting. When our game shinny arose, it was called bandy, because the players were divided into two sides; and as the game was played with sticks that curved at the heavy end, the word bandy may, in time, have been applied to human legs that deviated so much from the right line as to be bowed, although there is an old French word *bander*, which means to bend like a bow."

"There's another little English word that plays more than one part," said Aunt Ella. "How many uses is 'bank' put to?"

"Bank," said Dr. Grey, "is the same as 'bench'—something raised a little above the general level. We have the judges' bench, the sand bank, the bank of a river. In Italian, *banca*

means bench and bank, a table and a counter. From this the meaning was extended to the merchant's place of business or counting-house, whence our bank, where money is bought, sold, and exchanged. The first banks were Italian; and when a banker was unable to transact business, his bench was broken, his assets divided among his creditors, and he was a *banca rotta*, a broken banker, a bankrupt."

"A word sometimes conveys two meanings that are exactly opposite," said Captain Cartridge. "Take 'attack', for instance. This and 'attach,' though now distinct, are both derived from the same word, meaning to fasten, to hang. Hence in French we have the double form *attacher*, to tie, to fasten, to join, and *attaquer* (properly to fasten on), to begin a quarrel, or to join issue. In the Italian the word is *attaccare*."

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

"You attach yourself to another in a friendly way; you attack another by making the connection an unpleasant one."

"There is 'passion,' too," said the Squire. "You speak of a passionate man as of one of powerful will and energy. Now the word passion tells us something entirely opposite in meaning. 'Passion' is suffering; but often the observer finds it hard to tell whether a man is suffering physical or mental pain, or whether he is merely angry; and uncultivated persons, who, after all, strongly influence the meaning and formation of language, do not distinguish very accurately between one form of excitement and another, so that passion, which first meant suffering, now may mean anger, or love, or any strong emotion."

A REAL KNIGHT.

A PLEASING sight it was, I do assure you. Not the first part of the scene, for the little maid was crying bitterly. Something very serious must have happened. Wondering, I paused; when round a corner came my knight. On a prancing steed! Wearing a glittering helmet and greaves of brass! No. This was a nineteenth-century knight, and they are as likely to be on foot as on horseback. Helmets are apt to be straw hats or Derby; and as for greaves—well, knickerbockers are more common to-day.

This particular knight was about ten years old—slender, straight, open-eyed. Quickly he spied the damsel in distress. Swiftly he came to her aid.

"What's the matter?" I heard him say.

Alas! the "matter" was that the bundle she held had "burst-ed," and its contents were open to view. Probably the small maid expected a hearty scolding for carelessness. And, indeed, whoever put that soiled shirt and the collars in her care might reasonably have been vexed.

A new piece of wrapping-paper also proved too frail. Must the child get her scolding? Poor little soul! No wonder she had sobbed so mournfully.

But the boy was not daunted. He tucked the "burst-ed" bundle under his own arm.

"I'll carry it to the laundry for you," he said, in the kindest voice, and off the two trudged together.

Soon after I met the small girl again. She was comforted and serene.

"Was that boy your brother?" I asked. She shook her head.

"Did you know him?" Another shake.

"A real gentleman!" said I. "A genuine nineteenth-century knight. Bless him!"

M. S. McM.

KIT.

BY W. R. MACKAY.

III.—THE MAN AT THE GRAND HOTEL.

THE Grand Hotel, San Francisco, was a general meeting-place for the men of all nations.

Ruddy, well-fed Englishmen, and alert, wide-awake Yankees, jostled in the halls and waiting-rooms and wide verandas with swarthy, long-haired Caballeros from Mexico, and fair-faced Germans from over-sea; ranchmen with well-lined pockets elbowed cool, sleek gamblers waiting for a chance to transfer the lining to themselves; and miners from the hills, in wide-brimmed hats and red shirts, and trousers tucked into their boots, sauntered in and out with free-and-easy air, as if they owned the place and its belongings.

In the office the clerk had just turned the hotel register towards a dozen new arrivals who stood in a line at the desk to sign their names.

One of them was a tall and well-dressed man, apparently not more than thirty-five years of age, though his dark hair was already slightly sprinkled with gray, and the keen dark eyes and firm mouth and quiet resolute bearing marked him as one who was accustomed to have his orders obeyed. He was the last man in the line; and when the clerk had given him the pen, he signed the register in a clear business hand—*Henry Sherlock, New York*.

The clerk glanced at it, and put opposite the number of his room, and touched a bell: "Take this gentleman's baggage to No. 14, second floor. Dinner from one to three, sir."

The variegated human stream flowed in and out, and collected in groups of twos and threes, and then flowed on again; and after dinner Mr. Sherlock went outside and sat on the veranda, and watched the changing scene. He had been sitting there for half an hour, when a man came up the steps, stopped short, and looked sharply at him, and then came forward with his hand outstretched.

"Halloa, Sherlock! Who ever thought to see you here?"

Mr. Sherlock got up and shook hands heartily: "Why, Morton! It's ten years since I saw you last. When did you come?"

"Me? Oh, I'm living here; I took Greeley's advice, and came out as soon as I left Harvard. But what brings *you* here?"

"I've come to look after the affairs of the Rosita Mining Company. I'm President of the concern, and being rather overworked by that and other business, I thought I'd take a vacation, and see the Rosita property at the same time."

"Business and pleasure together, eh? That seldom works well—for the pleasure side of it. But tell me about yourself and everything that has happened."

They sat down together. "There isn't much to tell. I went into my uncle's office in Wall Street for a while, after leaving old Harvard; and when I had the run of the business a little in hand, I tried it for myself. It was up-hill work at first, but I got along—and now I suppose I might be called fairly successful."

"Any family?"

"Yes; I have a wife—but no children. We had one child, a little boy, but we lost him. He was drowned—a year and a half ago."

"Ah! I'm sorry to hear that."

"Yes; he was drowned—and we never recovered the body. We were going to New Orleans at the time, and took steamer from Cairo—my wife and myself and the little boy—he was then nearly three years old. But in leaving the wharf the boat somehow struck the bridge—the river was high, and I suppose the pilot couldn't control the steering—and the hull broke from the upper deck and sank, and we were all in danger of drowning. At the time of the accident we were all at supper, and the nurse had taken the child, and in the darkness and confusion and the panic of the passengers we couldn't find him, but thought it certain that both he and the nurse had been taken off by one of the tug-boats which had followed and rescued us. But we never saw the child again. The nurse had got separated from him in the rush of the crowd to get off the sinking deck to the tugs, and he must have been left behind and have been drowned."

A miner, in a bright red woollen shirt, and with hair that rivalled it in color, was standing near by, leaning against one of the pillars of the veranda, and appeared to be taking a languid interest in the story.

"And you never found a trace of him?" asked Morton.

Mr. Sherlock shook his head. "No, not a trace. The wrecked upper half of the steamboat was found by a tug-boat which I sent off next morning, stranded and half sunk on the right bank of the Mississippi, but there was no sign of the little boy. I employed agents, and advertised everywhere along the river, in hope of recovering the body; but all failed. And there was no chance of mistaking the child if the body had been found; he had dark hair and dark eyes, a handsome little fellow; and he wore at the time a black velvet waist with gilt buttons, and a Scotch plaid skirt and plaid stockings. No—he was lost forever. My wife was broken-hearted, and it made an old man of me before my time."

The red-headed man had come gradually nearer, till he was now standing close by the speaker's chair, and at this moment he touched him on the shoulder. "How old did yer say the boy was?"

Mr. Sherlock turned in surprise, but seeing only sympathy and eager interest in the questioner's eyes, he answered, courteously, "He would be four years old now, sir, if he had lived," and then turned again to Mr. Morton.

But the man persisted: "An' he had a little black velvet jacket, with gold buttons an' them other fixin's ye was tellin' of?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Sherlock, still more surprised, and staring hard at him.

"Then, by the jumpin' jiminy! I've seen yer boy, an' he ain't any more dead than I am!"

Both gentlemen stood up, and Mr. Sherlock turned white and steadied himself on the chair. "You've seen him! Where?"

"In Kit's Camp, at the head o' Clear Creek Cañon, in Colorado. The young 'un's name, ye see, is Kit, an' he's livin' with some miners what thinks his folks is all drowned. Le' me git ye a brandy stiff'ner, mister; ye're a little shaky in the legs."

"No, no; I'll be all right in a moment. You think that—"

"Kit? I'm dead sure of it. He don't belong to them miners, an' I seen them clothes with my own eyes. An' *for the right outest wallopinest young 'un ye ever seen*, yer ought to be proud of him!"

"And your name, sir?"

"Brick Top is what I goes by mostly. I was up there, tryin' them diggin's, an' that there Kit hisself brought out them things an' showed 'em to me, 'cos I laughed at the cur'ous way he's rigged up now. Shoot me dead if it wouldn't make a quartz rock split itself laughin'!"

"Be careful, Sherlock," said Morton; "you may build false hopes on a mere accidental resemblance."

"No," replied Mr. Sherlock; "it is unaccountable how my little Harry should be in a miners' camp in the Rocky Mountains, but I feel that what this man says is true. Sit down, sir," he said to Brick Top. "Morton, find out at once the quickest way to Colorado. Now, sir, where is this Clear Creek Cañon? Tell me everything."

Brick Top sat down. "Your pard is a keeful hand," he said, "but I reckon I've got the lay-over in this business." He counted off on the fingers of his hand: "There's the boy, an' the clothes, an' his bein' the right age, and his pappy an' mammy bein' drowned—an' them four aces rakes the pile."

They talked on for an hour, Mr. Sherlock asking over and over again a hundred questions about Kit. And when he had learned all that Brick Top had to tell, he rose and took the miner's hand: "You've done something for me to-day that I'll never forget; and if I find that child, you will hear from me again. Here is my card and address. Write and tell me where you can be found."

"All right; I'll let ye know. I'll be consarned glad



"AND HE HAD A LITTLE BLACK VELVET JACKET, WITH GOLD BUTTONS AND OTHER FIXIN'S?"

to hear ye got yer boy." And he went down the steps, singing to himself:

"I'm a Californy miner with my pick an' iron pan,
An' I'm always goin' to strike it rich—to-morrow."

How that afternoon and evening passed away, Mr. Sherlock never could remember. There was, first of all, a letter to be written to his wife—not too abrupt nor too hopeful a letter, but enough to prepare her for a great surprise to come. But the rest of the day was a blank; and with the first light of the next morning he was up and ready for the journey. His heart laughed with the "Tra-la-la!" of the driver's bugle as the Overland stage rattled up to the door of the Grand Hotel; and never did four fast horses carry a happier or more eager passenger as they went at full swing down the street and away.

But there were mountains to be crossed, and long miles of plain to be got over, and it seemed as if that journey would never end. But he was in Denver at last; and in fifteen minutes from the time the stage stopped he was in the office of a livery-stable.

"Let me have a buggy and a driver, and the two best horses you have, to Missouri City and return."

"Yes, sir; ready in ten minutes, sir." And as the buggy rattled off, the stable-keeper turned to one of his men: "He's got thirty miles before him, Joe, and half of it up-hill; but he'll make it before night—I saw it in his eye."

And he did make it. From the time he took his seat beside the driver he never spoke a word till the horses were trotting down the irregular main street of the log-built Missouri City, and then he only said, half under his breath, "Drive on to Kit's Camp."

"I can't," said the driver, reining in his team; "there ain't no road beyond this—nothing but a trail."

"Very well. Put up your horses here for the night; we will go back in the morning."

He got down.

The street, as usual, was full of men, and the saloons and gambling-houses were beginning to be lighted up for their evening's business. A little crowd had gathered about the buggy as it stopped, and he spoke to the man

nearest him. "Can you tell me the way to Kit's Camp?"

He did not ask any one to go with him—he wanted to be alone.

"Straight down to the end of the street, stranger, an' then follow the trail to the left; you can't miss it. 'Tain't much to see now," he added, as the stranger started to go; "there's nothin' there but log cabins, now that Kit's gone."

Mr. Sherlock stopped and turned. "Now that—what?"

"Now that Kit's gone. Our Kit, ye know; must have heerd of our Kit."

"Gone!"

"Gone, scooped, vamped left the diggin's, ye know."

"Where did he go?" The questioner passed his hand across his forehead as if dazed.

"May I never git the drop on another man if I

can tell ye. There was a rip-roarin' fire here in the woods, an' every man in Missouri City an' all around went out to fight it; not a soul that didn't go. An' next mornin' Kit an' all his crew was gone, an' there wasn't no one that had seen 'em; clean left, an' not a word from 'em since. An' we reckon that, like as not, the boy folloed the men to the fire, an' they was all burned."

"But their cabin, and their tools?"

"We ain't no tender-foots, stranger, and we thought of all that. There wasn't nothin' in the cabin worth takin' with 'em, an' if they was at the fire they'd have their picks an' shovels an' axes with 'em in the woods. There wasn't nothin' to tell by that way, an' I've got a standin' bet of ten dollars with Coonskin Joe that we'll come across their skeletons."

Mr. Sherlock slowly turned away. The disappointment was so sharp and sudden that he needed time to get over the first great shock of it. It was almost like losing his child a second time. He went on down the street, and put up for the night at the best-reputed so-called hotel, and there questioned more trustworthy informers.

He found that a pair of mules had been previously purchased, and that everything pointed toward an intentional departure. But as to the main facts there could be no doubt. Kit and his friends had gone, and there had been nobody there to see them go.

The next morning saw a notice on the bulletin-board of the hotel, and other notices in the same words at the prominent places of the town:

"\$5000 REWARD.

"The above reward will be given for any information which shall lead to the recovery of the child of Henry Sherlock, Esq., of New York. The boy is about four years old, with dark hair and dark eyes. He was supposed to have been lost on the steamer *Morewood*, Cairo to New Orleans, which was wrecked by collision with a pier of the bridge. The boy is known as 'Kit,' and he was last seen with a man named Jim Peters, and others, in the 'Kit Camp,' near Missouri City. Five thousand dollars will be paid to any one who shall give definite information as to where the child can be found.

"Address HENRY SHERLOCK, Grand Hotel, San Francisco;
"Or 52 Wall Street, New York."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE THRASHER SHARK.—DRAWN BY M. J. BURNS.—[SEE PAGE 786.]

STEAMING THROUGH A FUNDY FOG.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

THERE is no peril to navigation so great as that of a fog, and no place on the Atlantic seaboard of the United States where fogs are so frequently encountered as along the eastern coast of Maine, in the vicinity of the great Bay of Fundy. Here the perils that beset a sailor are indeed many and imminent. For nearly thirty miles off the mainland the sea is dotted with such a myriad of islands, rocks, and ledges that to the inexperienced eye its safe navigation seems impossible even in the fairest weather. The waters surrounding most of these dangers are so deep that soundings would not announce their vicinity until the lead was cast in the very edge of the breakers. There is also the ever-present chance of a collision with one of the fleet of steamers, yachts, fishermen, or coasting schooners that thread the narrow channels, reaches, or thoroughfares between the islands. In spite of all this, the many steamers that ply between Boston or Rockland and the ports of that dangerous coast make their trips as regularly and quickly through the fogs as in fair weather.

Of course many of you YOUNG PEOPLE readers have travelled on those steamers, and doubtless you have all wondered how it was possible for their Captains to find the way when every bit of the interesting scenery that you had anticipated with so much pleasure was blotted out by a fog so thick that objects not a ship's length from you were completely hidden. I know that some of you have done this, for on one very foggy day last summer I sat on the deck of a steamer that makes three trips a week between Rockland and Machias, stopping in several harbors on the way, and watched with interest a group of boys and girls near me. That they were readers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE I know, for they had several copies of it in their possession, and that they wondered how the steamer could be run at all through such a horrid thick fog, where they couldn't see a single thing. I also know, for I heard them say so. They talked long and earnestly about this, until they finally decided that the Captain must possess most marvellous eyesight, or else a pair of marine glasses so wonderfully constructed as to enable him to pierce the fog, and see objects that were invisible to them.

You were much mistaken, my dears, for your bright young eyes could have seen farther than the Captain's, and his best glasses were no better nor more powerful than the pair that lay unused in your mamma's lap. What the Captain did have, though, was the assistance of two pilots who possessed an absolute knowledge of every headland, rock, ledge, light-house, beacon, buoy, and current along that entire route; who could name every steamer and fog signal on the coast from the sound of its whistle; who could distinguish certain headlands by the peculiar roar of their breakers, certain islets by the shrill screams of sea-birds nesting on them, and certain ledges by the cries of the seals that haunted their kelp-covered rocks. By simply sniffing the breeze coming from certain islands these men could give their character and exact position.

Besides having these valuable assistants with him in the pilot-house, the Captain possessed a memorandum-book in which, from the experience of hundreds of former trips, he had noted the exact course, down to eighths of points, to be steered between every two headlands, buoys, or other prominent marks along the entire route, and the precise time down to seconds that it had taken his steamer to run from one mark to another. He also knew just how many revolutions of the steamer's wheels were made to a mile, and just how far each revolution drove her. By a glance at a dial, like a clock face, which was affixed to one side of the pilot-house, he could tell at

any moment just how many of these revolutions had been made since he last looked. Thus upon passing one buoy or landmark, all that he had to do was to announce the course to the next one, see that it was properly laid, glance into his book to learn how long he ought to keep on it, and then count the minutes and seconds until the time was up. He did not often hold the watch himself, but listened to the measured counting of the second pilot, who did. "One—two—three—four—five," counted the pilot for the minutes, and then quickly, "one, two, three," and so on, up to the allotted number of seconds. As he paused, the buoy, or other mark for which we were running, was almost certain to loom dimly out of the dense mist close under our bows.

Sometimes we ran for a light station, and could hear the distant bellowings of its steam-blown fog-horn, or the faint tolling of its great bell, while they were still miles away. Louder and more distinct would come the weird sound until it seemed all around us, and we could hear its echoes rolling through the limitless depths of the fog, fainter and fainter, until the tingling stillness was again broken by the hoarse roar of the fog-horn or the solemn clang of the heavy bell, apparently as close at hand as our own whistle. We seldom caught even the faintest glimpse of the tall tower or the nestling dwellings of the station, but we tried to imagine how they looked. To the watchers in the pilot-house, who knew them so well, all their details were as distinct as though actually visible. At the same time these watchers seemed to see the long black ledges that lurked, with jagged teeth and snarling lips, at the foot of the friendly tower, and stretched cruel hands far out into the sea to clutch at us as we passed. As the warning notes of horn or bell gradually receded, those who knew of these things breathed the easier that one more danger was passed.

Occasionally the mark that we were trying to pick up was a doleful siren or whistling buoy, ceaselessly rocked by the waves, and breathing abrupt moanings with every roll of its iron body. Or it might be only a sound of breakers roaring and dashing themselves against invisible rocks, that must be heard and recognized before a certain point could be passed with safety. If any one of these things had been missing upon the expiration of the appointed time, the steamer would have been anchored, and small boats, each provided with a compass, would have been sent out to row round and round her, in ever-enlarging circles, until the desired mark was discovered, or our exact location determined.

While thus listening to and wondering at the many voices of the fog, all of which spoke a language clearly understood in the pilot-house above us, we steamed on as swiftly and surely as though the day were the clearest of the summer. Suddenly a darker cloud of fog, at which we found ourselves gazing, resolved itself into a wooded headland. Then a stretch of the grim coast came into view, and in another minute we were steaming safely into the sunlit harbor for which we were bound, with the fog, from which we had just emerged as from an unknown world, rolling sullenly behind us, a thing of memory and of the past.

THE THRASHER SHARK.

IT is wise when anybody, even a fisherman, talks shark, no matter how miraculous the story, not to contradict, because the *Squali*, as a family, have many different forms, and vary much in size.

There is the bone-shark; and *Cetorhinus maximus* will measure from thirty to thirty-five feet. He is a fairly valuable shark, and his liver yields good oil. The blue shark, who ranges from Newfoundland to Florida, is hated by mackerelmen, because he destroys their nets. He is an active and enterprising shark, and will measure

from eight to ten feet in length. The bad name the shark possesses may be put down to the *Carcharodon carcharias*. He is the man-eater. Fortunately he is rare in our waters, though common in the Indian Ocean. It is known from the huge teeth found in the Carolina phosphate beds that in prehistoric times sharks of this species must have lived which were eighty feet in length. As to the sand shark, *Odontaspis litoralis*, or the shovel-nose, he is plentiful in many waters, and he can be found in Australian seas, and along our coast from Cape Cod to Charleston bar. If you have patience and a very little skill you can catch many a sand shark to-day off Nantucket.

The fiercest of all sharks is supposably the *Galeocerdo tigrinus*, or the tiger. He is not common in our waters. He has a mouth filled with razors, and endowed with a hunger which is never appeased; he is a shark to be dreaded. He is found in the Atlantic and Indian oceans. It will be observed how wide is the range of all these fish.

It is worth mentioning that the claims of the shark to our gratitude have been advanced. A book has been written tending to show how the sharks are the kindest and most amiable of creatures, and were never known to attack a man, or as much as to have bitten him. Whether or not the author of this eulogy of the shark would have offered himself as an experiment is not mentioned. The probability is, however, that sharks in general are not as dangerous creatures as they are represented.

The illustration shows the thrasher or thrasher shark, the scientific name of which is *Alopias vulpes*. "Swingle-tail" is also a common name given to this shark on the New England coast. Take a powerful fish, twelve to fourteen feet in length, and give him from five to six feet of tail, the upper lobe curving upwards and having a scythelike shape, and the amount of vigor that tail possesses can be understood. It is probable that the shark uses this tail, and thrashes the small fish, when he is feeding on them. There is a popular belief that the thrasher shark had for his particular mission the whipping of whales, but this story is not credited to-day.

Lately, off the coast of New Jersey, some mackerel fishermen had a thrasher shark entangled in their net. Generally, with a flirt or two of their powerful tails, these thrasher sharks can extricate themselves, but on this occasion the shark did not break loose. Between the fishermen and the shark there was a battle-royal. The thrasher was at first strong enough to carry the boat along at a good speed. It took several hours before the shark was exhausted and hauled on shore. The capture was twelve feet long, and would weigh about five hundred pounds.

OPOPONAX 1/2.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK,

AUTHOR OF "THE MOON PRINCE," "A DAY IN WAXLAND," ETC.

Part XV.

OPOPONAX THE HALF was very much provoked when he learned that the trumpet he had heard was not the dinner-horn, but a signal for all hands to assemble for the giant hunt. Fanning himself with his straw hat he said:

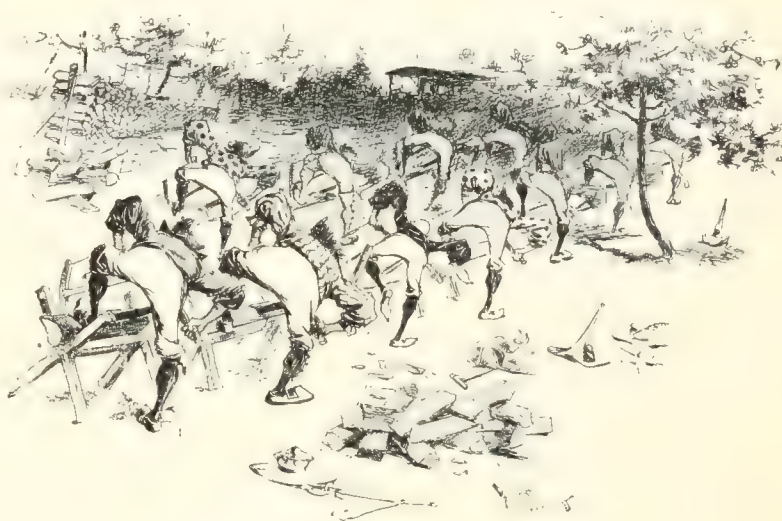
"There shall be no giant hunt. Nimbleshanks, otherwise Bracket-maker No. 1, is to be my only giant. But

instead, now that you are all here, we will make a circus ring out in the garden, and spend the afternoon in rational fun. Procure a horse and plough."

A horse and plough were brought, and Opoponax the Half surprised them all by the agility with which he turned up the ring.

"Get up there!" he shouted, as he applied the whip, and away the horse sped about the circle in the liveliest manner. The dignitaries of the palace were greatly shocked at this undignified proceeding, but pretended they thought it rare sport.

When the ring had been ploughed, the soft earth was piled into the circle, and the whole surface raked smooth, Opoponax the Half meanwhile laughing with delight. The Giant, looking on as pleased as a school-boy, said,



EVERY ONE WAS SAWING AWAY FOR DEAR LIFE.

"If we only had the jig-saw sawdust accumulated in my cave it would be splendid for the ring."

"I never thought of the sawdust. Collect all the sawbucks in the neighborhood, and let the knights and ministers saw in the interest of the circus ring and a good appetite."

The retinue of Opoponax the Half flew to obey the royal command, and half an hour later the garden was full of sawbucks and saws, and every one was sawing away for dear life.

"I would suggest," said Opoponax the Half to the Custodian of the Latchkeys, who was bobbing up and down like a buoy on rough water, "that you remove your velvet cloak and Valenciennes collar while you saw. I don't feel that I can afford to allow you to wear such extravagant raiment. When I was a chore-boy I was taught to be economical, and I have never been able to get over it."

"It is very hard work," replied the Custodian of the Latchkeys, blowing for breath while he hung his purple cloak on a Japan quince.

"It is hard work that makes us happy," replied Opoponax the Half. "All the happiness we have is the result of hard work. I have known country people to pick blackberries for weeks, when there was scarcely a blackberry to be found, in order to have sufficient money to purchase a ticket for the forth-coming circus. They were happy in their labor, because it was gilded by a pleasant anticipation that made it light. And the circus was the reward. While you are sawing this wood your heart should be in our circus ring. How would you like to saw wood all your life for fifty cents per day?"

"Frankly, death would be sweeter," replied the Custodian of the Latchkeys.

"If you were to do it for, say, a year you would learn to appreciate the luxury of your present position. A position, to be enjoyed, should be appreciated at its true value, and as I notice every one about Axminster Palace appears to be grumbling and discontented, I am going to do them all a kindness in teaching them—through expe-

Nimbleshanks was only too glad to be of service, and they immediately repaired to the luxurious sleeping apartment.

"We must arrange them artistically," said the King. "We must put the wild quadrupeds on this wall, the fishes on this side, the horses over there, and human beings here, taking great pains to keep the inhabitants of each country together."

"You have now filled the four walls. How about the birds!"

"They can go on the ceiling as though flying," replied the King.

"These rooms are very small," said the Giant, turning the subject when a thought of his own comfort occurred to him, "and I suppose, as I have been in the habit of living in a cave, you intend to relegate me to the cellar."

"Not at all, not at all!" replied Opoponax the Half, laughing louder than he had before laughed since becoming a King. "If it comes to the worst, we can accommodate your length by giving you the hall up stairs. That would be a sort of hall bedroom, wouldn't it?"

The Giant, never having lived in the city, did not enjoy this joke to any extent, but laughed out of compliment, and to this day Opoponax the Half doubtless thinks his merry jest was taken at its face value.

"We had better put this papering-work off till tomorrow," said Opoponax the Half.

"I am not in the least fatigued, if you are not," replied the Giant.

"But I am," said Opoponax the Half.

"Then I am too," replied the Giant.

"But it is not because of my fatigue that I postpone the work," said Opoponax the Half. "I want to do it in the daylight for the sake of harmony and effect in color. I am not an artist in any sense, but in the matter of color I have a keen appreciation of circus values."

In the morning Opoponax the Half and the Giant were down bright and early, but the rest slept until eleven. When they appeared they said they had never rested so comfortably before, as they slumbered from the time they touched the pillows.

"The rosy blessing of sleep," said Opoponax the Half, "was all owing to the work you did yesterday. You slept better on lumpy beds than formerly on couches of softest down. It should satisfy you that my theory is sound, and that by forcing you to follow it I may yet make you happy. It is no pleasure, I can assure you, to see you suffer; but I know that through suffering more is learned than through opulent idleness. You see you stone wall?"

"Yes," they all replied.

"Pitch right in and carry it over here, and reset it in an outer side circle about the ring."

They went at their work reluctantly, because many of them were so stiff and sore that they were walking around bent half-way over, being unable to get out of the positions in which they slept. While they were plodding away, Opoponax the Half said,

"How would you like to be at your ordinary duties now?"

When they heard these balmy words they dropped the stones they were carrying, ran up to Opoponax the Half, and replied, in chorus:

"What a boon it would be! what a boon it would be! what a boon!"

"It will be a thousandfold greater boon," broke in Opoponax the Half, "after I have worked you this way



HOW ARE THINGS AT THE FARM?

rience—that they are really very well off. Now don't stand there looking at me to escape work; pitch right in and get your second wind."

The Custodian of the Latchkeys once more set to work, and while he puffed and blew as he gyrated upon an oak knot, Opoponax the Half told them all what he had just said to him of the Latchkeys, and continued:

"I am going to have a circus here every other day, and am going to introduce an industrial feature. Every dignitary has got to saw and split wood, and go through calisthenic exercises with pails of coal and water instead of dumb-bells. I am going to have you groom horses in the ring, and milk cows that won't stand still. I am going to have you do every kind of disagreeable work I can think of for quite a while—I won't say how long—and allow you only the commonest food, and beds hard enough to give you rheumatism."

The ministers were completely undone when they heard this, and it is quite likely they all would have resigned their positions had they dared.

When they had wheeled all the sawdust into the ring, and everything was ready, he ordered them to race around it, each one carrying a heavy jagged stone. Some dropped, and others fell over them. Then he arranged two ladders in triangular fashion, and compelled them, each with an armful of bed-slats, to run up one side and down the other in Indian file. It was very amusing to see the slats slip this way and that.

"That is enough for to-day," said Opoponax the Half. "Now you are to have a dinner of cold corned-beef and dry bread so hard that you will do your teeth a kindness by resorting to nut-crackers. And then to bed on a couch of rippling lumps, and you will be on the high-road to happiness."

In a few hours they were all in bed, and then Opoponax the Half said to the Giant:

"When I left the farm I did not forget to bring along a goodly supply of circus posters, and with these I am going to decorate the walls of my room, that they may be the first thing to greet my gaze when I wake in the morning. As you have a long reach, you can make a stepladder superfluous."

about a month or so longer. Now go at the stone wall again, and hurry up, that you may get at the splitting of the winter's firewood before the curfew."

"What say you, Sir Bracket-maker No. 1, if we hie us to the palace, and proceed with our work of circus-postering my room?"

The Giant thought it would be a splendid idea, as his heart went out in it. So OpoPONax the Half cautioned his retinue not to stop in their work a minute before the meridian dinner hour, and then went to the royal kitchen and made a pailful of paste of flour and water, after which he proceeded to his sleeping apartment with the Giant. The latter was overcome with joy when he saw the beautiful posters. He stood in a sort of helpless reverie, and went into raptures over the vivid colors.

"Should I ever have to start a kindergarten to render you assistance, I intend to paper it just in this way, that the children may be amused and instructed at the same time. They could thus be taught color values, natural history, and, by alluding to the countries from which the animals come, a geographical feature might be worked in. Besides, they would be splendid subjects for the drawing class."

"Beautiful! beautiful!" exclaimed OpoPONax the Half, clapping his hands and laughing. "I am glad that there is at least one in this cold world that is in sympathy with me in my mad glad circus love. But how shall we arrange them?"

The Giant looked the posters over carefully, and having concluded the way in which they should be placed, sang as though in a dream, while he pointed with his forefinger:

"The Bengal tiger here,
The ostrich over there,
And by the cats with soldier hats
The elk with shaggy hair,
We'll put the spouting whale,
That gives the whaler combat,
Beside the ape without a tail,
Just underneath the wombat.

"The pard with frenzied eye
And angry tail erect,
Above yon chair, and near the bear,
Will make a fine effect.
We'll place this hairless sheep,
That eats the ruta-baga,
Below the sloth so sound asleep,
To flank the lively quagga.

"Above the albatross
The wild-eyed Hottentot
Must watch the gnu and kangaroo
And lazy hippopot.
The scarlet parrot must
Be near the beryl monkey,
And here the clown that in the dust
Commingles with the donkey."

"I like the arrangement very much," said OpoPONax the Half, "and I most cheerfully adopt it."

They then set to work, and in an hour's time had the room most sumptuously decorated. And they were both so beside themselves with joy that they fairly danced.

"I am so happy that I almost forget I am a King!" exclaimed OpoPONax the Half. "But let's go to the garden and see how the lordly vassals are progressing."

He was so pleased at observing the amount of labor they had performed that he allowed them half an hour to play after dinner, and ordered an itinerant candy woman to regale each and every one with ten cents' worth of marshmallow drops at the expense of the government.

And so the days passed softly and merrily on until a month had expired, and all the ministers, secretaries, and custodians of this thing or that were worked into skeletons, and were altogether too small for their clothing. Then OpoPONax the Half told them that if they thought they had been sufficiently educated by toil to fully appreciate prosperity they might resume their exalted positions of dignity and trust. To say they were jubilant would not do their feelings justice. They scampered about like so many children on the last day of school. And their duties, they said, were simply fun. They were willing to do night-work without extra pay or supper-money. And what is more, they were never heard to grumble again, but were always cheerful, and in the best of spirits.

Several weeks after this, when they were all out in the garden playing circus, some one shouted,

"Here comes an old farmer with a crowned King's head, and accompanied by an ancient dame."

"This is Timo—half of Timothy Hay," said Mrs. Hay, who was delighted unto tears at once more seeing the face of her son. "I am very tired, and would like a cup of tea."

"Bring the tea right out here," said OpoPONax the Half, who was so glad to see his mother that he didn't know what to do—"bring the tea right out here, and bring plenty of it."

While Mrs. Hay was rapturously sipping the tea, OpoPONax the Half sat beside Timo, and asked:

"How are things at the farm? How is old Brindle, and Musta, the Arabian steed presented me by the circus?"

"Everything is all wrong," replied Timo. "I broke the tongs pulling up turnips with them, and, to make a long story short, the place is a wreck. The sheriff is expected in two weeks, and I have come with your mother for pecuniary assistance. How do you like being a King?"

"Not at all," said OpoPONax the Half. "I am as much undone as you are. In fact, I have to play circus to forget my sorrow."

While they consoled each other with many a sad "alas," the Custodian of the Latchkeys proposed that OpoPONax the Half and Timo roll around the ring a few times to show them how they came to change heads. Every one shouted for them to begin, and neither was in a mood to refuse so slight a favor. So they got the proper grip, and went around like a wheel, increasing



HE THEREUPON GAVE TIMOTHY HAY A PURSE.

their speed, until, as on a former occasion, no one could tell just where OpoPONax the Half began and Timo ended.

When they arose they had again changed heads, and

before the principals or the onlookers could express their surprise, the Giant sang:

"What happy things are these
That on our vision's crest
Hes Timothy Hay, and Opo-
ponax the First."

And so it was.

"All is well," said Timothy Hay, "for both of us are happier. I am the light-hearted agriculturist of yore, and he is again the merry monarch."

There was great rejoicing on all sides, and after the excitement subsided, Opoponax the First said:

"May I come to visit you next winter, when the circus arrives?"

"Indeed you may," replied Timothy Hay: "but if you



STARTED FOR THE FARM ON A TROT

have wrecked the farm, you should redeem it for me, that we may enjoy the circus together."

"It shall be done instantler," said the King.

He thereupon gave Timothy Hay a purse containing more gold than he had come to ask for himself.

"I must away, to be home in time for the milking," said Timothy. "We have both learned one grand lesson, and that is that we can shine only in the sphere of life intended for us, be it great or humble; but I miss the end from one of my fingers!"

"I lost that in the hay-cutter," said Opoponax the First, "and wish to humbly apologize for my carelessness."

"Don't mention it," replied Timothy. "Accidents cannot be avoided, but your anatomy is complete. Come, Sir Bracket-maker No. 1, we must away."

They bade Opoponax the First and his retinue an affectionate farewell, and started on their journey.

When at the gate, Opoponax shouted,

"Don't forget to let me know when the circus arrives for the winter!"

Timothy Hay promised, at the top of his voice, to let him know, and then the Giant took Mrs. Hay on one arm, and Timothy on the other, to gain time, and started for the farm on a trot. As he jogged along he burst into song, probably to mark time, and this is what he sang:

"We'll lead a happy life,
We'll ever be together,
Although it blow, or maddly snow,
Or sunny be the weather,
Beneath one nuptial roof
We'll know a cheery shelter,
And from our door drive care before
Our boot-toe helter-skelter."

"Our lives will be as light
As morning's dew-flowers,
And Happiness will smiling bless
The never-lagging hours.
At breakfast, when the sun's
The far east's rosy finger,
We'll fondly sigh o'er apple pie,
And cake composed of ginger."

"We'll sing our daily song:

"Begone, dark clouds, to Yeehdo!"

And water, the cows demurely browse

Within the shining meadow.

Light-hearted will we be

As water, when or marten,

And if for gold our hearts grow cold

I'll start a kindergarten."

It only remains to be said, in conclusion, that although Opoponax First reigned long and well, and was an ideally happy King, he never learned to laugh.

THE END.

FOR HOME DECORATION.

BY L. J. VANCE.

THIS is the season of the year to gather flowers, leaves, and grasses for home and holiday decoration. Let us hunt in field and woodland before Jack Frost comes with his blighting touch and changes the warm, mellow hues of autumn into the dull gray shades of winter. A brief excursion and tramp in open fields will be rewarded with enough bright bits and colors to fill all the vases, bowls, and corners that can be spared. Remember this is no fleeting joy, for grasses, grains, evergreens, and many of the wild flowers of autumn can be preserved for months and months.

The season would be poor indeed in floral beauty if it were not for the wonderful display given by the many cultivated garden flowers. It would seem as though Nature emptied the last drops of her summer paint-pot on her fall flowers. The waning warm season is marked by the deepest dyes and the most gorgeous colors. The china-asters vie with the chrysanthemum, queen of the autumn; the zinnias run riot in rich crimsons, scarlets, oranges, and yellows; the dahlias come out in flying colors, so do the dainty white clustering phlox and the golden-colored hebanthus—these, alas! are short-lived; they will never do for winter decoration.

The most lasting autumn bouquet is made of wild flowers. Golden-rod and thoroughwort wave their gay banners in field and on hill-side. The latter with its grayish-pink blossoms skirts near the forest, where it peeps through the dead leaves. A vase filled with a mass of dried golden-rod, sprays of dried thoroughwort, lunched with the tall stalks of "cat-tails" in a high vase, will lend a touch of out-door color to some cozy corner.

Here is another kind of a winter bouquet: Take a mass of long, feathery grasses, mingled dried ears of grain, with scarlet leaves or branches of bright red berries to give a dash of color. The result will be as aesthetic a cluster to decorate the fireside or hearth as one could find.

Other useful materials for home decoration are ivy, laurel, dried ferns, seeds, and evergreen sprigs. When holly berries are scarce, the coral-red berries of the mountain-ash make a good substitute. So too the bitter-sweet vine, with its clusters of bright red berries, can always be used with artistic effect. The dried seeds of wild clematis, hung head downward, make light, feathery additions to any bouquet. In some localities running-pine can be gathered in long pieces which, when combined with the bitter-sweet vine, form the most beautiful kind of ropes or wreaths for the pillars, columns, or balusters.

Many surprising effects can be produced by a little art. Thus, grasses and grains may be crystallized or dried, evergreens frosted, and twigs made into artificial coral. Grasses, oats, flax, and ferns crystallize very prettily after being dipped into a boiling solution of alum and water, six ounces of alum to a quart of liquid. The crystals form by the time the solution is cold. The same materials can be dipped in colored dyes. For pink, a solution of logwood and ammonia is used; for red, logwood and alum; for blue, indigo blue, and so on.

Evergreens are frosted by wetting the leaves lightly with weak gum-water, after which they are to be sprinkled over with frost powder. The ears of grain and pine cones look well when gilded or bronzed with liquid paint.

Imitation coral can be fashioned in several ways. One way is to put twigs and branches into melted beeswax, in which vermilion powder has been thrown, and hold them in the air to cool. Another way is to mix two drachms of fine vermilion to every ounce of rosin; paint the twigs with this hot mixture, and bend them in imitation of coral. Then hold the branches over a fire until they are smooth and even.

We are pleased to note that fall flowers, leaves, and grasses

are again coming into fashion and favor. They are inexpensive, easily prepared, and highly decorative. We have pointed out some of the uses to which these materials, which nature so generously provides us in the autumn, can be applied. Other novel and ingenious ways will occur to bright young minds.

AN OLD HUNGARIAN TALE.

ONCE upon a time the creatures living with a farmer grew tired of serving him, and one and all deserted him. Cow and horse, cock and hen, duck and goose, left his dwelling. Only the dog remained behind, faithful to his master.

They wandered about all day long in company, and when night came, finding a deserted hut in the forest, they entered in and took possession of it.

The cat laid herself down in the still warm ashes on the hearth. Horse and cow stretched themselves out on some loose straw in one corner. The duck waddled under a bench, the goose under a table, the hen flew up on top of a cupboard, the cock on the chimney-piece. Just as they had comfortably settled themselves for the night a pack of wolves came prowling about the hut, and sent the oldest and strongest one amongst them into it to see who it was who had taken possession there.

When the wolf came in at the door he saw the cat's eyes glowing in the dark, and took them for live coals on the hearth. But when he came up closer the cat flew at him, nearly scratching his eyes out. The horse got up from the straw and gave him a kick in the ribs. And when the wolf turned to flee from the hut the cow butted him against the wall with her horns. The hen sprang clucking loudly on his back, whilst the duck and the goose nipped his legs with their bills, and just as he, frightened and bewildered with the reception he had got, managed to escape out of the door, the cock on the chimney-piece burst out with loud jubilant crowing. Master Wolf came back to his comrades in a very sad plight.

"That was a nice task you gave me," he said, reproachfully. "The hut is tenanted by witches. When I came in and went up to the hearth where I saw some coals burning, the vixen of a cook flew at me and nearly scratched my eyes out, the groom got up from the corner where he had been lying, and almost broke my ribs with a blow of his flail, whilst the farmer himself, seizing a pitchfork, thrust me rudely against the wall. His wife struck me on the back with her distaff, and two of her maids crying 'Back, back,' stuck me again and again in the legs with their shears. And just as I was fleeing from the house, another maid, from a room under the roof, cried out, in a terrible voice, 'Bring him to me—to me!'"

On hearing this tale of their scout, the whole pack of wolves took to their heels and ran off as fast as they could.

ALL ABOUT AN EEL.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

WHEN some people said there were bass to be found in the stream, and others asked why there shouldn't be salmon, and still others declared that the river was alive with blue-fish, and any one could see the menhaden jumping, it was a singular fact that the only thing Tom could catch was an eel, and he wriggled away in quick metre. "The nasty thing!" said Tom. "The disgusting worm!"

"Oh, no, no!" said Uncle Dick. "They are as good fish as swim. You think they are disgusting things because they are slimy and slippery? That is a disguise they put on—the half-translucent sheath over a coating of most tiny, most delicate scales which form a tracery like lace, of real beauty, upon the true skin beneath. Disgusting? They are much more fastidious about their food than you are; they will not eat dead stuff, and although they prefer an animal diet, it must be alive or very freshly killed. The ancient philosophers did not feel as you do, and fillip off an eel as if it were of no consequence; they gave it considerable thought, and had all sorts of theories as to the way it came about in the first place, some thinking the eel was made of May-dew—they only knew why; Aristotle thinking the sand produced it; and Pliny being sure that eels were only bits of the bodies of other eels broken off and re-animated; but he never told us how.

"Eels are really born from eggs, you know, which are spawned in spring in places into which the sea-water can flow, although,

to be sure, some few are spawned in fresh inland ponds. Wherever they are born, the majority of them migrate, although there are a few that stay in the pond where they first saw the light or felt the water. The others go inland when they are no bigger than a darning-needle; and they go in armies; moving up the middle of a river in a mass; in small streams, however, they go nearer the shore. They are full of courage, and never seem to know that there is such a thing possible as an obstacle. Their capacious air-bladder helps them, and they pile themselves up waterfalls and floodgates—from sixteen to eighteen hundred a minute were once counted passing a given point on a river; and as many more die in scaling rapids and cataracts, their bodies simply serving as ladders for the rest. Niagara they have never been able to surmount, and there are no eels in Lake Erie.

"As the opening to the gills is long and narrow, they are so protected that they can stay out of water a long time; they can even take water with them in the little pouches on each side of the neck. They sometimes leave a stream at night and journey by land; and if their ponds dry up they start for another in a straight line, led by some scent of water. When winter comes, they bury themselves in the bed of the river, and lie torpid, without food, and almost without breath.

"The most extraordinary thing about them is that they have two hearts, one of which is in the tail. These hearts do not beat together; the real heart beats with a pulse of sixty, the heart in the tail has a pulse of one hundred and sixty. They find this tail of theirs as useful as a monkey finds his own. With their olive-green and pale-yellow and half-transparent tints and the dash of red in the last fin, they are not at all unhandsome, and some are quite fine in silver gray and satin-white. Indeed, the famous murana of ancient Rome was purple and spotted with gold and silver. The Romans had these fellows alive on their tables in glass globes full of water, that the guests might admire them a little while before they ate them. Eels do not grow very fast, but yet one has been known to reach a weight of nearly thirty pounds; and eels approaching that size help out a boy who keeps hens, in an amazing manner.

"Although their long and narrow shape has given them a bad name, they are in no respect snakes; and the good gentleman who would not buy a fish that had lain on the same bench as an eel was mistaken in his antipathy, and not paying as much heed to Genesis as he thought he was," said Uncle Dick.

AN ANECDOTE OF THE POET SPENSER.

WHOEVER has read that delightful book *Westward Ho* can appreciate the pleasure that was felt by Anyas Leigh when he met the poet Edmund Spenser in company with his friend Sir Walter Raleigh. It makes one feel that the famous men of history were real, living men, who had their troubles and joys just as we have our ups and downs to-day. In thinking over the life of a great man, we remember only the glory and honor that are given to his name, forgetting that when he lived he had often a pretty hard time of it.

There is a story told by an old writer that once when Spenser presented Queen Elizabeth with some of his poems she was "highly affected therewith." In fact, she was so deeply touched that she ordered her Treasurer to give Spenser a hundred pounds. In those days that sum of money meant much more than it does to-day; and as Spenser was very poor (as most poets always have been), he was highly pleased with the Queen's generosity. The Treasurer, however, took another view of the matter, and said that a hundred pounds was too much.

"Then give him," quoth the Queen (according to the story), "what is reason."

The Treasurer agreed, and then went away and forgot all about it. But you may be sure Spenser didn't forget. Time passed on and no money was received, so he wrote this verse, and presented it to the Queen as a petition:

"I was promised on a time
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time unto this season
I received nor rhyme nor reason."

This gentle reminder so pleased the Queen that she called her Treasurer, and after giving him a scolding, handed to Spenser the hundred pounds she had first intended for him.



COMPANY.

SAMMY JONES HAD A CHICKEN FOR DINNER.

HAD THE BEST OF HIM THERE.

"Hoh!" jeered Willie to his sister. "I'm a boy, and can climb trees."

"Pooh!" retorted his sister. "I'm a girl, and can sit still without wanting to climb trees."

DIDN'T CARE FOR OATS AND HAY.

"Wish I was a horse," said Wally, as he watched his father's horse prancing around the field. Then he added, "Except at dinner-time."

WHAT SHE WOULD DO.

"I KNOW what I'd do if I was an angel," said little Polly. "I'd take my wings and fly back home an' live in our old canary cage, and make mamma think I was a birdie."

QUITE AS GOOD.

"AND do you try to behave always like a gentleman, Wally?" asked the visitor.

"No, sir," replied Wally. "I'm not old enough for a gentleman, but I try to be a gentleboy."

NOT A PLAIN TALKER.

"CAN your little brother talk, Dorothy?"

"Yeth; but nobody but the dollith can underthand what he thayth."

HAD ENOUGH.

"DID you go in bathing at the seashore, Wilton?"

"Only once."

"Didn't you like it?"

"No, sir. The waves were very impolite. They knocked me down four whole times."

A PARALLEL.

The ocean is exactly

Like my brother Bob and me,

It's always romping noisily,

And 's restless as can be.

WASTED.

"SEE all that good rope wasted," said Jack, sadly, as his eyes fell upon the hotel clothes-yard.

"How wasted, Jack?" asked his uncle.

"It would make such a lovely swing," explained the boy.

A SHORT MEMORY.

JACK. "I don't think I ever had so much fun in my life as I've had this summer."

KARL. "But can't you remember what good times we had last August?"

JACK. "No; that's just why I think this is the best."

BOBBIE'S NAUGHTY ACT

MAMMIE. "Bobbie was awfully naughty on the beach, mamma."

MAMMA. "What did he do, my dear?"

MARJORIE. "He picked up a clam shell and buried it. The poor clam will come home to-night, and won't be able to find his house."

A FEW MAXIMS.

FOR FISHERMEN.

DON'T yell when you chance to get a bite and scare the fish away, but keep your mouth just shut up tight. Don't have a word to say, then maybe you'll get a bite once more, and haul in Mr. Fish, and then you may shout and yell and roar as loudly as you wish.

FOR COUNTRY BOYS.

IF you see an apple on the tree, just as green as green can ever be, do not sit down on the ground and wait for it to acquire a riper state, but go away for a week or so, then come again, maybe, you know, you may find it turned a lovely red—if no one else has picked it instead.

DON'T make lanterns out of pumpkins that may be used for pies on Thanksgiving Day, for if you chance to do so, don't you see, you might lose an extra piece that way.

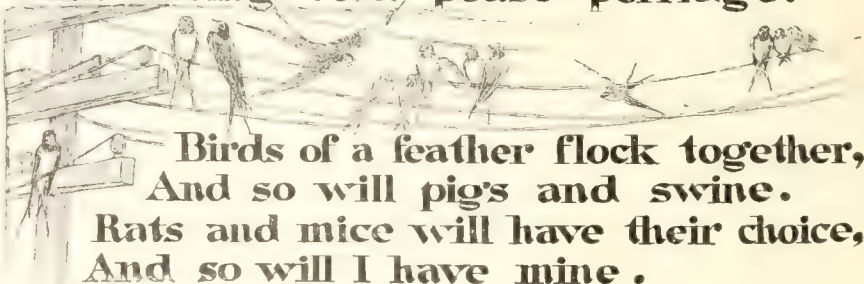
HAD TO DO IT.

"SEE here, Harry," said the boy's father at five o'clock in the morning. "Don't make so much noise. Nobody can sleep."

"But I must, papa, it's part of the game. I'm playing I'm an alarm-clock."



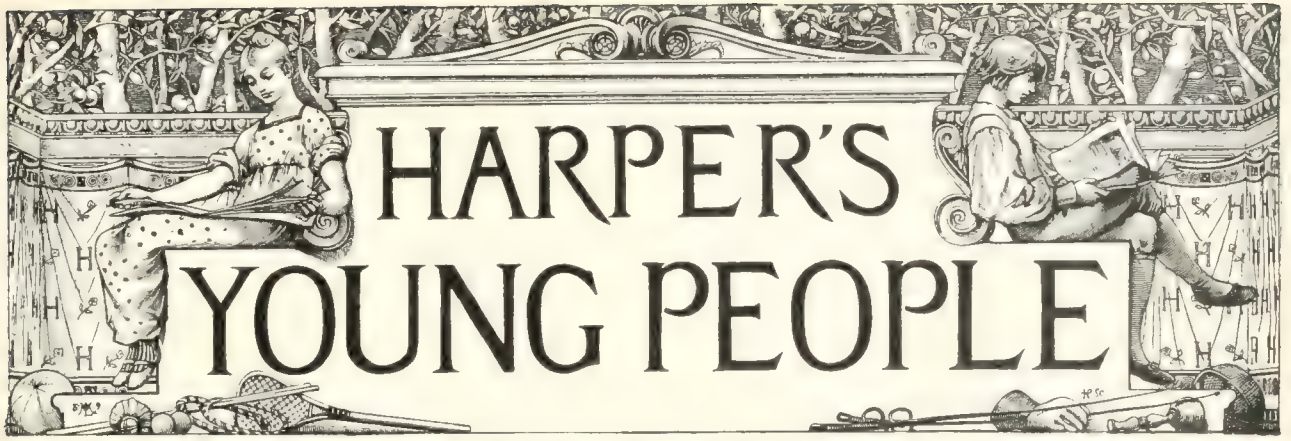
**The Man in the Moon
Came down too soon,
And asked the way to Norwich.
He went by the South,
And burned his mouth,
With eating cold pease porridge.**



**Birds of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine.
Rats and mice will have their choice,
And so will I have mine.**



**As the day lengthens,
So the cold strengthens.**

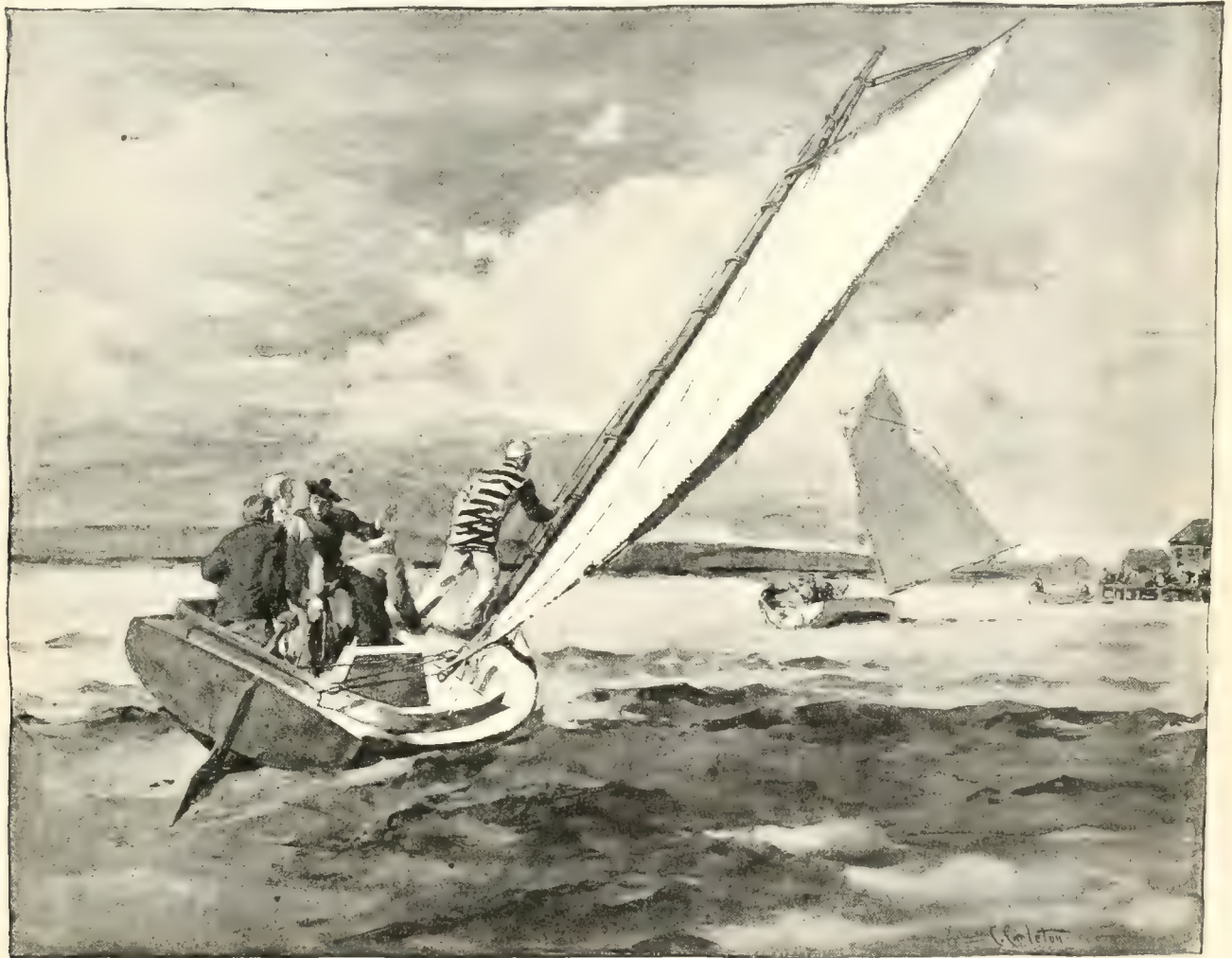


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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



PARKER BROWN'S PUNISHMENT.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

"I'VE just got to win that race somehow," said Parker Brown, pushing his hands deep down into his pockets, as he stared out over the water; "but I believe she can outsail us."

He was watching Hiram Thorp's fast cat-boat, the *Whistler*, boiling along under her racing mainsail. Hiram was drilling his crew, which consisted of Perry Brent, Carlo Minton, Bryce Green, and Harry Somers.

He was beating up against a fairly fresh breeze, and drilling the boys at trimming the main-sheet and shifting ballast. When he had made two or three tacks, he would gybe and run off before the wind. Parker had been watching the boat for nearly an hour, and the lively manner in which she slipped along and the handy way in which the boys worked together made him feel sad.

The next day the greatest race of the season was to take place. A series of regattas had been sailed for a championship pennant, which Hiram Thorp's *Whistler* and Parker Brown's *Hebe* had each won twice. On the following afternoon the two boats were to sail the deciding match. Parker Brown had set his heart on winning that pennant, and he could not bear the thought of losing it. He was one of those boys who think that being beaten in a race, a game of ball, or any other sport is the bitterest thing that can happen to a young fellow. So on this lovely August afternoon he walked up and down the beach in an unhappy frame of mind as he gazed out over the Sound, and saw how fast the *Whistler* was sailing. He was worried, for he did not believe the *Hebe* could go to windward so well, and he was sure his crew was not so well trained.

"I wish he'd carry away something to-morrow," muttered Parker; "then the pennant would be mine."

That thought, once formed, took possession of Parker. His desire to be certain of victory through the disabling of his opponent's boat grew stronger and stronger. At nine o'clock that night he had become so restless that he could not remain in the house. He put on his cap and walked down to the beach. It was dark, but he could see the *Whistler* riding at anchor. He stepped into a row-boat and pushed off. He ran alongside the *Whistler* and got aboard of her. He examined her sheet and halyards. They were sound and in good order. The blocks were all new and well strapped.

"No," he muttered; "nothing's going wrong with her."

Then a sudden temptation flashed through him. Why not make sure that something should go wrong? He was frightened at his own thought, and for a few moments stood peering into the darkness and listening. Not a sound could be heard except the rippling of the water under the boat's bows. Parker took out his knife and opened the big blade. He hesitated. That would not do. Any one could detect a cut. So he opened the file blade, and began to file the main-sheet. He filed it almost through, leaving only one strand, and that not very sound. Then he twisted a bit of string around it so that the frayed ends would not show.

"Now," he said, "that will hold for a time and finally give way. Before they can get things in shape again the race will be mine."

He slipped back into the row-boat, and went ashore. He was trembling with excitement and with the consciousness of guilt. He sneaked into the house by the kitchen door and went to bed. It was not a very fine night's rest that he got. He awoke early after a broken sleep, and sprang up. The eventful day had come at last. He was sure of winning now, but he felt very nervous.

The race was to come off at half past two. The course was to be five miles to windward, or leeward, and return. The wind that day was off shore, so the race was to leeward, the finish being over an imaginary line drawn from the end of Mr. Brown's pier to the naphtha launch *Caroline*, which was to measure off the course, serve as a mark-boat, and return to take her place at the finish. The pier was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, who had become deeply interested in the struggle for the pennant. There were several yachts in the harbor, and two or three of them were making preparations to accompany the cat-boats over the course. Mr. Beaver, who had offered the championship pennant, was chairman of the regatta committee, which was aboard the naphtha launch. At the precise hour appointed he blew three short blasts on a fog-horn, which meant that the contestants were to get under way. Both cat-boats responded promptly, gliding slowly along under the lee of the shore with sheets eased off. At 2:25 Mr.

Beaver blew one long blast which was the preparatory signal. Then the boys began some pretty manoeuvring for position. Every boy who has had experience in yacht-racing knows that in a start to leeward the one who crosses the line last has the advantage, because he can "blanket" the other fellow. Now Parker Brown did not care a bit whether the *Whistler* blanketed him or not, because he was sure that as soon as she rounded the outer mark and hauled on the wind, her main-sheet would part, and she would be out of the race. But he had to keep up appearances; so he acted as if he were trying to get well up to windward.

When the starting signal was given at 2:30, however, he put up his helm, ordered his crew to overhaul the main-sheet, and away they went across the line first, the ladies and gentlemen on the piers and in the neighboring yachts cheering loudly and waving their handkerchiefs. The *Whistler* crossed six seconds behind the *Hebe*, and, to Parker Brown's amazement, at once slid out on her port quarter.

"He isn't going to try to blanket us after all," exclaimed Parker. "What trick do you suppose he's up to?"

"Looks to me," said Willie Marshall, who was holding the end of the main-sheet in his hand just for amusement, "as if he wished to see whether he can't beat us fairly at running."

Going to leeward in a yacht-race is always stupid work. There is never any excitement with the wind aft. So the boys just chatted and laughed, all except Parker, who steered straight for the outer mark, and felt as if he was going to be hanged. The naphtha launch was hurrying along ahead of the boats, towing a patent log to measure off the course. She could not go a great deal faster than the boats, so she just had time to get comfortably stopped when they came rushing down on her.

"Now, fellows," exclaimed Parker, "get your main-sheet down and your ballast up to starboard."

"Now, boys," said Hiram, on board the *Whistler*, "haul aft the main-sheet slowly and steadily as we come up, and get your ballast over without throwing it."

Parker jammed the *Hebe's* tiller hard down, she shot up into the wind, and the crew trimmed the main-sheet in like lightning. Hiram eased down his helm gently, the main-sheet came in inch by inch with a steady drag, the *Whistler* sailed around the arc of a circle, never losing her speed, and came up on the *Hebe's* weather quarter.

"So far he's got the best of us," said Parker, savagely; "but we'll see."

"Keep cool, Parker," said Willie Marshall, "and you'll steer better."

"I'm cool enough," said Parker.

But he was really burning with excitement. He was now in momentary expectation of seeing the *Whistler's* main-sheet part. Yet it did not. It held wonderfully. You see, even a light line will stand a great deal in the way of steady strain, and the *Whistler's* sheet had not been jerked. The two cat-boats stood on the starboard tack, on which they had hauled up when they rounded the mark boat, for about a mile and a half. At the end of that time the *Whistler* was about twenty-five yards dead to windward of her opponent.

"Ready about!" said Parker, in a low tone. "Hard-a-lee!"

The boys shifted the sand-bags steadily, and Willie Marshall tended the main-sheet carefully. The *Hebe* made a beautiful tack, and gained fully ten yards on the *Whistler*.

"We'll beat him yet," said Willie Marshall.

"We're sure to beat him!" exclaimed Parker, whose face was flushed, while his eyes were brilliant and unsteady.

The two boats were now on the port tack, which they held for two miles, when they again went about. They

were now drawing near the finish, and the wind was beginning to freshen.

"It'll go soon," thought Parker.

But that sheet held wonderfully. Once more the boats tacked, and this time the *Whistler* came out on the *Hebe's* weather side in a position that cut off some of the latter's wind. So the *Whistler* forged ahead, and it now looked as if she had the *Hebe* fairly beaten. Parker Brown's state of mind was one that cannot be described. He was full of rage, disappointment, and shame.

"It's becoming puffy," said Willie Marshall, as a gust laid the *Hebe* down till the foam flashed along the cockpit coaming.

"Oh, for a big puff!" exclaimed Parker.

"Help him just as much as it will us," said Willie.

They were within four hundred yards of the finish now, and could hear the shouts of those on the piers. Parker saw the crew of the *Whistler* lying as far out to windward as they could, Perry Brent leaning far back, with the end of the main-sheet twisted around his hands. Next he saw the boat take a further heel to leeward as a fresh gust struck her. The next second her main-boom swung out to leeward, and Parker knew that the sheet had parted.

But that was not all. Perry Brent went over backward into the water. At the same second the combined weight of the other boys and the sand-bags proved too much for the boat, and she upset to windward. Parker saw a confused mass of foam and canvas, and for a moment he seemed to be paralyzed.

"They've upset!" shouted Willie Marshall. "It's three fathoms deep! Bear down on them!"

Shaking in every limb Parker steered for the capsized craft, which they reached in three or four seconds, as she was only a few yards ahead. They found Hiram, Carlo Minton, Bryce Green, and Harry Somers clinging to the centre board.

"Where's Perry?" screamed Parker.

Hiram looked around wildly.

"Oh, he must be under the boat!" he cried.

There was a swift flight, a plunge, and Parker Brown had disappeared below the surface. He was the crack diver and swimmer of the place. It seemed an age before he reappeared bearing the unconscious form of Perry Brent on his shoulder. By this time the naphtha launch, which had started the moment the accident took place, was within hailing-distance. The boys shouted wildly for her to come along-side, and when she arrived Perry was drawn on board.

"Get him ashore quickly!" panted Parker. "He's not dead, he's not dead!"

The naphtha launch whizzed away to the pier, where there was presently a great commotion. The boys all got aboard the *Hebe*, and taking the capsized *Whistler* in tow made their way ashore very slowly. As soon as they reached the pier Parker sprang ashore, and cried in an agonized voice: "Is Perry all right? He's not dead!"

"No," said Dr. Morris, looking up; "he's not dead!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Parker.

Then he fell down in a faint. Hiram Thorp stood by wondering.

"My main-sheet was as sound as a bar of iron last night," he said. "I can't see why it parted."

Then the doctor said: "Perhaps this will explain it."

And he handed to Hiram the end of the sheet which had till that moment remained in Perry Brent's hand. Hiram saw at once that it had been chafed through. He looked at the unconscious Parker and then at the reviving Perry. He shook his head and muttered,

"If Perry had been drowned, Parker would have gone crazy."

There are worse things than being beaten.



BY VALENTINE ADAMS.

WISH to tell you how it came about that on a certain bright spring day, not many years ago, the happiest little girl in all Brussels was Scholastique de Crayer, No. 13, Street of the Twelve Apostles.

You will see for yourselves that it is a true story; if it were not so, and if I were simply inventing these things, I could easily choose a far finer name than Scholastique. Moreover, to any one who has lived in Brussels, the Street of the Twelve Apostles sounds but poor and lowly compared with the Street of the Prince Royal, or the Street of the Law, or the Avenue of the Golden Fleece. Even the number 13—is not all it ought to be; and as some people consider it unlucky, I at one time thought to give another number instead. Upon the whole, however, I now think it best to change nothing.

Every spring new fashions come into the world, even into the Street of the Twelve Apostles. That year potted plants were greatly in vogue among the little girls of the neighborhood; battledore and shuttlecock and hoops and whipping-tops were out of date. For some weeks Scholastique had been wishing with all her might and main for a rose-tree in a pot. She had already, it is true, a forget-me-not plant and a fern; but you know very well that forget-me-not flowers have not the lovely perfume of roses; and, to be very exact, this plant had no flowers. As for the fern, it had never yet made up its mind whether to live or die.

"If I could only buy me a rose in bloom," sighed Scholastique, "mine would be a very pretty collection."

Yet "all things come round to those who will but wait;" and in due season it came to pass that the little girl, with joy in her heart and a beautiful "white piece" in her pocket, was really skipping down to St. Catherine's Market to buy the pot of roses.

A "white piece?" Oh, that means silver money. The "white piece" of Scholastique was worth two francs; and this, so I have been told, is equal to forty cents—a fine sum indeed for a child of ten to have for her very own!

That morning she had taken from her bank her whole hoard of two francs, five centimes. She had amassed this sum little by little; most of it was in copper pieces of two, three, five, or ten centimes. As it takes five centimes to be worth a cent, you will see that she must have had a number of copper coins. There was also one whole half-franc for having a tooth pulled, and another for finding the spectacles that grandmamma left on the window-ledge the day she fed the pigeons.

Scholastique was, as people said, "a sage child," "a

child already reasonable." "Mamma," said she, as she looked at her little pile, "I think I should feel more like a grown person if I should get all this changed into big money."

She ran into the shop of the baker, next door, and laying down her forty-one cents, politely demanded a *pistolet* for the ducks in the park. Now in Brussels a *pistolet* is not a kind of gun; it is a little roll of white bread, and costs a cent.

"And if you will be so amiable," Scholastique had added, timidly, "will you please give me the change all in one piece?"

The wife of the baker was good, and searched her drawer for two franc pieces. She found several, and chose the brightest. Without doubt a "child already reasonable" knows that old money is as good as new; still, even the grown persons prefer clean coins. The wife of the baker threw in a smile with the money, and a white paper bag with the *pistolet*, and Scholastique was even more happy than before.

But she could not go alone to the market; she must wait patiently till Cunegonde van den Noot, the "maid-to-do-all" in the De Crayer household, had finished the morning's work. It seemed a long time to wait. Down there on the City Hall the gold image of St. Michael shone brighter and brighter as the sun rose high; the good Saint seemed to beckon the child to hurry, hurry, before all the plants in the market should be sold! He had worked himself up into quite a blaze of glory when at last, toward eleven o'clock, Scholastique set out, tightly holding the hand of Cunegonde.

What a hard and knotty hand it was! But for its warmth and moisture it would have felt, the little girl often thought, quite like the knobby walking-stick of her papa. No matter! Cunegonde, so said all the children in the Street of the Twelve Apostles, was good as gold. Some of these children had French-speaking nurses with Parisian head-dresses and boots of leather, for example: nurses who laughed at the country caps of Cunegonde, and pointed the patent-leather toe of scorn at her stout wooden shoes. But for all that, not one of them knew so many delightful tales as she; not one of them spread the jam half so thickly on the between-meals slice; and some of them would scold dreadfully when a child happened to fall down in the park and get green on her apron—just as if one did such things expressly! Cunegonde never scolded. She had very blue eyes, I remember, and a kind brown face, and plain hair of a color not quite as yellow as gold nor quite as gray as ashes. And what an endless delight were those lace caps of hers! One of them had a whole regiment of tiny pins running round it—397 pins in all. Scholastique had counted them. Ah! I fancy that even in Brussels, where wonderful things are common, there are not many little girls whose nurses have 397 silvery-brass pins in their caps! And if Cunegonde were not beautiful, at least the children never found it out. Then, too, she was wise, wise! Indeed, it was through her wisdom that this expedition had been planned.

"Oh, Cunegonde," Scholastique had said the week before, "I have seen in the window of the florist down there in the street where the stuffed bear is a most beautiful rose-tree, with three pink roses on it. And the little pot also is very fine; it is green, with a darling red stripe. But all that costs five francs, and I feel I shall never have so much money as that—at least not for years to come."

"Five francs," laughed Cunegonde, in scorn of the florist and his wares. "The impudence of these flower merchants amazes me. Evidently they think everybody is as rich as the King. But wait, little one, wait till market-day. I have a cousin who has a flower stall in the Friday Market at St. Catherine's Place. Be tranquil;

she will sell you a rose-tree for two francs, I am sure. And without doubt it will be a finer plant than any in the shop of that animal of a florist."

As Scholastique went dancing along down the hard paved street, her feet keeping time to the *klip-klap-klop* of Cunegonde's wooden shoes, the white piece too began to dance; and to prevent accidents, she tied it into a corner of her handkerchief. None of the children in the Street of the Twelve Apostles had purses.

"I hope there'll be at least three roses on my tree," she observed, anxiously; "or say, for example, two roses and a bud."

"Ah! that we shall soon see," replied Cunegonde, with a noble enthusiasm. She squeezed the small fingers as she spoke.

"The roses of the florist were pink, all pink," continued the child. "But I like yellow roses also, or even red. For me, it makes no great difference; though perhaps pink is prettiest."

"Keep close to me," spoke Cunegonde, "for here we are in the middle of the market. That's my cousin over yonder, that fat little woman in the stall next to the cabbages. Look! She's selling a big bunch of jonquils to the lady with a shawl like that of your mamma. Hold my hand tight, little one, and come along."

There was a grand bustle in the market-place, and much loud talking both in French and in Flemish; for you know that in Brussels there are two languages, the fashionable and the unfashionable. For instance, in French the name of the city is *Bruxelles*; in Flemish, *Brussel*. One cannot help thinking how much better it would be if both sides would yield a little, and say, in plain English, *Brussels*.

Cunegonde was at home with both tongues, and had a brisk word for everybody. "Downright robbery," she said to the Flemish farmer who asked five cents a head for his cauliflowers. "Do you take me for a lunatic?" she politely inquired of a poultry-woman who had mentioned the price of chickens. You will observe that Cunegonde well understood marketing.

Making her way to the flower stall, she gave her cousin a hearty Flemish greeting, and told the child's errand. Evidently the cousin also was a good woman. There was a jolly twinkle to her long ear-rings when she smiled at Scholastique. The gilded ornaments of her cap were cheerful to look upon; and as she stood there in her green bower, she reminded you of some pleasant old Queen in a picture-book. Behind her were rows of potted plants in neat white paper petticoats; there were geraniums, violets, marguerites, heliotropes, everything. The top shelf had only roses-trees.

The cousin mounted a step-ladder, and took down—could it be possible?—the very finest rose-tree of all.

"You may have this one for two francs," she said in French, "especially since you are much the size of my own little daughter. The true price is three francs, or even five to a foreigner; but between friends it's another thing, isn't it?"

"Oh!" cried the child, "is it true that I may have it for two francs? It is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen!"

The cousin placed the plant in the arms of Cunegonde. "Regard the pot also," said she, rolling away a bit of the white paper.

Scholastique gazed in ecstasy. With trembling fingers she untied the white piece. "I thank you with all my heart, madame," said she, earnestly. Then, as this seemed hardly equal to the occasion, she added, "and I wish you a great deal of trade."

The cousin laughed. "But at better prices I should hope," she cried, as her customers hastened away.

Scholastique looked tenderly at her treasure, borne along in the maid's stout arms. "Oh, Cunegonde,"

said she, "may I not carry it myself, the dear little tree? I will be very careful, believe me."

"No," said Cunegonde, "not yet. But you know I have still a number of errands to do, and I cannot take you and this big machine everywhere." (By "big machine" she meant the rose-tree.) "So, as I promised your mamma, I shall go with you now to the Place of the Bank, and there put you into the omnibus of Mr. Dubois—him who is half-brother to our grocer. He will take good care of you, and let you down at the Street of Our Lady, and that, of course, is but two steps from the Twelve Apostles. I shall let you go all alone; there is nothing to fear. Only you will be very sage, will you not? and take great care of the little plant."

Scholastique, her eyes fixed on the nodding roses, promised to be "sage, oh, as sage as possible." Mr. Dubois and his omnibus were already waiting. The little girl, trying to look as wise as an elderly owl, skipped to a seat, and took the rose-tree upon her lap, while Cunegonde, importantly nodding the wonderful cap, gave minute directions to Mr. Dubois, repeating the same with variations, until at last Mr. Dubois blew a whistle, and the driver snapped his whip, and off went the omnibus.

What a charming ride it was! Usually, so Scholastique thought, an omnibus ride was not quite so pleasant as a trip on the tramway; because in Brussels the tramway people have particularly charming customs. The price on the tramway is ten centimes a mile. First you tell the conductor whither you are bound. Then he reckons the miles and fractions thereof, and multiplies, and tells you the product. Then you pay; and then—this is perhaps the best of all—he gives you a slip of bright paper as a receipt—a pink slip for one mile, a green slip for two, a yellow for three, and so on through quite a rainbow of colors. You can fancy that a tramway ride is really exciting.

But even an omnibus ride is a pleasant thing when the weather is fine, and the big white horses go at a gallop. Scholastique, holding tight her pot of roses, felt that this was the happiest moment of her life. She was a timid child, and was seldom allowed out alone; but that day she felt no fear. Her whole heart and mind were turned toward her purchase, and the pleasure it would bring to all the household, especially to the little mamma, who so loved flowers.

And really I wish I could make you feel how beautiful the tree was! There were five lovely pink roses upon it; I think you could say five, though one was not quite out. There was a number of buds, too, and promise of others. The green leaves of the plant were shapely and shiny. There were hardly any thorns upon it. Scholastique was glad there were at least a few.

"Because," thought she, hugging the pot closer at the very idea, "if there were no thorns, perhaps it wouldn't have been a rose-tree, but some other kind."

I forgot to mention that the white paper around the



SCHOLASTIQUE AND CUNEGONDE IN THE MARKET-PLACE.

pot was charmingly edged with scalloped open-work like lace.

Just as Scholastique was thinking that thought about the thorns the omnibus stopped. A tall man entered, leading a little girl. Something about the pair puzzled one. It was not their neat but well-worn clothing, for in Brussels, as elsewhere, there are plenty of people like that, poor but brave. Nor was it the man's hard-worked hands and sorrowful face, nor the long pale golden hair of the child. She was a pretty creature, a thought too frail, perhaps. But why, when the mouth smiled, were the eyes downcast? As her father placed her in her seat she kept one hand fast locked in his, and put out the other with that touching gesture peculiar to those deprived of sight. This little yellow-haired child, no older than Scholastique, was quite blind.

"Oh, papa," she cried out, joyously, nestling to the man and lifting her face to his, "there is something beautiful here. I smell a flower garden, with flowers and leaves and earth, like the garden of Aunt Elsa in the country."

"Yes, dear," whispered her father. "It is that mademoiselle opposite has a little rose-tree in her lap."

"Really and truly?" said the child, greatly interested, but speaking low. "Tell me all about it, papa. How big is it?"

"It is as tall as this," said the man, placing his hands about two feet apart. (He did not exaggerate in the least; the little tree was really as large as that.)

The child felt of her father's hands, and said, with a certain patient joy: "Is it possible? How fine it must be! Are there many roses on it?"

The man spoke so low that Scholastique had to listen intently.

"I can see five," said he; "though one is quite a bud as yet."

"One, two, three, four, five," mused the child, waving five sensitive fingers. "I love the perfume of them. No doubt they look just like the roses of Aunt Elsa in the country. Tell me, little papa, how big is the smallest rose of all?"

"About as big as this," said the man, touching the tip

her thumb. "And the rose-tree grows in a pot like this." He brought his hands clumsily together that she might feel the shape. "And all around the pot is a nice green with an edge like fire."

"Oh yes, I understand," said the child, quite cheerfully.

Scholastique looked out of the window, and winked her eyes fiercely to hold back a pair of tears. She wished very much to give the rose-tree to the child, but being timid, she did not know how.

"Now we are going up, papa," said the blind girl. "It's higher and higher all the time."

It was true. The horses were climbing the hill that led to the Street of Our Lady.

"I must do it very soon," thought the owner of the rose-tree. "There is not much more time. I wish I knew the best way. I think, yes, I am sure, the best way will be to do as Berthe did in school when we gave the gold pencil to the school-mistress. Everybody said that Berthe made a beautiful little address. If she were only here! But since I am all alone, I must without doubt act for myself. It would be a shame if the blind child should lose her rose-tree simply because I am a coward and maladroit. I must say, politely, something like this, 'Mademoiselle, do me the honor to accept this slight offering as a token of—'"

Of what will never be known, for at that moment the Street of Our Lady came in sight. Mr. Dubois signalled to the driver to stop, and nodded pleasantly at Scholastique. Alas! every word of that beautiful address took to itself wings and flew far, far away, to dwell forever in the land of things unsaid. But something must be done and that quickly. Scholastique, frightened but firm, arose, laid the plant in the lap of the blind girl, and spoke swiftly from her heart (there being no time for anything else): "It is for thee, this little rose-tree in the pot. I have no use for it any more. It gives me pleasure to give it to thee."

A sorry speech indeed when you think of all the charming things that might have been said! As Scholastique thought afterward, it was perhaps not even polite, for you know very well a polite child does not thee-and-thou a stranger.

But the blind child understood what it meant; and Scholastique, in hurrying out, had time to see a transfiguring smile.

"Houp-là," cried Mr. Dubois, as he helped his small passenger to alight. "Houp-là!" and he blew his nose with a sound as of many trumpets. "Mademoiselle leaves her rose-tree like that? It is very well done, all the same!"

But the father quickly opened the omnibus window, and turned his daughter's face toward Scholastique and the Street of Our Lady.

"Oh, mademoiselle," the child called out in her silvery voice—alas! the pathetic voice of the blind; the voice that comes as from another country!—"dear mademoiselle!"

Scholastique heard and paused.

Perhaps if the blind girl had had time she too would have prepared a few little observations, which, in their way, might have been quite as pretty as those contained in the beautiful but lost address of Scholastique. But the white horses were already beginning to gallop; time pressed.

"Oh, mademoiselle," she cried, "I believe, indeed, that thou wilt go to paradise!"

The last words were almost lost in the rumble of the omnibus and the clatter of the horses on the pavement. And yet—

Long after the iron clang of the hoof-beats died away in the distance the silvery echoes of that frail voice lived and made music in the soul of Scholastique.

KIT.

BY W. R. MACKAY.

IV. THE ROSITA MINE.

IT was the middle of December. The air was clear and frosty, and the jets of steam which rose in steady, regular puffs from the shaft-house on the mountain-side showed white as snow against the blue sky. The stamps in the stamp-mill pounded away, crushing into powder the quartz-bearing rock which was bringing the gold to its owners; and wagons were coming and going, stirring up the white dust on the road, and making the mules and drivers look as if they had been sifted with flour.

On the opposite side of the gulch, straggling irregularly over the hill-side, were some three hundred roughly built frame houses. They were for the most part only one story high, containing a couple of rooms each, and the larger houses of the superintendent and managers of the works, at the upper end of the gulch and close by the big company store and stables, looked aristocratic in comparison.

A mere semblance of a road led from the store to the houses on the hill, winding in front of one and behind another, so that it was impossible to say whether the road had been there before the houses or the houses before the road. That at least was the question in the mind of a red-headed man in a woollen shirt and corduroy trousers, who was coming over the hill and bearing down towards the store. "Looks as if they'd been thrown there," he said aloud to himself, "an' just happened to light that way. An' yon shaft must be the Rosita."

He was going by one of the shanties as he spoke, and his attention had apparently been attracted by something he had caught a glimpse of in passing, for he stopped and went back a few paces.

On the slope of the hill behind the house, and about fifty feet up from the road, a child was digging in the ground with a kitchen knife. His back was towards the man, and he was absorbed in what he was doing.

"Hello!"

The child turned round: "Hello!"

"Kit! Well, if this don't beat all ye can put my head in a stamp-mill. Where's yer pap?"

"I hain't got no pap." He turned back to his work and continued digging: "My pap's drowned. There ain't no one but Jim."

The man went on down the hill. "Then it wasn't the right boy after all," he said to himself, "an' the clothes an' everything was wrong; an' I thought I held a full hand!"

But at supper-time he came back, and met with a warm welcome. He found Jim and Kit behind the house, sitting together at the spot where the boy had been digging that morning. "He's playin' at diggin' a mine," Jim explained, when the greetings were over; "he's got a hole here more'n a foot deep already, an' he says he's 'goin' to stike it rich!'" and Jim winked at the newcomer in great amusement. If Kit had wanted Jim's ears to put in that hole, it is doubtful whether he could not have had them.

Then they went inside; and there were many questions to ask and to answer, while Jim explained how he and his friends happened to be there. How they had not had much luck, being, like thousands of others who had been smitten with the gold fever, and who had come to a new land, without experience and without knowledge of the conditions; and how, while travelling farther westward, they had heard everywhere of the famous Rosita and the big wages that were paid at that mine, and had resolved to go there and work and save their money until they could go prospecting for themselves. And how he and Kit were living by themselves and had almost no rent to pay; for all that side of the hill

was owned by the president of the Rosita Company, and he had put up the houses, and was content with small returns.

And then there was Kit's new outfit to be admired, for Jim had carried out his idea of "splitting one leg of his old trousers," and Brick Top did not conceal his unbounded delight at the extraordinary result to poor Kit. But though he easily discovered that Mr. Sherlock had altogether missed finding them, never a word did he speak of what he had seen and heard. He had his own idea of what ought to be done, and he kept his own counsel.

When he came back the next evening he found Jim and Kit again on the hill-side, digging away at the hole. To please the child, Jim had entered into the spirit of the play, and had dug it deeper. It was now about four feet deep, and Jim was standing in it and shovelling out the dirt, while Kit was busy piling it up in imitation of the great dump at Rosita.

Their visitor sat down just below them: "A reg'lar miner, Kit, ain't ye? There ain't many spots, Jim, on this hill where ye could dig like that; most of it's hard rock and slate, an' not enough earth on it to grow grass on."

A lump of the dirt rolled down from Kit's dump, and he took it in his hand: "Now this here—" He stopped, and lifted the lump closer to his face, and broke it in his hand. His experienced eye had noted something unusual. "Kit, my boy, run into the house an' bring me a pan with some water in it; any kind of a pan will do."

Kit ran down, and came back in a few moments with a small pan half full of water. The miner crumbled some of the dirt into it, and then tilted it to and fro, pouring off the muddy water little by little, till there was only a handful of watery sediment left in the pan. Then he inclined the pan and tilted it slowly to the right and left, looking sharply at the edges of the muddy sand as it flowed from him and towards him.

Then he laid it down, and went up and looked at the hole. "It's only a 'chimney'," he said at length; "but from the look of things it may go down a good way. Kit, ye've struck it rich at last—*there's gold, an' good gold, in that hole!*"

Mr. Sherlock was sitting in his office in Wall Street, looking over a pile of letters and papers which lay before him on the desk, and noting rapidly with a pencil from time to time the disposition to be made of them. He had henceforth but one thing before him—to find his boy; and he had hurried to New York to arrange his business, so that he might be free to continue his search as long and as far as might be necessary. His head clerk could be trusted to carry out all matters of detail, and he was now busy in marking down final directions.

At last all was finished except a batch of letters which had come by the afternoon mail. He hastily tore them open and glanced over them, and then swept them all aside as he bent over a half-sheet of foolscap paper which he had drawn from the last envelope, and which was scrawled in an unsteady hand.

"MISTER SHERLOCK, —I've found yer Kit—up here at the Rosita, an' I'll hev him fer ye this time, if I hev to sit on him till ye come. So no more from yours truly,

BRICK TOP.

"P.S.—I hain't told Jim yet.

"P.S.—Kit is screamin' in a split leg o' Jim's: thought I should die.

B. T."

At the Rosita! Mr. Sherlock folded up the letter and thanked God.

The final postscript was both mysterious and alarming, but at least Kit was still alive. Not dead and white at the bottom of the river, the dark hair tangled in the weeds, and the dear little face looking so helpless and

forsaken—oh, the thousand times he had seen it so in his dreams! And not burned and lost forever in the Colorado woods—but saved: saved, and *alive!* Would he ever be able to show the dear little fellow how he loved him? Would he ever be able to thank God enough for the child who had been given back to him from the dead?

The train which left New York that night for Chicago carried a different man from the one who had left San Francisco four months before on his first anxious journey. The passengers with whom he travelled by rail and stage thought him the most cheerful and agreeable companion they had ever met; and when a woman travelling alone with a sick and crying baby made everybody wish that she had staid at home, it was a certain New York broker who took the child in his arms and walked it up and down and stilled its restlessness. And the woman wondered what he meant when she thanked him, and he replied: "I hope you'll never lose him, ma'am; they don't always come back from the dead." She thought the poor gentleman was not quite right in his mind.

But as the long journey came near an end, and in one more day he must leave the stage for the mountain road to Rosita, the anxious time came back again. Would he know his boy at once? Would little Harry know *him*? Was it even certain that he would find him there, or, if he found him, that a more terrible disappointment might not come? He was once more silent and reserved, and the restless eagerness of his eyes showed the repressed excitement within him.

At Montreville he left the stage: he had still ten miles to go. There was no chance of missing the road, and he decided to go on horseback; it would give him an opportunity to be alone, and he wanted time to think of the best way to arrange for the first meeting.

But he couldn't think. It was uphill all the way, and the mountains rose grandly around him, and deep valleys, dark with forests of pine, stretched away on every side—but he did not seem to see them; he had not even ears with which to hear, until the sharp steam-whistle of the Rosita, sounding for six o'clock, came over an intervening hill.

Then he quickened his horse, and was again the keen, steady man of business, and so rode down and dismounted at the company store. "My name is Sherlock," he said. "I am the President of the Rosita Company; please tell the superintendent that I am here."

The superintendent came, and they went together to his house, where they had supper and talked about the affairs of the mine, the chief manager being much surprised at the way the consultation ended. Was there a child anywhere amongst the miners? Yes? And the man's name was Jim Peters? Would the superintendent step to the door and point out the exact house? No, he would not trouble him to go along—he had a little private business to attend to, and would be back presently.

He went along the winding road to the house which had been pointed out to him; and hesitating for a moment, knocked upon the door. It was opened by Jim, who looked in surprise at his visitor.

"Is this where Mr. Peters lives?"

"My name is Jim Peters, sir."

Mr. Sherlock gave a searching look at the open, honest face of the man before him, and put out his hand. "My name is Sherlock. I have come to see you on a very important matter, and I would like to have a talk with you."

Jim thought to himself, "He has heard about Kit's mine." "Come in, sir," he said aloud; "we can talk in here."

Mr. Sherlock entered, and glanced around him; there



KIT JUMPED INTO HIS LAP AND HUGGED HIM WITH BOTH ARMS.

was no one there but himself and Jim. He took the wooden chair Jim offered him, and sat silent for a few minutes, looking at the fire. Then he turned round and looked straight at Jim, who was waiting for him to begin.

"Jim," he said—"I suppose you are usually called Jim? Well, what I want to speak of begins a good way back." He paused for a moment, while the miner looked at him steadily.

"There was once a man who started on a journey with his wife and little boy. They got on a steamboat at Cairo, for New Orleans. But they never arrived there. The steamboat was wrecked, broken against a bridge, but the parents and all the other passengers were saved; all—except the little boy.

"It was believed that he was drowned. The upper half of the wrecked boat was found stranded on the bank of the Mississippi, but no trace of the child was ever discovered. I need not tell you how the parents sorrowed for their only child. They did not even find his dead body; and yet if it had ever been recovered, they would have known it even by the clothes he wore; he had on a little velvet blouse, and a Scotch plaid skirt and stockings." He paused again. "Did you ever hear of such a child?"

Jim had never taken his eyes away from the face opposite him. His own face had the strained and startled expression of a man who thinks he sees a ghost. He tried to speak, but the voice would not come, and at last there came a husky whisper which he did not know as his—"Kit!"

"Then it *is* Kit? You found him?"

Jim nodded, his eyes still fixed in that wide-open way on Mr. Sherlock's face. "I found him—*Kit!*"

There was a sudden noise of tramping feet and voices at the door. "Bless me into the middle o' next week if ye haven't walked the legs clean off me, Kit." And then a child's laugh in answer. "You ain't as strong as me, Brick Top, are you?"

The door opened and the two came in, and Kit ran to Jim. "I walked his legs clean off him, Jim; an' I want some supper."

Jim put his arm around him, and turned him to face Mr. Sherlock, holding him so, and waiting. Brick Top

put his back against the door, and wiped his sleeve across his mouth. "Well, I'm blessed!"

The child looked at the stranger, at first in mere surprise at finding a stranger there, then with a steady wondering look in the childish eyes, as if the little brain still faintly held the broken threads of recollection.

Mr. Sherlock held out his arms. "Harry, my own little Harry, won't you come to me?"

Kit looked into his eyes a full minute longer. Then he slowly crossed the room, and came close up to him, and his father caught him to his arms, and lifted him on his knee, and held him close. "My boy, my own dear boy!"

"Kit," said Jim, still huskily—"Kit, yer won't forgit old Jim?"

And Kit slipped to the floor, and ran across, and jumped into his lap, and hugged him with both arms around his neck. And Brick Top stared at all of them together, and ejaculated with intense conviction, "Well, *I am* blessed!"

There was no work done at the Rosita next morning.

Brick Top had spread the news overnight, and had interviewed the superintendent and managers, assuring them that every man had sworn he would be on hand to see Kit off.

And every man was there. And while they waited in front of the superintendent's house, they talked of "Jim," and "Jim's luck"—for Jim was owner of the "Chimney" Mine, and Brick Top was to be the working partner, and had a check for \$5000 in his pocket to begin on.

And then Mr. Sherlock and Kit and Jim came out upon the steps, and the men cheered themselves hoarse for all three.

And Jim walked beside the buggy all the way up the hill; and when it had reached the top, and the last good-byes had been said, he stood there still. And when, at the foot of the hill below him, the road turned off, and the Rosita would be left behind them, Kit leaned out and looked back; Jim was still standing there, waving his hat with one hand and wiping the tears from his honest eyes with the other. But he had promised that he would see Kit again.

A MATTER OF PREJUDICE.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

I HEARD you ask for bread to-day—I think you called it "bread;"

I heard you speak of rats also, but "wats" was what you said; You wished a cracker too, and asked your nurse a "quacker" for; You also thought you'd like to have a "wide" along the floor.

Now will you tell me, baby dear, in confidence, of course—And in the reason that you'll give I'm sure there'll be much force

Just why it is you have conceived, unknown to your papa, Such prejudice against it that you drop the letter R?

THE CHOLERA QUARANTINE.

BY JNO GILMER SPEED.

ASIATIC cholera, now devastating Russia and parts of Germany, had been in the bay of New York for more than two weeks when this paper went to press. The word quarantine is derived from the Italian *quarantina*, or forty. It used to be thought that any contagious or infectious disease would develop and waste itself in forty days, and while that impression lasted, travellers from a place in which such diseases prevailed were detained forty days on arrival in a healthy neighborhood. This period of detention came to be known all over the world as quarantine, though the period varies very greatly, and seldom extends to forty days. Cholera always exists to some extent in Asia, but as the methods of travel there are slow, usually by caravans, the infection does not spread so rapidly as in more civilized portions of the world. Every now and again cholera has made its way

officers of Hamburg found that the Russians had cholera. They were quarantined in a camp above Hamburg and on the banks of the Elbe. The drainage of this quarantine camp ran into the Elbe, which supplies Hamburg with water. The water soon became polluted with cholera germs, and in a short while cholera was epidemic in Hamburg, and raged with an unexampled fatality.

On the 17th of August the *Moravia*, a steamship belonging to the Hamburg-American Packet Company, sailed from Hamburg, loaded with emigrants, most of whom were Russian and Polish Jews. This boat arrived in the port of New York on August 30th, and on the morning of the next day was anchored off the Quarantine station on Staten Island. The ship's surgeon reported twenty-two deaths at sea out of twenty-four cases. These deaths were said to be from "cholérine," a mild form of cholera, not nearly so much dreaded as the real Asiatic disease. The ship was at once sent to the lower bay; the sick people were taken to Swinburne Island and



INCOMING STEAMERS HELD IN QUARANTINE IN THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

into Europe, and thence over the Western world. It has usually been the case that cholera has appeared first, as in the present instance, in the Russian ports of the Caspian Sea, and has gradually moved westward till it has spread over western Europe, and then over America.

During the years between 1817 and now, the cholera has ravaged Europe and America several times. The medical men have studied it very carefully, and have decided that the disease is spread by the dissemination of bacilli, or germs. These are taken into the stomach by means of food or drink. The most usual method of communication of the disease is by the pollution of drinking-water. This was what caused cholera in Hamburg, whence came the cases that have been quarantined in New York Bay. Hamburg is a German city of 160,000 population on the river Elbe, sixty miles from the sea. A party of Russian immigrants arrived in Hamburg to take passage for America. The health

placed in the hospital, while the well persons were taken to Hoffman Island, bathed, and disinfected. While this was being done, the *Moravia* was disinfected. Then the well passengers were taken back to the ship, which was still anchored in the lower bay. Since then three more infected ships have arrived from Hamburg, and the passengers were treated the same way as those on the *Moravia*. One of the ships was the large *Normannia*, with almost five hundred first-class passengers on board. These passengers have been detained, and have had a wretched time. The earlier efforts to make them more comfortable and remove them from the infected ship were wretched failures, and it was not until the tenth day after they arrived in the harbor that the poor ill-treated passengers were allowed comparative liberty on Fire Island.

The quarantine of the port of New York is under the charge of a State officer appointed by the Governor. His title is Health Officer of the Port of New York. No ship

can be landed in the port, until the Health Officer has examined it, and found that there are no infectious or contagious diseases among the passengers. In ordinary times and when no bad diseases prevail in the ports whence the ships come, the visit of the Health Officer is taken more than a formality, though it is to be presumed that he examines the report of the ship's surgeon. The surgeon of a ship is required by law to make an inspection of the entire ship each day, and to keep a record of these inspections. The report to the Health Officer is made from this record.

The Health Officer has a large place on Staten Island, near Fort Wadsworth. There is a dock at which there is always a steam-tug ready to take the officer or his assistants on board arriving ships. On a high hill above the dock the Health Officer has a large roomy house which serves as office and residence as well. This has been a very busy place since the arrival of the *Moravia*, as there have been thousands of visitors to inquire for friends aboard the detained ships, and those having freight in the cargoes were also anxious as to the length of detention and the damage the disinfectants were likely to do. And then there has been a little army of newspaper reporters present night and day, each vigilantly watching for a chance to get hold of some intelligence not known to his rivals.

This Quarantine station on Staten Island is within the Narrows, which separates the upper from the lower bay. A glance at a map will show its exact position, and also that of lower Quarantine in the lower bay, about midway between Staten Island and Sandy Hook. Near what is known as the lower Quarantine anchorage are two islands, both belonging to the State, and both under the direction of the Health Officer of the port. Both of these are used for quarantine purposes. The smaller of these, Swinburne Island, contains the hospitals, and to this island are taken passengers suffering from cholera or suspected to have become infected. The dead who die in the ships are also taken here, and the bodies cremated. This island is in charge of Dr. John M. Byron, who has gone there to treat the sick, and also to study the bacilli or germs of the disease in the interests of science. So long as cholera lasts in the hospital, or ships continue to bring it to port, Dr. Byron will have to remain on Swinburne Island, entirely cut off, except by telegraph and telephone, from the rest of the world. He is assisted by a small corps of volunteer nurses. It was thought that it would be difficult to secure nurses for this dangerous service, but it has not so proved, as more have volunteered than were needed.

To Hoffman Island the immigrants or steerage passengers from infected ships are taken. There they are bathed, their clothing is disinfected, and then they are taken back to the ships. This bathing is regarded by many of the immigrants as a serious hardship. A Russian peasant never bathes willingly. A Russian Jew has the same hatred of cold water as the peasant of the Orthodox Church, and this is strengthened by a religious inhibition. Being unaccustomed to cold baths, many of them catch cold and become ill. Experience has shown that nothing so increases a person's likelihood of becoming infected by cholera as lack of cleanliness. This was proved on board the *Normannia*, where there were numerous cases in the steerage and none in the cabin, though the disease spread into the fore-castle.

The health officers who go aboard ships that are infected or suspected of infection take every precaution to keep from bringing the germs away with them. They wear special clothes, and disinfect themselves after each visit. On each of the infected ships a special deputy of the Health Officer has been placed, and this officer does not come ashore at all.

The cabin passengers on the *Normannia* have had a

most trying time. No disease has been among them, and yet they have been kept afloat for ten days. The Health Officer did not consider it wise to discharge them from Quarantine, but was unable to provide for them a suitable place of detention. The Secretary of the United States Treasury offered him the government reservation at Sandy Hook, and this has been fitted up as a camp at the expense of Mr. Austin Corbin, the chief owner of the Long Island Railroad and of the two largest hotels on Coney Island. The Health Officer, however, preferred Fire Island, where there is a large sea-side hotel. This was bought by the Governor, and arrangements were made to transfer the passengers there on the *Stonington*, an old steamboat bought by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and placed at the disposal of the Health Officer by him. After the embarkation of the *Normannia* passengers it was decided that the *Stonington* was unseaworthy, and that it would be unsafe to send her outside of Sandy Hook to Fire Island. So the *Stonington* remained near the spit of Sandy Hook, and another boat, the *Cepheus*, an excursion boat, without kitchen, dining-room, supplies, or state-rooms, was hired. To this boat the wretched passengers were transferred, and the boat sailed for Fire Island.

At Fire Island had gathered all the boatmen, fishermen, and clam-diggers of the Great South Bay, and these declared that the *Cepheus* should not land. The channel is not an easy one to the pier at Fire Island, and a local pilot was needed. None who knew the channel would go, and so the *Cepheus* returned to the bay and put the passengers back on the *Stonington*. The next day the *Cepheus* again took the passengers aboard and went down to Fire Island. Again there was a mob to keep the boat from landing, and this time the mob had its hands strengthened by an injunction from a Judge of the Supreme Court, forbidding the Captain of the *Cepheus* from landing the passengers at Fire Island.

In the mean time the Governor of New York had arrived from Albany, and was in consultation with the Health Officer as to the best steps to be taken. The condition of the passengers on the *Normannia* was most pitiable, and the authorities felt that something must be done; but each effort was frustrated as soon as it was made.

During the wretched two weeks since the arrival of the *Moravia* a great many ships arrived in the harbor. On none of these except on boats from Hamburg was cholera found. All of the others, however, were detained in the upper bay longer than usual. *La Bourgogne*, from Havre, where there is a little cholera, was detained four days, though there had been no cases aboard, and all the passengers were well. The *City of New York*, from Liverpool, from which no cases had been reported, was detained only a few hours.

Owing to the precautions taken in quarantine, there is every reason to expect that the dreaded disease will give these United States the go-by.

STORIES ABOUT MONKEYS.

BY ZITELLA COCKE

ONCE upon a time a Danish traveller, who had discovered and written about a great many wonderful things which he had seen in his various voyages, made a formal statement of his discovery of a republic of monkeys somewhere near the central part of Africa. School-boys learn that the famous narrator of ancient times, Herodotus, was not always believed, and travellers have had a weakness for telling wonderful stories ever since his time. The statement of the Danish traveller was ridiculed everywhere, and perhaps the strongest advocates of the Darwinian theory would not be willing to believe that monkeys had established a republic, and governed themselves according to its laws. Yet while we laugh at the incredible

tales of the Danish traveller, we must not forget the well-authenticated story of the King of Siam, who, having sent two of his courtiers out upon a voyage of discovery through the countries lying above and around him, had the two unfortunates beheaded because, upon their return, they informed him that they had seen rivers frozen so hard that wagons could pass over them.

"Off with their heads!" said he. "I will not have such liars in my kingdom!"

While the name republic is a very large name for a very small thing, monkeys do congregate and live in a sort of community, and they do many things which to us are very curious. Naturalists tell us that the intelligence of the monkey does not equal that of the elephant, the dog, or the fox, but he has the faculty of imitation to an extraordinary degree. They are wanting in the common-sense which conspicuously marks the animals just mentioned, but their clever tricks of imitation and cunning give them an air of intelligence.

A gentleman in Bavaria, over a hundred years ago, wrote of his monkey, which, often seeing his master dress himself for special occasions, would, whenever he had the opportunity, put on the master's military hat and sash, with sword at his side, and sometimes added the ornamental snuff-box and lace handkerchief. Thus attired, he would stand before the mirror and spend some minutes in taking a survey of himself. The old King of Württemberg had a large collection of monkeys. He had also gathered together many curiosities, among them a number of pygmy cows, which he greatly prized, and was not a little annoyed to observe their enfeebled condition as he examined them from time to time. Instructing their keepers to look after them more carefully, it was discovered that the monkeys were in the habit of mounting the little creatures every night, and racing them around the field. A British sailor tells a story of monkeys on the African coast that would get sticks and go through the motion of cleaning their teeth, as they saw the Englishmen do.

A French priest and dignitary of the Church, Father Carbasson, owned an orang-outang which was very fond of him. On one occasion the animal, escaping from the house, followed his master to the church. He mounted the sounding-board above the pulpit, and lay perfectly quiet until the sermon commenced. Then the creature crept to the edge of the sounding-board, and, overlooking the preacher, imitated every gesture made by the priest until the congregation could not restrain their laughter. The good father rebuked his flock with very significant gestures. These gestures were so grotesquely caricatured by the animal that the people burst into roars of laughter, and one of their number, stepping forward, informed the priest of the cause of their merriment.

In the Zoological Gardens in London a monkey was taught to eat with knife and fork, and in the Zoological Gardens of Paris a monkey arranged his food on the table, using his napkin and knife and fork as well as a child.

In Africa and India, and in South America, monkeys are often employed to gather the fruit, which grows too high to be reached by the natives.

A cook on board ship taught his monkey to hand the wood, and in other ways to assist him in doing the kitchen-work. African apes, when they go in a body to plunder gardens and plantations, are adroit enough to station a sentinel in a tree, who informs the plunderers of the approach of any person by uttering a shriek.

The author of the *History of Brazil* tells of a species of monkey called "preachers." Every morning and evening these monkeys assemble in the woods. One takes a higher position than the rest, and makes a signal with his fore paw. At this signal the others sit round him and listen. When they are all seated he begins to utter a series of sounds. When he stops these cries he makes another signal with his paw, and the others cry out until he makes a third signal, upon which they become silent again. This author, Mr. Maregrove, asserts that he was a witness to these preachings, but no other traveller has confirmed the statement.

The incident of the monkey using the cat's paw to take chestnuts out of the fire is said to have taken place in the hall of Pope Julius II.

Monkeys are not very brave, although the gorilla will sometimes attack an elephant when he is sure of his advantage. The male gorilla often carries a huge stick and knows how to use it. As the elephant is fond of the same fruit which attracts the gorilla, an encounter frequently takes place. The gorilla, seated in the tree, sees the elephant approach, cautiously drops down

to a bough, and availing himself of the opportunity, brings his club sharply down on the sensitive trunk of his enemy, who rushes away trumpeting with anger and pain.

Apes and gorillas are usually vicious and resentful, and less addicted to playful tricks than the common monkey. Indeed, the monkey, as we all know, is a trickster both in his wild and his domestic state. In their native forests they spend hours in swinging from the branches of the trees, suspended by their tails, and chattering and grimacing with evident signs of delight. Humboldt mentions seeing over a hundred so employed in a South American forest.

The ordinary reader hardly realizes how many varieties of monkey exist. We hear of a monkey in the Indies with reddish-brown bodies, black heads, and faces of a sky blue. There are monkeys with white eyelids, and green monkeys to be found on the African continent and Cape de Verde Islands. The Howlers, which inhabit South America, are large and fierce, and travellers describe their yells as absolutely appalling. So dreadful is the sound of their growlings and roarings that one would imagine that all the beasts of the forests had gathered together for a battle. These creatures are so fierce that even the most skilful and adventurous trainer is unwilling to teach them tricks. One of the most singular and most unsightly of all creatures is the proboscis monkey. A traveller who saw a troop of them in Borneo says it is impossible to imagine such hideousness. One must see it to believe it. This proboscis is cartilaginous, and can be inflated by the animal to a prodigious size, and suddenly to encounter such a visage from behind a tree in a Borneo wilderness is to be horrified as you never were before. Not a boy in the world would be willing to take such a creature as a pet. They are very active, and in bounding from tree to tree will clear a space of fifteen or twenty feet.

In noble qualities possessed by the dog and the horse, and even other animals, the monkey is lacking. At his highest estate he is a mere trickster.

JIMMIEBOY AND THE BLANK-BOOK.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

SOMEbody had sighed deeply, and had said, "Oh dear!"

What bothered Jimmieboy was to find out who that somebody was. It couldn't have been mamma, because she had gone out that evening with papa to take dinner at Uncle Periwinkle's, and for the same reason therefore it could not have been papa that had sighed and said "Oh dear!" so plainly.

Neither was it Moggie, as Jimmieboy called his nurse, companion, and friend, because Moggie, supposing him to be asleep, had gone up stairs to her own room to read. It might have been little Russ if it had only been a sigh that had come to Jimmieboy's ears, for little Russ was quite old enough to sigh; but as for adding "Oh dear!" that was quite out of the question, because all little Russ had ever been able to say was "Bzoo," and, as you may have observed for yourself, people who can only say "Bzoo" cannot say "Oh dear!"



"OH DEAR!"

It was so mysterious altogether that Jimmieboy sat up straight on his pillow, and began to wonder if it wouldn't be well for him to get frightened and cry. The question was decided in favor of a shriek of terror; but the shriek did not come, because just as Jimmieboy got his mouth

open, to utter it too strange somebody sighed again, and said,

"Aren't you sorry for me, Jimmieboy?"

Who are you? asked Jimmieboy, peering through the darkness, trying to see who it was that had addressed him.

"I'm a poor unhappy Blank-book," came the answer.

A Blank-book with no hope now of ever becoming great. Did you ever feel as if you wanted to become great, Jimmieboy?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," returned the boy. "I do yet. I'm



"EVERYBODY LAUGHED BUT ME."

going to be a fireman when I grow up, and drive an engine, and hold a hose, and put out great configurations, as papa calls 'em."

"Then you know," returned the Blank-book, "or rather you can imagine, my awful sorrow when I say that I have aspired to equally lofty honors, but find myself now condemned to do things I don't like, to devote my life not to great and noble deeds, but to miserable every-day affairs. You can easily see how I must feel if you will only try to imagine your own feelings if, after a life whose every thought and effort had been directed toward making you the proud driver of a fire-engine, you should find it necessary to settle down to the humdrum life of a lawyer, all your hopes destroyed, and the goal toward which you had ever striven placed far beyond your reach."

"You didn't want to be a fireman, did you?" asked Jimmieboy, softly.

"No," said the Blank-book, jumping off the table, and crossing over to Jimmieboy's crib, into which he climbed, much to the little fellow's delight. "No, I never wanted to be a fireman, or a policeman, or a car conductor, because I have always known that those were things I never could become. No matter how wise and great a Blank-book may be, there is a limit to his wisdom and his greatness. It sometimes makes us unhappy to realize this, but after all there is plenty in the world that a Blank-book can do, and do nobly, without envying others who have to do far nobler and greater things before they can be considered famous. Everything we have to do in this world is worth doing well, and everybody should be content to do the things that are given to his kind to accomplish. The poker should always try to poke as well as he can, and not envy the garden hose because the garden hose can sprinkle flowers, while he can't. The rake should be content to do the best possible rake's work, and not sigh because he cannot sing 'Annie Rooney' or 'Parsifal' the way the hand-organ does."

"Then why do you sigh because of the work they have given you to do?"

"That's very simple," returned the Blank-book. "I can explain that in a minute. While I have no right to envy a glue-pot because it can hold glue and I can't, I have a right to feel hurt and envious when it falls to the lot of another Blank-book, no better than myself, to be-

come the medium through which beautiful poems and lovely thoughts are given to the world, while I am compelled to do work of the meanest kind.

"It has always been my dream to become the companion of a poet, of a philosopher, or of a humorist—to be the Blank-book of his heart—to lie quiet in his pocket until he had thought a thought, and then to be pulled out of that pocket and to be made the receptacle of that thought.

"Oh, I have dreamed ambitious dreams, Jimmieboy ambitious dreams that must now remain only dreams, and never be real. Once, as I lay with a thousand others just like me on the shelf of the little stationery shop where your mother bought me, I dreamed I was sold to a poet—a true poet. Everywhere he went, went I, and every beautiful line he thought of was promptly put down upon one of my leaves with a dainty gold pencil, contact with which was enough to thrill me through and through.

"Here is one of the things I dreamed he wrote upon my leaves:

"What's the use of tears?
What's the use of moping?
What's the use of fears?
Here's to hoping!"

"Life hath more of joy
Than she hath of weeping.
When grief comes, my boy,
Pleasure's sleeping."

"Only sleeping, child;
Thou art not forsaken.
Let thy smiles run wild—
She'll awaken."

"Don't you think that's nice?" queried the Blank-book when he had finished reciting the poem.

"Very nice," said Jimmieboy. "And it's very true, too. Tears aren't any good. Why, they don't even wash your face."

"I know," returned the Blank-book. "Tears are just like rain clouds. A sunny smile can drive 'em away like autumn leaves before a whirlwind."

"Or a clothes line full of clothes before an east wind," suggested Jimmieboy.

"Yes; or like buckwheat cakes before a hungry school-boy," put in the Blank-book. "Then that same poet in my dream wrote a verse about his little boy I rather liked. It went this way:

"Of rats and snails and puppy-dogs' tails,
Some man has said boys are made;
But he who spoke, to be truthful fails,
If 'twas of my boy 't was said."

"For honey and wine and sweet sunshine,
And fruits from over the swim,
And everything else that's fair and fine
Are sure to be found in him."

"His kisses are nice and sweet as spice,
His smile is richer than cake—
Which, if it were known to rats and mice,
The cheeses they would forsake."

"His dear little voice is soft and choice,
He giggles all day with glee,
And it makes my heart and soul rejoice
To think he belongs to me."

"That's first rate," said Jimmieboy. "Only Mother Goose has something very much like it about little girls."

"That was just it," returned the Blank-book. "She had been a little girl herself, and she was too proud to live. If she had been a boy instead of a girl, it would have been the boy who was made of sugar and spice and all that's nice."

"Didn't your dream-poet ever write anything funny in you?" asked Jimmieboy. "I do love funny poems."

"Well, I don't know whether some of the things he

wrote were funny or not," returned the Blank-book, scratching his cover with a pencil he carried in a little loop at his side. "But they were queer. There was one about a small boy, named Napples, who spent all his time eating apples, till by some odd mistake he contracted an ache, and now with J. Ginger he grapples."

"That's the kind," said Jimmieboy. "I think to some people who never ate a green apple, or tasted Jamaica ginger, or contracted an ache, it would be real funny. I don't laugh at it, because I know how solemn Tommy Napples must have felt. Did you ever have any more like that?"

"Oh my, yes," returned the Blank-book. "Barrels full. This was another one—only I don't believe what it says is true:

"A man living near Navesink
Eats nothing but thistles and zine,
With mustard and glue
And pollywog stew,
Washed down with the best of blue ink."

"That's pretty funny," said Jimmieboy.

"Is it?" queried the Blank-book, with a sigh. "I'll have to take your word for it. I can't laugh, because I have nothing to say ha! ha! with, and even if I could say ha! ha! I don't suppose I'd know when to laugh, because I don't know a joke when I see one."

"Really?" asked Jimmieboy, who had never supposed any one could be born so blind that he could not at least see a joke.

"Really," sighed the Blank-book. "Why, a man came into the store where I was for sale once, and said he wanted a Blank-book, and the clerk asked him what for—meaning, of course, did he want an account-book, a diary, or a copy-book. The man answered, 'To wash windows with, of course,' and everybody laughed but me. I simply couldn't see the point. Can you?"

"Why, certainly," said Jimmieboy, a broad smile coming over his lips. "It was very funny. The point was that people don't wash windows with Blank-books."

"What's funny about that?" asked the Blank-book.

"It would be a great deal funnier if people did wash windows with a Blank-book. He might have said 'to go coasting on,' or 'to sweeten my coffee,' or 'to send out to the heathen,' and it would have been just as funny."

"I guess that's true," said Jimmieboy. "But it was funny just the same."

"No doubt," returned the Blank-book; "but it seems to me what's funny depends on the other fellow. You might get off a splendid joke, and if he hadn't his joke spectacles on he'd think it was nonsense."

"Oh no," said Jimmieboy. "If he hadn't his joke spectacles on he wouldn't think it was nonsense. Jokes are nonsense."

"But you said a moment ago the fun of the Blank-book joke was that you couldn't wash windows with one. That's a fact, so how could it be nonsense?"

"I never thought of it in that way," said Jimmieboy.

"Ah!" ejaculated the Blank-book. "Now that is really funny, because I don't see how you could think of it in any other way."

"I don't see anything funny about that," began Jimmieboy.

"Oh dear!" sighed the Blank-book. "We never shall agree, except that I am willing to believe that you know more about nonsense than I do. Perhaps you can ex-

plain this poem to me. I dreamt my poet wrote this on my twelfth page. It was called 'A Plane Tale':

"I used to be so surly that
All men avoided me,
But now I am a diplomat
Of wondrous suavity.

"I met a carpenter one night,
Who wore a dotted vest;
And when I asked if that was right,
He told me to go West.

"I seized his saw and brandished it
As fiercely as I could,
And told him with much show of wit
I thought he was no good.

"At that he looked me in the face,
And said my tone was gruff;
My manner lacked a needed grace,
In every way was rough.

"He seized and laid me on a plank;
He gave a little cough;
And then, although my spirits sank,
He *planned me wholly off!*

"And ever since that painful night
When he so treated me,
I've been as polished, smooth a wight
As any one can be."

"There isn't much sense in that," said Jimmieboy.

"Well, now, I think there is," said the Blank-book.

"There's a moral to that. Two of 'em. One's mind your own business. If the carpenter wanted to wear a dotted vest it was nobody else's affair. The other moral is, a little plane speaking goes a great way."

"Oh, what a joke!" cried Jimmieboy.

"I didn't make any joke," retorted the Blank-book, his Russia-leather cover getting red as a beet.

"Yes, you did, too," returned Jimmieboy. "Plane and plain—don't you see? P-l-a-n-e and p-l-a-i-n."

"Bah!" said the Blank-book. "Nonsense! That can't be a joke. That's a coincidence. Is that what you call a joke?"

"Certainly," replied Jimmieboy.



"IS THAT WHAT YOU CALL A JOKE?"

"Well, then, I'm not as badly off as I thought. I wanted to be a poet's book and couldn't, but it is better to be used for a wash-list as I am than to help funny men to remember stuff like that. I am very grateful to you, Jimmieboy, for the information. You have made me see that I might have fared worse than I have fared, and I thank you, and as I hear your mamma and papa coming up the stairs now, I'll run back to the desk. Good-night!"

And the Blank-book kissed Jimmieboy, and scampered

over to the desk as fast as it could, and the next day Jimmie boy begged a card for it that his mamma gave it to him for his very own.

"What shall you do with it now you have it?" asked mamma.

"I'm going to save it till I grow up," returned Jimmieboy. "Maybe I'll be a poet, and I can use it to write poems on."

BACK AGAIN TO SCHOOL.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

BACK again to school, dears,
Vacation days are done,
You've had your share of frolic,
And lots of play and fun.
You've fished in many a brook, dears,
And climbed up many a hill;
Now back again to school, dears,
To study with a will.

We all can work the better
For having holiday,
For playing ball and tennis,
And riding on the bay.
The great old book of Nature
Prepares us plain to see
How very well worth learning
All other books may be.

So back again to school, dears,
Vacation-time is done;
You've had a merry recess,
With lots and lots of fun.
You've been like colts in pasture,
Unused to bit and rein,
Now steady, ready, children,
It's time to march and train.

'Tis only dunces loiter
When sounds the school-bell's call,
So fall in ranks, my boys and girls,
And troop in, one and all.
For school is very pleasant,
When, after lots of fun,
Vacation days are over,
And real work's begun.

SOUVENIRS OF SUMMER.

BY L. J. VANCE.

THE charming custom of gathering souvenirs of summer life is growing in favor with our young people. Many useful and ornamental mementos of country highways and byways can be collected without much trouble, and they are now used to adorn our rooms at home or for display in cabinets. Young folks will find it a source of ever-increasing pleasure to hunt for novelties in forest and field or by sea-shore. Besides, our boys and girls can exercise their ingenuity and taste in devising odd and original forms. It is easy and cheap enough to buy the wares of the poor Indian or of the shop-keeper; but, after all, home-made souvenirs are the best. Years afterward these articles will call to mind and memory some of the most delightful scenes and events in our lives.

I know one young lady who is in the habit of bringing back curios from mountain and sea. She now has quite an interesting collection. Each article has a "history," which the owner alone can tell in detail.

"What green-looking specimen is that?" I inquired, one day, and pointed to the article in question.

"Oh, that is a fungous growth I found in the Adirondack woods. I had it cut in two pieces and dried. Then a young gentleman in our party sketched in ink that view you see of the Lower Ausable Lake.

"Where did I get that odd shell? Turn it over, and you will find a fair picture of the hotel in Florida at which we stopped last winter. There is the window of our room.

"Here is a pretty shell I picked up on the Jersey coast one

summer. It did not shine much at first, but I had the rough coat polished.

"Yes, that does look like a Hindoo idol, but it is only a bit of painted stone from Maine. At one time I thought of making it into a paper-weight. Then a friend with an antiquarian turn of mind suggested its present appearance."

And so, one after another, the souvenirs called forth a pleasant scene or an interesting story. Well might the owner say:

"No, I would not take a thousand dollars for my collection of novelties. The many dear friendships and memories which they bespeak are worth more than that to me."

Thus often have I heard the stories of souvenirs told in some such sentences as these:

"Oh yes; those pretty pebbles I painted during the summer of 1891, when we had such a jolly time at Nantucket." And the proud possessor goes on to rehearse a scrap of personal reminiscence.

"I first saw those miniature birch-bark canoes in Maine. Now I can make them myself."

"I keep that pretty shell because there is a romance connected with it that will never be told."

Among the favorite souvenirs of the sea-shore are shells of various kinds, which are found in profusion. One of the pleasures of the summer is to gather these treasures of the deep. Many artists at sea-side resorts earn considerable money by painting marine scenes on shells, which can be used for various decorative purposes. They adorn the lids and sides of boxes, and they look well on picture frames. At some sea-side places it is the latest "fad" to have your picture taken in bathing costume, and set in a frame of shells which you have collected.

The best time to gather shells is at low tide or after a storm. Then a few hours' search will be rewarded by many excellent "finds." Most shells require a polish in order to bring out their beauty. Hence a few directions will not come amiss. Some specimens, though a little dull, have a natural polish, and these should be rubbed with a chamois dipped in tripoli. Other shells with a rough coat must be placed for a day in hot water, and then scraped with a stout knife. Now wash them in a weak solution of aqua fortis, and clean them with soap and a linen cloth. After that is done the shells may be polished with fine emery and a hair brush. A still higher state of polish can be obtained by a solution of gum-arabic. Sometimes shells seem spoiled by ugly projections or by deep cavities. The former can be filed down, while the latter must be filled with mastic or isinglass dissolved in spirits of wine, and tinted with water-colors the shade of the shell, and then rub the whole surface over with gum-water.

One of the pleasures of the tourist is to gather pebbles. These can be painted in oil or water colors as follows: The pebble should be first washed and dried. After the small holes are filled with a mixture of parchment size and whiting, rub the surface down with sand-paper. To prevent the absorption of color into the stone, it is necessary to have a ground color. That is done by painting the surface over with a mixture of Chinese white and water-color neglig for water-color painting, or with flake white and gold size for oil painting. Often a porous stone needs two or three coats.

It is well to sketch out the landscape or figures before the oil or water colors are applied. When the colors are dry, the lights and shadows can be carefully retouched. After several days a coat of mastic varnish should be applied. The first coat, when thoroughly dry, is to be rubbed with a silk handkerchief and the palm of the hand, also the second coat; then the whole is polished off with mutton suet and cleaned.

These painted pebbles are used for a number of purposes. They make first-rate paper-weights. They may decorate the lids and sides of boxes, the tops of tables, the sides of frames, the same as sea-shells. I have seen stones painted to resemble animals, such as gray rats, green frogs, and so forth.

Many localities offer abundant opportunities for mementos. Thus, there is by Martha's Vineyard a place called "Gayhead." The soil there is a streaked clay of several colors—red, white, and blue-black. It is a familiar sight on a bright summer's day to see scores of matrons, bright-eyed girls and boys sitting down in the clay mud and fashioning jars and bowls that look not unlike the pottery of Zuni Indians.

The Adirondacks and Catskills are full of quaint novelties. One summer in the Adirondacks squaws came around with baskets made of sweet-grass; the next year the young ladies made far prettier articles for Christmas presents. You may know the mountain-climber by his collection of gnarled sticks. I have seen some pretty staffs this summer in the Adirondacks. They

were made of willow; the bark while fresh and green was peeled off, and then wound around the stem in odd and fantastic shapes. Another plan is to have the jeweller fasten a bird's claw or a deer's foot to the stick by a silver band, with the date and one's name inscribed thereon.

The common things of country life are grasses and grains, ferns and wild orchids pressed. The corner of many a city home is decorated with bunches of feathery grasses, oats, and flax, and with "cat-tails" sticking their long brown heads above their neighbors'. The uncommon things are birds' nests and hornets' nests, which I have seen encircled with ribbons, and dangling from a chandelier, or stuck up in a corner.

Those who return from a summer tour or outing without some personal souvenir have missed their opportunity until the next time.

BY PROXY.

"MOTHER," asked Polly, "what does to do a thing 'by proxy' mean?"

"To do it by employing another person to do it in your place."

"But that wouldn't be doing it myself," objected Polly.

"People consider it the same thing," said mother. "If I sent Arthur on an errand, and he asked Harold to go for him because his foot was lame—"

"Arthur hasn't got a lame foot," cried literal Polly.

"We must suppose he had, or that he had the toothache, perhaps, and so Harold went instead—"

"Harold doesn't like to do errands, either; he always makes mistakes," said Polly, thoughtfully. Polly had her suspicions of sudden attacks of lameness and toothache.

"Well, it doesn't matter. Perhaps he might hire Harold to go by giving him a piece of candy. If he did that, it would be the same as if he had done the errand himself. He would do it 'by proxy.' Do you understand, Polly?"

"Yes-um," answered Polly, as she started up stairs.

"I've got all the candy Aunt Kittie gave me," said Polly to herself; "but Arthur hasn't any. Mother didn't know that."

She pulled open her bureau drawer to taste a bit of the candy. It looked very pink and tasted sweet.

"There's Isabella's dress right under it," exclaimed Polly. "I've been wondering where it could be."

She dragged poor Isabella Angelina by her leg from under the bureau, and proceeded to dress her.

"Polly!" suddenly came mother's voice.

"Yes-um."

"You must go to the store for me. Bridget is busy, and I want the fruit for my fruit cake."

Polly laid down Isabella Angelina with a sigh.

"I just hate errands as much as Harold does!"

Her eyes fell upon the candy.

"Perhaps," murmured Polly, nodding her head.

She slipped the candy into her pocket, and went down stairs with a demure face.

"Yes-um, yes-um. Raisins, currants, citron, and allspice. Why don't you say *all spices*, mother? It's correcter. There's Harold at the gate!"

She ran after him, and mother, busy with her cake, did not hear the little footsteps which presently pattered up stairs again.

Harold brought in the grocer's parcels.

"How's this, my boy? It was Polly I sent to Mr. Slote's. You've brought me the wrong kind of raisins; these are very poor. No currants at all! Citron, and one, two, three packages of cloves, cinnamon, and ginger; but no allspice!"

"Dear! dear!" groaned Harold. "It's always the way."

He pushed the pink candy further into his pocket. It wasn't nearly so sweet as it had been.

"Polly!" called mother.

"Yes-um!" said Polly's meek voice from behind the kitchen door.

"I sent *you* on this errand, Polly."

"Yes-um," lisped Polly again; "and I went, mother, just as you explained. I went 'by proxy!'"

Mother kept her face as straight as she could.

"Indeed, Polly; then what am I to do? Here are the wrong articles. If Harold had done the errand it would be *his* fault, but if it is *you* who have done so badly, *you* must be punished for your carelessness. You tell me you did the errand. What shall I do about it?"

Polly considered the situation.

"Well, I did do that errand, mother; I truly did. I did it 'by proxy.' I paid Harold a piece of candy to go for me."

Then a bright thought struck Polly.

"And don't you think, mother, that if I did your errand 'by proxy,' and you have to punish me for doing it wrong, you ought to punish me 'by proxy' too?"

EVA LOVETT.

THE SWEET POWER OF MUSIC.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

M. FETIS tells of a dog that used to begin to howl the moment he saw any one take out the violin, interpreting the howl as an expression of dislike and pain. But my experience leads me to think that the dog was not at all disliking the sound, but that he was singing himself to the accompaniment of the instrument. The same author tells of a lizard that came out of a garden wall whenever the adagio of Mozart's Quartet in C was played, and which would not come for any other piece. There is, also, Mr. John Lockman's pigeon that flew down from the cot when any one began to play on the harpsichord Handel's air, "Spera si, mio caro"; and Lenz tells of an elephant which took no notice of the music till the orchestra played an air called "Charmante Gabrielle," when he kept time with his trunk and showed particular marks of favor to the horn-player. There is a report of a cat who became restless at certain tones of the violoncello, and if they were repeated would spit and hiss. I had a cat myself which was very much excited by whistling; she would slowly approach the whistler, retreating and advancing as if it were against her will, and all at once making a rush, would climb his knee, and then leaning one paw on his shoulder, with the other would apparently try to brush the tune from his mouth. This cat, a jetty creature, whose name was Beauty-spot, would never sit in any one's lap but my own, and would come to me voluntarily only when I sang the "Last Rose of Summer." I have many a time seen Crusoe and Jock, a Newfoundland and a shepherd dog, coaxing a boy to blow on his harmonicon, with their paws on his shoulders, and the moment he began to play going along happily beside him, wagging their tails, but with their throats lifted and wailing in unison, or not in unison; and they were evidently full of the idea, as I have said, that they were singing themselves.

A French officer in the Bastille, allowed to have his lute, used to see the mice come from their holes and the spiders come down from their webs when he played. Spiders, however, are very well known to love music; and I think there are many people who have heard a singing mouse. Playford says that he once saw a herd of twenty stags following a bagpiper. They liked the pipes better than did the wolves of which Howell tells Sir James Crofts. When a soldier whom they had frightened began to play his pipes, they made off howling, frightened themselves.

Orpheus and Amphion are not the only ones, it will be seen, that have forced the animals to obey their music. The legends of the East Indies make their superior musicians do a great deal more. Kepler had a notion that in the music of the spheres Mercury was the treble, Venus and the earth the counter-tenors, Mars the tenor, and Jupiter and Saturn the basses. But the East Indians made Hanouman with his lyre, and Crieher with his flute, conduct the dance of the spheres, the stars, and the seasons. There were six ragas with them, presiding over six musical modes, and these could be invoked by the great musicians. Such a musician once invoked the night raga, in the presence of the Emperor Akbar, it is claimed, and made it night at noon. Another raga had the power of wrapping him who sang it in fire and reducing him to ashes, and the Emperor, obliging a musician to sing it, had him plunged in the Jumna to his neck, but the flames fell and covered him, notwithstanding the defiance. Do you believe it? Nor I, either! On the other hand, there was the raga of the rain, and a soprano once invoked it when the rice crop was on the point of withering, and brought floods of rain in season to save the harvest. In regions nearer home we have all heard of King Eric of Denmark, who was wrought to madness by music, as King Saul's madness was wrought to sanity by it. And who is not an acquaintance of the Pied Piper of Hamelin?

AT DINNER.

MRS. HOLLOWAY. "Little boys should be seen, not heard."

CLARENCE. "Then, mamma, please fill my plate with ice-cream again."



THE MYSTERIOUS HAND.

(For explanation of the mystery, see next week's number.)

ON THE BANKS OF THE HUDSON.

"That's my boat," said Jimmieboy, as the great steamer *Drew* went by.

"How did it come to be yours?" asked Uncle Periwinkle.

"I cried for it one night as it went by," said Jimmieboy, "and papa said I could have it."

MORE USEFUL.

"I LIKE hammocks better 'n I do swings," said May. "You can swing in a hammock, but you can't never hammock in a swing."

THE HUMOROUS COD.

AN old cod laughed to himself, "He, he!"

As he gave his great tail a swish,
"I'm fresh while I live in the salt, salt sea,
But on land I'm a salted fish."

"How many days in a year?" asked the teacher of a little class in arithmetic.

"Three hundred and sixty-five and a fourth," came the answer.

"Why, how can that be? How can there be a day one-fourth long?"

The children thought and thought.

"Come, come," she urged, with an encouraging smile, "tell me which day stands for the fourth."

"Oh, I know, I know," shouted Lila, while she stood up in her excitement (and wasn't very big even then), and clasped her dimpled hands, as she always does when she is very proud and happy, "the Fourth of July."

TWO ADAMS.

"How do you do, little boy? What is your name?"

"Adams."

"Indeed? were you named after the President?"

"No, sir. I was named after two uncles named Adam."

THE REASON.

VISITOR. "How is it that you are always such a good little boy, Harold?"

HAROLD. "Because I am always put to bed when I'm naughty."

WHY?

We walked upon the beach one day,
My little boy and I,
And everything that lad did say,
Began *adidas!* with "Why?"

"Twas, 'Why is water wet, papa?'"

And, "Why have fishes scales?"

And, "Why is Europe off so far?"

And, "Why aren't minnows whales?"

"Twas, 'Why are beaches made of sand?'"

And, "Why have lobsters claws?"

And, "Why doesn't sea-weed grow on land?"

And, "Why are sharks all jaws?"

And when to these—to every one—

I had to make reply,

"I really cannot tell, my son,"

He sadly asked me, "Why?"

J. K. B.

ALL FIDO'S FAULT.

POLLY. "Mamma, Fido just snapped at me."

MAMMA. "What had you done to Fido?"

POLLY. "I only punished him. I was playin' he was a horse, and he barked, and that was naughty, because horses don't bark."

DISPUTED OWNERSHIP.

"PAPA," said little Johnnie, "Johnnie is my name, isn't it?"

"Yes, my boy. Why?"

"I saw Johnnie Perkins to-day, and he said it was his, and he got real mad 'cause I told him it wasn't, because you'd given it to me."

JIMMIE'S SUGGESTION.

MAMMA (after packing her trunk). "Dear me, there's oceans of room yet. I'll have to fill up with something."

JIMMIE. "Let's take home some of the ocean. I'll get enough of it to fill the trunk up."

DIDN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE.

"MY brother has a bicycle with two wheels," said little Aleck.

"I don't care," retorted Whitty, joy. "If I had a brother, he'd have one too."

A PROMOTION.

"I DON'T believe Tommy Jones and I'll be in the same geography class any more," said Bobby, "'cause I've been to Europe this year, and I'll know more about it than he does."

AN OPINION.

"I DON'T like jumbles," said Jack. "There's so much good cake gone out of the middle of 'em."

WALLIE'S DRAWING.

"I CAN draw pictures," said Bobbie to Wallie.

"Pooh!" said Wallie. "I can draw wagons or anything else that isn't too heavy."



THE TRAINED PELICAN.

A NOVEL METHOD OF OBTAINING WATER-FOWL.



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LITTLE DON RODRIGO AND HIS NURSE.—DRAWN BY ALICE BARBER STEPHENS.—[SEE STORY ON PAGE 810.]

LITTLE DON RODRIGO DE RIMAS.

BY MARY E. BRIDGES.

Part I.



CERTAINLY little Rodrigo's father was not a very good man. Indeed, the whole country side of San Angela often rang with the reports of his wild doings. They told how he drank too heavily of the fine old wines with which his cellars were stocked; how he and his reckless companions from the great city of San Francisco rode furiously at the hunt all day, and gambled for high stakes all the night through.

Yet is it also true that in the adoring eyes of little Rodrigo himself there never was a grander being or a nobler hero than this same father of his, who so scandalized the good people of San Angela by his escapades. Was that father a drunkard, a gambler, a reveller? The small gossiping neighborhood of San Angela said "yes," most emphatically. But little Rodrigo knew not even that such things were said. To him his father was the kindest and tenderest of parents, the inventor of most charming tales about knights and battles told in the long summer evenings when the father and son sat together on the wide open veranda, the embodiment of all manly virtues, strength, courage, and gentle courtesy—all this, and even more, little Rodrigo held his father to be. He could not have expressed this idolizing love and worship that swelled his heart, but one read it in the soft depths of his great dark eyes as he looked at his father, in the tender curves of his beautiful mouth as he spoke.

The two were known among the country people as the "old Don" and the "little Don," by way of distinction merely, for the old Don was still a young man, being little more than thirty years old. The family of De Rimas was the last of the old pure Spanish settlers in this part of southern California. In days gone by there had been many such families, descendants of those first Spanish heroes and conquerors who had roved restlessly over the whole world, to become enamored at last of the soft air and lovely landscape of this remote corner of the New World. There had they laid by their armor, built themselves great palacelike dwellings among the green forests, and there they and their descendants lived and made merry in royal fashion. But gradually the tide of American enterprise pressed in upon them, and one day the fairy princes rubbed their eyes and woke up to modern ideas of business. The old estates were sold, and most of the descendants of the early Spanish settlers of the grander sort were lost in the incoming tide of population swelling the large cities. In the neighborhood of San Angela, as has been said, only the family of De Rimas was left. They still clung to their frowning stone mansion, their broad acres of tilled land and miles of green forest, and continued to live in the old grand style, with a host of Spanish and Mexican servants and dependants.

And little Rodrigo was in very truth a fairy prince, for as he stood and looked forth, a quaint little Old World figure among the dim shadows of his great castle home, he beheld his riches in shining gold growing upon every tree to be seen for miles and miles around, as far as the eye could behold. Nature herself with her own cunning hand coined little Rodrigo's gold, for the De Rimas owned the largest orange plantation in southern California.

Years before, when the old Don was a very young Don indeed, he had come home from Old Mexico, bringing with him a lovely bride, a mere slip of a girl, who pined away in the strange land, and soon died, leaving little Rodrigo, a large-eyed, serious minded baby, to comfort the desolate young father. The years had slipped away,

the old Don had fallen into evil ways, and little Rodrigo had grown into a dreamy lad of ten, with one absorbing passion, his love for his father.

He was, with all his wealth, a lonely child. Corneta, his old Spanish nurse, who had also been his father's nurse, cherished a very high idea of the nobility of the De Rimas family. She brought up her motherless nursing very carefully, and would never permit him to play with the rough American farmer lads in the vicinity. He wandered through the richly wainscoted rooms of his stately home like some belated dream-child stranded by mistake in our busy modern time, and seeking always to find his way back into that fairy world of centuries ago. Little Rodrigo read much in musty volumes from the ancient library, and he peopled a world of his own fancy with brave knights who were all like his own gallant, handsome young father.

Once, when little Don Rodrigo was scarcely more than a baby, the father staggered from one of his drunken revels into the room where old Corneta was putting the child to bed. Little Rodrigo saw the flushed face, heard the loud angry mutterings, and fled in terror to his old nurse's bosom. It was the first time the child had ever turned from his father, and the Don was sobered in an instant. He gave the nurse strict orders to keep the boy out of sight when he entertained company, and by no means to let him hear evil of his father. Old Corneta wept bitter tears over the downfall of her "bonny boy," as she still called the Don, but she faithfully obeyed him.

One bright day in the golden California summer there came an unusually gay crowd of sporting men from the city to visit the handsome señor and spend a hunting day on the Don's estate. Philippe, the Don's valet, told the news to Fanchetto, the house-maid, and she informed the nurse. So when the yellow afternoon sunbeams fell slantingly upon the shining glory of the orange grove, old Corneta, with a sigh, lured her charge away to a cool retreat in the dim old picture-gallery, far from the rooms where the Don would bring his friends. Little Rodrigo was fond of the picture-gallery, a long narrow hall-like apartment whose walls were lined with portraits of handsome young Spanish cavaliers, fierce and frowning old señors, and beautiful dark-eyed, rose-lipped señoras—all dead-and-gone knights and dames of the De Rimas family. Little Rodrigo knew and loved them all; he had dreamed hours before each wonderful old portrait; they were the companions of his lonely childhood, for old Corneta had fed his fancy with many wild stirring tales of his ancestors' adventures. She had also inspired the boy with a quaint sort of dignity in that he was the descendant of this stately throng—"the last of the house of De Rimas," she taught him to say solemnly.

Little Rodrigo followed his nurse willingly to the picture-gallery, and settled himself with a book on his knee in a curious thronelike chair made of oak, whose arms were huge carved griffins. Corneta herself sat near a window, at her spinning-wheel, for old-time customs had not yet passed away from this Spanish household in remote southern California, and much of the family linen was manufactured on the estate. For a long time little Rodrigo sat quite still and dreamed over his book, while old Corneta turned her wheel and sang quaint Spanish ballads about the Don Rimas knights and their lady-loves in her faint sweet old voice. The shrill cry of the summer locust came from the distance like a soft murmur. Little Rodrigo closed his book and leaned his curly head confidently against one of the terrible oak griffins.

"Nursie," he said, "tell me a story, please."

"Ah, my darling, you have heard them all many times," the old woman said, crooningly. "Where shall I find new ones for you?"

"Think hard, nursie," Rodrigo coaxed; "there must be one I haven't heard."

So the nurse paused for a moment from her spinning, with the thread in her hand, and gazed about on the family portraits for inspiration.

"I will tell you the story of the noble knight Don Bernardo de Rimas," she said at last, "that handsome gallant over there in the blue velvet doublet whose dark eyes flash so courageously. He was a grand and pious gentleman, rest his soul! and it is said he was like a father to all his people and household servants. But when he was young he had one great fault, and so there befell him the adventure which I am about to tell you, that he might be cured of this grievous sin and made perfect. He was too fond of his own way, even in doing good, and would often refuse to heed the words of the good father priests.

"One day the noble Bernardo heard that a vile plot had been formed by the Indians and the Mexican half-breeds to attack and burn the village of San Benito, several miles away from the De Rimas estate. The brave young hero determined to go himself and warn the innocent inhabitants of San Benito of the coming peril, and thus save their lives. He would intrust this errand to none but himself, and started away alone on his swiftest horse. 'For,' he said, 'one alone will not be so likely to draw the attention of the enemy as two or more.' On he rode till nightfall, and was nearing his destination when he wandered from the road and lost his way in the bog. His horse plunged wildly about, and at last, in a frenzy of fear, threw his rider and rushed away into the forest. Brave Don Bernardo's heart almost failed him then, but he struggled on, only to become more hopelessly mired. Finally, his strength all spent, as he sank deeper and deeper into the terrible bog mud, he prayed that his sins might be forgiven and his soul received in heaven. For he saw that he must die. When, lo! all about him there shone a wonderful light, and he looked up and saw a beautiful little child standing near, who led an ass by the halter.

"'Rise, Don Bernardo,' the child said, and his voice sounded like sweetest music. 'I have come to lead you forth on your errand of mercy.' And Don Bernardo, marvelling, stretched out his hands to the lovely babe, and was lifted out of the mire, and mounted the ass. The child still kept hold of the halter and led the way out of the bog. When the good knight at length leaped down at the door of the monastery of San Benito, and turned around, behold, child and animal had vanished! The good fathers of the monastery, to whom he told the tale, admonished him that the child was no other than the Babe Jesus, who had come, with the veritable ass which had carried Himself out of Egypt, to the succor of Don Bernardo in the bog, and that by that sign the Lord would teach him not to trust too much to his own wisdom and knowledge, but to lean more upon the divine strength and guidance of Mother Church."

The shadows of evening had fallen all about the little boy in the curious oak chair and the old woman at her wheel when the story was finished. After one last look at the brave knight Don Bernardo, with his beautiful tender dark eyes and proudly set lips, Rodrigo let Corneta lead him away to his tea in the nursery.

Late in the evening the Don and his party returned from the hunt, with the shouts and laughter of the men, the barking of dogs, and clatter of horses' hoofs. But little Rodrigo lay peacefully asleep in his small white bed and heard nothing. It was later still, after the long, elaborate dinner served in the stately old dining-hall, that the hunting party adjourned for wine and cigars, and, as a matter of course, settled down to their usual game at cards. Notwithstanding, there was a good deal of loud talking and merry jesting as the games

went on. The old walls rang and rang again with shouts of laughter as some unwary player staked high and lost all.

Yet how still it was upstairs in the nursery in spite of the merry din below! The sweet climbing roses nodded knowingly in at the half-open window. The soft summer breeze, fragrant with kisses stolen from the roses as it passed by, stirred the air faintly about little Rodrigo's pillow. The long silver moonbeams shone in through the old-fashioned diamond-shaped casement panes upon the little bed; it seemed as if they longed to take little Rodrigo up in their arms, to make of him an enchanted child, and bear him away to fairyland, where no mortal sorrow or care could reach him. But this they could not do, so they only kissed his black curls softly as they lay against the pillow, and pressed with tender radiance upon his white closed lids. Little Rodrigo lay and dreamed of the noble Don Bernardo, who was lost in the bog-land. Only somehow, to Rodrigo's horror, as he looked, it seemed in his dream that it was not Don Bernardo at all, but his own, his dearly beloved father, who struggled hopelessly in the terrible mire. The anguish of the dream wellnigh woke the boy. In Rodrigo's vision also there suddenly appeared the wonderful bright light, and the Christ Child stood near, leading the ass. Then a marvellous thing happened, for Rodrigo dreamed that the beautiful stranger child leaned over him, and whispered in his ear that he, Rodrigo himself, must take the ass and go forth into the bog to save his father, and he had stretched his hand for the halter when—

"Don Rimas is lost, is lost! Don Rimas is lost!"

A great shout rang out and broke the midnight stillness in the nursery. Little Rodrigo sat up in bed wide awake, his heart beating wildly and the agony of his strange dream still upon him. Again that loud cry—"Don Rimas is lost, is lost!" and the child bounded out of bed and followed the sound.

Down-stairs, in the card room, all was confusion and babble of tongues, for Don Rimas and a millionaire from San Francisco, named Bridewell, had just played a game in which a large sum was staked against the jewel of the Don's stud, his bonny brown mare Zoë, and the Don had lost. His face, flushed with wine, grew pale, and he rose hastily from the table as the men crowded around and noisily discussed the game. Suddenly a child's sweet voice rang out over the din.

"Señors, señors! Is my father lost? Oh, tell me where he is! Oh, good, kind señors, if he is indeed lost, I beg of you let me too try to find him."

The men's voices died away into awed stillness as they turned their startled gaze towards the door and beheld there a little white-robed figure, with a beautiful face framed in soft dark curls. The Don, at the sound of his little son's agonized cry, shrank for a moment into the shadow of the curtained window, as if he were ashamed. Then he stepped out quickly.

"Rodrigo, my son," he said, tenderly, in Spanish, "thy father is here. Be not afraid. Thou wert only dreaming."

The child, with a glad cry, ran to him, and hid his face in his father's bosom. The Don turned, and spoke with the gentle inborn courtesy which marked his proud old race.

"Señors, may I crave your pardon if I leave you now and put my little one back to bed? He has been badly frightened, and none but his father can soothe him. He has no mother, señors. It may be," he added, "that some of you are weary after our long day's hunt. If so, my servant will show you to your apartments."

He lifted the child's slender little figure in his arms, and disappeared up the broad old staircase.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FINDING A SHARK'S TOOTH.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

"POOH! Why, if you came across the Koh-i-noor diamond, blazing and flashing on the sidewalk, big enough to trip you up, you would not have taken notice of it." That was what I had said to him.

"Inculcate habits of observation. Where are my spectacles? Your eyes were made to see with, your nose to smell with, your ears to-- Do, some of you, look up my spectacles. This way," I continued, "of going through the world with all your faculties dormant—you say my spectacles are on my head now? Why, so they are, to be sure—is," I concluded, picking up the thread of my discourse, "ruinous."

Then the lad's uncle said: "There was once a small boy who was lost in a jungle. There was a tiger, sure enough. Now if the boy had seen the tiger, he would have yelled. It so happened that he did not see the tiger nor did the tiger see him—he was a very chubby boy—and so they both escaped."

I have often wished that the boy's uncle would not make speeches like this, which, as far as I know, never have anything to do with the subject under discussion.

The way this discussion had come about was as follows. About a year ago the boy had been interested in the subject of Indian arrow-heads, and had been shown some good specimens found in Long Island.

"If you look sharp you may come across one," I had said.

For months afterwards the boy hunted for Indian arrow-heads. I became the recipient of a quarry of assorted stones, not one of which bore the mark of man's handiwork on it. Perhaps the search had been made in my garden or in the neighboring lots. I regret to state that the boy's faith in himself as a discoverer of Indian relics was slight.

We had forgotten Indian arrows when our attention was called to sharks' teeth. A number of sharks' teeth, found in the phosphate beds of South Carolina, had been sent me. The smaller one which figures in the illustration is the largest of these, and perfect in all respects, showing distinctly the serrated or sawlike edges. The boy wanted to know all about sharks found in the past.

"There were in remote periods," I said, "sharks much larger than those existing to-day. We know of sharks in the Pacific fifty feet long. We are forced to believe that there exists a certain relationship between the teeth of the shark and his length. We argue about such matters or construct the animals of the past by the laws of the present. That is a common-sense principle. In the bogs of Ireland the horns of elks have been found which were enormous. At once it was decided that the elks of a former period must have been much larger than those of to-day. Many years after these horns were discovered some parts of the skeletons of these animals were dug up, and what had been a surmise was found to be true.

"The sharks, then, that basked in the oceans of the

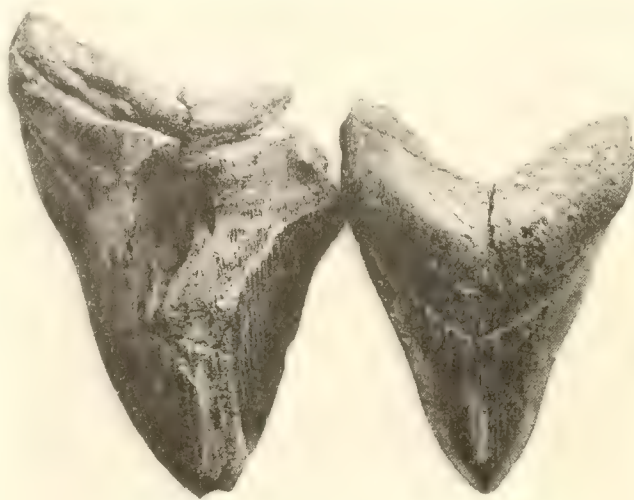
past, whose waters covered South Carolina many millions of years ago, must have been marine monsters. They existed, we think, before man."

"Then nobody could tell a fish story," remarked the boy's uncle.

Paying no attention to this interruption, I went on. "I cannot tell what killed the sharks. It is probable that the water subsided, ran off to a lower level, or was dried up. The destruction of life must have been widespread, because the remains of innumerable sea and land animals are found all mixed together. There must have been whole layers of dead creatures, because we find to-day phosphate beds of from three or four inches to three feet thick. You can just fancy, if the animals had been alive, what an enormous bulk they had. Say you caught a five-hundred-pound shark to-day, and left it on the beach, and several millions of years afterwards somebody else found what remained of that shark. I can't guess how much would be the weight then. Maybe much less than an ounce."

"Awfully kind of those South Carolina sharks," said the boy's uncle, "and so considerate. They must have thought of making themselves useful as fertilizers in the good time which was to come."

"There may have been a universal catastrophe or convulsion of nature. We do not know how it happened. We have to make theories and speculations about it. By-and-by we shall get at the truth. This tooth which comes from South Carolina is five inches long by four wide. It has shrunk very much, and must have been bigger. It belonged to a well-known species, the *Carcharodon*, which swims about to-day. When the *Challenger*, an English ship which was sent out on purpose to make deep-sea soundings, hauled up



THEY NEVER WILL BITE AGAIN.

a 2½-inch-long shark tooth from the bottom of the ocean, the scientific men on board said it must have belonged to a shark 36½ feet long. Carrying out this law of proportion, then, this South Carolina tooth once set in the jaw of a fish which ought to have measured 73 feet in length."

"When that shark gaped he would have had no trouble in swallowing a sugar hogshead or a bale of cotton lengthways." It was the boy's uncle who said that.

"We are to believe that Nature never is sudden in her movements," I continued.

"Not sudden?" remarked the boy's uncle. "What do you call that Krakatoa business, when an entire island was blown to smithereens, and we saw the dust of it in the air for a year or so afterwards?"

"Such occurrences are rare. Exceptions prove the rule. The changes the earth undergoes are gradual. Now think of this as to the lapse of time. Sir Archibald Geikie, who is to-day the great geologist, has said that some of the rocks made by the settling of the substance dissolved in the sea are 73,000,000 of years old at the very least. But Sir Archibald Geikie was careful to add that there might be other sedimentary rocks that had taken 680,000,000 of years to build up." I thought that would silence the boy's uncle, but it did not.

"We had a guessing class the other day," was what he

said. "The best two guessers were to win a first and a second prize. The question was how many beans there were in a gallon measure. One big boy, at a venture, guessed 9876 beans. Then a little chap lisped, 'More ner two beanses, thir.' No one took the first prize, but to the little fellow was awarded the second prize."

That boy's uncle is incorrigible, and, I am afraid, has little if any respect for science. I do not know how it happens, but the boy always grins just as soon as his uncle begins to talk.

"There!" said I, as I handed the boy the tooth; "now fancy what force the mouth of a shark had when armed with such terrible fangs, for they were not fixed solid in the jaw, but he could close these teeth or open them at will. They were, so to speak, hinged."

"Wouldn't I, though, just like to find a shark's tooth!" said the boy.

It was on that occasion that I got off the speech which may be read at the beginning of this article.

One day the boy came home late from school. He appeared very much elated. He dragged from a pocket what seemed like an irregular bit of stone. It did not have a definite form. "More trash," I said to myself. Then out of the other pocket he pulled another piece of stone. He joined the two together, and there was nine-tenths of an exceedingly large fossil shark's tooth. The extreme point was slightly broken, and there was a fracture on the left side. The tooth measured seven inches long by five and one-half inches broad, being one-half inch more in breadth than the entire length of the South Carolina tooth. I was astonished, and asked the boy where he had found it.

"I had just made up my mind," he said, "that I must find a shark's tooth, and shark's tooth never was out of my head. Coming from school this morning, I went through a street where men were paving. There were several piles of gravel. In one of them I saw a black thing sticking out, and I went for it. It was a shark's tooth, or a bit of a shark's tooth, sure. I could make out the enamel and the saw edge. But it was only one piece. I dug through the pile, and just near the bottom of the gravel, when I was about giving it up, I found this other piece. See! the two pieces join first rate. Oh, how I hunted and hunted for the last piece, so as to make it quite perfect, but I couldn't find it."

At once, with some glue, the two pieces were joined, and so there is a very presentable tooth, remarkable for its size. The finder has just worked out, from data given him, what ought to have been the size of the shark, and he figures it to have belonged to a creature 102 feet in length.

I have been much puzzled as to the derivation of this tooth. The question might be solved if I could find out where the gravel came from. It is not likely that it was found *in situ*, or belonging to the spot. Perhaps the gravel was brought to Brooklyn, New York, where the tooth was found.

Now I want it to be understood that there is a moral in this absolutely truthful story. It makes no difference when you dish up a moral whether it is to be served for the special benefit of older or younger readers. I only want to say that I had deemed this particular boy unobservant, and I was mistaken. He might not have seen a diamond, because he was not familiar with it, but he did find a shark's tooth in a very unusual place.*

* Measuring a column of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, the 'tooth found in Brooklyn (the larger of the two shown in the illustration) is exactly two-thirds the length of the column.

DICK GORDON'S MISSION.

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

"TO the Royal Victoria Hotel."

This direction was given to the driver of one of the hacks that stood in Rawson Square, in Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas, where the steamer from New York was just landing her passengers. It was given by a boy who, although he could not have been more than fifteen or sixteen years old, was evidently travelling alone; and that was odd, for it is seldom that a boy of his age is sent to take a sea-voyage without a companion.

But this boy was able to travel alone. He showed it in his self-possessed manner, and in every move he made. Nothing confused him, although he was in a strange country and in the midst of a crowd of negroes who were shouting themselves hoarse. He was a handsome boy, and remarkably well dressed. Even the colored drivers, who see more than they get credit for, noticed this. His clothes were in the proper winter style, his shoes soft and well polished, just a few links of a gold watch chain were visible, and there was a small seal ring on one of his fingers.

He gave the driver some directions about his trunk, as though he were used to attending to such things, and in a few moments was set down in front of the hotel. Then he looked composedly up and down the piazza, which was full of Americans, walked into the office, and wrote his name in the register in a hand as plain and neat as everything about him, "Richard H. Gordon, New York."

"Are you alone, Mr. Gordon?" the clerk asked.

"Yes, for the present," the boy replied. "My father may possibly be down later in the season. I should like to have a room that you can let me keep for several months."

He was soon settled in a room to his liking, and half an hour later, when he appeared in lighter clothes better suited to the warm January weather, a knot of older guests in the hotel were trying to find out from him who he was, who his parents were, why he was travelling alone, whether he had been sick, and, in short, his whole family history. This is one of the pleasing customs of Americans, and indeed of the people of most nations when they are thrown together in foreign countries.

Richard H. Gordon, of New York, or, as his new acquaintances soon came to call him, Dick Gordon, was seemingly as communicative as boys of his age generally are.

"My father is Gordon, the jeweller, in Maiden Lane."



"YOU'RE A THIEF, SIR! A LYING, SNEAKING, MISERABLE THIEF."

he modestly said in answer to many shy questions. "I have been a little under the weather for some time, and for though a few months in Nassau might do me good. Rather a slow place, though, don't you think?"

He said it so nicely, and was always so good-natured and polite that people did not notice that this was *all* that ever got out of him. He seemed willing to tell everything he knew, but the information never got beyond Gordon, the Maiden Lane jeweller, and a few months in Nassau for his health. When one old gentleman said that he knew Gordon of Maiden Lane well, and had dealt with him for years, Dick chuckled inwardly, but only said, politely, that he was glad to meet a friend of his father's.

In less than a week Dick Gordon was known to everybody in the hotel, and everybody liked him. When there were picnics or sailing parties or drives over to Southwest Bay, they were not complete unless Dick Gordon went along, particularly when the young ladies went. It must be said for Dick that he did not court this popularity in the slightest degree; on the contrary, he tried to avoid it; but he was so handsome, he was always so neatly dressed, he was so bright, so good-natured, and always so extremely polite, it was not his fault, nor theirs either, if people always took a fancy to him.

It was on the 12th of January that he landed in Nassau, and by the first week in February Dick Gordon had seen all the "sights" of the island, and always in the best company from the hotel. He had called with a party at the Government House, and so was in a fair way to be invited to the Governor's next ball. He had danced beautifully at the hop in the hotel. He kept his own boat and colored boatman, took frequent drives, had fresh oranges and flowers brought to his room every morning, spent money when it was necessary, and so conducted himself that everybody said of him, "Fine boy that young Gordon; son of Gordon, the Maiden Lane jeweller, you know."

Then the steamer came in again.

Everybody, nearly, from the hotel was down at the wharf to see the new-comers land, and when that excitement was over, they waited about the post-office for their letters. There was one for Richard H. Gordon, and he went back to the hotel to read it. It was not a cheering letter evidently, for when landlord Morton passed him in a retired corner of the piazza a few minutes later, Dick's face was such a picture of misery that the landlord stopped to comfort him.

"No bad news from home, I hope, Dick," said the landlord. Everybody called him Dick now.

"As bad as possible, Mr. Morton," Dick answered, sorrowfully. "It's not necessary to make it generally known, but you must know it sooner or later. This letter tells me that my father has failed, and I am left here without any funds—without even money enough to get home."

"Oh, never mind that part of it, my boy," said the good-natured landlord, patting him on the back. "Your bill doesn't amount to much, and I'll see that you get home all right."

"I couldn't let you do that, Mr. Morton," Dick replied; "though I thank you very much for your kindness. Indeed, I think it will be better for me not to go home, as things are at present. I should rather find something to do here in Nassau to make a living till my father gets on his feet again."

Mr. Morton smiled. "I'm afraid," he said, "that a young fellow of your sort would find it rather hard to make a living in Nassau. Is there anything you know how to do?"

"Oh yes," Dick quickly answered, brightening up at the idea. "I'm pretty well posted in the jewelry business. Perhaps I could find something to do at that."

"Well, that's something," said Mr. Morton. "There's Adams & Ackerley, the jewellers, in Bay Street, who had a young American clerk several years ago. They have a good deal of American custom in the winter, and you might be of use to them. I know Adams very well, and I'll speak to him about you, if you like."

"I should be a thousand times obliged to you, Mr. Morton," Dick replied. "I have money enough to pay my bills to the end of the week, and I want to make myself independent as soon as possible."

Though landlord Morton was as kind and sympathetic as possible, the story of the sudden failure of Dick's father seemed to him just a little bit suspicious, and he did something that he had not thought of doing before. He went into the office, and found the G pages in the New York Directory that lay on the desk. There were plenty of Gordons there, and plenty of Maiden Lane jewellers, but no Gordon a jeweller in Maiden Lane.

"Phew!" he said to himself. "That's the first one of those fellows I've ever had here. The boy has stolen some money somewhere, and has reached the end of his pile already. However, I'll tell Adams the whole story, and he can do as he likes about it."

Mr. Adams was not disposed at first to have anything to do with the polite and handsome boy from New York; but when Mr. Morton told him about the imaginary Maiden Lane jeweller, and his suspicion that Dick was a young thief who had spent all his stolen money, he took a greater interest in the story.

"Send the boy down and let me see him," he said. "If he understands the business, he may be useful to me this winter. And if he is a thief, which I don't much doubt, he'll find no chance to work his light fingers here. You know he couldn't get off the island in any case, even if he did get anything."

Curiously enough, the belief that Dick was a smart young thief was what made Mr. Adams willing to treat with him. For, to tell the truth, there was no greater scoundrel in the West Indies than this same tall, slender, dark-faced, smooth-tongued Adams, the jeweller. He had seen something of Dick, and knew what a bright boy he was, and he reasoned that the theft of which he had undoubtedly been guilty would put him in his power, and Dick could thus be made useful in the hundred disgraceful transactions he had constantly on hand. So the result of the interview was that Dick was engaged to work for Adams & Ackerley through the winter for his board, which was not princely pay; and Mr. Adams intended that the engagement should last much longer.

At first the news of Dick's difficulties made a great sensation in the hotel. More than one wealthy American went down to Adams & Ackerley's store, and, calling Dick aside, said to him:

"See here, Dick, my boy, this is very brave in you to set right to work. But it's not necessary for you to do it, you know. I'll advance the money to take you home, and you can pay me when you're able."

These kind people, of course, did not know of the suspicion that Dick was not honest. But Dick's only reply was a polite refusal to accept any assistance. He would take care of himself, he said, and help his father if he could.

All went smoothly enough in the jeweller's store for a few days, and then Dick got his first experience of his new master's pleasing disposition. There were two other boys in the store of about Dick's age, both very dark in complexion, both dressed in cheap cotton suits, and both without shoes or stockings. These boys slept in an adobe room in Mr. Adams's house, over the store (for part of Ackerley was little more than a chief clerk), and the putting up of a cot bed for Dick in their room, and the feeding him from the same dishes of rice and grits and fish that they ate, did not make his keep expensive.

One evening Dick was looking through his trunk that stood by the side of his little bed, and as he lifted out one of his stylish suits he saw something glitter in a corner of the trunk. He picked it up, and found that it was an expensive gold watch that certainly did not belong to him. In an instant he recognized it as one that he had seen in a case in the store.

The sight of it staggered Dick for a moment. It was too plain that somebody was trying to ruin him. No one, as far as he knew, had been in the room but the other boys and himself; and one of the other boys must have put that watch in his trunk to get him into trouble. While he was trying to think it out he heard a step on the stairs, and before he could move almost, the door was opened, and Mr. Adams burst into the room.

"Gordon," he began, in a severe tone, "a very unpleasant thing—What what's this?" he gasped, catching sight of the watch, which still lay in Dick's hands. "Why, that's the watch that's been stolen from—"

"Yes, sir," Dick interrupted, "it was in my trunk. I just found it there, and was about to take it down to you. I saw that it was one of your watches, but I have no idea who put it in my trunk."

"You lying young scoundrel!" Adams cried. "Here is the stolen watch in your hand, and you admit that it was in your trunk." And he seized Dick by the arm and gave him such a violent jerk that the watch almost fell out of his hand. "You're a thief, sir! A lying, sneaking, miserable young thief! If I did you justice, I'd send for an officer and land you in jail inside of half an hour. I'll tell you something about yourself, young man," he began at length. "It's no secret to tell you that you're a thief. I know what brought you to this island."

"You'd be rather surprised if you really *did* know!" Dick thought to himself, but did not say so.

"I know," the jeweller continued, "all about the money you stole before you came here; I know why you want to stay here; I know all about you; I have only to open my mouth to send you to prison. But I don't intend to do it, because I am going to make you useful to me. Now we understand each other. You're either my man, to do as I tell you, or you're a jail-bird. And I'm not going to have any more of your airs here. Pull off those fine clothes and put on these; you shall dress like the other boys, and walk a straight mark." The jeweller got up as he spoke, took down from a hook a white cotton suit belonging to one of the other boys, and threw it at Dick. "You're a fine gentleman," he continued, "but I'll soon make a finer one of you. Off with your shoes and stockings, sir! you're no better to go barefoot than the other boys. You're a son of Gordon, the great Maiden Lane jeweller, are you? Well, then, there is no Gordon a jeweller in Maiden Lane. Oh, I know you!"

"I never said my father was a great jeweller," Dick replied, as he was taking off his shoes. "I said he was a jeweller in Maiden Lane, and so he is; he works for one of the big firms there."

"And you came down to Nassau to spend his day's wages, did you? That's a fine story. But I've heard enough of your talk. You know your place now; see that you keep in it."

The jeweller slammed the door after him and went down the stairs, saying to himself as he went: "Now I have the youngster well under my thumb. He thinks I know all about the New York business, and I'll have no trouble with him."

"I think I kept my temper pretty well," Dick thought to himself, as he looked at the novel clothes he had put on, his bare feet, and almost laughed at his comical appearance. "But the mystery of the watch is solved, at any rate."

From the minute that Adams walked into the room Dick had been satisfied that he was the man who had put the watch in the trunk. But how to satisfy anybody else of it was a difficult question. He sat down on the bed to think it out, being in no hurry to appear in public in his Nassau clothes; and presently Tom Aldrich, one of the other boys, came in.

"Tom," Dick said, at a venture, "I believe Mr. Adams accused you of stealing some of his property a short time ago, didn't he?"

"Y-e-s," Tom stammered, looking very much surprised, "he did."

"Found the stolen things in your room, didn't he?"

"Yes," replied Tom; "but I didn't put them there; upon my word I didn't."

"And he accused Will Thompson in the same way, I think."

"Yes."

"Found the goods in his room, too?"

"Yes," Tom answered.

"That's all right!" Dick exclaimed. "He planted one of his watches in my trunk to-day, and came into the room just as I found it. That trick might work once, but it would hardly go down with a jury three times in succession. You needn't worry about it nor speak about it to any one, for it's all right."

Dick took the terrible accusation against him very coolly. The idea of meeting his former hotel friends when dressed in cheap cotton clothes worried him, somehow, more than the charge of theft. But he was spared that mortification, for Mr. Adams next day modified his orders so much as to let him wear his own clothes in the store and when he went into the street. It might drive away his American customers, he thought, to see Dick barefooted and ragged.

For weeks Dick worked faithfully in the store, and put up patiently with all his employer's taunts and suspicions and brutal treatment. He ate boiled rice for breakfast, dinner, and supper as though he liked it, slept on his little canvas bed, and was so intelligent and industrious that even Adams was forced to admit that he was the best boy he had ever had in the store. Every day some rascally transactions came under Dick's eye, but he avoided them as much as he could, and shut his eyes to what he could not prevent. Before two months passed, Adams actually began to pay him a dollar a week besides his board.

One branch of the business Dick was particularly good at. Adams & Ackerley bought great numbers of pearls from the native fishermen—pearls that were found often in the shells, pure white, pink, sometimes brown. A few of these they sold to the American visitors for from \$5 to \$25 each, though they paid the poor fishermen only a few shillings each. Sometimes four or five were bought in a single day, sometimes more than a dozen, and they were all kept carefully in a little jewel-box in the safe.

Dick soon became such an expert in handling these pearls that Mr. Adams let him buy them in his absence (never paying more than eight English shillings, though, for the finest pearl), and he knew that there were hundreds of them, worth thousands of dollars, in the little box. "Strange," he often said to himself, "that he should let such a thief as he calls me go to his safe and handle his pearls." But the pearls continued to come in; every day the box grew heavier.

"What does Mr. Adams do with all these pearls he buys?" Dick casually asked Tom Aldrich one day. "He only sells a few to the Americans, and there are hundreds in the box."

"Takes them to New York," Tom answered. "He goes up in the first steamer in May every year to sell his pearls and buy new goods. The pearls are the most



DICK WENT BOLDLY UP TO THE FIRST CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER HE SAW.

profitable part of the business, *I* believe. I guess they don't pay much duty when they go into America," and Tom shut one eye and looked wise.

By the last steamer that arrived in April, Dick received a letter that made him a gentleman of leisure again. Exactly what the letter said he did not explain; but there was a draft in it, and Dick had plenty of money. Mr. Adams was inclined to oppose his leaving, and hinted that if he went he might be arrested for stealing; but Dick coolly replied that he knew too much about the ins and outs of the business to be interfered with, and Mr. Adams saw the force of the answer.

With money in his pockets again, no work to do, and his old room in the hotel, Dick soon became the same handsome smiling boy that he had been at first. He enjoyed a week more of this life before the steamer sailed, driving, fishing, and having the fresh oranges and flowers in his room every morning. Then, by a curious coincidence, he and Mr. Adams sailed for New York in the same steamer. It was not so strange, either, because that was the only steamer there was to go in, and also because Dick had carefully timed all his arrangements so as to go in the same ship with his old employer.

When the *Nassau* (which, as all the world knows, is the name of the Nassau steamer) reached her wharf in New York, Dick was a little nearer the gangway than Mr. Adams, and he was first ashore. He went boldly up to the first Custom-house officer he saw—very confidently, indeed, for so young a boy—and put into his hands an unsealed official-looking envelope. From this envelope the customs officer took a letter and read as follows:

U. S. CUSTOMS.
PORT OF NEW YORK.

COLLECTOR'S OFFICE, May 7, 18—.

To any Customs Inspector of this Port:

This note will be handed you by Richard H. Gordon, who is in the service of this department.

Mr. Gordon will point out to you a person who is suspected of smuggling into the country valuable goods in small parcels.

You will carefully examine the clothing and baggage of the person so designated, and in case any undeclared dutiable goods are found, you will detain the person, and notify me at once.

Collector of the Port of New York.

The story of Dick's visit to Nassau is told when this letter is read. He was a young customs detective, and every step he took had been carefully planned. His running short of money, his employment by Adams, who had long been suspected of smuggling, his mastering the secrets of the pearl business, had all been thought out beforehand. It would be interesting to describe how furious Adams was when the inspectors examined him in Dick's presence, and how they found thousands of dollars' worth of pearls sewed into the lining of his clothes, and how he spent several days in Ludlow Street jail, and had to pay some hundreds of dollars in fines.

"So Adams was going to arrest you for robbing him, was he?" the Collector laughed when he shook Dick's hand later in the day and congratulated him on the success of his mission. "He didn't know that he was dealing with the smartest boy in New York, did he? I fancy the papers you had in your pocket would have seen you clear of any charge he could have brought against you."



DEFENCE OF THE PRIVATEER "GENERAL ARMSTRONG."

BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

WHEN the United States declared war against Great Britain in 1812, because that country persisted in impressing American sailors into her service, this country had hardly a dozen frigates in the regular navy to fight all of England's fleets. We had a fine merchant service, however, with plenty of fine sailors, and President Madison announced that all those wishing to turn their craft into ships of war could do so by applying for "letters of marque and reprisal."

Hundreds of craft of all kinds were immediately gotten ready,

guns, small arms, and crews were put on board, and in a short time the ocean was covered with sloops, schooners, brigs, and ships, all flying the American flag, and bent on capturing, burning, or making prizes of England's vessels wherever found on the high seas.

It was not expected at first that these private armed ships or "privateers" would be able to do much damage against the enemy's regular men-of-war, but it was soon found that they held their own in many a well-fought battle. So many of the English

more and ship did they capture that the others did not dare to venture from port unless heavily armed, and assistance charges were so high as to almost destroy commerce on the sea; and indeed, of ships, did our swift little ships become by continuing success that at last they could not hesitate to do battle against a fleet of the enemy's ships at a time as I am about to re-

One of these little hornets of the ocean, a brig called the *General Jackson*, sailed from the port of New York on the 9th of September, 1811. She was commanded by Captain Samuel C. Reid, and had six guns. The night she sailed she was chased by a line-of-battle ship and frigate, but escaped them both. The next day she exchanged shots with a frigate in the most saucy manner, and escaped again. In this way she cruised about the ocean, making prizes and annoying the foe, until the 26th, when she put into Fayal to obtain water, intending to leave again the next morning.

This was not to be, however, for as evening set in the British naval brig *Carnation*, frigate *Rota*, and ship of the line *Plantagenet*, that were on their way to assist General Pakenham in his attack on General Jackson at New Orleans, also came in for water.

Captain Reid thought himself safe from attack in a friendly port, but soon realized his mistake, for as the moon (which was full) rose he could see the British war ships lowering their boats and preparing to attack him.

In his letter home after the battle he describes the fight that then ensued as follows:

"After clearing for action, we got under way, and began to sweep further into the harbor. Being now eight o'clock, as soon as we saw the boats approaching we let go our anchor and prepared to receive them. I hailed them repeatedly as they drew near, but they felt no inclination to reply. Sure of their game, they only pulled up with greater speed. I observed the boats were well manned and apparently as well armed, and as soon as they had cleverly got alongside we opened our fire, which was as soon returned; but meeting with rather a warmer reception than they had probably been aware of, they very soon cried for quarter, and hauled off with about twenty killed and wounded.

"About 9 P.M. we observed the brig towing in a large fleet of boats. At length at midnight they all came on in one direct line, keeping in close order, and we plainly counted twelve boats. At a proper distance we opened our fire, which was warmly returned from their carronades and small arms. The discharge from our Long Tom rather staggered them, but soon they gave three cheers and came on most spiritedly. In a moment they succeeded in gaining our bow and starboard quarter, and the word was 'board.' Our great guns being useless, we attacked them sword in hand, together with pikes, pistols, and musketry, from which our lads poured on them a most destructive fire.

"They made frequent attempts to gain our decks, but were repulsed at all times and at all points with great slaughter, which terminated in the total defeat of the enemy and loss of many of their boats. Two of them belonged to the *Rota*, and were literally loaded with their own dead."

Finding that the privateer could not be taken by boats, the British then brought their large ships close to, where, after another spirited fight, in which one of the ships was much damaged by the privateer's guns, it was seen that the odds against her were too great, and she must either surrender or go down. She was therefore scuttled and the crew escaped to shore. In this gallant fight the Americans lost two killed and seven wounded, while the enemy, attacking with 400, lost 120 killed and 130 wounded, and their fleet was detained a week, so that they did not arrive in time to save General Pakenham from defeat.

When the brig sank her Long Tom gun went to the bottom. Some time ago it was recovered, and Portugal has presented it to the United States. It will be sent to the World's Fair at Chicago, where we all may see it, and call to memory the brave deeds of the crew who made the defence of the *General Armstrong*.

THE NEW MOON.

MRS. FORESTER. "Look at the new moon over there, Kendall."

KENDALL. "Is that really a new moon, mamma, or is it the old one made over again?"

"SOMEBODY."

BY KATHARINE PYLE.

WHEN I was a little girl, I was not at all a happy, healthy, cheerful child; I was sickly and nervous, starting at shadows, dreading the dark, and loving better to sit with the grown people and listen to their talk than to join in the plays of my brothers and sisters. Of course there was a great deal in the conversations of the grown-up people which I could not understand, but I never thought of asking explanations, but used to brood and wonder over what I heard until my mind was full of the strangest, most fantastic ideas.

There were in our family, besides myself, six other children: Davy and Nelly, Humphry, the twins, and Eliza. Then our aunt Jessie used to spend months at a time with us.

Of course in such a large family of active children things were always being torn or upset, and almost every day would be heard the cry, "Somebody has broken another cup," or "Somebody has been at my lunch-bag," or "Somebody has upset the water-pitcher," and once, when our dog Towzer came in with his head cut and bleeding, they said "Somebody" had struck him with a stone.

So gradually in my childish, fantastic thoughts "Somebody" grew to have a distinct and dreadful personality, and whenever that name was mentioned, I would feel a cold thrill of mingled interest and terror run up and down my back.

There was one little incident that settled the belief in this boggy more firmly in my mind than ever. It was a windy winter night, and my mother was undressing me before the nursery fire, when Nelly came rushing in with wide, scared eyes and flying hair, crying that she was sure somebody was out on the porch roof, for she had seen a face looking in at her through the window.

My mother set me down in the little rocking-chair and went out to investigate matters, and I can remember how I sat there trembling, and listening so hard that all my life seemed in my ears, and how the nursery clock ticked and the fire cracked, and what a strange shadow the lamplight made just behind the bookcase! "Suppose Somebody should open the door and peer in at me," I thought, "rolling his dreadful eyes, what should I do? Where should I hide?" When my mother returned I was trembling so that she thought I had caught cold, and I had aconite and extra bedclothes, and a light burning in my room all night.

It could not have been more than a week after this occurrence that I was awakened in the dead of night by a sudden thud of something soft and heavy upon the floor of my room. I raised my head and listened. Something was moving about. I could hear it stirring among my clothes; soft feet crossed the floor, and then one of my shoes was upset. The fire had burned too low to give any light, and the room was in total darkness. Suddenly from the chair beside the table gleamed upon me two eyes, green and shining. *Somebody* had come for me at last. The thought that it might be the cat never dawned upon me, but I dived under the bedclothes and lay there trembling, and suffering such agonies as only a nervous child can suffer, until at last, worn out with terror, I slept, and when I woke again it was morning, and the cheerful sunlight was pouring into the room.

That afternoon I went out to walk with mamma and Aunt Jessie. It was late when we came home, and as the twilight deepened, remembrances of the terror of the night before began to weigh upon me, until at last I could bear it no longer, but under the shelter of the twilight I confided to my mother that I was sure Somebody had been in my room the night before.

Aunt Jessie, walking at the other side, my hand in

hers, was listening too. "Oh yes, Christie," she said, cheerfully; "I was that Somebody who was in your room. I came in just after you went to bed, and crept about as quietly as I could. I thought you were asleep all the while, you sly-boots."

At first I thought Aunt Jessie must be joking, but when I looked at her I saw that though she was smiling, she quite meant what she said. I cannot describe the sensation of fear and unreality that came over me; that Aunt Jessie, our own dear Aunt Jessie, who told us fairy tales and played with us and made our dollies such beautiful frocks, should be a Somebody. As I gazed at her in the gathering dusk her face looked strange and pale, and I remembered her tales of the witch women who seemed so bright and fair, and when you went behind them they were all hollow, like dough-troughs.

And, alas! it was not only a passing fear that I felt, but these morbid feelings clung to me, a dull and heavy oppression, for days and days. I no longer drew my little rocking-chair close to Aunt Jessie's side as she and mamma sat at their sewing. I no longer begged to sit in her lap when she began to tell her beautiful stories, but moped in a corner by myself, and eyed her askance. In short, I acted so strangely that one day, when Aunt Jessie came into the room where I was sitting alone, she drew me to her, and taking me upon her lap, she asked me gently what was the matter; had she done anything to hurt my feelings?

Her voice was so soft and her face so loving that all my evil imaginations melted away like mists before the sun, and flinging my arms about her neck, I sobbed out, "Oh, Aunt Jessie! you said you were the Somebody who came into my room that night, and I thought you were."

"Why, so I was," said Aunt Jessie, very much puzzled. "I have come into your room several times at night. Surely you are not angry at that." She began to question me further, but muttering something about going to find mamma, I slid from her arms and ran out of the room.

So my absurd imaginations still tormented me, poisoning my thoughts, taking the pleasure from Aunt Jessie's visit for her, I think, as well as myself, and making me very unhappy indeed.

At last (it was just after Aunt Jessie had gone home) I fell ill. I had the measles. It was while I was sick this time that quite a new idea of Somebody was brought before me. Somebody did so many kind little acts. Somebody sent me jelly; Somebody put some roses in my little vase while I slept. I heard my mother tell Somebody to keep John and Eliza quiet while my head was aching. I wondered and wondered over this. What did it mean? Were there good Somebodies as well as bad ones? It was very strange.

Nelly was to go to boarding-school that fall, and I was still ill when the time came for her to leave home. My mother was very anxious to go on with her, and see her comfortably settled, but she did not like to leave me. I heard her discussing it with papa one evening when they thought I was asleep.

"I think you might very well go," said papa, "now that Christie is getting better every day."

"Still, I hardly like to leave her alone," mamma objected.

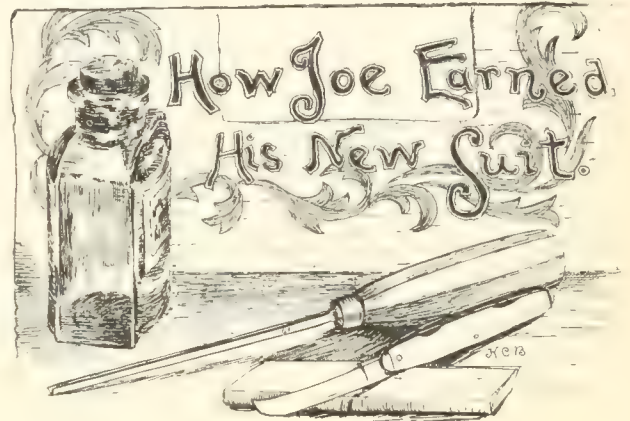
"Why," said papa, "she won't be alone. We will manage it so that somebody will always be with her. I am sure Jessie would be willing to come, and then you surely would feel satisfied."

"Yes," mamma answered, "if Jessie can arrange her plans so as to stay here while I am away, I shall feel my little girl is happy and well taken care of."

So Aunt Jessie came to take charge of me, and mamma went off with Nelly to school. She was away a week, and a very happy week that was to me in spite of her ab-

sence. Aunt Jessie had never been so sweet and gentle and kind; never had she told me more beautiful fairy tales; never had she entered with so much spirit into playing tea party with me, or my favorite game of "Pre-tend," and by the time mamma came home it seemed to me I loved Aunt Jessie even better than I ever had before.

So it was that Somebody ceased to be the dread and bogey of my childish days. But, strange to say, though I long ago outgrew my childish fear, never yet have I heard of any piece of unpleasant gossip, of any mischief or quarrel but Somebody has been at the bottom of it; but then never has there been any noble action or deed of unselfishness that Somebody has not had a hand in it.



BY KATE COTHEAL BUDD.

"IF you're so turrible anxious to have a new suit, why don't ye go earn the money for it? I've a dozen uses for every red cent I have." The scolding voice ceased as Aunt Pheezy plunged the big ladle deeper in the boiling soap-kettle, sending out a cloud of unsavory steam that filled the old kitchen, and drove Joe out in a hurry.

"There is no hope of school for me this winter, that's certain," sighed the lame boy to himself as he glanced down ruefully at his miserable clothes, only held together by the numerous patches.

Like a swarm of tormenting imps his troubles rushed over him. How much he had suffered in the long, long years since his father died, leaving the little cripple dependent on Aunt Pheezy! The loveless life, the skimpy fare, the endless chores, and the old woman's nagging tongue had been bitter, but this last trial was worst of all. To hear all "the fellows" talking of studying with the new teacher from York when he must stay away on account of his wretchedly thin clothing was more than he could bear. And he could not possibly find work now, for the farmers near by did not like to employ a lame boy. Even in summer he had seldom found a chance to earn a quarter, weeding or picking fruit.

From force of habit he found himself wandering down the hill to the beach. The sun was setting in a blaze of glory. His last rosy beams danced in a broad pathway across the water, and lighted up the picturesque confusion of the old ship-yards, the rickety sheds, and weather-beaten boats hauled up on the railways for repairs. The carpenters, quick to hear and heed the six-o'clock whistles, were reaching for the coats and dinner-pails hanging on the low pollard willows. One or two were collecting armfuls of clean bits of pine to kindle the goodwife's fire at home. Merry chaffing remarks passed from one to the other as they disappeared up the well-worn pathway. One tall young man marched gayly, shouting a popular song at the top of his lungs.

Swedish Jan was still busy, outlining a name on the

of a small sloop. A tiny shaving curled away from the handle as he held it in his hand. As Joe stood looking at the little figure, the fine groove appeared each letter surrounded by a raised fluted groove.

"There! that's all ready to be gilded to-morrow," said Joe, smiling. Turning to replace the tool in his box he saw the parting-tool. "What brings ye here to night, lad?" Joe, encouraged by the kindly tone, poured out his troubles and begged for work.

"Nay, laddie, 'tis too hard for ye here," looking pityingly at the cowed little figure. "Stay! I've an idea. Here's the parting tool ye saw me using just now. Ye're clever at whittling and can draw. Can't ye manage to do a bit of carving that would sell up at the village? I've got an old V tool here that I'll make ye a present of. It's worn down till it's most too short for my big fingers, but it will fit yours first rate. See; you must push it through the wood in this way. Let it cut out the pencil mark quite evenly. Here's a smooth square piece of pine that will just do for a table-top. Take it home with you, draw a few ivy leaves on it, cut them out neatly, and bring it back again to me."

"Oh, thank you, Jan; you are the only real friend I have," cried the boy, as he hurried home with his treasures. All that evening, by the light of the kitchen fire, he practised cutting lines on an old starch-box cover. At first it was difficult to push the parting-tool across the grain; he found it necessary to sharpen the steel often on his little oil-stone; but his fingers soon learned the knack of cutting a fine even line.

The next morning he toiled like a small steam-engine, feeding chickens, drawing water, and chipping kindling, until Aunt Pheezy's eye could see no task left undone. Then he plucked a branch from the ivy that overran the side of the old house, and betook himself to a sunny corner of the wood-shed. Laying the ivy gracefully on his board, he fastened it down flat with a few pins, and traced each leaf and stem on the clean white wood with a lead-pencil. It took him all the rest of the day to cut out his pencil marks, but late in the afternoon he carried it down to Jan.

"Well done, laddie; that looks nice. Now I will mix a little of this walnut stain with turpentine in this old can, and you may paint over all your design inside the lines with this little brush. See; the fine groove that you have cut prevents the brown from spreading beyond it. When you get through, stand it up under the shed to dry."

The next day at noon-time Joe went again to the shore, for he knew that Jan would then have a few minutes to spare for talking. Mr. Brown, the "boss," as the men called him, never allowed idlers about the yard to hinder his men during working hours.

Jan was eating his dinner, carelessly balancing himself meanwhile on the end of the long horizontal beam to which the horse was attached when it was necessary to draw a vessel out of the water on one of the railways.

"There are two bottles for you, Joe, up yonder on the shelf. Bring them here with your table-top, and I'll show you how to polish it. See; I put just a little of the shellac varnish on this piece of Canton flannel, and rub it on the wood with a circular motion. It absorbs it very fast at first, as this pine is so porous. Now it is getting rather sticky; I must dip my finger in the oil and touch the wood; that will help to spread the varnish smoothly."

"How beautifully it brings out the grain of the wood and the colors!" said Joe, admiringly. "It looks exactly like a wreath of walnut inlaid in the yellow pine."

"Yes; a good bit of what folks call inlaying is done in this same way. Now leave your board to dry until to-morrow where no dust can fall on it, then varnish it two or three times again. There's the whistle; I must get to my work again."

The next morning Joe rubbed his board lightly with

"00" sand-paper until it was quite smooth, then gave it three vigorous rubbings with the varnish, touching the surface with oil as it became sticky. He allowed half an hour between each rubbing for the varnish to dry.

When he carried the brightly polished table-top to show Jan at mid-day, the man exhibited it to Mr. Brown, telling him at the same time something of the boy's story.

"Needs money, does he? Why, this table will just suit my daughter's parlor. I will give it to her for a birthday present; that is, if you can contrive legs for it in time. Here's a dollar for the lad. Tell him he is welcome to work at the little bench in the shop, and he may help himself to anything he can find in the heap of odds and ends in the corner."

Overjoyed at this kind treatment from Mr. Brown, Joe set to work with redoubled ardor. When the table was presented to Miss Brown she shared her father's interest in the boy, and secured several orders for him among her friends.

The first thing he made was a blotting-book, the covers of which were formed of two pieces of cedar ten inches wide and twelve long. On each he cut three irregular chrysanthemums. After the boards were varnished he glued to them a piece of light blue felt, twenty inches wide and twelve long, for a lining, forming a book. Leaves of blotting-paper were then tied in with blue satin ribbon to match, the ribbon ending in a bow at the back. The reddish-brown of the cedar with its dark chrysanthemums formed a pretty contrast to the pale blue. He made several blotters of different designs; two, of fine white pine, were decorated, one with violets, the other with wild roses. Both were varnished with bleached shellac to keep the wood light in color. One was lined with violet cloth, the other with pink.

Good-natured Jan sawed out a dozen photograph-frames for him one evening. Joe sand-papered them nicely, and decorated them in the same way. These found a ready sale; and Joe earned enough money before school began to buy not only a pretty blue suit, but a heavy overcoat and shoes.

The first day he appeared in them at school was the beginning of a new era for the boy. The eager interest he took in his studies soon attracted the attention of the new teacher, himself a young man just past boyhood, and fresh from college. With many a long talk out of school hours, and many an inspiring look, he encouraged the little cripple.

The boy still continued to do his simple carving, for finger-work did not interfere with brain-work; so problems and picture-frames, grammar and glove-boxes, were finished at the same time in the long winter evenings.

His first bit of decoration was a marvellous tobacco-box for Jan, covered with an ingenious tracery surrounding mermaids, dragons, and all sorts of queer beasts, copied from one of Mr. Smithers's books.

The teacher's high opinion of Joe's talent prompted him to send one of the boy's graceful designs—a panel over which trailed a riotous Virginia-creeper—to a friend who was engaged in decorating the interior of houses in the city. He employed many skilled workmen in the various branches of his business, and often lamented the necessity of giving the best work into the hands of foreigners.

"Why cannot some of our bright American boys perfect themselves in a trade as these Italians and Frenchmen do?" he would often say. "Here's our good gold going into their pockets, while our young men are half starving themselves behind counters in order that they may be dressed up like gentlemen with nice white hands."

In this strain he wrote to Mr. Smithers, offering at the same time to give Joe a year's course at a school for manual training, if his health permitted. So it came to pass that when the teacher departed for his city home,

Joe went with him. Aunt Pheezy, when it was revealed to her that she was about to lose her willing little slave, was full of doleful prophecies. Even Mr. Smithers felt many misgivings as to the boy's powers of endurance, but, to every one's surprise, he soon began to grow stronger. Newly roused ambition whispered to him that even a little cripple might do something to make the world richer and more beautiful. He has now been working busily for many months at the Training-School. His lameness will not allow of his undertaking all of the branches, but he excels in designing, modelling, and his favorite wood-carving. Visitors to the school look with admiration at the rich garlands, the birds, and cherubic faces which grow under his small but skilful fingers. His keen-edged chisel often rests a moment as he dreams of the happy time when, his course finished, he will be free to follow his own fancy, and produce wonderful pieces of furniture and charming panellings and balustrades rivalling the masterpieces treasured in European palaces.



THE goats' milkman, the goats' milkman came piping thro' the lanes,
And all the children joyful ran to hear his mellow strains;
His can was brightest burnished brass, but oh, his heart was gold;
Did he not fill the children's cups as full as they could hold?

No wonder, then, the good townsfolk gave him adoring looks!
His blouse was coarse, but very clean, like those you meet in books;
He milked his goats upon demand; he never heard, I wis,
Of wily milk examiners and their analysis.

One morn, I know not why, the dog that ever watch did keep
Upon the gamesome, gleeful goats fell suddenly asleep.

The greatest rogue in town was there, and stole some milk and ran;
But soon was caught; men liked him not, they loved the goats' milkman.

The rogue would fain his act explain; the people cut him short;
Said they, "Bring goats and dog and can, we'll take the case to court!"

All entered court with greatest awe--except, indeed, the goats,
Who blandly ate up eight stray tomes of valued "Legal Notes."

The Judge, who knew more when asleep than most folks when awake,
Put on his gown, his legal frown: "What's the defence you make?"
A glib excuse the rogue began, all based on the assumption
That he had need of goats' milk fresh, to cure him of consumption.

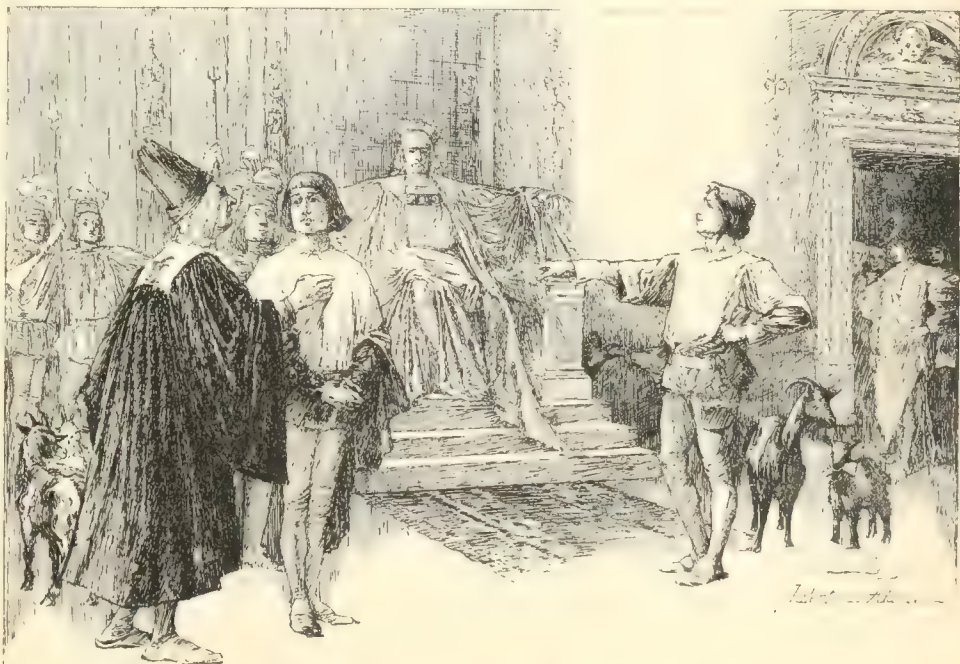
The crowd demurred; the magistrate maintained a calm position;
"His tale I shall investigate; call in the High Physician!"
The High Physician grumbling came, "Just at the point," he said,
"Of finding out a method to make bullets out of bread!"

He gruffly bade the rogue stand forth, and show (and hold) his tongue;
He gave him prods professional about the northeast lung.
"I see," said he, "'twixt you and me, consumption's signs; I think,
Consumption, the old-fashioned kind, of victuals and of drink."

Thereat the rogue, whose game was up, in brazen speech did tell
That, after all, he stole the milk just for a little sell!
(I blush full red to use such terms e'en to my nearest friend;
I do it merely as a means to reach my story's end).

"If this be so," the Judge replied, with magisterial ease,
"Give him a little cell at once, as little as you please!"
The men-at-arms, who stood at hand, then thrust the rogue in chains,
Whereby he had imprisonment, with labor, for his pains.

The goats' milkman, in simple phrase, expressed his satisfaction,
The good dog wagged his tail both ways, at close of the transaction.
And all were glad to leave the court, especially the goats,
Who said, "How juicy old boots are compared with 'Legal Notes'!"



"I SEE," SAID HE, "'TWIXT YOU AND ME, CONSUMPTION'S SIGNS."

A STORY OF MONKEYS.

"THE HALL that led to the monkey-house at Central Park," began the Historian, "took us to the monkey-house."

The Historian was a critic. She spoke as correctly as any other historian of that age, perhaps more so than some older. But she was not so fond of truth. It was because he found fault that they called him a critic.

"What day was it?" he asked, sharply, glaring fiercely at the Historian.

"It was the day,"

"What day?" he asked, sharply, glaring fiercely at the Historian.

"It was the day,"

"I suppose it was," began the Historian, cautiously.

"What day?" he asked, sharply, glaring fiercely at the Historian.

"Well, I don't know."

"No, you didn't. You said the other day. Now you confess it was the day. Do be exact. Begin again. Which day was it? Think!"

"I believe it was Saturday," slowly said the Historian, looking guilty.

"Yes. It was Saturday," said a small boy who had been waiting for a chance to say it.

"Exactly—Saturday! That's better. Now we can proceed. What did you do at Central Park?"

"We went to the monkey-house," repeated the Historian, taking heart again.

"The monkeys' house, you mean, of course."

"That's what they call it—the monkey-house," put in the small boy.

"That will do, then. Go on."

"And oh, the monkeys! They were awfully funny," went on the Historian, with a rush, hoping to get through this time. "They had their dinner while we were there—apples and carrots, and pail."

"All in the same pail?"

"Why, yes. The man took them all out of one pail. He had a big pail—full!"

"You mean a big pailful."

"That's what I said."

"No, you said a big pail—full."

"Well, now I say it is *pailful*!" shouted the Historian, driven to desperation.

The Critic groaned, and dropped in a heap upon the floor. The Historian and the small boy decided to pour a glass of water down his back, but he recovered in time to prevent them.

"You may go on as soon as I feel better," he said, feebly. "When one's small sister turns—"

Words failed, but the Historian was gracious.

"I'll go on if you won't interrupt me any more," she said. "The monkeys were very glad indeed to get their dinner. They chattered and shouted and hung to the bars of the cage when they saw the man coming. They were awful greedy, though. Each monkey got as many pieces of apple as he could hold in all his four paws, and held on to the rest while he ate one piece, so the other monkeys couldn't get them."

"How selfish!" muttered the Critic.

"Yes. There was one little monkey that was sick. Some other monkey had bitten his arm."

"How wicked!" sighed the Critic.

"Yes. And while we were looking at him the man who gave them their dinners came along with something in his hand that looked like a crab net."

"A crab net? I don't see it."

"Yes, it did. Only the net part was made of coarse stuff like a coffee bag. He opened the door at the back, and got into the monkey-cage. All the monkeys shrieked and jumped about as if they were terribly frightened. The man tried to catch the sick monkey with his net. He flopped it about like you do your butterfly net. He got the little monkey under it several times, but he always wiggled out again. Twice the man caught him on the floor, and when he did that he rubbed the net about, as if the little monkey was holding on to the boards and he couldn't get him loose. And the little monkey jabbered and cried all the time."

"Well, at last the man caught him, and shook him down into the crab net, and twisted the handle around to roll up the upper part so the monkey couldn't get out."

The Critic was interested in spite of himself.

"What were they going to do with the monkey?"

"Take him upstairs and cure him."

"How?"

"I asked the man, and he said they would put a poultice on his arm, and bandage it up. And I asked him if the monkey wouldn't tear off the bandage, and he said, 'No.' He said monkeys knew better. They were very sensible, he said. He said this monkey would keep the bandage on until his arm got well. He would know it was meant to cure him. He said they would keep him in a cage by himself until he was quite well."

"What else did you see there?" asked the Critic, after a pause.

"Not very much else. We came away after that. There were some cunning little monkeys in the corner cage. They were marmosets."

"They were what?"

"Marmosets," repeated the Historian, looking startled. She had forgotten that the Critic was a critic. "Marmosets. That's what the man said."

"He said, 'Marmosets.' He didn't say, 'Mar-mar-sets!' Who in the world would say, 'Mar-mar-sets?' unless it was a chicken?"

"A chicken!" repeated the Historian and the small boy, faintly.

"Yes, a chicken! A chicken might remark, 'Mar-mar-sets!' But nobody else upon this earth would say such a thing!"

And having covered himself with glory, the Critic sailed out of the room.

EVA LOVETT.

THE YOUNG LETTER WRITER.

OWING to my profession, and perhaps my warm sympathy with young people, scarcely a day passes but my mail contains some letters from young girls or boys, often from those of "larger growth," asking advice as to some calling to pursue—some method of life, of "etiquette, morals, or manners"—and in many instances such questions as "Is this letter all right?" or "How ought I to address a letter?" or "What do you think of my handwriting?" occur, furnishing me text now for a little talk on what is really an important branch of education—*letter or note writing*.

A well-advised and cultivated old lady in Washington said to me once, "Show me a letter from a woman, or let me dine with her, and I will tell you just how she has been brought up." Not, mind you, dear girls, how good or gentle or womanly she might be, since the most untutored peasant could often in such respects set an example to the most celebrated leader of fashion; but what my old friend meant to imply was that social training could be determined by the habits of the table, or the methods and forms used in correspondence.

A few simple rules should be borne in mind for guidance, whether in a letter or a note. In the first place, there is the manner of address. Begin any note or letter to an acquaintance, or a person to whom you write for a favor, an inquiry, an autograph, etc., "Dear, etc., etc." The "dear" is a mere matter of social form, as meaningless as any commonplace society phrase, but accepted by the best authorities as correct. If writing an order to a workman who is to be employed, or if answering a note or letter addressed in the third person, use that formula, i.e., "Miss (or Mrs.) ——— would like A. B. to come here at 9 A.M. and attend to the carpentering needed," or "Miss A. is in receipt of Mr. B.'s note of the 16th, and she regrets she is unable to give him the information desired." It is inelegant to begin any letter "Friend, etc.," although adopted by many well-educated people. The "dear," etc., in such a case should be used.

More mistakes, however, are made in signatures, and here I would also suggest a few simple rules. Never sign your name with a prefix of any kind. The reason is obvious. If you sign your letter, "Yours truly, Miss Mary Smith," for example, you make use of a title, the "Miss" having nothing whatever to do with your name, which is your signature. Therefore etiquette requires you should sign as, for example, "Yours truly, Mary Smith." In the event of writing to any firm or person who would in return need to know how to address you put "Mrs." or "Miss" in brackets a little distance to the left of the signature. In addressing a gentleman on business in a purely formal manner write thus, "Charles J. Brown, Esquire. Dear sir." And in such case always sign, "Yours respectfully, etc., etc." In writing letters to your friends or acquaintances, make what you say not only worth reading, but as free as possible from all affectation. Say very little about the affairs of others, and be guarded in what you write of your own private concerns; but apart from this do not pick and choose words,

nor feel obliged to consider how each sentence shall be "rounded." Your letters will, in case you are constantly considering your mode of expression, be dull and stupid and not worth their postage. Write to your friends as you would talk to them.

In the last century letter-writing was a fine art, and as a result we have the most charming and perfect pictures of the times. Horace Walpole, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Madame d'Arbly are only three among a hundred famous letter-writers of that day, when to send a letter any distance cost some shillings, and therefore all "the news," as well as the social and domestic events, was chronicled. Nowadays people seem to have no time for real correspondence, which should be in every household and family one of the most interesting elements. A postal card or a brief note seems to suffice for the most important occasion, and the increased postal facilities make this sort of "despatch" business easier. And here it may be said that you should never write a letter to a friend or a stranger on a postal card. When you notify the iceman that your mother will need an extra quantity of ice on the morrow, or the coal-dealer that the cellar needs refilling, you may use a postal card, for this is a convenience to the iceman and coal-dealer; but avoid postal cards for anything but the very simplest and least private of messages.

Fashion dictates certain rules for invitations, chief of which is that all *absolutely* formal invitation cards shall be engraved, but there are innumerable small entertainments to which written invitations may be sent, and these can either be in the third person or with the address, "Dear, etc.," and perhaps the following, "Will you lunch with me next Wednesday, the 19th, and meet a few friends?" or "Dear Mrs. —, —Can you dine with us the evening of the 20th at 8 P.M.? Quite informally, of course, but the A's will be here. Sincerely yours, etc., etc." In addressing any person of official rank the method can be readily obtained from various almanacs, etc. In England, the Queen is addressed as "Madam," as are also her daughters, but no letters unless family ones reach them without passing through the secretary's hands, and it is his duty to advise as to how they shall be answered.

TWENTY THOUSAND POCKET-KNIVES.

IT is always difficult work for a boy to select a new pocket-knife. The trouble is there are so many good ones to select from. Mark Twain has drawn an amusing contrast between a boy's new knife while it is in the store and after he has taken it home. While in the store, beside dozens of other glittering knives, it looks cheap and commonplace; but at home, where it has all the field to itself, it looks so handsome and valuable that it makes the boy grin from ear to ear.

Some of the large cutlery in New York keep 20,000 pocket-knives constantly in stock. Think of selecting one knife out of 20,000 lying shining in the cases! There are about 1500 different kinds of pocket-knives in use in this country, and either three or four sizes of each kind; so when the cutler buys several of each size of every kind, he has 20,000 knives for the customer to select from.

Styles in pocket-knives change just as surely, though not quite as often, as styles in hats and clothes. The cutlery say that a style seldom holds its popularity for more than two or three years. Boys of this generation do not know anything about the Barlow knife, though a few years ago nearly every boy in the country had one. Ask your father about it, and he will tell you that the Barlow knife was one of the best tools a boy ever carried. It had only one large blade, but that was always made of good steel; and the handle was about half bone and half iron.

The great thick knives containing a large number of blades are also entirely out of fashion. They were much in demand at one time; and boys, and men too, thought that the more blades a knife had, the better it was. This led the cutlery to increase the number of blades as much as possible, and there were not only six-bladed and eight-bladed knives, but some that contained eighteen blades—nine at each end of the handle.

People soon learned, however, that the many blades were only a burden to carry, and that the small tools contained in the handle, such as the screw-driver, gimlet, and button-hook, were not so pretty to look at, but were seldom of any use. Many-bladed knives are still kept in stock, but few people buy them. A knife made for exhibition at the last Paris Exposition by the firm of Rogers in England contained 365 blades and tools.

The pocket-knives most used at present contain only two blades. They are thin, but wider in the handle than the knives used a year or two ago, and the handle is usually made of bone, shell, or ivory. The metal tips at the ends are very small, and often there are no tips at all, nothing showing but the ivory and the spring at the back. These knives sell from twenty-five cents to \$100. A big price that for a small knife—\$100; but it is not the knife that ever costs so much, only the handle. In a \$100 knife the handle is made of gold, and two or three small diamonds are set in it. Nobody buys such knives except the people who have more money than they know what to do with; and the cutlery say that the blades are precisely the same in the twenty-five-cent knife and the \$100—the difference is all in the handle.

Many curious things are to be found in the big cutlery shops in a large city, but none more curious, perhaps, than what is called the "knife-fork," for the use of one-armed men. A man with only one arm has a great deal of trouble with the ordinary knife and fork, and after using one he has to lay it down before he can pick up the other. The knife-fork is a broad knife blade rounded almost into a semicircle like a garden sickle, but with the cutting edge on the outside. The end of the blade is divided into three prongs like a broad fork. The blade cuts the meat and the prongs pick it up, and with this useful instrument the one-armed man is said to get his full share at any table, even when he has only "ten minutes for refreshments."

The cutlery say, too, that a pocket-knife requires some attention to keep it in good order, and that a good knife well cared for should last for many years. The dirt should be cleaned out of the joints occasionally, and the whole knife be oiled. They are inclined to make a little sport of the city men who go out into the woods hunting in the fall. A New-Yorker going into the woods, they say, wants enough knives to supply a whole tribe of Indians; so at this season they always keep a large stock of hunting-knives on hand.

SOME CLEVER CATCHES.

A YOUNG lady was once talking with a very young and very smart man, who was inclined to air his knowledge of the languages a little beyond what she felt that modesty required. She therefore said to him, with an air of deference to his superior attainments,

"You are a Latin scholar. I wish you would tell me how to pronounce the word 'so-met-i-mes'."

The youth, with an air of kindly patronage, replied, "I have not met the word in my Latin reading, but I should have no hesitation in saying that it should be pronounced 'so-met-i-mes'" (giving it in four syllables, the accent on the second).

"Thank you for telling me," replied the girl, demurely. "I have always heard it pronounced *sometimes*, but if *you* say the other way, that must be right."

This is similar to the perhaps familiar catch of the pronunciation of "bac-kac-be," which will often surprise the uninitiated by proving to be only *back-ache*. It also reminds one of a question printed some years since, as to the way of spelling "need"—to need bread. The average person will reply, "k-n-e-a-d, of course;" but the answer will be, "that is the way to spell *knead* dough, but not to *need* bread."

A young lady recently misled a family in a most heartless way. She remarked, "I had a letter to-day, and how do you imagine the little preposition 'to' was used?"

"Too," suggested mamma.

"Two," suggested papa.

"Tew," "Teu," "Tu," ventured various voices.

Lily, who was much engaged with her French lessons just then, suggested "tout," and Tom, in derision, improved upon that with "tneue," declaring that *must* be right in order to rhyme with "queue."

"All wrong," exclaimed the young lady, when the alphabet and their ingenuity were well exhausted.

Just then Teddy, who had been soberly absorbed in his bread-and-honey, and who was in his first term at school, and wrestling with the problem of words in two letters, raised his head, and with an air of decision and importance, gravely spelled, "T-o, to."

"Yes," cried the young lady, with a peal of laughter.

"Why," exclaimed the others, in dismayed chorus, "that is the right way to spell it!"

"Exactly," she replied; "and that is the way my correspondent spelled it. You do not suppose I correspond with persons who cannot even spell *to* correctly, do you?"



THE MYSTERIOUS HAND EXPLAINED.

Explanation of the mysterious ink on last week's number.

THE REMEDY.

"Now, Wilton, you've got yourself all over ink," cried his nurse. "How shall I ever get it off?"

"Wait a minute," said Wilton, "and I'll get the pen-wiper."

WHY SHE CRIED.

"WHAT was Helen crying about, Polly?" asked Polly's mamma, as the little one came in from the play-ground.

"She dug a great big hole in the garden, and her mamma wouldn't let her take it into the house with her," said Polly.

MUST HAVE BEEN SOME ONE ELSE.

"PAPA," asked Chester, "can a boy be in two places at once?"

"No, my boy. Why?"

"Then that wasn't me I saw in the looking-glass, because I was here and he was there."

A DISCOVERY.

"WHAT I like best about fairy stories," said little Waldron, "is my papa's voice. I never knew it till the other day, when papa read to me a stupid story my nurse has read to me lots of times, and it wasn't stupid a bit."

JACKY'S REQUEST.

"MAMMA," said Jacky, whose little sister was pulling his hair, "I wish you'd make May stop. She's behaving in a very ungentlemanly way."

GOOD ADVICE.

"WHEN do apples get ripe?" asked Freddie.

"When they are left on the tree," answered papa, in such a knowing tone that Freddie didn't pick any more that day.

NO NEED TO LEARN.

"I DON'T want to go to school," sobbed Walter.

"Don't you want to learn to read?" asked his nurse. "What will you do when you grow to be a man, if you can't read?"

"Oh," said the little fellow, "you can read to me just the same."

ONE VIEW OF IT.

"HA! ha!" laughed Jack, as his pony switched its tail to and fro. "See old Jim dustin' himself off."

A SWEET BABY.

WHEN Polly saw a little colored baby for the first time, a week or two ago, she ran into the house, and called to her mother:

"Oh, mamma, come quick!" she cried. "Here's a live baby all made out of chocolate."

A TAIL OF THE SEE.

I WENT a-sailing with my deer,
Nor thought of thyme or tied.
The gentle sole new knot a fear,
For I was buy her sighed.

Knight fell upon the raging mane.
I rode, I tried a sale.
"Now we must dye!" I cried, with pane.
She turned a little pale.

"A leak!" I said, and dared not wrest,
For fiercer blue the gale.
Sun tiers she shed, wile from her breast
Escaped a mournful whale.

"Feint hart can win no lady fare.
Eye thought that ewe and I
Wood bee threw life a loving pear.
Owe, say knot we must dye!"

I waived my ores, and cried, "Know, know;
Methinks a boy I sea!"
In accents suite she said, "Dew roe,
Though ruff the waves may bee."

Awl night we fort our painful weigh.
And side the mourn to greet.
The sun rows up 'mid reign and spray.
The beech was at our feat.

I court her hand. "Threw perils grate
We've past, deer made, together.
Say butt won word—" "Neigh, let us weight
Until 'tis settled whether." E. T. CORBETT.

JUST THE THING TO PLEASE HIM.

"I'M saving up my pennies to buy papa a Christmas present," said little Nell to her aunt the other night.

"What are you going to buy him?" asked her aunt.

"A great big wax dolly that can shut her eyes and say mamma," said Nell.

IN SIGHT ALL ALONG.

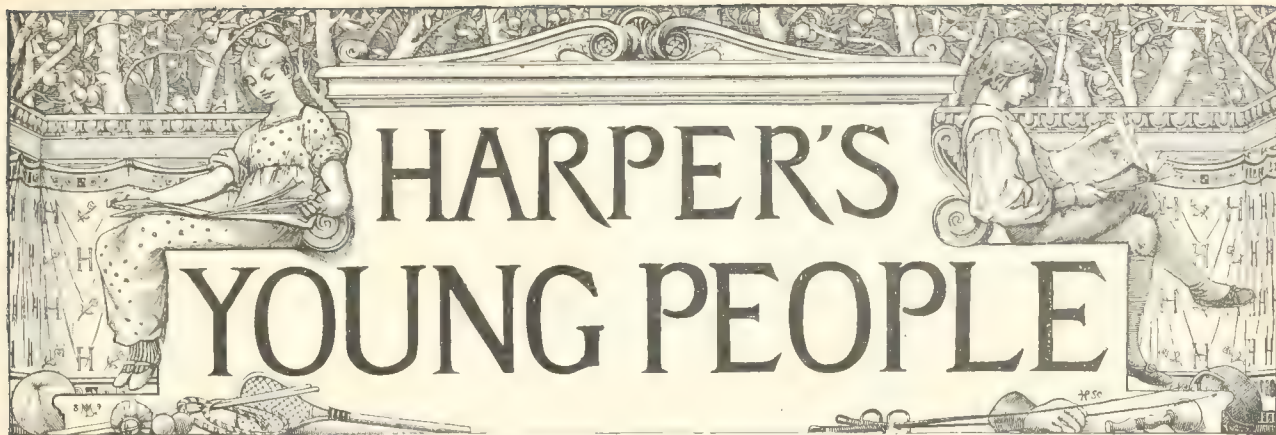
"WHERE did you disappear to, Abner?" asked his nurse.

"I didn't dithappear anywhere," said Abner. "I could thee mythelf all the time."



THE CRABBING SEASON.

AN UNEXPECTED CATCH.

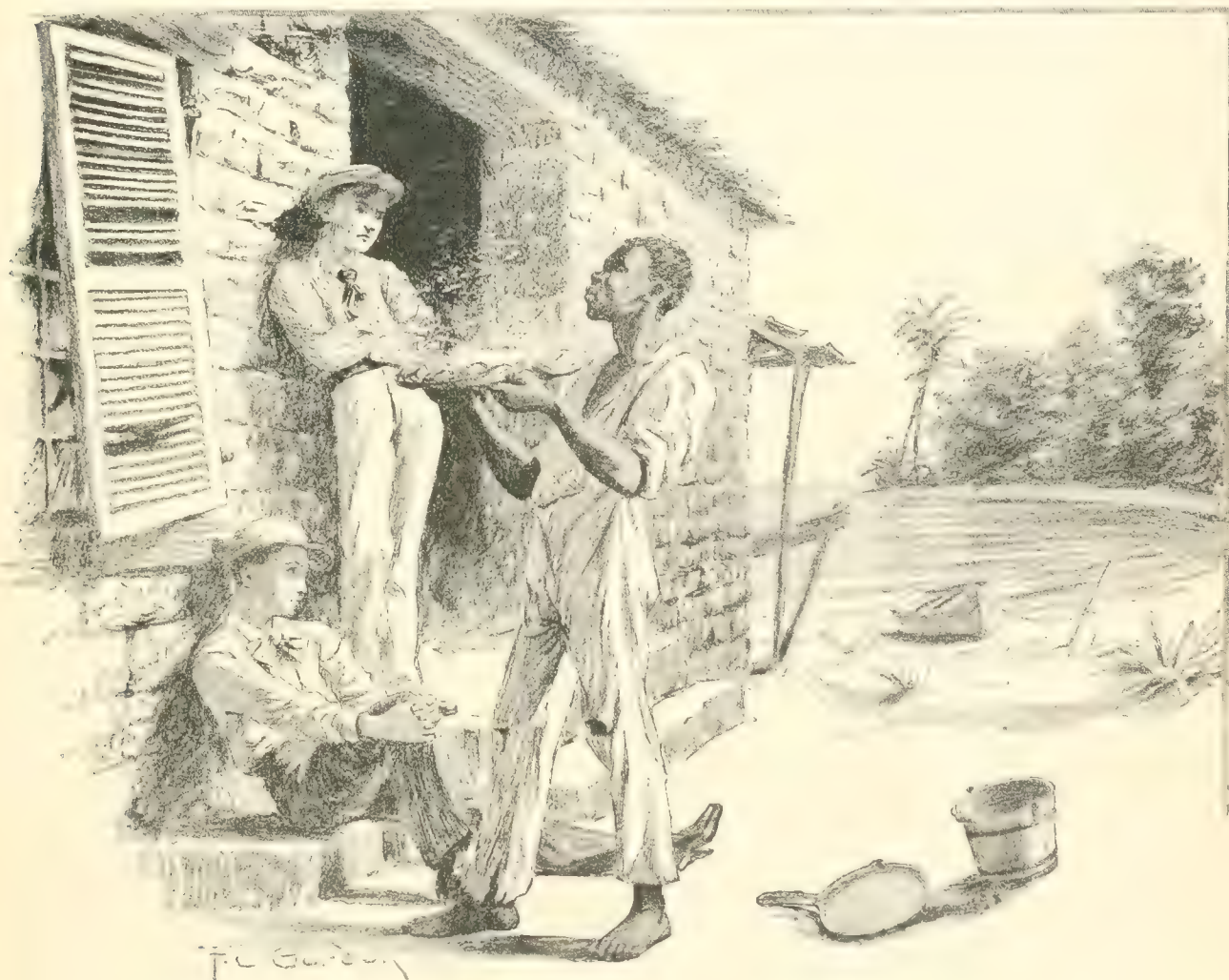


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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.



IN CAMP ON WATLING ISLAND.

HOW TWO AMERICAN BOYS WERE RESCUED BY "A GREATER MAN THAN COLUMBUS."

BY WILLIAM DRYSDALE.

TWO well-dressed white boys were hard at work in the walled yard of the principal house in Cockburn Town, on Watling Island, putting the finishing touches to two canvas hammocks. About them were grouped more than a score of negroes of all ages, sizes, and com-

plexions, watching the boys as intently as though the making of a hammock were one of the most wonderful things in the world.

The boys, warmed by their work, had thrown off their coats. It was easy to see, by the way the darkies re-

gazed them, that they were strangers there, and it might easily have been gathered from their conversation that they were New York boys, and that some grand project was on foot. It was the speed and energy with which they worked, so uncommon in that part of the world, that made the negroes wonder, and that led one of them to cry, in an aside to his neighbor: "Dey's great people, dem 'Mericans. Dey works jest like niggahs, dem boys, an' dey got plenty money in deir pockets too."

"There's the main thing ready, Kit," one of the boys said, when the last stitch had been taken and the last knot tied. "Now we must get the other things together if we are going to start at daylight. Let me see," and he took a list from his pocket and read: "Frying-pan, iron pot, two tin cups, two spoons, two knives and forks, candles, matches, travelling-rugs, salt, pilot-bread."

"That's all nonsense about the pilot-bread, Roddy," the other boy broke in. "I don't believe in taking anything along to eat, for my part. We'd be pretty fellows to camp out if we couldn't find enough to eat on an island like this. Why, just look at it; there's the fish we'll catch (put down fishing-lines on the list), and cocoanuts everywhere, and turtles, and mangoes, and prickly-pears, and conchs—weren't those fried conchs good, though, this morning? Away better than clams."

"I think we can look out for ourselves, Kit," the first boy replied; "but we must take the bag of pilot-bread to please Mr. Bains. He doesn't know us as well as we know ourselves, and he's afraid we may not get enough to eat. It's no trouble to take it, you know. We don't have to eat it."

"All right," Kit replied; "but I'd rather go it entirely on our own hook. By-the-way, we must have a hatchet; put that on the list; and two tin plates. We must go to Aunt Lily for the kitchen things."

Aunt Lily was the coal-black cook, whose master, in her early days, had given her that name as a delicate compliment to her complexion.

"A fryin' pan an' a iron kittle!" Aunt Lily exclaimed when the boys, having entered the kitchen, began to make known their wants. "To be sure you may have 'em, an' my dutch-oven too, if you wants it. But bress your souls, honeys, what's you goin' to do wid a fryin'-pan? A white boy wid a fryin'-pan! Ho, ho, ho! What you goin' cook, chile?"

"Why, you see, Aunt Lily," Kit answered, "Roddy and I—"

"Roddy!" the cook interrupted. "Dat chile's name Roddy? What sort o' name dat? What he other name?"

"Rodrigo de Triana is his full name," Kit replied, and both boys burst into a merry laugh.

"Rodrigo Trechanner!" Aunt Lily exclaimed. "Rodrigo Tre—wat? Say dat name agin, honey."

"It's all a joke, Aunt Lily," Kit explained, as soon as he could speak for laughing. "His real name's not Roddy and mine's not Kit. Those are only our nick-names while we're on Watling Island. You see, when we were on the steamer coming down to Nassau somebody asked me my name, and I said I supposed it must be Christopher Columbus, as I was coming down to discover Watling Island; so then Roddy said he must be Rodrigo de Triana, the sailor on the *Pinta* who first saw land. After that the passengers called us Christopher and Rodrigo all the time, till it shortened down to Kit and Roddy, and we agreed that we'd be Kit and Roddy all the time we were here. You see, before we started, we read all we could find about Christopher Columbus discovering Watling Island."

"Wat dat you say?" Aunt Lily broke out. "Discover Watlin' Islan'! He, he, he! Well, honeys, Aunt Lily done seen lots o' boys in her day, but you does beat all de boys she ever did see. Discover Watlin' Islan'! Why,

honeys, I's live on dis yer islan' now nigh onto sixty year, an' dis islan' been yer all de time. An' my daddy an' mammy done live yer before me. Discover Watlin' Islan'! Ho, ho, ho! Wat yo' say de gemmen's name was, honey?"

"Christopher Columbus," Kit replied. "Why, Aunt Lily, surely you've heard of Christopher Columbus, and how he sailed over from Spain in a little ship, and how he landed right here on Watling Island?"

"Don't never done yer no sech t'ing," Aunt Lily indignantly replied. "'Ain't never ben no family o' dat name lived on dis yer islan'. Ef dey was, honey, I'd 'a' known 'em. Why, chile, don' I tell yer I's lived—"

Kit and Roddy were making desperate efforts to control themselves, and Kit interrupted with,

"But this was away back in 1492, Aunt Lily."

"De berry year I done born, honey," Aunt Lily exclaimed; "an' dey ain't never no sech t'ing happen yer, not to my knowledge. But you 'Meriken boys does beat all. Here's yo' father, Mr. Kit, he go 'way an' leave you two boys all alone, jes like you was grown-up folks. Wat you doin' down yer, honey?"

The boys explained, first one talking and then the other, how it happened that they had come to the island, and that they wanted to make the most of their short stay in the West Indies, for they came from a place where the ground was covered with snow when they left, and all the rivers frozen a foot thick. Being determined to enjoy the novelty of camping out in January, they had made an excursion several miles down the coast in Mr. Bains's boat the day before, and had discovered a rare old deserted stone house, almost on the sea-shore. Mr. Bains had given them permission to take his boat again and go to the deserted house and camp out until they were tired of it, only stipulating that they should take along enough pilot-bread to keep them from actual hunger.

Aunt Lily at first declared that none of her pots and pans should be put to such a ridiculous use; then tried to dissuade the boys from going "out in de bush all by deirselves"; and ended by packing everything they required in an empty box.

Mr. Bains, their host, was on the beach next morning at daylight to see the boys start for their camping-ground, and give them a few parting instructions. The row-boat in which they had put their hammocks and utensils was strong and safe; and there was, as he said to himself, little danger of two such self-reliant boys coming to harm in an old house by a gently sloping beach. "And I'll send one of my colored boys every day," he also said to himself, "to look around quietly and see that they're all right."

"Now you're sure you have the pilot-bread along?" he said to the boys, when they were ready to shove off. "Well, remember what I told you about the old well. That water is stagnant, and you mustn't drink it. There is a spring near the ruined house, but you must draw your water at low tide, for at high tide it is salt. And if you pick up a big stone or an old board, do it carefully, for there may be a centipede or a scorpion under it, and he may catch you. And if you get bitten just grin and bear it, for it won't hurt you much more than the sting of a bee. You needn't be afraid of wild animals at night, for there are none here, and our snakes are harmless, and we have no burglars. Good-by, boys. A good time to you; and when you get hungry, come home."

"Hungry!" Kit exclaimed, when they were out of hearing; "Mr. Bains doesn't seem to think we know enough to pick cocoanuts and gather conchs! Millions for defence, but not one cent for pilot-bread!"

In the latitude of Watling Island, which is 24° north, the heat and the glory of the sun are pretty evenly divided, and the boys were well satisfied and well warmed

when they reached their destination. Their deserted house stood near the beach of a little cove on the eastern side of the island, directly facing, for all that any of us know to the contrary, the exact spot where Columbus set foot on that 12th of October when he landed, "richly clad and bearing the royal banner of Spain."

On the beach, where the boys pulled up their boat, there were no footprints of the Spanish navigators to be found, but the surf was too inviting to be resisted by two tired and heated boys, and before starting for the house they threw off their clothes and plunged into the water. This gave them an excellent chance to gather some of the conchs that lay scattered about, and they provided for themselves liberally by laying a half-dozen of them in the box with their goods, although one would make an ample meal for an ordinary family.

"Did you ever in the world," said Roddy, as they were carrying their box to the house, "see such an ignorant lot as these Watling Island darkies? There's Aunt Lily; she doesn't believe for a minute that there ever was such a man as Christopher Columbus. And most of the darkies at the house never heard of him, and some of them even don't know what it means to 'discover' a country. I don't see how they manage to live, for my part."

"Nor I," said Kit. "A man with any brains ought to be able to live like a king in this country, where everything is ready for the picking."

Roddy built a fire of fallen cocoanut branches on the floor of the old house, while Kit went out after a cocoanut. Roddy meanwhile was to fry a conch. But after a lapse of some minutes there were no signs of Kit, nor were any conchs browning in the pan. Presently, however, Kit returned.

"Say, Roddy," said he, "do you think you could climb a cocoanut-tree? It looks easy, the way these colored boys go up; but I've rubbed all the skin off my shins and wrists, and haven't got ten feet from the ground. Hello! what's the matter with the conchs?"

"Nothing the matter with the conchs; they're all right. I can't get the things out of their shells, that's all. They stay in as if they were built there."

"Let me try one," said Kit; "and you see what you can do with a cocoanut-tree."

Roddy set out for the cocoanuts, and Kit began to labor with the conchs. They were all so firmly entrenched in their little castles that nothing could move them. After coaxing and prying, with some fear that the animal might rush out and attack him, Kit took the hatchet from the box, and dealt one of them a blow that shivered the shell to atoms. There lay the conch, part pale, part black, looking like twenty big clams pressed together.

"Ugh!" said Kit, drawing back. "I didn't know they looked like that. And I don't know about eating that thing. But here he goes, for better or for worse." And he held an edge of the frying-pan against the ugly clammy mass, and with the aid of a stick put the conch into the pan, which he was holding over the fire when Roddy returned.

"A cocoanut-tree's a trifle too rough for me, Kit," he exclaimed. "I think there's a little bit of skin left on



"MILLIONS FOR DEFENCE BUT NOT ONE CENT FOR PILOT-BREAD!"

the back of my neck, but that's all. It doesn't make much difference, though; I don't believe cocoanut would be very healthy for breakfast, anyhow. The conch will be plenty. But what are you doing?"

"Frying the conch," Kit answered.

"What! all in one piece! Oh, that won't do! We must slice him up. I think those were sliced we had the other day. They were thinner than that, anyhow. Here, let me slice him."

Roddy took out his knife, and with desperate tugging and sawing reduced the conch to slices, which were presently browned in the pan; and after adding a little salt, the boys sat down on the box to enjoy their first breakfast.

"My! what an old conch this must have been!" said Kit, as he tried in vain to take a bite. "Must have been born in 1492 at the latest. I can't make any impression on him at all; can you?"

"Not a bit," Roddy answered, with one end of a huge slice of conch in his mouth. "A rubber eraser would be tender in comparison. I can't get a bite out of him."

"Nor I," said Kit. "Maybe this is the wrong breed of conchs; not the correct brand. Anyhow, I'd rather go hungry than eat sole-leather—so here goes," and he threw his slice out of the door.

"I'll tell you what we can do," said Roddy, presently. "We passed some prickly-pears on the way from the beach, and they're prime. Let's get some."

They were soon at the prickly-pear bushes, which were full of red ripe fruit. In an instant, however, each boy had ten fingers filled with thousands of the almost invisible little stickers with which prickly-pears are covered, and which burned like fire. They sat for an hour picking these out with indifferent success.

The honest hunger of boyhood, meanwhile, was knocking at the inner wicket. Roddy looked up at Kit with a curious expression and said, inquiringly,

"Pilot-bread?"

"Never!" said Kit. "Fish."

The boat was soon out, and the lines, the hooks baited with remnants of conch. But New York boys should have known that off a sloping beach is no place for fishing. Two hours of this sport in the hot sun and not a single bite!

"Pilot-bread?" said Kit.

"Never!" said Roddy; "sooner death without dishonor. He's a-ying was it that old fellow fasted in New York?"

"But he died," said Kit.

They tried another conch, but found him utterly uneatable; they made further vain efforts to climb the cocoanut tree, they shook the trees, at the risk, as they thought, of their heads, but no nuts would drop. At length, in desperation, they closed the doors and windows, built up a great blazing fire, and lay down in the hammocks they had swung, and told stories of adventure, those brave hungry boys with food at their very feet that they were too proud to touch. The fire burned down, deep tropical night fell upon them, and the boys slept.

"Mawnin', gemmen. How does de young gemmen do dis mawnin'?"

This was the welcome sound that awoke Kit and Roddy next morning; and the welcome face they saw belonged to Jim, one of Mr. Bains's young servants.

"I was a-walkin' over dis way a bit, an' t'ought I'd look in to see how you was a-gittin' 'long. Hope you're havin' a pleasant time."

"Jim," Kit exclaimed, springing out of his hammock, "we're nearly starved. We hadn't a bite to eat yesterday. But we've not touched the pilot-bread. If you tell Mr. Bains about us, tell him that. The conchs are so tough we can't bite them, Jim, and we can't climb the cocoanut-trees, and the fish won't bite, and the prickly pears nearly murdered us."

"Hi, hi! Dat bad, dat bad," said Jim. "Good t'ing I jest happened ter look in."

"Jim," said Roddy, as he too rolled out of his hammock, "if you know how to climb a cocoanut-tree, shin up and save our lives."

"Dat I will, maws boss, right suddent." And he did, and "took" the tallest tree, as a race-horse takes a hurdle, and mounted to the very top with no apparent effort, and sent down a perfect shower of cocoanuts.

Roddy picked up two of the largest nuts, and ran to the house with them, and began hacking them with the hatchet; but Jim was with him in a moment.

"Not so, maws boss, not so," he exclaimed. "Let Jim open him for you, mawster."

Taking his knife from his pocket, Jim slashed off the top of the husk as if it had been cheese, and then ran the knife-point into the "eye" of the nut, twisting it, and making a hole through the shell without difficulty.

"Try dat, maws boss; so," and he made a motion as though he would put the hole to his lips, and handed the nut to Roddy. The next moment he had one opened for Kit.

When the boys had drunk all the deliciously cool and refreshing juice, Jim laid the nuts upon the floor, and with a single blow of the hatchet struck them both open, displaying the tempting white "meat" inside, which the boys quickly devoured.

"Jim, we couldn't do that," said Kit, when the shells were mere empty cups.

"I don't reckon so, Maws Kit. I don't guess old Jim make much show livin' in yo' country, Maws Kit, no' you make much show livin' in my maws' country, no-how. Yo' 'Mericans is mighty smart fo' yo' country, an' us niggahs gits 'long all right down heah. Ebery man fer his own country; dat's what Jim say. Ho, ho, ho!"

"Jim," said Roddy, suddenly, recollecting the conversation he had had with Kit about the ignorance of the Watling Island negroes—"Jim, did you ever hear of Christopher Columbus?"

"Cawn't jest edactly say dat I ebber heerd tell ob de gemman," Jim replied.

"Why, Jim," said Roddy, "he discovered this island."

"Cawn't say 'bout dat, Maws Roddy. Dis yer island

ben yere ebber sence my time. But dere's plenty good t'ings to eat 'bout yere; an' if you gemmens is still hungry, Jim's de boy to git yo' up a meal."

This was a far more important matter at the moment than the discovery of America, and Jim was requested to proceed. He began operations by going to the beach and bringing back several conchs, which he opened by breaking a small hole in the top of each shell with the hatchet, after which he drew the conchs out through the holes with ease. Then he wiped the stone door-step clean, laid the conchs thereon, and pounded them with the flat side of the hatchet until every muscle and fibre in their limp bodies was mashed to a jelly. He went to the prickly-pear bush and picked the fruit by sticking a pointed stick into a pear, and so held it until he had peeled off the outer skin with his knife. He caught a young turtle asleep on the beach and butchered it, and cut some of it into steaks, and fried out its fat, which he carefully saved. He took the boat around a point, and soon came back with three fine margate fish.

"Now, gemmen," said he, "I s'pose we'd better hab a little bread with your dinner. We might roll up dem pilot-breads inter flour."

"Never!" said Kit.

"Very well, gemmen; jest as you say. But you must gib me a little mo' time ter make de flour."

Jim disappeared, and in an hour returned with a shallow basket tray which he had woven out of "silver-top" palmetto leaves. The tray was full of yellow beans.

"Dem pigeon pease," said he; "plenty dem grows wild 'bout yere;" and as he spoke he emptied the pease upon the door-step, and began to pound them fine with the hatchet. When they were all pounded, he swept them back into the basket tray, and tossed them up and down in the wind. By this process the chaff was blown away, the fine flour settled into the interstices of the basket, which he emptied occasionally and took a fresh start, and what remained was hominy. In ten minutes he had two quarts of good flour, and twice as much hominy.

The conchs, when cooked, were as tender as young lamb, the flour was baked into flat cakes, the hominy was boiled, the fish and turtle were prime, the prickly-pears delicious. Never was dinner eaten with a greater relish.

While the boys were eating, Jim was making a little preparation of his own out of turtle fat and wood ashes. Such, at least, it was when he began; when he finished, it was soap.

"I done foun' a old bottle layin' out in de yard," he said, "an' before de sun gits too low I jest step out to de spring an' shave dis big brack face."

"Do you shave with a bottle?" Kit asked.

"Always, maws boss," Jim replied. "We 'ain't got no money in dis country to buy razors, boss."

The boys, having finished their dinner, followed Jim to the spring. They saw him cover his chin with the soap he had just made; they saw him break the bottle on a stone and take one of the sharp glass edges for a razor; they saw him lie down on the ground and use the still clear water of the spring for a mirror, and so shave himself as quickly and as neatly as any barber could have done it.

"Roddy," said Kit, "if you could have your choice, which would you rather meet here on the beach, Christopher Columbus or Jim?"

"How can you ask such a thing?" Roddy replied. "Jim, of course. We'll make him stay here with us all the week. What a head that boy has! But isn't it astonishing how much a fellow can learn in a day? It was only yesterday, you know, we thought these darks were ignorant. But Jim is a greater man than Columbus."

A CARGO OF WILD ANIMALS.

THE crew of a large freight-vessel are always pleased when, in addition to the usual bales and cases, they are to carry across the ocean what is known as "live cargo." "Live cargo," as a rule, means horses and cattle only. Any other animals that vary this monotony, whether tigers or donkeys, dogs, lions, or, maybe, giraffes, are hailed with delight by the seamen who take charge of them as likely to be of interest during the voyage. They may die, get ill, or even break loose; but at sea anything that occurs out of the ordinary, however trivial it might appear under other circumstances, is sure to be welcomed as a change and a cause of excitement, if not of absorbing interest.

Among a large general cargo, the White Star steamer *Tauric* has recently arrived with a consignment of horses, wild animals, and pigeons. The wild animals consisted of twenty-six monkeys, two full-grown hyenas and two young ones, and three leopards. Twenty-six horses, one pony, and twenty-seven English pigeons besides brought the total of live cargo to eighty-seven head.

The wild animals were sent across by one of the largest dealers in the world—Mr. William Cross, of Liverpool—to be delivered to Mr. Couklin, ex-superintendent of the Central Park menagerie. They were housed in somewhat narrow quarters—wooden cages with iron bars in front—and were well looked after by a special keeper during the voyage.

Perhaps the monkeys were the most interesting portion of the live cargo. The chief cook, who is also the ship's butcher, had charge of these animals in addition to his other duties, for Mr. Cross only sends a special keeper for them when their number is near a hundred. They are originally trapped in their native woods by enterprising individuals, who trade them with the sailors of home-bound vessels for any articles that may take their fancy. Thus it is that the large majority of monkeys are more or less tamed before they come into the hands of the dealers, and thence into their cages in a menagerie.

Among others the *Tauric* had on board joss monkeys from India, mandrills from Africa, a dog-face monkey, and a Barbary ape. The last-named is one of the most valuable species known, since the race is dying out, and specimens are becoming somewhat rare. One joss monkey died during the voyage from an accident, and two mandrills from an illness peculiar to their species; otherwise the chattering cargo arrived in the best condition, after a prosperous voyage.

In common with all other animals, tame or wild, human or otherwise, the monkeys suffered a good deal from seasickness. As in the case of human beings, they should be allowed very little food and drink during the first twenty-four hours on board. This gives the stomach time to adjust itself to the lurching conditions of life on a ship, and a monkey gains his sea-legs in about the same time as a man. They are fed twice a

day on bread, fruit, corn, and milk. They are even more greedy than they are quarrelsome. Most of their time is spent in fighting in a rough kind of horse-play that requires a fine exhibition of their wonderful agility. We have all seen how a monkey will first fill his mouth with food, and then fill both hands rather than let another monkey get any. The bread that is given them has always to be at least a-day old. New bread seems to be too much for what would otherwise appear to be a powerful digestion. The keeper expressed his conviction that a few days of new-bread diet would kill all the monkeys in New York.

In one cage there were four mandrills together—two males and two females. During the voyage one of the females died. At once the other couple turned upon the solitary widower, and proved their determination to prevent him eating or drinking with such persistent vehemence that the keeper was at length obliged to move him to another cage.

If any of our readers have monkeys among their pets they

may like to hear that the disagreeable smell that is associated with the animals may be effectually got rid of by giving them boiled onions to eat or the water that has been strained off them to drink. This clears the breath, and seems to purify the whole system. But we must confess that on the fate of it it seems only to be a choice of evils.

Among the leopards was one very pretty animal, beautifully spotted, and as tame as a cat. Nevertheless, the keeper has a nasty wound on the finger to show where a playful stroke of the paw struck him as he one day pushed the meat between the bars.

The hyenas—most cowardly of animals—give little trouble to their keeper, but maintain an incessant howling the whole voyage. The hyenas and leopards are fed twice a day upon raw meat—six pounds for the large and four for the small ones. Mr. Cross sends out his

own supply of meat with the animals, who, strange as it may seem, often need considerable coaxing to make them take their food in sufficient quantity.

The "royal immigrant" was brought over on the *Tauric* on her last passage but one. He is seven years old, and is undoubtedly one of the finest lions in the world. He is now living in his regal apartments in the Philadelphia "Zoo." He possesses an excellent temper, and was a great favorite with the crew of the vessel. But his Majesty permitted no trifling with his dignity, and received all the respect that was due to him. His proportions were so fine that the cage appeared too small for him, and when he stood up it appeared as if it would not hold him.

A very valuable number of horses were on board—twenty-six in all. There were no deaths among the horses, which appeared to be in the pink of condition. Once they get their sea-legs they yield to every motion of the vessel as they stand in their stalls, and are very rarely seasick. However, when they do suffer severely from the *mal de mer*, it generally proves fatal.



A ROYAL IMMIGRANT.

"YOU COME TO A COUNTRY RICH WITH CORN."

BY DORA LEAD GOODALE

YOU come to a country rich with corn,
October!
The young birds peep in the fields new-shorn,
October!

Stooks of russet on every hand
Like poised tents of the red men stand,
October!

The flail is heard on the farmer's floor,
October;
Straw and chaff are thick at the door,
October.

The dusty sacks go over the hill,
And merrily, merrily whirls the mill,
October.

Your voice is a thrush's, a fawn's your tread,
October;
A garland of wild flowers is round your head,
October.

Your cheek how bonny, your breath how sweet!
And the lamps of the forest light your feet,
October!

Shake your crisp locks to the life-giving sun,
October!
Drink of your presses, that laugh as they run,
October!

For the Ice King lurks in the fields of snow,
To rifle your kingdom and lay you low,
October!

WITH AN AUTUMN LEAF.

AN autumn leaf is the daintiest kind of a pattern for making all sorts of pretty things. Select maple and oak leaves of various sizes, and put them to press. When they are quite dry, lay them on paper and trace their outlines; then cut out the paper leaves. With this set for patterns, and some real leaves pressed and waxed or varnished, one can do wonders for the Christmas that is coming, or for any sale or fair in which one is interested.

To make a photograph-frame, cut out of pasteboard an oblong piece about 8 by 10 inches, with an opening in the centre measuring $3\frac{1}{2}$ by 5 inches. This will make it somewhat smaller than the picture to be inserted. With maple-leaf patterns cut some leaves out of brown and yellow chamois-skin, and vein them delicately with gold paint. When this is done, glue them on the frame, taking care that every point is fastened down flat. The leaves must overlap some, of course. When the gluing is completed, cut away with a sharp knife the pasteboard that is not covered with the chamois, leaving the points around the picture opening and the edge of the frame clearly defined. A stiff back, with or without a standard, completes the frame.

Pen-wipers, needle-books, polishers for eye-glasses, can all be made out of these chamois maple leaves, the outer one being veined with gold, or inscribed with words that tell the use of the article. Instead of chamois, red, yellow, and green woollen stuffs are used for the leaves, which are veined with silk. Sometimes in pen-wipers these leaves are laid to partly overlap on an oblong piece of cloth to which they are sewed, but a new way will be to wind milliner's wire with dark brown silk, arranging it in like the stems in a spray of leaves. When the gay woollen leaves are fastened on these, the bunch can be hung up, and will be an addition to any desk.

To make a magazine cover, take a piece of stout brown wrapping paper with a smooth surface, and fold it so it will be a little larger than the magazine laid in it. The edges can be left torn or cut. The pattern of a spray of sumac and some oak leaves is traced on the front with a pencil, then the leaves are outlined and veined with brown. Of course one who paints can do this free-hand, and decorate the cover with beautifully shaded leaves. A conventional design in a band is put across at top and bottom, colored with brown, and touched lightly with gold.

A souvenir book is made of sheets of white water-color paper five or six inches square, tied with silk. On every page is pasted a leaf or spray of leaves or flowers, each with the name

of the place where it was found printed in fancy gold letters. The cover is made by drawing a leaf pattern on the outside, and gilding all the rest of the surface. The white leaves thus left are veined with gold, and a white ribbon band laid across the upper right-hand corner bears in gold the word "Souvenir."

This idea of leaves against a gold ground may be carried out in the manufacture of a bag of white cloth or silk. A leaf design appears against a gold scroll or disk on the front of the bag. Gold-colored ribbons are used for strings. Another bag is made of white and yellow linen, the bottom of the bag cut round, and the yellow-colored linen extending up a little way. From this rises a spray of oak leaves, or single leaves scattered over the white, outlined in gold-wash embroidery silk. When necessary, the yellow draw strings can be removed to wash the bag.

Varnished leaves of red and yellow can be used to cover cigar-boxes, the inside being lined with silk that will harmonize. The boxes can be used for scraps or light fancy-work, or, if a bent handle of thin wood be tacked across and trimmed with ribbons, photographs set on end.

A scrap-basket is made by covering a square shallow fruit-basket with yellow silk, or some less expensive goods, fastening on two handles by making ribbon-wound hoops, and sewing them on opposite sides so they will meet in the centre, and edging the top of the basket with a row of varnished leaves placed to overlap. A spray of the leaves and some red berries fastened on one side of the basket will give a pretty finishing touch to the basket.

A frame for a card photograph is made by taking a piece of water-colored board $5\frac{1}{2}$ by 7 inches, the edges being torn, and pasting a spray of small red leaves, such as come from fine creeping vines, partly around the opening. One piece can be placed at the lower left-hand side; and another, as if it continued behind the picture, at the upper right-hand side. The paper may be torn away for the opening, folded back, and allowed to remain with ragged edges. A card-board back, with a standard, is put in place last of all.

PAPER MONEY.

A GOVERNMENT engaged in the manufacture of money takes particular pains to prevent counterfeiting. Especially is this the case with bank-notes, or "paper money." The processes that the paper undergoes in its manufacture render it very difficult for an outsider to produce a good imitation. The Bank of England indicates the amount of the note by a water-mark, which requires much time and trouble to perfect, and when a note once issued is returned to the bank, it is immediately destroyed. In this way a certain account can be kept of the numbers of the notes outstanding, and counterfeiters are puzzled.

Our government has a different method of baffling dishonest people. The paper has a particular fibre, and in addition silk threads of different colors adhere to the surface of the paper, which only receives the particular kind of ink that the government uses. There is but one man who knows how to mix this ink, and he received the secret from his father, who invented it. The manufacturer employs six men to prepare parts of the ingredients that go to make the ink, but the mixing is done in private. The manufacturer locks himself in his room for a fortnight once a year, and perfects in that time enough ink to last the government a year. For this he receives \$50,000.

The paper is manufactured in Massachusetts, and the silk-mill that makes the silk threads is close at hand. The threads are three-eighths of an inch in length, and distributed differently on each issue of notes. The paper is cut into sheets $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide by $13\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length, which is just the size of four notes. It takes 1000 sheets of this paper to make 12 pounds, which means 10000 notes. It is said that the average number of pounds used by the government is 175,000 a year, and as every twelve pounds may be anything from \$1000 to \$4,000,000, the government must be kept rather busy making money.

After the paper is received from one place, the ink from another, and the engraved plate from still a third source, the Government Printer has his hands full perfecting the notes, which go through several more hands before they get into people's pockets. Of course the notes are only certificates for so much silver or gold deposited in the Treasury, and "payable on demand," but the general faith in the honesty of the government is so great that most people prefer the notes to the heavy gold or silver, as being more convenient and just as good for all purposes.

LITTLE DON RODRIGO DE RIMAS.

BY MARY A. WINSTON.

Part XX.

IT was a very warm morning. Little Rodrigo swung himself up to the big hay-mow in the barn and fanned his hot face with his hat. He had just been out for his usual morning ride, but was driven in by the sun's heat. The old barn was a charming place to rest in. There was the fragrance of the sweet new-mown hay to delight one's sense. The soft coo of the doves in their cot near by sounded pleasantly on the ear. And when the child pushed open a little dusty round window, his eye was gladdened by as pretty a bit of landscape as one could wish to see. From the house there stretched away into the blue distance beautiful groves, in which the magnolia and wild honeysuckle ran riot. Little Rodrigo lay still for a long time and looked dreamily out upon this fair picture. Then he leaned over the edge of the hay-mow and called softly, "Jingo! Jingo!"

In a stall below was the joy of little Rodrigo's heart, the sole companion of his rambles, and, next to his father and the old nurse, his dearest confidant and friend—in short, Jingo. Very short and very small indeed was Jingo, even for a Mexican donkey, but he made up for this in the length of his ears and the largeness of his heart, where Rodrigo was concerned. In spite of his size, Jingo was a very important figure in the child's world, where friends were few and playmates lacking. Many a cherished secret and wild fancy were confided to Jingo as he and his little master wandered about the great estate in the soft sweet California air. How wise, too, he looked! He would flap his long gray ears when little Rodrigo whispered his confidences in them, as if he knew all about everything long ago. It seemed hardly worth while imparting any new discovery or lately learned wisdom to such a sage as Jingo.

The donkey was Rodrigo's own property. One stormy night a cowboy had wandered to the Don Rimas mansion with his quota of cattle and horses before him. He asked for a night's shelter, which was willingly afforded him. The next day he was found to be very ill of lung fever, and for weeks he lay at death's door. The Don's kind-hearted servants nursed him back to life. Once he woke suddenly from a sound sleep and saw the sweet child face of little Rodrigo by his bedside. The boy had followed his nurse into the room while she performed some office for the sick man. But the invalid, weakened still by his long illness and delirium, fancied he saw the spirit of his little brother, dead years before. He burst into tears and held out his hands feebly to the beautiful angel. Ever after that the rough cowboy of the plains loved to have the child sit by him, and when he grew well enough to start away on his journey eastward, finding the Don would accept nothing for his hospitality, the grateful man gave to the little son that prize among steeds, that prince among donkeys—Jingo.

Jingo could not have been called handsome even at that stage of his existence; he was a baby donkey then, with very long ears and legs and an absurdly small furry gray body. The cowboy laughed at him, and said he "looked for all the world just like a good-sized mouse on stilts." But little Rodrigo clapped his hands for very joy when he found that he was to be the owner of all that soft furriness, of those splendid slim legs and beautiful large ears. He loved Jingo from that moment with a lasting affection, which endured even the trials of his first rides on the donkey's back, when that spirited animal was wont to brace himself firmly, then let fly his hind legs, and send his devoted small master over his head. But that was long ago. Rodrigo and Jingo understood each other better now, and the donkey returned the child's affection in full.

On this particular day of our story, however, the great heat of the day became too much for even such a devoted Damon and Pythias as Rodrigo and Jingo. They soon forgot each other's presence. Jingo dozed over his manger of hay, with here and there a thistle by way of garnishment. Rodrigo fell fast asleep above on the soft hay. It was his father's voice that woke him some time later.

"My man Filippé will drive you to the depot for the one-o'clock train, Señor Bridewell," the Don was saying. "I would accompany you myself, but I have an appointment with my superintendent at that hour."

Rodrigo, above in the hay-loft, listened half-sleepily to his father's words. He heard next a strange voice murmur some expression of thanks, then call out more loudly, and perhaps a trifle defiantly:

"Oh! ah! Don Rimas, how about that little affair of last night? I suppose, now I'm here, I might as well take a look at my new property?"

Little Rodrigo leaned over his parapet to get a glimpse of the loud-voiced stranger. He saw a short, stout, broad-shouldered man, with a very red face, wearing a suit of clothes with a large check pattern, which gave him a very striking appearance. The stranger took off his hat and pushed his thin hair back from his perspiring forehead.

"Yes," he said, "I would like to be getting acquainted with my wonderful horse. Where is she?"

The Don's face flushed, and he bit his lip, but said quietly: "This way, Señor. Here is Zoë."

Rodrigo's eyes grew large with surprise. Was his father going to sell his favorite horse, his beautiful brown Zoë he loved so well? What could it mean? The stranger walked with a lordly air into Zoë's stall.

"Ah, my little beauty! What a prize you are!" he exclaimed, and gave the mare a resounding slap on her smooth, silky side.

Zoë resented this familiarity on so short an acquaintance; she reared indignantly, and the stranger hastily removed himself from her stall. The Don went up to her gently and spoke some low, affectionate words in Spanish. It was marvellous to see how quickly the spirited little queen calmed down. She laid her head against the Don's shoulder and received his caresses with manifest delight. It was a pretty picture, but the stranger soon tired of looking at it.

"She doesn't lack for spirit; does she, now? But she'll get to know me better in time—in time," he remarked.

A spasm of regret crossed the Don's face, and as he put an arm over Zoë's beautiful arching neck and looked down into her gentle, dumbly loving eyes, he nerved himself with great difficulty to speak what was in his mind.

"Señor Bridewell, a gentleman always pays his debts of honor, and I am ready to pay mine in full. But, Señor, if there is any equivalent that I could prevail upon you to receive in place of my mare Zoë, the rest of my stud is at your command. Or, if you like better, I will draw a check for you to the amount that you staked against Zoë last night. I am unwilling to part with her if there is any other way you can be satisfied. She is my favorite horse. From a colt she has yielded to no hand but mine. And once, Señor, this little horse saved my life. Yet she is not considered by connoisseurs the most valuable horse in my stable. Here on our right is the winner in the last races at Denham, the famous Rosaline. Señor, I offer you my prize racer in place of Zoë. Will you accept? I was not myself last night when I consented to stake my little mare on a game of *écarté*."

Little Rodrigo listened in wondering sorrow to this speech of his father. He could not understand it all. He only realized that in some way this stranger had a claim upon Zoë, and that his father was grieved.

But the stranger was in no wise conciliated by the wist-

ful regret in the Don's handsome face. His own big red coat fairly purple with hasty anger.

"No!" he shouted; "she's mine, and I'll have her. I don't want any of your prize Rosalines. I want my winnings, no more or no less."

The Don moved towards the barn door.

"As you will, Señor," he said, with dignity. "I will go and see if the carriage is ready for you."

The stranger stood with his hands in his pockets and his legs very wide apart, looking like nothing so much as an angry turkey-cock. He gazed after the tall receding figure of the Don.

"Remember, Don Rimas," he bawled, with cutting insolence, "gentlemen always pay their debts of honor." I shall send my man down for the mare Zoë as soon as I arrive home to-morrow."

The stranger, in turning, glanced around the stable once more before he went out to take his seat in the waiting carriage. His eyes fell upon drowsy Jingo, who was wagging one long ear rakishly in his efforts to dislodge therefrom a troublesome fly. An idea struck the witty stranger.

"Oh, I say, Don Rimas," he cried, derisively, to the Don, who was out by the carriage-house, giving some orders to the groom. "Why didn't you offer me this donkey in place of Zoë? Now he would be a prize. I couldn't have refused such a gem for my stable." With a great coarse laugh he was gone.

But he did not see the white face of a little child that he left behind in the big old-fashioned barn—a small face with tumbled black curls all about it, and great eyes that looked for the first time upon the sorrow and sacrifice that this life of ours brings to us all sooner or later. Little Rodrigo sat upright on the soft fragrant hay and stared straight before him. It never occurred to the child, in his simplicity, that the words of the rough man in the stable a few moments before were meant only in vulgar, rude scorn—a piece of stupid coarse raillery. Jingo, his pet, his dear little donkey! Was it any wonder that others should appreciate his treasure's charms too? But oh, how could he part with him? And he thought drearily of the long, long days and weeks and years with no Jingo to cheer his loneliness.

Little Rodrigo clinched his small hands together and winked very fast. He was recalling the face of his father as he spoke of parting with his favorite Zoë, that dearly loved face with the strange, pathetic, and strangely shamed expression in the eyes. The child could not comprehend all there was in that look of his father's, but he did know

that his father was grieved to give up Zoë to that dreadful fat man. And the fat man had said that he would take Jingo in exchange for Zoë. Rodrigo himself heard him say so. The child clinched his hands harder. Ah, did he not love his dear, good, beautiful father better than a hundred donkeys, all as nearly perfect as Jingo!

Little Rodrigo's mind was made up, and he slid down from the hay-mow. There was a determined look about his little mouth, and he gazed straight ahead as if he saw nothing. He went into Jingo's stall without even stopping to caress the dear little gray head as usual. It seemed as if he did not dare to stop long enough to think, or he might break down. Jingo, for his part, looked around with mild inquiry in his soft eyes as his little master

fastened the saddle on him again, and led him out into the burning glare of the tropical noon.

It was overwhelmingly hot down in the village at the ugly, grimy little railway station. The Don's strange guest was stout, and he felt the heat excessively. He sat under a large shade tree at the end of the station platform. He was a prominent figure in the landscape, easily descried at a distance by reason of his big checked clothes. Rural San Angela gazed upon him with awe as he sat, all unconscious of scrutiny, under the great tree, really too hot and fatigued to even keep his eyes open. A sweet childish voice broke the breathless stillness.

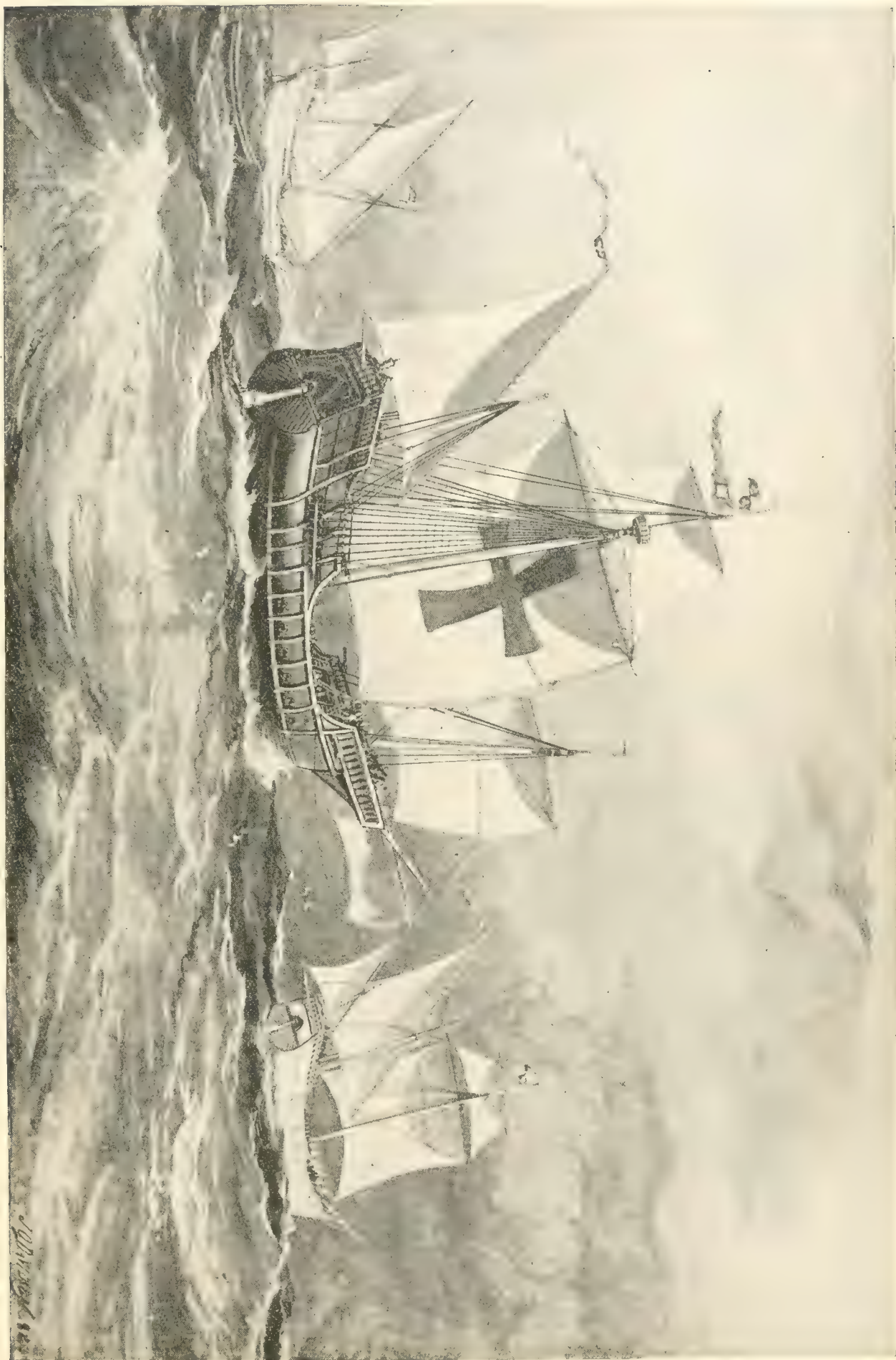
"Señor, I have brought Jingo."

The stranger opened his eyes with a great start, and saw before him a quaint little figure holding a tiny Mexican donkey by the bridle. The boy looked like some miniature prince in a childish opera, for he wore a black velvet suit, with long gray riding leggings buttoned up over the knee. His black curls fell over his wide white lace collar. Old Corneta dressed her charge as she thought befitting the heir of the noble house of De Rimas.

The stranger's eyes wandered from the boy's quaintly rich costume to the face, and he gave another start, for he saw a tender, lovely child copy of the dark, proud, cold, handsome face to which he had bidden farewell at the door of the De Rimas mansion. The man did not like to remember that face. Somehow there was a strange, sorrowful, self-reproachful look there, with all its haughty beauty, that haunted his mind. It sent a thrill of unpleasant surprise through him, therefore, when he opened his eyes in the blistering, throbbing heat, and saw that wistful little child face so like the Don's, and he was speechless.



"SEÑOR, I HAVE BROUGHT JINGO."



THE FLEET OF COLUMBUS.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 834.]

J. O. Davidson del.

THE VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.

BY J. O. DAVIDSON.



IN the morning of Friday, August 3, 1492, there appeared at the entrance to the harbor of Palos, in Spain, a fleet of three ships. They would be strange craft to our eyes. The largest was not so long as one of our Hudson River brick schooners, and it had high well-rounded bows, a high beak, and platform projecting

out over the water with a curious stuck-up air; while the stern, which was double-decked and higher yet, made the vessel look as if the two ends were trying to bend up and reach each other, and that the stern had tried the harder. Another curious thing was the long pieces of bent timber running along the ship's side, and up and down to the water's edge, just as if all the ribs had been put on the outside to give more room within. Right in front of the bow, on a little yard, a square "water sail" was doing good duty, while above it on the foremast was one somewhat larger. On the mainmast in the middle of the ship was a large square or "driver" sail with a topsail above, and away back on the little after-mast, so far back that the lower corner had to be drawn down to a spar projecting from the stern, was a three-cornered "lateen" or steering sail. This craft flew various flags and streamers, some with crosses, and one with four squares, on which appeared two castles and two rampant lions flourishing their tails and clawing the air, showing that the ship sailed by authority of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella. A blue flag indicated the rank of an Admiral, while the holy cross was painted large on the driving sail.

On either side of this ship appeared a smaller one, with lateen-sails rigged on each. Their foremasts raked well forward, their mainmasts less so, while the little after-masts raked the other way. Their bows were lower and sharper than those of the larger vessel, and their sterns not so high, but they were faster sailers.

On all the vessels could be seen bronzed seamen and bearded cavaliers, some of the latter in helmets and armor. The seamen tended the sails, the cavaliers stood on the after-decks and talked in low tones, and the gunners rubbed away on the long thin cannon mounted on the rail until they shone brightly in the sun. On the high after-deck of the largest vessel stood a middle-aged man in long cloak and shoulder-cape and velvet cap.

As they left the harbor and steered along the coast the distinguished-looking man opened a map, gave some orders to the helmsman, then left the deck, and entering his cabin, knelt down to pray. He was Christopher Columbus, who, having at last seen his long-dreamed-of expedition under way, thanked God for His mercy, and asked for further guidance. That he had implicit faith that land lay across the ocean to the west we know from his letters, but how far away that land was, or what it was, or how long it would take to get there, he knew nothing.

Columbus began his great voyage after fifteen years of incessant toil, disappointment, and regret at finding only a few to believe enough in him and his theories to give them a fair trial. He had visited court after court, to be rejected by all. Councils of clergy had met to discuss his plans, only to spurn them. An appeal to King Ferdinand of Spain brought a cold reply, but his good Queen Isabella entered into the idea with enthusiasm, exclaim-

ing, "I undertake the enterprise for my own crown of Castile, and will pledge my jewels to raise the necessary funds." A bargain was then made that Columbus, in case of success, was to be Admiral over all the lands he discovered, to receive one-tenth of all the gold, precious stones, and merchandise found, but that he must himself furnish one-eighth of the money required to fit out the fleet. Columbus had no money (he had earned his living by map-making), but Martin Pinzon, a brave sailor and merchant, believed in him, and advanced him his share of the money, so that the fleet was soon ready.

So greatly were the terrors of the "shadowy seas" dreaded by even the bravest sailors in those days that not enough men could be found to manage the ships, and an order came from court to impress the convicts in the jails. This created panic and riots in the streets of Palos, and threatened to ruin the whole enterprise; but Pinzon and his brothers Vicente and Francisco offered their services, and they being brave and popular men, enough others followed to complete the crews, and at length the ships sailed.

The Canary Islands were in those days the furthest land to the westward of which the world had any definite knowledge. Scandinavians claimed to have sailed to Iceland and back, and Norsemen were said to have landed on North America, but such tales were looked upon as fables similar to that of an island called "Atlantis," far out in the Atlantic.

After touching at Cadiz, Columbus turned his ships to the Canaries as to a jumping-off place, whence he could, as it were, make a great leap into the unknown. Scarcely had two hundred miles been sailed, however, when it was discovered that the rudder-post of the *Pinta*, the smallest of the fleet, had been weakened by some of her crew in the hope of compelling her to turn back. At the Canaries the fleet was detained for repairs so long that Columbus thought best to build a new craft; but news having reached him that a fleet from Portugal had set sail to drive him back, he hurried work on the *Pinta*, gave her a square sail extra, and started the fleet as soon as possible into the great "unknown ocean."

As the ships left the Canaries the great volcano of Teneriffe, which overtopped the coast, was in violent eruption. Its great purple cone was capped by a mass of lowering flame of fire, while streams of burning lava ran down its sides to leap hissing into the sea. The sailors of the fleet were afraid. They cried that it was a sign of the anger of Heaven at his attempt to fathom mysteries never intended for man. But Columbus allayed their fears, saying that volcanoes were "frequent along the coasts of Italy, Sicily, and Greece, and that their fires meant nothing."

Day after day the fleet sailed on. The days were bright, the nights clear and starlit, and a steady trade-wind blew the discoverers to the west. Each morning the sun rose over the sterns, each evening it sank directly over the prows of the ships, but this very fact, hailed by Columbus as a favor from heaven, caused the sailors to fear lest the unchanging wind would prevent their return. They passed a broken mast. Columbus hailed it as from the new world. The sailors said it was from the wrecked ships of foolhardy men like themselves.

Soon after they entered the Sargossa Sea, that immense tract of weeds floating and turning in midocean. The sailors said this was all the western land they would ever see; whereupon Columbus cast the sounding lead, and finding no bottom, claimed there was no land near.

Then it fell calm, and for days the ships rose and fell lazily on the tropical seas, their cordage and sails flapping against the masts with every roll, as their prows pointed this way and that.

With a renewal of the breeze the *Niña* and *Pinta* left the *Santa Maria* to sail on, while they sailed off swiftly

to either horizon, looking for land they might otherwise pass unawares.

The *Pinta's* pilot reckoned they had sailed 634 leagues, while the *Niña's* made it 540, and although Columbus knew it was much more he kept his own counsel, lest the crews be more discouraged at the distance covered. Ten thousand *maravedis* in Spanish money had been promised to the first one who should discover land, and one day one of the Pinzons shouted "Land, ho!" from the mast-head; but it was only a mirage.

Small birds began to hover about the ships. The lead was hove and bottom was found. Then they passed wild-fowl and crabs in the water, and a turtle-dove flew near, and later they came to a branch of bush covered with ripe red berries. Then there came a floating log curiously carved by hand.

The night of October 11th was an anxious one to all on the fleet, and few cared to slumber. Suddenly Columbus, who had been standing apart on the after-deck, gave a shout, and cried out joyfully that he had seen a light on what is now known as Watling Island. Pedro Gutierrez saw it again soon after.

On went the fleet swiftly in the night breeze, the *Pinta* and *Niña* were, as usual, ahead. At two in the morning there came the flash and boom of a cannon from the *Pinta*, followed by the faint cry over the waters of "Land, ho!" and there, under her lee, in the mists of the early morn, could be seen green hills with waving palms, and the faint sigh of surf beating on the shore could be heard. Columbus and his followers knelt upon the decks of their ship and gave thanks. They had discovered the New World.



THE BIRD OF A HUNDRED EYES.

THE peacock, like most bipeds and quadrupeds, has two serviceable eyes, the hundred additional ones being in his tail, where Juno is said to have transferred them from the dead body of her faithful servant Argus. This showy bird is very ornamental when spreading his refulgent tail-piece on a cultivated lawn, and strutting about for the admiration of all beholders; but it is in his native haunts of Hindostan and Ceylon that he shines to most advantage.

In place of a solitary peacock or two by way of lawn decoration, he appears in those regions in flocks like ordinary poultry, and a hundred or so of the glittering fans, which can be spread at a moment's notice, is no uncommon sight. The gorgeous bird is very careful of his train, and likes to keep it well out of the way of accidents. He mounts to the highest branches of a tree for a roosting-place, and selects a dead limb, over which he can adjust his magnificence without interference from the foliage.

His plain little wife is not so aspiring; and having no train to care for, she meekly builds her nest in some bush not far from the ground, and sits patiently on her fifteen eggs for a whole month. Her handsome mate is said to be the greatest enemy she encounters at this time, as he is accursed of breaking the eggs, and even of devouring the young peafowl before their frantic mother's eyes. But this may be only slander, like the German proverb, "Peacock, look to your legs," and the assertion that the bird himself is ashamed when he catches a glimpse of his ugly feet, these same feet being in reality quite small for his size and well shaped.

King Solomon adorned the courts of his cedar palace with peacocks, and they often figure in pictures of "baronial halls." They are not good to eat, and are decidedly expensive to be put to that use, yet in ancient times no banquet was considered to be complete without them. On some occasions they were served without feathers, and the whole body gleaming with a coat of gold; while on others a huge pie appeared, from which the head of the peacock stood out at one end, and the magnificent tail was carefully spread at the other. This pie was used as an ornamental centre-piece; and as the bird, when cooked, would keep for a long time, the same one did duty again and again as a table decoration.

"As proud as a peacock" is an old saying, and the actions of this gorgeous and interesting bird often seem to display a consciousness of his own charms. Old writers declared that he

spread out his brilliant train against the rays of the sun to make it more dazzling, and that he expanded it suddenly on the approach of an enemy, to terrify him not only with its multitudinous eyes, but with its great circumference.

In his native jungles the peacock is usually left to the enjoyment of his own beauty unmolested, except by foreign hunters, who run the risk of coming upon very undesirable game. While the peacock and the tiger do not exactly set up housekeeping together, the fierce animal is almost sure to be found beneath the tree in which the bird spends the night. An English officer was going up the Ganges in charge of some boats on a moonlight night, when he noticed quite close to the shore, in a long piece of grass jungle, a number of mango-trees that were filled with peacocks. He fired at a particularly large one, having stepped ashore for that purpose; and as the bird fell into an open space, he hurried up to take possession of his prize.

It was not a pleasant discovery to find three large tigers, who preferred roosting on the ground, stretched out close to the fallen peacock, and blinking at him with half-closed eyes, as though just disturbed from their slumbers, and leaving the dead bird, he made his way back to the boats as soon as possible.

The peacock is very much afraid of dogs, and he also dislikes snakes. But while he runs away from the dogs, he has a very ingenious way of dealing with the reptiles. If a single peacock encounters a snake, he worries him to death by dancing around him, or stupefies him so that he is easily despatched; but when there are two or more birds, the snake is seized by the throat, violently shaken, and then killed. Then, beginning at the tail, he is swallowed whole by the one that first attacked him, unless a companion seizes the other end. It is quite a common occurrence that when these performers have each swallowed half, a third one seizes it by the middle, and drags it triumphantly from the throats into which the greater portion of it had disappeared—and exit snake and peacock together.

RIVALRY.

MOLLY. "My little sister's got measles."

JIMMIE. "Ho! So has mine."

MOLLY. "Well, I'll bet you my little sister's got more measles than yours has."

RAVINA.

BY ZITELLA COCKE

SHE is to rest her name, hence her name.

Many years ago a desperate and bloody fight took place between two tribes of Digger Indians. The field of battle was one of those wide and deep gorges which lie between fertile and wooded uplands, a frequent and picturesque feature of the California landscape. A day after the fight a surgeon of the United States army, who resided at a neighboring army station, was riding by the scene of carnage. He stopped a few minutes to count the dead bodies lying upon the field, the enemy not having granted the grace of burial to the vanquished, when, as he surveyed the horrible scene, his ear caught the sound of an infant's cry. Descending the side of the ravine, he followed the sound, and suddenly discovered an Indian babe lying upon the breast of its dead mother.

It was a pitiable sight. The little unfortunate was but a few months old. He took it in his arms, and riding home as rapidly as practicable, delivered it to his wife. The wretched little waif had fallen into gentle and compassionate hands. In a few weeks it was christened Ravina, and Dr. and Mrs. Wynne cared for it as best they could. Four years after this event the doctor obtained a furlough, and as he and his wife were Alabamians, they determined to visit their relatives in the old State. Ravina accompanied them, of course. The aunt whom Mrs. Wynne visited lived on a large plantation, upon which were more than a hundred slaves. Ravina's personal appearance was certainly very startling to any one who was not familiar with the Digger Indian aspect, and the negroes, who regarded her at first with horror and amazement, soon began to make her the butt of ridicule and amusement. Mrs. Lancaster, the mistress, put an end to this pastime, and compelled them to treat Ravina with decent and proper consideration, but not before the queer-looking stranger had made some acquaintance with negro peculiarities. And in truth Ravina was, in darky phrase, "a sight to see." Her hair stood upon her head with more erectness than quills upon the most fretful of porcupines, her little eyes were as sharp as those of a lynx, and her little hands resembled the claws of a bird of prey. Altogether her appearance and mien were so frightful that the negroes refused at first to have anything to do with her, even protesting against eating at the same table with her.

As the party of travellers descended from the carriage which had conveyed them from the railway station, old Aunt Sally, the head nurse, was the first to obtain a sight of the Indian child, and running and screaming at the top of her voice that "Miss Patty Wynne done brung 'er devil's imp ter Mistis's house," she soon had the whole population wrought up to such a pitch of excitement that nothing but Mrs. Lancaster's authority could quell it.

After the expiration of Mrs. Wynne's visit, and the time drew near for the departure of herself and husband, what to do with Ravina became a leading question. The home of an army surgeon was not considered the most desirable place for her, and it was finally agreed upon that she should remain at Rosehill, the home of Mrs. Lancaster. The earnest espousal of her cause and defence of her rights by the mistress of Rosehill had won Ravina's heart, and with true Indian gratitude she showed a deep affection for her benefactress, and was quite willing to remain with her.

As she grew in years and stature Ravina also developed a decided ability for taking care of herself. Mrs. Lancaster's authority was no longer needed, and the darky who ventured to encroach upon her rights, or even her privileges, learned that Ravina's claws and blows were stouter arguments than the authority of the mistress. Nor was the little Digger Indian wanting in a vocabulary of abuse.

When the negro said "Pisun Injun," Ravina returned the compliment by screaming "Coal black wool head!" and not infrequently followed her enemy with such vigorous pelting that he was glad to make as quick retreat as possible.

The one controlling motive of her life was devotion to Mrs. Lancaster. Day and night she watched the mistress with eyes that never grew weary. She followed her in her daily rounds about the house and the premises. "My Miss Margaret," as she called her mistress, was as the apple of her eye. She was jealous of the cat or dog that Mrs. Lancaster caressed, and it was only a positive command which prevented her entrance into the drawing-room when the mistress was entertaining her guests.

One day Mrs. Lancaster announced her intention to visit a sister in a neighboring county.

"I go too," said Ravina.

"No, Ravina," answered Mrs. Lancaster. "It is not convenient to take you. I shall be absent but a few weeks, and you must make yourself contented at home. Be a good girl until I return."

"I go, my Miss Margaret. If I go not, I die," said Ravina.

"No, Ravina," replied Mrs. Lancaster, sternly; "you are very silly and obstinate. You must be content to stay here. I will return in a short time, and you will not die. Nobody shall harm you or molest you."

That afternoon, as Mrs. Lancaster sauntered about the grounds, Ravina followed closely behind. Turning into a path which led directly to an artificial lake, the mistress stood looking at the placid water and a flock of geese gracefully moving upon its bosom. Suddenly Ravina sprang in front of her, and pointing with her bird-claw hand to the water, she said: "If I go not with you, I go to the bottom of that pond, my Miss Margaret. I live not without you!" And as she uttered this she threw her arms wildly over her head, shrieking and sobbing as if her heart were broken.

"Ravina! Ravina!" called Mrs. Lancaster. "Do you not love your Miss Margaret enough to do as she asks you?"

Ravina made an effort to control herself, and looking into Mrs. Lancaster's face, which already revealed a pity for the girl, whose feelings seemed so sincere, she sank upon the ground, exclaiming, "My heart is broke, my heart is broke, my Miss Margaret, if I go not with you!"

Mrs. Lancaster's arguments soon changed to entreaty, and Ravina's persistent and excited expressions of grief finally accomplished the desire of her heart. Mrs. Lancaster yielded, and Ravina accompanied her as her little maid. And a little maid truly, for she was only twelve years old; but never was little maid so capable or efficient. The work-basket and the key-basket were never out of place. The slippers and the wraps always were on hand when wanted. Ravina understood how to discern and how to supply every want of the beloved mistress, and she took part in the preparations for the visit with a readiness and a skill which seemed wonderful in a little barbarian. For there was no denying her savage instincts, in spite of the training she received in Mrs. Lancaster's household, and she gave an alarming proof of them the very day she entered the home of the sister whom Mrs. Lancaster visited. At sight of her the smiling negro butler, who advanced to relieve the travellers of bags and bundles, was as terrified as Aunt Sally had been, and threw up his hands in unaffected astonishment. "What dat, Miss Margrit—what dat?" exclaimed he, innocently.

But Ravina did not wait for introduction or explanation. Flying at the man with the quickness and the strength of a catamount, she seized him by the throat, and began biting and clawing like an enraged animal.

"I kill you—I kill you!" she cried, suiting her actions

to her words, and fighting with all her strength, which did not diminish with exercise.

Soon the hall was in an uproar, and Ravina continued to champion her own rights, until Mrs. Lancaster succeeded in seizing one of the resolute and defiant hands.

"Ravina, sit down at once!" commanded Mrs. Lancaster.

Ravina obeyed without a question, but with clinched hands and tears streaming down her face. Grateful to her mistress for permitting her to make the visit, she never offered the butler another combat; but she persistently avoided him, and during the whole time of Mrs. Lancaster's visit she did not utter a word except in reply to a question. Regarding the negroes with distrust, she sat either in the room with her mistress or alone, stoically silent, whatever might be the conversation around her. At the expiration of the visit, Ravina, installed once more in her old home, became more talkative. The trunks were unpacked, and garments distributed to their various places, and Ravina had no little part in rearranging the articles as they were removed from the trunks.

As tray after tray was lifted and their contents examined, Mrs. Lancaster suddenly uttered a cry of astonishment. "Ravina, Ravina, what is this?"

There, carefully deposited in the bottom of the trunk, were all the gifts of apparel and remembrance, all the dainty embroidery, caps, handkerchiefs, slippers, which Mrs. Lancaster had prepared for her sister, and had presented to her with such sincere affection.

Here was a mystery.

"What does all this mean, Ravina? Who put these things back into the trunk?"

"I did," replied Ravina, with the most unperturbed countenance.

"You did!" said Mrs. Lancaster.

"Yes, my Miss Margaret, I did," answered the placid Ravina.

"Where did you get them?"

"I took them out of your sister's bureau."

"How dare you, Ravina, do such a thing? Do you not know that I gave these things to my sister? Why did you do it?"

"They shall not have my Miss Margaret's things," said Ravina very resolutely.

"But I gave them away; they are not my things any longer. You have taken Miss Lizzie's property. These things do not belong to me. You are very wrong, Ravina."

"They shall not have my Miss Margaret's things," was all that Ravina would say.

The articles were sent back to the sister, but Ravina's view of the subject remained unchanged. She never acknowledged or seemed to realize that she had violated rights of property.

Her devotion to Miss Margaret was unaltered, and during the war Ravina besought her mistress to allow her to knit the stockings needed for the family, and especially for Mrs. Lancaster's sons in the army. She handled the knitting-needles deftly and expertly, and it was interesting to watch the queer-looking little hands moving with the rapidity of lightning. The shining needles fair-

ly dazzled your eyes as she sat erect in a chair or on a stool near her mistress, looking intently at her work, and rarely uttering a word except in reply to a question.

The wreck and ruin which followed the war was quickly followed by Mrs. Lancaster's death. She had little to give to Ravina, but she bequeathed her a little spot of ground and a cabin, and her sons provided the necessities of life and as much comfort as they could afford for the little Digger Indian.

Over Ravina's chimney-piece hangs a picture of "my Miss Margaret," and a visitor to the little cabin may frequently find its possessor standing, straight as a pine, in front of it, her face glowing with an ecstasy of admiration. Morning and evening a little figure, always wrapped in a red shawl winter and summer, may be seen at the side of Mrs. Lancaster's grave, stooping now and then to pluck a weed or water a flower. If a stranger should approach, it points with a skinny, clawlike finger to the grave, and says:

"My Miss Margaret. She's gone to sleep there. I see her again. She tell me so."

Sometimes in a village hard by, the red shawl can be seen flitting from house to house. Its wearer is selling baskets of various sorts and sizes—her own handiwork in her childish days—and if you should talk with her, she would be very sure to ask, before taking leave of you:

"Did you know my Miss Margaret? I knew her. Oh yes, I knew her. I see her again."



A DIFFICULT INSTRUMENT TO PLAY UPON.

SOME CURIOUS TREES.



THERE are plenty of them scattered over the globe; and perhaps one of the most useful is the Japanese wax tree, which looks very much like our common sumac. It is seen almost everywhere in Japan; and its white berries, which are about the size of a small pea, hang in clusters, and contain the wax in a thick yellowish-white coating around the seed. This wax is obtained by bruising the seeds and boiling them, and then skimming the grease from the surface.

The wax is made into candles, which give a very fine clear light; and it is in great demand, for besides the softly brilliant candles, it is used for many other purposes. The tree itself is very ornamental, and it has been successfully introduced into California.

A thread-and-needle-tree is a step beyond the wax-tree in the way of convenience. It sounds like a fable, but the Mexican magney-tree furnishes not only a needle and thread all ready for use, but many other conveniences. Just outside the door of a Mexican home the beautiful tree stands, loaded with "clustering pyramids of flowers towering above dark coronals of leaves," and at the tip of each dark green leaf is a slender thorn needle that must be drawn carefully from its sheath, at the same time slowly unwinding the thread, a strong smooth fibre attached to the needle and capable of being drawn out to a great length.

Among its other uses, "the roots of this tree, well prepared, are a most savory dish, while with its leaves may be made a thatching fit for a queen; and no prettier sight can be met than the cottages of Mexican peasants so exquisitely crowned. The rich leaves also afford a material for paper, and from the juices is distilled a favorite beverage. From the heavier fibres the natives manufacture strong cords and coarse string cloth."

The pottery-tree, found in Brazil, is equally curious and useful. One would scarcely expect to find pots and jars and pitchers growing in if not on a tree, but the material for them certainly grows in this tree. It is found in the form of silica, chiefly in the bark, although the very hard wood of the tree also yields it. To make this curious pottery the bark is burned, and what remains is ground to powder and mixed with clay. It is very strong, and will bear almost any amount of heat.

The tree itself is singular-looking, with a very slender trunk, which is often a hundred feet from the ground before any branches appear. Botanists call it the *Moquilea utilis*.

The vegetable-lace tree of New Zealand is very little known, but it is actually there, and makes lace in a wonderful manner just beneath the outer bark. When this is stripped off, the fibrous net-work, which closely resembles lace, can be peeled away with very little trouble, and used for many decorative purposes. It makes very pretty summer bonnets, and in the district of Nelson, where the tree is most common, "bark bonnets," as they were called, were at one time quite fashionable.

A musical tree is even more out of the common order of things, and this singular member of the vegetable family has its home principally in Barbadoes, where it spreads itself over an entire valley. The sound sent forth by these trees is described as a deep-toned whistle almost like moaning, produced by the wind blowing through the pods which have a split edge. At night especially this music is very mournful. But the "whistling tree" of Africa has a more agreeable sound. Insects are fond of laying their eggs in the shoots of this tree, which is a species of acacia; and this swells them into round bladders through which the insect emerges from a round hole in the side. It is this opening which, when "played upon by the wind, becomes a musical instrument nearly equal in sound to a sweet-toned flute."

A very hateful tree that grows in Australia, and well deserves its name, is the stinging tree. It is scarcely more than a shrub, often so very low that it would not be noticed among other shrubs were it not for its disagreeable smell. But the sting is maddening, although no mark can be seen, and the pain is felt for a long time after, particularly in wet weather. Strong men will roll on the ground in agony after being stung, and a fine horse has been known to go mad after getting into a grove of these terrible trees, so that he had to be shot. Dogs also become nearly frantic, and the whole animal kingdom is demoralized by this vegetable horror.

The human trees of India, although not really trees at all, are at least interesting as a very clever manœuvre. The Bheel robbers lurk in lonely places near the mountains and jungles, and are very swift and cunning in eluding capture. They are perfect pests in India, and a band of them will often be pursued

by mounted Englishmen. Their first attempt is to reach the jungle, the beginning of which has perhaps been cleared by fire, but there is no time to seek its sheltering depths, for their pursuers are close at hand.

Fortunately for the robbers, some wrecks of small burned trees are also at hand, and taking off what little clothing they wear, they scatter it around with their stolen goods over the open space, and cover the low piles with their round shields so that they look like low mounds of earth. Then they pick up some blackened tree branches, and get into very uncomfortable attitudes to resemble twisted trunks, keeping perfectly quiet, and greatly enjoying the surprise of their pursuers at their mysterious disappearance. When the coast is clear again they untwist themselves, gather up their possessions, and make off as fast as possible.

It is said that once, before the English had become used to these manœuvres, an officer with a party of horse was chasing a small body of Bheel robbers, and was fast overtaking them. Suddenly the robbers ran behind a rock, or some such obstacle, which hid them for a moment, and when the soldiers came up the men had mysteriously disappeared. After an unavailing search, the officer ordered his men to dismount beside a clump of scorched and withered trees, and the day being very hot, he took off his helmet and hung it on a branch by which he was standing.

The branch in question turned out to be the leg of a Bheel, who burst into a scream of laughter, and flung the astonished officer to the ground. The clump of scorched trees suddenly became transformed into men; and the whole party dispersed in different directions before the Englishmen could recover from their surprise, carrying with them the officer's helmet by way of trophy.

"The deadly upas-tree," found in the famous Death Valley of Java, has had a most unpleasant reputation, and travellers told all sorts of dismal stories about it. They probably heard these reports from the superstitious natives, and did not dare to explore the dangerous region. Merely to breathe the poisoned atmosphere where it grows was believed to be certain death; and the valley was said to be covered with the remains of such birds, beasts, and reptiles as had wandered into it.

But an enterprising German traveller has put all these delightfully thrilling horrors to flight by actually going into the valley, and walking all over it without finding "so much as a dead fly," let alone the piled-up corpses so vividly described by those who kept at a safe distance from the fatal spot. One of the favorite legends of the valley was that the swiftest birds flying over it would drop dead from the poison inhaled; but Dr. Kuntze declares that it is quite as healthful a region as any other part of Java, which perhaps is not saying much for it. There was a weird fascination about the deadly upas-tree, and it is not altogether pleasant to find that it was only a fable.

The largest tree in the world is said to be a grand old chestnut at the foot of Mount Etna, which measures 212 feet around its central trunk; but a tree that can accommodate as many as thirty huts among its branches seems to require an even greater circumference than this. The wonderful baobab-tree of India and Africa is remarkable in many ways. It is said to live for thousands of years, and to be extremely tenacious of life, as it will grow and bear fruit even when cut down and lying on the ground, so long as there is any connection with the roots.

The branches of the baobab spread out to an immense extent, and huge beehives seem to be dotted around all over them. These are the huts of the natives, who climb into their houses before it is dark on rough ladders, which they draw up after them, and sleep securely in spite of roaring lions and other animals that serenade them from below.

A traveller who, with his companions, was occupying one of these huts for a short time, says: "My first experience of living in the air was very novel; the night was one continuous growl, roar, etc., so much so that I found it an impossibility to sleep. Finally the most horrible squeals broke out directly below me. It was very dark, and being unable to see any object, but knowing something was wrong, I threw a can containing water out of the hut door in the direction whence the noise proceeded, but with little result, though the squealing grew fainter. In the morning a small pig we had been keeping and put in a pen overnight was missing. What took him nobody ever knew, as no trace remained; it only went to illustrate how we might have fared had we been camping on the ground."

The baobab-tree is often loaded not only with fruit, but with monkeys that gambol and chatter among its branches as only

monkeys can, while they greedily devour the pulpy contents of the long green pods. The more common name of the baobab where it grows is the "monkey bread-tree."

THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

A GAME FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

A NEW game is always welcome, especially when the long winter evenings come when girls and boys gather about the fire in the family room and beg mother for "something to do" to give them a laugh before bedtime. The "Circulating Library" is the name of a new game that seems just suited to the taste of the children of our public schools, and the older folks will often enjoy it with them.

The Circulating Library is in two parts. Part first is the inanimate; part second, animate. The library committee select a number of titles of popular books, and arrange articles that correspond with each one—somewhat after the fashion of a pictorial rebuss. These articles are placed on a large table in the middle of a room and carefully numbered.

Each visitor is provided with a card and pencil, on which are drawn lines numbered to correspond with the book number. The visitors are invited to examine the imaginary library, and requested to guess the name of each book and write it on the numbered line. Visitors are allowed fifteen or twenty minutes. No matter what length of time, so that all are treated alike. The fun consists in the queer guesses. Two prizes are offered, one for the largest number of correct guesses, another as a "booby prize" for the smallest number. No communications or hints are allowed while the visitors are at work.

The names of books, of course, differ with each game, and afford fine opportunity for bright ideas and funny surprises. If the players are all children, then of course the books must be such as are quite well known and easily remembered. Older people can have a larger assortment. If the party is a mixed one, it would be a good plan to offer children's prize and grown-up prize.

Here are a few names by way of suggestion: "The Old-fashioned Girl"—an old daguerreotype or picture of one of the mothers, or of Queen Victoria when she was about twelve years old; "A Rose in Bloom" is easily arranged; "Under the Lilacs"—a bunch of lilacs fastened over the table. Other books that are special favorites of the children can be added.

The following is a list for the mothers and sisters and gentlemen of the party: Tolstoi's "Fruits of Culture"—hot-house grapes and nectarines; "Very Hard Cash"—some silver dollars in a tall pile, or smaller coin; "The Light of Asia"—a burning candle placed on map of Asia; "Mill on the Floss"—a volume of J. Stuart Mill placed on a bunch of floss; "The Three Musketeers"—three large dead *mosquitoes*; "Bread and Cheese and Kisses"—a piece of bread, a bit of cheese, and several candy kisses; "The Scarlet Letter"—a great red A; "A Cardinal Sin"—the word SIN in red paint.

The following can be readily arranged: "An Old Maid's Love"; "It is Never too Late to Mend"; "My First Love and My Last"; "Birds of Prey"; "A Broken Blossom"; "Not Dead Yet"; "Balaam and his Master"; "The Quick and the Dead."

PART TWO.

This is more lively than the other, and generally ends in a frolic, and is just what is needed to cheer up the weary crowd. "Helen's Babies"—a cunning baby taught to say "I want to see wheels go round"; "The Man Who Laughs" must make his hearers do the same; "Our Mutual Friend"—the most popular boy or girl present; "The Village Blacksmith"—easily arranged; "The Pathfinder"—with a great snow-shovel; "The Light that Failed"—a lamp with oil burned out; "That Pretty Sister of Jose"—is merely some pretty girl appearing by the side of an adopted brother named Joe; "Anne"—a young girl or a girl-baby blessed with that old-fashioned name; "The Snow Image"—arranged by using quantities of cotton batting, white muslin, and face-powder; "A Fair Barbarian"—a very blond miss, dressed in Indian costume.

The above list will suggest many others. One variation would be to give the entire works of a few favorite authors. Another, to have a Musical Library, giving popular songs, such as "Last Rose of Summer," "Blue Bonnets are Over the Border," "The Vacant Chair," etc., ending with "Hail Columbia" or "Star Spangled Banner," given by young girl draped in American flag, who shall sing the solo and invite the company to join in chorus.

SOME WAYS OF GULLS.

AS a general thing very little is said about gulls, and most people know nothing about them except that they fly around the ships at sea, and skim gracefully over the water, where their long-pointed wings at a little distance make them look like a flock of irregular V's. They are beautiful birds, with their white plumage varied with soft gray, brown, and black, and sometimes a tinge of rose-color is seen. They fly low over the water when a storm is approaching, but never do they seek the protection of a ship, for the singular reason that they become seasick from its motion like human beings.

Gulls have a great many interesting ways, and as they may be seen on lakes and rivers as well as out at sea, it is not difficult to study their habits. They sometimes show as much intelligence as dogs; and naturalists have seen them feeding on shell-fish by flying up with them for some distance, and then dropping them down on a rock. When the shell was not broken they would mount with it again and again, each time higher than the last, until their perseverance was rewarded with success.

Young gulls are sometimes tamed so that they become as gentle and affectionate as pigeons; and one that was given to a little girl grew into the most endearing of pets. At first its wings were clipped to prevent it from flying away, but when they grew again the graceful bird would amuse itself by sailing off almost out of sight; and then when its anxious owner was just ready to cry, back it would come and circle round her. As the young gull got more and more grown up it took itself quite off by degrees, and would stay away for days together.

But the truant always came back in the end; and then it happened that the little mistress went away to her city home. She had a sorrowful leave-taking of her pet, never expecting to see it again; but when she returned the next summer, a small procession of gulls floated in from the sea with her old playmate among them. He circled round and round well out of reach; but suddenly, as if satisfied, he descended and made himself quite at home on a fence. Then he came nearer, and before long the two playmates were as sociable and affectionate as ever.

Two tame gulls that were kept in the grounds of an English country-house to destroy the slugs and other insects once conducted themselves in a very unexpected and highly reprehensible manner. They appeared to regard a small pond in the grounds as their own especial property; but one warm day their master placed a bottle of champagne in this pond to keep it cool for some friends who were expected to dinner. After a while he heard a great commotion in the garden, and on going out to inquire into it he found the birds in a noisy state of happiness over his champagne.

They had watched the proceeding of burying it in the pond, and when the coast was clear they determined to explore the mysterious bottle. So dragging it out by the neck, they let it fall as though breaking oysters or mussels—on the pebbles that bordered the pond. The bottle was broken so high up that there was plenty of champagne left for them to revel in, and when discovered they were a very disreputable pair of gulls. But they had sense enough left to expect punishment for their misdemeanor, and with a frightened cry at sight of their master they disappeared, and were seen no more that day.

Another story is one of kind and thoughtful helpfulness to some unfortunate neighbors. It was a bitterly cold region in the far northern and western part of our continent, and while human beings nearly perished, swarms of crows were dying of starvation because the ice prevented them from getting their usual food out of the water. This consisted of refuse from the ship that was watching their movements, and the poor things were nearly maddened because they could not stand still on the ice, without frozen feet, long enough to seize the precious fragments that came floating by.

Presently a flock of gulls came up, screaming and flapping their wings, and seeing how matters stood with the crows, they snatched the food from the water, and put it within reach of their black fellow-creatures. There was a great deal of prancing around on both sides, and much commotion; but it was a regular case of feeding the hungry, and those who watched it wondered if the gulls did not have more pleasure in the performance than even the starving crows.

HE KNEW.

"DOES your little brother know how to walk, Abner?"
"Yeth. He *knowth* how, but he can't do it yet."



A CORDIAL INVITATION.

THREE *Tree Sparrows* sat in the first row. "HELLO, YOUNGSTERS! COME RIGHT ALONG AND HELP US ENJOY IT IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR CHEESEBUNS."

HARD ON THE LION.

JIM. "Bears can climb trees, can't they, papa?"

PAPA. "Yes, my son."

JIM. "And lions can't?"

PAPA. "No, my boy."

JIM. "Well, I don't think that's fair for the lion, 'cause if a big lion got after a little bear, the little bear could climb a tree and get away, but if a big bear got after a little lion, he'd be caught and eaten right up."

A FREQUENT TROUBLE.

"WELL, Bob, you were kept in at school to-day, I hear."

"Yes, sir."

"Didn't you know your lessons?"

"Yes, I knew 'em well enough, but I couldn't get my answers to fit the questions."

SAVING LOTS OF TROUBLE.

JACK was observed to be vigorously hitting himself in the back with the flat of his hand, and his mamma, surprised at what he was doing, said,

"Why, Jack, what are you up to?"

"I'm savin' you trouble, mamma," he replied. "I've been naughty, an' I'm spanking myself."

NO OBJECTIONS.

UNCLE BOB (watching the children at play). "What's the object of this game, Wilfred?"

WILFRED. "There aren't any objections to it. Papa said so."

WALLIE AND JACK.

"You and Jack sit next to each other in school, don't you, Wallie?"

"Part of the time."

"Only a part?"

"Yes, sir. Jack's standing in the corner most of the time."

"And what do you do then?"

"Oh, I generally stand in another corner."

THE GEOGRAPHY CLASS.

"Now, Jack," said the teacher, "where is Hong Kong?"

"I don't know, sir. It was in China last time I heard," said Jack.

JACK'S IDEA.

"NEXT year, when I have my garden again," said Jack, "I'm going to try and raise weeds. The things you don't want grow better than the things you do; and maybe if I pretend I don't want roses, I'll get 'em."

ONE OF TOM'S QUESTIONS.

TOM's father was eating tongue for his luncheon, and Tom was much interested in it as it lay on the platter.

"What part of it did the cow use to say 'moo' with, papa?" he asked.

A GOOD COMPARISON.

TOM's foot was asleep, and the prickly feeling made him uncomfortable. "My foot feels like as if it needed a shave," he said, as he remembered how his father's chin looked when he needed one.

A NEW VIEW OF THE MOSQUITO'S SONG.

"WHY, Jack," said Jack's mother, "you are all bitten up by mosquitoes. How did they get at you through the net?"

"I let 'em in," said Jack. "They cried so hard they kept me awake."

A WARNING.

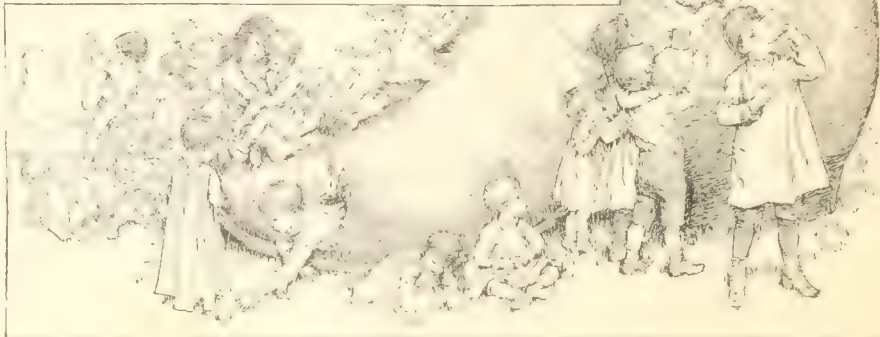
"COME here, Jack, and I'll tell you a story," said the visitor.

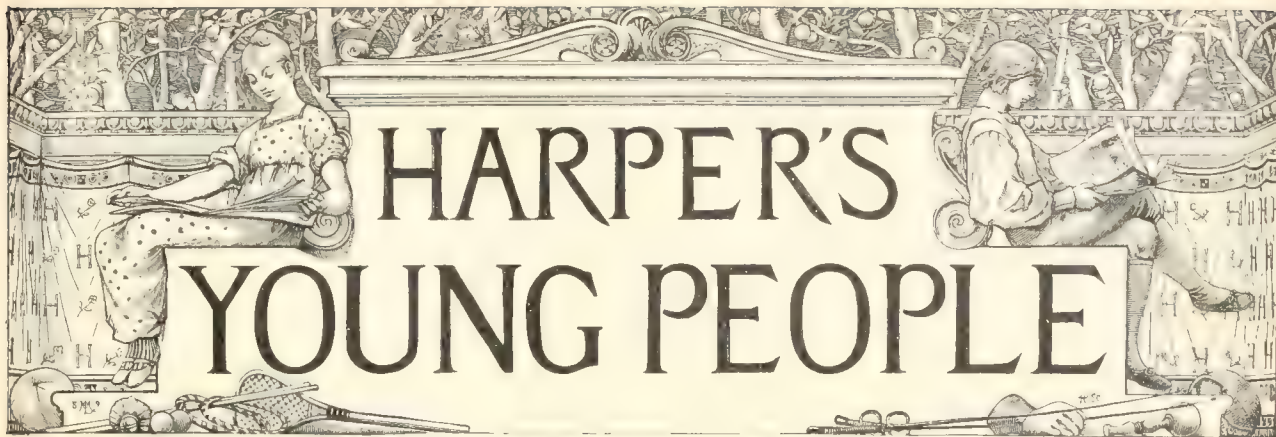
"Better not let papa hear you," said Jack. "He spansks me when I tell stories."



**"Little maid, pretty maid
Whither goest thou?"
"Down in the forest
To milk my cow"
"Shall I go with thee?"
"No, not now,
When I send for thee
Then come thou."**

**There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do.
To some she gave broth,
To some she gave bread.
She whipped them all round
And sent them to bed.**





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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

A CONVENIENT WHALE.

ONE OF THE OLD SAILOR'S YARNS.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

ONE very clear and calm day, when the sun was bright and the sea as smooth as oil, the boys became tired of play, and decided to go and talk to the Old Sailor, or, rather, let him talk to them. So they walked down to the pier, and there, as usual, sat their friend gazing out to sea. The boys often wondered what it was that the Old Sailor was looking for out there, but as he never told them, they never found out. Away out on the horizon were two three-masted schooners with every stitch of canvas spread to catch the faint upper current of air that

hardly gave them steerageway. Off to the southward a little squat lead-colored fruit steamer, with a gaudy red-topped funnel, was rolling lazily along on the last stretch of her voyage from Havana, her lumbering sway resembling for all the world the motion of a duck walking. Off in the northeast four short masts and two columns of smoke rose far enough above the blue rim of the sea to let the spectator know that an ocean greyhound was slipping along. Half-way between these and the two schooners, but much nearer to the land, was a curious



"THE WHALE GIVE A GREAT BIG SHIVER, SENT ME A-FLYIN' INTO THE AIR, AN' DISAPPEARED."

of blood, and with a very high, broad, top-gallant boom, and a foremast that stood up in front of her almost like a mast. The Old Sailor turned his head all at once, and the footsteps of the boys behind him.

"Who?" asked Henry.

"You, in course," replied their friend. "That's wot we sees aboard o' a whalin' wessel when we sees a whale."

"Were you ever a sailor on a whaling ship?"

"S'posin' I wos to ax you wot kind o' a wessel were that," said the Old Sailor, pointing at the old-fashioned brig, "wot'd you go fur to say?"

"A brig," exclaimed both boys.

"Why?"

"Because she has two masts, both square-rigged."

"Werry good, too, says I. An' s'posin' I wos to ax you wot kind o' trade she were in, wot'd you say?"

"I don't know," said Henry.

"That's werry good, too. W'en you don't know nothin', say so an' stick to it. Mebbe you might learn."

Then the Old Sailor stared out at the sea and laughed a long silent laugh. "Now I'm a-goin' fur to tell you a secret," he continued, presently. "I don't know neither."

He laughed again, and the boys laughed too.

"But," said the Old Sailor, "she looks like a old whal'n' brig called the *Merry Grampus* wot I were once first mate on, which the same time I went into some werry high latitudes, an' come putty near not comin' back never no more."

"Oh, tell us about that!" exclaimed both boys, knowing that their quaint friend had another yarn ready for them.

"This 'ere yarn wot I'm a-goin' fur to tell you," began the Old Sailor, watching the brig and shaking his head gravely, "are a werry curious yarn, an' it all happened in the summer o' 1818. The brig *Merry Grampus* were commanded by Cap'n Jehosaphat Snodgrass, a werry tall thin man wot did most o' his talkin' through his nose, though I didn't see no need o' that, 'cos his mouth were as big as a moorin' pipe, an' his ears wos too. Howsumever, that 'ain't got nothin' to do with the yarn wot I'm a-goin' fur to tell you. Cap'n Jehosaphat Snodgrass were mortal fond o' carryin' sail, an' he never were so happy as when he had all his stuns'ls on. So it were not so werry many days afore we wos at the entrance to Davis's Straits, which is the front door o' the north pole. We had been doin' putty well, an' had some considerable number o' barrels o' oil stowed away below—but now luck fell dead agin us, an' it seemed as ef every whale had gone South to spend the summer in warm latitudes, which wos contrary to nature.

"To make things wuss an' wuss, it came on to blow from the north'ard an' west'ard, an' Cap'n Jehosaphat Snodgrass he ups an' he says, says he, 'I'll be blowed ef I'm a-goin' to butt agin a gale like a bloomin' Flyin' Dutchman,' says he just like that to me, as wos first mate. 'Werry well, sir,' says I; 'ef you don't heave to, you got to scud,' says I to him, says I. 'Then let her scud,' says he to me, says he, just like that. So I got the old hooker under a close-reefed main tops'l and double-reefed fores'l, an' I let her go south-s'utheast. We ran that way fur about ten hours, an' then the sea begin to git too high fur us to run any more; so the Cap'n he says, says he, that we'd have to heave to, arter all, an' wuss luck to it. So we hove her to on the port tack. But, bless you! we hadn't much more'n got it done, when, bizz! the wind smacks around to the sou'west an' blows the sea out flatter'n a New England flapjack. Then Cap'n Jehosaphat Snodgrass says he to me, says he, 'We got to heave her to this new wind on the starboard tack, 'cos ef we go on the port tack we'll fetch up on Cape Farewell, which the

it are a werry improper place fur to fetch up on,

me knowin', 'cause I bin there.' An' says I to him, says I, 'Werry well, sir; I don't want to fetch up on Cape Farewell, nor no other cape, 'cos dry land ain't no place fur the keel o' a ship.' So we heaves her to on the starboard tack, an' there we staid fur three days an' nights. All the time we wos makin' about seven p'int leeway, an' w'en the gale broke the Cap'n he figured it out that we wos not fur to the south'ard an' east'ard o' Cape Dis-cord, which, as you werry well knows, is on the east coast."

"East coast of what?" asked Henry.

"East coast o' Greenland, o' course," answered the Old Sailor. "You didn't suppose that w'en we wos in Davis's Straits we wos off the Cape o' Good Hope, did you?"

The boys looked abashed, and the Old Sailor, after indulging in one of his silent laughs, proceeded thus:

"Waal, arter the gale ended, the lookout was stationed in the crow's-nest agin, an' we hoped we might see a whale putty soon. We hadn't much faith, howsumever, 'cos we'd never done no whalin' on that side o' Greenland, an' didn't know much about it; neither did nobody else, so fur as I know. Howsumever, it weren't so werry long before, while we was a-standin' to the sou'west under heavy canvas, the lookout sings out, 'There she blows, an' there she breaches!'

"'Were away?' says I to him, says I.

"'Two p'int off the lee bow!' says he to me, says he.

"Waal, Cap'n Jehosaphat Snodgrass he comes on deck in about two jumps, an' orders me to take the second boat, an' he wos goin' to take the fust himself. We lowered away, an' wos just a-startin' from the ship's side, w'en the lookout sings out agin, an' we learned that there was another whale up an' blowin' about half a mile away from the fust. The Cap'n started with his boat arter this new one, an' I went arter the one wot'd bin sighted fust. Waal, I sees when we begin to bear down on him that he were a werry big an' powerful-lookin' bull whale, an' I got ready to have a lively scrimmage. I handled the harpoon myself, an' I sent it in, as I thought, putty deep. The whale up flukes an' sounds, an' the line run out o' the tub like lightnin' fur a minute or two, I tell you. He didn't go werry deep, though, an' soon he came up, shootin' half his length out o' the water. Then he started off fur the north pole as hard as he could tear. Gee-whizz! The way we went through the water fur a minute or two! Then I looked down at the line, an' I wos scared to see that it were frayed, an' ready to break. I grabbed it outside the boat's gunnel. Jest then the whale gives a jump, bang went the line, an' I were overboard an' goin' through the water like an express train."

The boys almost held their breath in anxiety.

"W'en I come to the surface," continued the Old Sailor, "I were a hundred an' fifty yards from the boat, still hangin' on to the line, an' bein' towed through the sea about twelve knots an hour. I were such a poor swimmer I knowed I couldn't git back to the boat, an' I knowed no boat could catch me a goin' at that gait. I made up my mind my time had come, but I says to myself, says I, 'I won't go under till I've got to.' So I turned over on my back an' hung on. As long as the whale kept a-goin' I couldn't sink. He kept on fur I don't know how long—two or three hours—an' I were putty near dead. The brig an' boats wos out o' sight long ago. Then all on a sudden the whale he stopped an' turned back, comin' right at me. Then I gave up an' let go the line. Of course I went down, an' when I came up I came up right along-side o' the whale, wot were lyin' puffickly still. 'Dead,' I thought, believin' I'd sent the harpoon in fur enough to bleed him to death. But I were sinkin' agin. I grabbed out with both hands, an' by good luck caught the harpoon line. I hauled myself up to the surface an' got my breath. 'Ef the whale's dead,' says I to myself, says I, 'he'll float.' So by means o' the line I climbs up on his back. Waal, I weren't so werry much better off

than I were before, 'cos floatin' around on a dead whale in the North Atlantic ain't such sport as it might seem to them wot hasn't tried it.

"Waal, I puzzled my brains as to wot I were to do next. Generally speaking, I knowed the land were somewhere to the west'ard of me, an' it couldn't be so werry fur away neither, owin' to the distance the whale had towed me toward it. How were I to get there? The wind were now a fair breeze from the east'ard, an' I says to myself, says I, 'Ef I could only rig a sail on this 'ere whale, an' steer him somehow, mebbe I could sail myself ashore.' Waal, there were the harpoon an' the line—one spar an' plenty o' riggin'. But if I used the harpoon fur a mast it weren't tall enough, an' I wouldn't have no yard. So I were putty much puzzled. But byme-by I jumps up with a new idee. 'Wot's the reason I can't make a mast out o' myself?' says I to myself, says I, just like that. So I takes off my shirt, an' with my knife an' yarns from the harpoon line I soon had a werry good sail made. Then I had an awful time a-pullin' the harpoon out o' the whale. Out she came, though, an' not a speck o' blood followed, w'ich struck me all in a heap, till I remembered that he wouldn't bleed arter he were dead. I bent my sail on to the harpoon, an' then I made a parral 'round my neck, by means o' which I slung my yard. I made the sheets fast to my feet, an' I were ready to get under way."

"But how did you steer?" said Henry.

"W'y, I jest rigged lines on to his tail, an' w'en I wanted to steer, pulled his tail fur a rudder.

"Waal, I carc'lated I were makin' about two knots an hour," continued the Old Sailor, "an' I were considerable worried about the wind holdin', or whether I'd git ashore afore I starved to death. Howsumever, to make the story short, I sailed all night, and as soon as daylight come I sees land dead ahead, about four miles away. Now I wished I knowed how much water that whale drewed, so's I could tell what kind o' a harbor to make fur. I looked mighty close at the land which I were approachin', but I couldn't see no inlet. But putty soon I did see somethin' wot pleased me a heap more, an' that were an Esquimau a-comin' off in his dak. He'd seed me a-comin', an' wos bound to find out wot kind o' a craft I were. He pulled up about fifty yards away, an' axed me wot I were. I told him as quick as I could, an' says to him, says I, to please take me off.

"Waal, young gen'lem'n, before he could make a stroke, I felt a sudden earthquake under me. The whale give a great big shiver, humped his back, threw up his flukes, sent me a-flyin' into the air, an' disappeared. Luckily fur me, I'd already taken off my harpoon yard, so arter sinkin' putty deep, I came up agin, an' the Esquimau, who had made a good guess, were right there an' grabbed me. He pulled me into his boat, where I sat puffickly dumb fur a few minutes. W'en I looked up the Esquimau were a laffin' at me. 'Putty good joke, I s'pose,' says I, 'but I don't see it.' 'Why,' says he, 'you ort to be satisfied. That whale saved your life.' I says to him, says I, 'That's all werry well, but that whale were dead, an' hadn't no business to come to life agin like that.'

"Dead? Nonsense!" says the Esquimau, paddlin' me toward the land. 'He were asleep.'

"Asleep?" says I; 'with a harpoon in him?'

"Yes," says he to me, says he, laffin' still more; 'you hit him on the funny-bone with it w'en you struck him, an' jest put him to sleep arter the first shock were over. It always does. We Esquimaux often harpoon whales on the funny-bone just fur the fun o' the thing.'

The Old Sailor looked gravely around the horizon for a moment, and then concluded thus:

"I got home agin all right in the course o' time, or I wouldn't be here; but I 'ain't never believed that that Esquimau told the truth."

Those Horse-hair Snakes

BY WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON,

AUTHOR OF "SHARP EYES," "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS," ETC.



O they are called; and if the almost unanimous rustic opinion, with its ancient tradition and reliable witness, is to be credited, such they are in very truth. Indeed, there would seem to be few better attested facts in the whole range of natural history than the pedigree of this white or brown threadlike creature which is found in summer shallows and pools. Go where you will in the rural districts and it is the same old story. "They come from horse-hairs," and in some sections they are destined finally to become full-grown water-adders. It is commonly no mere theory. It is either an indisputable fact, tested by individual observation, or else is accepted as a matter of course, much as Pliny of old accepted the similar natural history "discoveries" of his time. He says, for example, on a similar subject, "I have heard many a man say that the marrow of a man's backbone will breed to a snake. And well it may so be, for surely there be many secrets in nature to us unknown, and much may come of hidden causes."

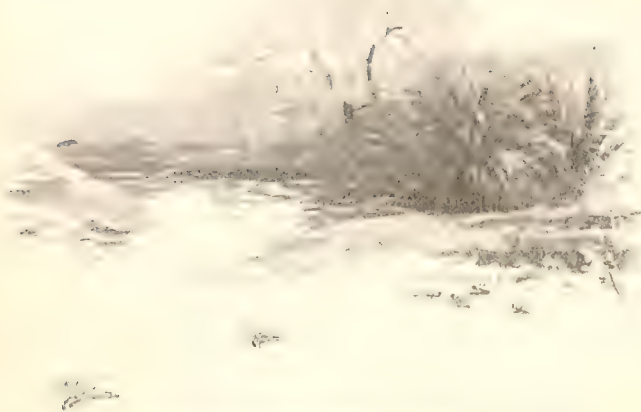
I have exchanged much comment on the subject of the hair snake with New England farmers. I have heard it claimed by one rural authority that a horse-hair bottled in water and placed in the sun will become a snake at second full moon. One prominent Granger, not to be outdone, went so far as to affirm that an old horse of his fell dead at the edge of the dam, and that the whole animal's tail squirmed off, and the pond was full of hair snakes in consequence. It becomes almost a matter of personal offence to the average countryman to question the truth of these statements. The hair snake is a *fact*—settled by their forefathers, and more true than ever to-day.

But snake stories, like fish stories, are always to be "taken with salt," and lest some of our younger readers may become converts to the rural authorities with whom they are perhaps associated in the summer outings, and in order also to relieve our long-suffering horse from this outrageous libel on its tail, it is well to settle our horse-hair snake story once and for all, so far as the readers of the YOUNG PEOPLE are concerned. To this end, I doubt if I can do better than to quote from memory a certain village store discussion of which the everlasting hair snake was the topic. I say "discussion," but this was hardly the proper term to apply to a general conversation in which all the parties seemed to agree. For some moments it consisted of anecdotes bearing on the subject, and each of the group had furnished his item of interest supporting the accepted theory of the horse-hair origin of the snake. Only one member of the company remained to be heard from, Amos Shoopegg, the village cobbler, who had kept silent, with somewhat sinister expression on his countenance as he listened with a sort of superior disdain to the various wonderful accounts, until at length, upon the recital of the story of the dead horse in the pond he could contain himself no longer, and blurted out:

"Well, I swan, I never see sech a lot of dunceheels! I never hear sech fool talk since I's born. They ain't no one on ye thet's got enny sense."



AMOS.



DANGEROUS GROUND FOR GRASSHOPPERS AND CRICKETS

"Waal, haow much hev *yeu* gut?" asked the narrator of the dead-horse story, testily. "*Yeu* never see a har snake in yer life, and wouldn't know one from a side o' sole-leather er a waxed-end ef it wuz laid in yer lap."

"Not know 'em? I guess not," replied Amos. "I know more about 'em than the hull lot o' ye put together. Not know 'em! Law! hain't I seen 'em flyin' over the meddy by the hundreds in hayin'-time!"

A loud and long-continued guffaw concert greeted this surprising statement; a result which the shrewd cobbler had anticipated.

"We give in," remarked one sarcastic snake expert, when the laughter had subsided. "We give in. We don't enny on us know *thet* much," followed by another burst of derisive laughter.

"Thet's becuz *yeu* ornery critters hain't gut no sense," replied Amos, with warmth. "Ye beleve jest wut enny-body tells ye, or jest wut yer gran'ther beleved before ye, ez though *yeur* gran'ther knowed any more'n a hedge fence jest becuz he hed the misfortoon to be *yeur* gran'ther. *My* gran'ther sed so tew. But what on't? He warn't to blame. He didn't know no better. I do. *Yeu* say them snakes come from hoss-har. Like nuff they ain't one o' ye but b'leaves fer a fac' thet ef yer old har-cloth sofy wuz put to soak it woud all squirm off over night. Ye see these ar har snakes in the hoss-trawf, and thet's *enuff* fer ye. Immejetly *yeu* hev yer 'hoss-har snake,' 'n' you're so sot they ain't no livin' with ye."

And so he went on, with occasional exclamatory or chaffing interruptions.

"Oh yis! *Yeu* know all about 'em, jest becuz ye hed a gran'ther who wuz a dunceheel. Nobody kin teech ye nothin', but I'll tek a leetle o' the conceit out o' ye afore I'm done with ye. Wut I know I *know*, 'n' wut I say I kin prove. 'N' if none o' *yeu* idjits hain't seen them har snakes a-flyin' over the meddy ez I sed, then ye *don't know nothin' about 'em*. I tell ye I've seen 'em 'n' caught 'em!"

"Say, Amos," slyly asked a jibing neighbor at his elbow, "wut did ye hev in the hayin'-pail that day?"

"Waal," drawled Amos, after the momentary laughter had subsided, "wutever it wuz, it'd do *yeu* a power o' good ef ye'd take one long pull on't. It woud be a eye opener fer ye, p'raps, 'n' you'd *larn* suthin'. You've ben fed with a spoon all yer life, 'n' ye swaller wutever they give ye without lookin'. Thet's wut ails *yeu*. Say," he continued, trying to get in a word edgewise in the prevalent hilarious din, "you idjits er havin' a mighty sight o' fun over this 'ere! I'll give ye a chance to show which on ye is the biggest fool. Doos any one o' ye want to bet me that ye ain't a pack o' dunces? Which on ye 'll bet me a scythe that wut I say about these ar flyin' snakes is all poppycut? Come, naow, I'm talkin' bizniss,

and if ye ain't a lot o' cowards, p'raps you'll *prove* thet ye ain't. I say them snakes wuz a-flyin' around ez fast ez grasshoppers all over the meddy, 'n' ar flyin' thar naow, like all-possessed 'n' I kin *prove* it. Naow who sez I *kain't*, and will wager me a new scythe on't?"

A momentary lull followed this challenge, but the bet was promptly taken, by several of the company, the "dead-horse" story-teller being the first to rise to the bait.

In a moment Amos had left the store, and within a half-hour (barely long enough for him to have reached his home and returned) he reappeared with a box containing the "proofs" of his remarkable statement.

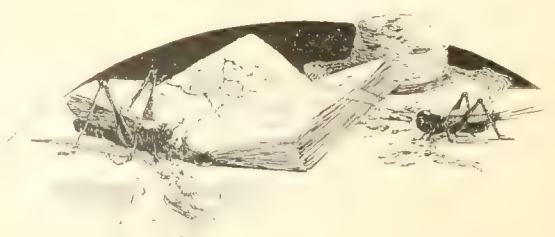
He won his bet, having introduced his sceptical hearers to the two prime authorities that knew more about har snakes than all the rustic wiseacres or scientific professors put together, for his box was filled with grasshoppers and black crickets, including one or two specimens specially preserved in a small vial of alcohol, to show the parasitic snake coiled in its close spiral.

It is reported that Amos never got his scythe, however, the "dead-horse" story-teller having backed out on a technicality, claiming that Amos could not have seen the snakes, he said, and that the snakes had no wings, and consequently could not have been seen "flying" over the meadow; but the cobbler was at least the means of wiping out the har-snake superstition in the village, and even to this day he is heard to sing out to the chaffing group at the village store, on occasions when he is crowded a little too far, "Who sed hoss-har snake?" He laughs best who laughs last.

There was nothing in the outward appearance of Amos to indicate an intelligence superior to that of his fellows, the secret of his present victorious position being found in the fact that he had been in the habit of making the most of his "summer boarders." One of these during the present season had been a college professor of biology, who had enlightened him on many puzzling matters of natural history, including the mystery of the har snake, whose horse-hair origin he would once have maintained as stoutly as did his opponents at the village store.

My own early belief was influenced by the prevailing country opinion, and more than one is the horse hair which I have put to soak with interesting anticipation. By a mere accident the true source of the snake was discovered. I had procured a box of grasshoppers and crickets for bait, numbering some hundreds, and once, upon opening it, observed two of the threadlike creatures entangled like a snell among the insects. Further experience while baiting the hooks with the grasshoppers revealed others in the bodies of both crickets and grasshoppers, which seemed in no way disturbed by their presence.

So the "horse-hair snake" may be written down a myth. Its existence prior to the time we discover it in the brook or puddle has been spent under the hospitable roof of the insects mentioned; upon escaping from which it seeks the water to lay its eggs. The young in turn seek the grasshoppers and crickets which frequent their haunt, and thus the routine is continued, to the possible annoyance of the grasshopper and the complete mystification of the rural scientist.



WHAT BECAME OF MY PETS.

BY TELLO D'APERY (15 YEARS OLD).

I THINK every child feels the need of some kind of a live pet, particularly if he has no brothers or sisters of his own age, and I have always managed to have something, and I can honestly say that I have always treated my pets kindly, yet they all seemed to grow tired of life. It has been a mania with them.

It is not easy to keep pets in a city flat, but I have done my best. The first one I had was a black cat, a beautiful creature, without a white spot, except a diamond on his breast. He came to our door and scratched, and I took him in, and in a few months he was a fine large cat, glossy as satin, full of play. I taught him to race and jump over hurdles, and he would play marbles with me, rolling them across the room as long as I would roll them back to him. He would play hide-and seek like a child, and was always ready for a frolic.

The second year he ran away down three flights of stairs into a back yard, and was gone three days, and when we had given up all hope of ever seeing him, he came sneaking back, dirty, hungry, thirsty, and bloody. He was wild and savage for several days, but finally became himself again; but after a few weeks he ran away again and staid a week. Every time he went he remained longer, and when he came back he used to feel so ashamed that he did not care to show himself, or play, or do anything but eat and sleep, and instead of sleeping on my bed, he preferred to sleep on a piece of carpet in a dark corner. He grew worse and worse, and finally disappeared altogether. I felt very bad indeed about his behavior, and I tried to reclaim him, but he preferred being a tramp cat.

Then I was sick, and went to the country to board, and there I found a little robin in the grass. It had no parents, and so I adopted it, and took it upstairs and put it in a bureau, with a nice soft corner, and I fed it on flies and a little bread and milk; but it would not touch a fly or bug that was not alive, and if it did not get something to eat at least every ten minutes it screamed. I left the drawer open a little for air, but that was enough to give him a chance to tell the boarders that he was hungry, and that he didn't think much of an adopted parent as big as I who was such a poor bug-trap. The boarders complained of his noise, and I was building him a little house out in the yard, when he managed to squeeze himself out of the drawer, and came tumbling and fluttering down two pairs of stairs out to the porch where we were all sitting after dinner. Wobbling up to me, he sat down and closed his eyes and opened his mouth for something to eat. Everybody laughed; but we were all sorry when a big gray cat sprang upon him and carried him under the house.

The next day I went down by the river with the boys, and caught several pretty little turtles, none as large as a half-dollar. Then I got a tub and put them under the pump, and wrote home to my parents that I had "four lovely turtails." I had not learned to spell very well then. I also caught a crawfish, and I went home for a few days and took him with me. I put the crawfish in a deep dish, and set it outside the window, and kept him for three days, but on the morning of the fourth he was gone. I found him thirty feet below, in the yard dead.

I left the turtles in Passaic for a while, as I felt a little uncertain of their conduct, and was not positive about their food; but at last, when summer was ended, I brought home the three prettiest ones, carrying the rest back to the river. I saw that they would eat flies and worms, and that, failing these, they would eat little strips of raw veal or beef, taking it in their mouths and clawing off all that they did not want. Their backs were of a rich dark brown, purple in some lights, with markings of yellow,

and their heads and feet were mottled brown and yellow, with a delicate pink between the toes; their lips were yellow, and their eyes bright and knowing.

I called the big one Levi P. Morton; the next, Benjamin Harrison; and the little one, Grover Cleveland. Levi P. Morton was generous and very good-natured. Benjamin Harrison didn't want any one to have anything but himself, and many a time I have seen him drop his piece to seize that of one of the others; and sometimes he would tuck four or five pieces under him and sit on them while he quarrelled for more. Grover Cleveland was a quiet little fellow, fond of sitting in a dry place in the sun, or lying on top of the water pretending to be asleep, only moving one foot from time to time just to keep afloat; but for all his sleepy airs, he caught more flies than either of the others.

I obtained permission to keep them in a large box that had been used for window plants, with a fence of shingles about eight inches high. I dug a hole and put a pan in it, and then I built a little ledge of rock with some gold-bearing quartz I had, and there was grass in it already. So I thought they ought to be happy. I changed the water every day, and in warm weather oftener, and fed them strips of meat, and rubbed molasses on the rocks to attract flies; but they were discontented. They played tag, and chased each other up their little ledge of rocks, and plunged from there into their tank; and I have often noticed them playing in the water, catching one another's paws, and kicking the water all around. One night Levi P. Morton managed somehow to crawl over the shingle fence, and fell down three stories. There was a Mexican family on that floor, and a little Mexican boy handed me my poor turtle in the morning. He was not dead, and lived over a month after that; but I noticed that he wouldn't eat, and that he only used the feet on one side to swim with, and he wouldn't come out of the water at all. I saw Grover Cleveland offer him flies twice, but they did not tempt him, and finally he died; and I took the two that were left up to Central Park, where I set them loose in the lake.

It was not that time, but another, when I was in the Park with Albert Lyon, my old chum, and we each caught a goldfish in the lake with our straw hats, and a scolding when we got home. I got an old can and put them in, and we came home all right, and I put mine in a deep dish and set it outside that same fatal window, and covered it over with a piece of paper with a hole in it; but the wind took that off, and in the morning my gold-fish was dead on the fire-escape below. Albert, when he left me to go home, put his fish wrapped in a wet handkerchief in his pocket; and when his mother saw his hat, he thought he would wait a little longer before telling her about the fish, and so he slipped into the parlor and hid it under a sofa cushion, and forgot it until a few days later, when his mother found it after searching a long while for the "dead mouse somewhere."

I had bought a globe for my fish, and thought it a pity to waste it, so I paid fifty cents for a young goldfish. He learned to come at my call and eat flies, and I became quite expert at catching flies; but one night mamma heard a flapping noise on the top of the big desk, and there was the fish out of water. She put him back, and he was all right for a while; but one night we all went to the theatre, and when we came back he was dead on the floor.

I didn't feel so very bad over this, as I had a little white chicken that papa brought me, and that had been hatched by an incubator. It was a month old, and he followed me everywhere; and when I was in school he made so much noise and trouble that finally I agreed to let a friend take it to his place to keep among his chickens. I never saw my little chicken again. He said rats got it, but I always think he made a pot-pie of it.

He was the tiniest of birds when I caught up an egg of a baby sparrow, and took him home. Of course mamma said, "Oh, I can't have it here!" and of course I kept him up in my room. But one day a canary had come to and sat him in that. Sparrows have the biggest appetites and eat of any bird I know, and when he wasn't fed he would scream so that he could be heard down stairs. I caught flies and bugs and worms for that little fellow till I was tired, and I got to respect the little sparrow tribe for their industry in feeding their young, and that wasn't enough, so when I was in school papa or mamma would feed it bread and milk or the yel-low of eggs. It would even eat meat if cut fine. It finally grew into the prettiest little hen sparrow, and was so tame that it was always under one's feet, and if I took a paper it would look all around and act as if reading. It was absolutely fearless, and it had quite a pretty little song, particularly in the evening just before dark. I called it Joringel, and I taught it so that if I said "Poor little Joringel!" it would put down its head and act sad; and if I said anything to praise it, it would lift its wings and screech and hop about joyfully. One day while I was at school my sparrow suddenly flew away and never came back. Of course I was sorry, and I think I cried a little. Then I exchanged my bicycle with a boy for a flying-squirrel, and we had fun.

He was in a cigar-box, and Albert and I went shares in a cage; but before we got him into that cage he had bitten through papa's thick gloves, and scared my mother into the next room, and knocked everything over that he touched in his mad flights; but at last he was in the cage. Albert kept him awhile, until his father said he would like to get one night's rest before he died, and Albert's sister had all her fingers tied up where he bit her when she went to feed him, and Albert's mother looked worn out. We found out that flying-squirrels sleep all day, and open the cage and rattle around all night; so I sent that fellow to Central Park, where he bit a keeper very badly.

My next venture was a beautiful ring-dove that had flown into a barber's shop, and the barber gave him to me. It was tame and gentle, and did not seem to want to go away; and yet when I felt that I couldn't bear to lose it, it flew off somewhere and I never found it. That made me think it was better to have a canary that one could keep in a cage, and so my father got me a splendid singer. It did not take long to get him quite tame, and then another canary was given to my father. The new one was perfectly fearless, and in a little while they were as happy as they could be, and had the run of the flat. They would fly back and forth, play tag, and lie around the carpet like little dogs, and eat from our hands. They were fond of perching on my picture and singing.

Every one that came in was amused by these little birds. They would sit on the chair backs and sing, and I thought they would never want to leave the house; but one Palm-Sunday, when it was bitterly cold, the window was open a little, and the best singer pushed through and flew off. The other one acted as if crazy, and we shut it in a cage and set it near the window, hoping it would call the other back, but instead of that, it managed to squeeze through the bars and flew off also, and I never saw either of them again. It began to snow shortly after, and I fear they both froze to death.

After that I said I would never have any more live pets, but one day a little yellow and white kitten came to my door, nearly starved, and we took him in. He is now about two years old, and is called Sancho Panza, and his behavior is as nice as the other cat's was bad. Everybody that passes says, "What a beautiful cat!" He is very tame, and so clean and white that he is nice to look at, and he has some very cunning tricks, among which is a

habit of holding out his paw and begging by opening it wide and shutting it. He will answer you when you talk to him, and keep it up ten minutes, and I have noticed that he has several changes of tone to express different wants. Even if asleep when my father comes home, he will rouse up and go to the door to meet him, and return ahead of him, with his tail up like a drawn sword. Papa calls him his Kavass, which means advance-guard in Turkish.

So far Sancho Panza has always behaved well, and never run off at all, and he sits in the window and looks out at the poor skinny tramp cats as though he feels sorry for them, but does not wish to associate with them.

HUNTED HOME.

A SCHOOL ADVENTURE IN THE HIMALAYA.

BY DAVID KER.

"DIDN'T we get off nicely? Nobody saw us slip out!" "And as they don't call over the names, perhaps they won't notice that we're not there, after all."

"And even if they do, I'd sooner, any day, have to write out the lesson, or learn a hundred lines, than be shut up in-doors on a morning like this!"

The three young truants had indeed got a splendid morning for their stolen holiday, and little dreaming how that jaunt was to end, they stepped briskly out along the steep, narrow, zigzag mountain path, and were soon out of sight of the school-house above them.

Perched on the crest of a bold ridge among the wooded spurs of the Lower Himalaya, more than 6000 feet above the sea-level, the school commanded a view for many miles round of a country that seemed a perfect paradise to the 120 active and adventurous boys, whom it was naturally no easy matter to keep within bounds. And this very day, as ill luck would have it, there was a Hindoo religious ceremony of some kind going on at a Paharri village a few miles down one of the neighboring valleys, attended with any amount of dancing, shouting, and carrying around of gay flags and gilt images—just the sort of show, in fact, that would be certain to attract any boy who might happen to be within a league of it.

The head-master, rightly judging that nothing but mischief could come of throwing a number of high-spirited and hot-tempered boys amid a crowd of excited Hindoos (and knowing also that this particular valley was terribly infested by wild beasts), had strictly forbidden his pupils to go anywhere in that direction, which was of course an amply sufficient reason why Dick Darrell, rightly nicknamed "Dare-all" by his admiring school-mates—should start off at once down that very gully, with two chums as reckless as himself.

"Isn't this tip-top?" cried Dick gleefully, as they went scampering down the narrow path in the glorious freshness of the early morning, with the finest view in the world around and above them. "Wouldn't you like, boys, to have a hut on one of these ridges, and go out hunting all day, like these Paharri chaps?"

"Rather!" assented Jack Goodrich, emphatically. "Better fun than prosing all day over musty old Latin and mathematics, eh?"

"I should think so!" chimed in Harry Merton. "Fancy tracking a bear or a tiger all day over these hills, and then seeing him turn to bay at last, and taking a sure aim at him just as he was going to spring, and—Oh, what's that? Run, boys, run!"

The next moment these three bold hunters were running for their lives, and not an instant too soon: for just then there came a crackling and crashing amid the bushes—there was a hoarse, harsh sound behind them, half grunt and half snort—and out through the thicket broke in hot pursuit, with open mouth and gleaming eyes, a huge Himalayan bear!

There was not a drop of coward's blood in Dick Darrell or his comrades; but when three unarmed boys are suddenly confronted by a hungry bear as big as a cart-horse, they may well be excused for running. Back they flew with frantic speed up the path which they had descended so gayly only a few minutes before, and close behind them came their terrible pursuer; for clumsy as he looks the Asiatic bear (as many a hunter has learned to his cost) can get over the ground at a wonderful rate when in chase of prey.

Dick Darrell was a splendid runner, and would probably have

distanced any bear in the mountains had he been alone. But he could not desert his comrades, who, less seasoned than himself, soon felt their breath begin to fail in this desperate race up hill, and the pursuing bear gained upon them foot by foot till he was terribly near.

Driven to desperation, our bold Dick snatched up a heavy stone, and flung it with all his force at the monster. It struck him full on the snout—always a very tender place with a bear—and the sudden and severe pain checked his rush for a moment, while Jack and Harry began pelting him vigorously in their turn.

But unluckily all the stones within their reach were just big enough to hurt and irritate the savage brute, without in any way disabling him, and in a few seconds more the poor young truants would have paid dearly for their thoughtless rashness. But just at that moment a startling and quite unexpected interruption changed the whole fortune of the combat.

An enormous stone came flying from the top of the precipice above them, and alighting with a crash like a cannon-ball on the rocky path just in front of the bear, rebounded with tremendous force full upon his right fore paw!

The fierce brute gave a hoarse cry of pain, and stopped short so suddenly as to show that the injured limb must be either broken or very badly hurt, while the boys, thus saved as if by a miracle, continued their flight, wondering not a little at this mysterious intervention. But it was soon explained, for all at once there appeared on the brow of the cliff a huge grayish-black mountain-ape* (whose natural instinct of imitation had doubtless led it to join the boys in pelting their enemy), capering and grimacing so queerly that the three fugitives burst out laughing in spite of themselves.

In the mean time morning school had begun, and the absence of Dick Darrell (who was one of the noisiest and most restless boys in Class II.) soon made itself remarked by Mr. Alfred Parker, the second teacher, who was just beginning to inquire whether any one had seen or heard anything of Master Dick, when the door was suddenly burst open as if it had been blown in by a cannon-ball, and the missing Dick came flying headlong into the room, with his face red-hot, and his hair standing fifty ways at once.

"A bear!" he cried, or rather gasped. "A bear, a bear!"

At the first sound of the word "bear," the master was as wild as his excited pupil. Student and government school-teacher as Alfred Parker was, he was none the less as thorough a sportsman as Sir Samuel Baker himself; and the moment he heard what had happened, everything else was forgotten in an instant, and the only thought in his mind was to seize this fortunate chance of a shot at the "big game."

"School is dismissed!" shouted he, in a voice of thunder, springing to his feet as eagerly as a boy. "Abd-ul-Malek, run for my double-barrelled rifle—quick! Darrell, come with me, and show me where you saw the bear."

And down the path ran Dick and Mr. Parker, with half the school at their heels, while the head-master, knowing nothing of what had happened, stared blankly through his study window at this belter-skelter rush, thinking that his assistant must have suddenly gone mad and infected all the rest.

The crippled monster, balked of his prey, was lumbering slowly back down the broken zigzag path, when he heard the shouting and trampling behind him, and knew that he was being pursued in his turn. Unable to escape, Bruin reared himself up on his hind-legs, and turned savagely to bay; but this time he had no defenceless boy to deal with. Mr. Parker stood firm, and took aim as coolly as if firing at a target; and his first shot disabled the bear, while his second killed it outright.

When all was over, and the titbits of the dead monster's carcass had been carried to the school kitchen, while his skin was sent down to the village to be stretched and dried, Dick Darrell and his two comrades went straight to the head-master, and manfully confessed their prank and all its consequences.

"Well," said Dr. Fearon, trying hard not to laugh, "it seems to me that you've had a pretty good lesson already, so I shall not punish you any more; but I hope you see now that I forbade your going down that gully because there was good reason for it, and not merely because I chose to do so. Anyhow, I wouldn't advise you to play truant again when there are any bears about."

And they didn't.

* Little prompting is needed, however, to encourage these born stone-throwers, who more than once nearly killed me in the same way during my travels in the Lower Himalaya.—D. K.

TWO WISHES.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"I WISH that the teacher had lessons to learn,"
Said Molly, the wise little elf;
"She would know they were hard, and be sorry,
If she had to do them herself."

And the teacher, at home, in the gloaming,
Sighed gently, "I wish that they knew,
The dear little children, how easy,
'Tis just to have lessons to do!"

ALFRED TENNYSON.

SOMEWHERE in the second decade of this century a little boy was left at home one rainy Sunday while his elders went to church. He, with some of his brothers and sisters, was on a visit to his grandfather, the vicar of Louth, in England, and accustomed to the familiar pursuits of his own home in Somersby, he felt restless, and appealed to his older brother for occupation. It was suggested the child should write on his slate some verses, and the brother selected as a "subject" the flowers in the garden, which, though drenched with rain, were rich in bloom and foliage.

The little lad sat down and wrote away. When the family returned, he had filled his slate with verses, which, it is a pity, were not preserved, since their author was the late Poet Laureate of England, Alfred Tennyson.

Farrington,
Freshwater.
Isle of Wight.

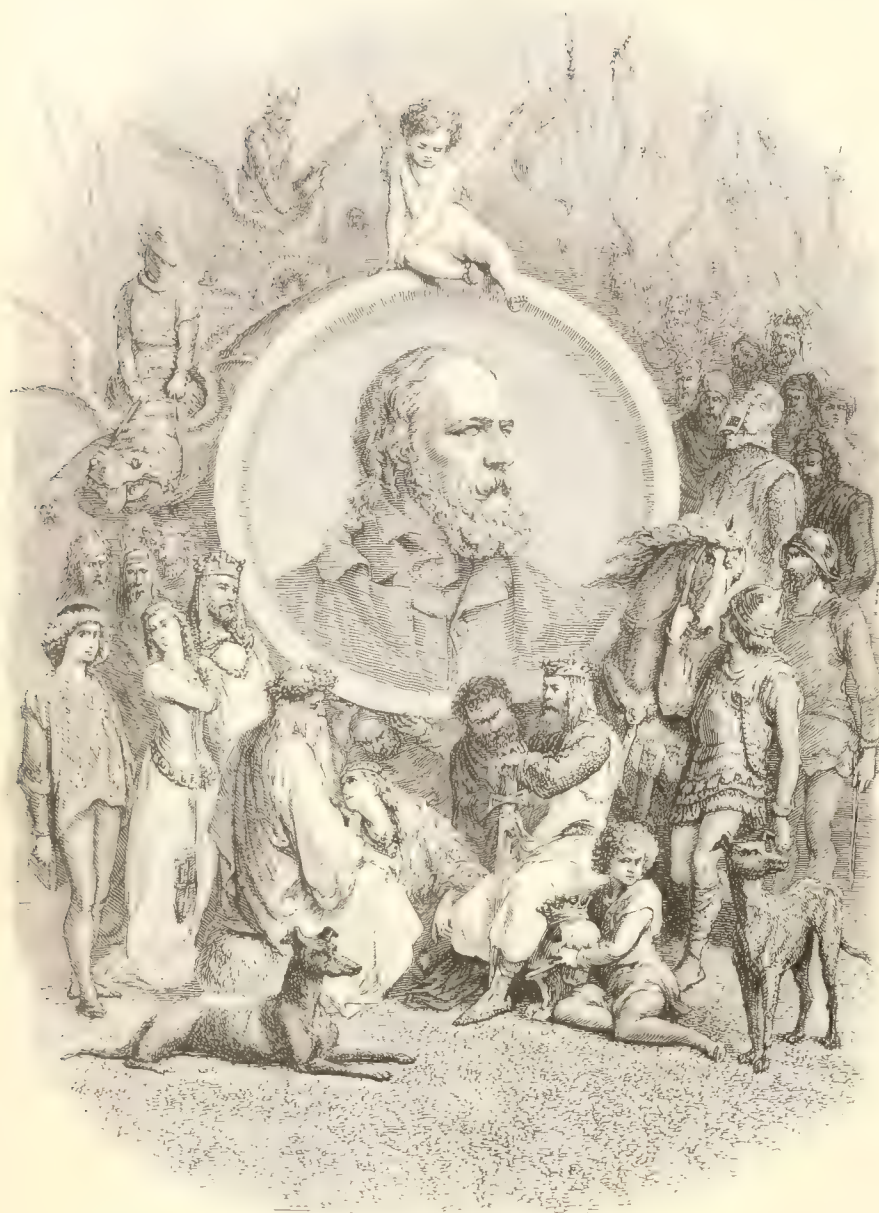
Jan 14 - 1868

Li.
By all means write
Verses in your leisure
hours if you like it
but never let them
interfere with your
proper work in life -
Your sincere well-wisher
A. Tennyson

A. TENNYSON. AUTOGRAPH.

"You can write," was the brother's verdict; and his grandfather, on giving him ten shillings for an elegy on his grandmother, remarked: "This is the first money you have ever earned by your poetry, and, take my word, it will be the last"—a very unfortunate prophecy.

Lord Tennyson was born at the rectory in Somersby



THE AUTHOR AND CHARACTERS OF "IDYLS OF THE KING."

in August, 1809, the same year in which Lincoln, Gladstone, and Darwin were born. One of a large and peculiarly united family, his boyhood was passed in the happiest fashion. Somersby abounds in everything which could stimulate love of nature; field and flower, wood and stream were as much the child's companions as his brothers and sisters, and one of his friends, a painter, whose work in the world of blossom is famous, told me that during walks with the poet his keen knowledge of and love for "the meanest flower that blows" surprised and delighted him. The young people of Somersby knew every bit of the country by heart, and, if with young eyes, studied its meaning from sheer love of nature—the truest, quickest teacher one can have.

Besides this, they lived in a world of their own, created for them out of Alfred's imagination and their readings of the Arthurian legends. They took the names of the Round Table knights. A heap of stones in the garden

formed their castle. They fought with home-made spears; they "spouted" in mediæval style, and kept a sort of diary, or chain of stories, of their doings. Presently the boys went away to school, and thence to college, where the friendship immortalized in Tennyson's most famous work, "In Memoriam," began.

Arthur Hallam was in their class. What he was, what he must have been, my young readers may best learn by reading "In Memoriam," as well as by references to him in the lives or diaries of John Sterling, Caroline Fox, Keble, Whewell, and others, who, belonging to a charmed band of young people, yet recognized in young Hallam a superior soul and nature—a heart and mind attuned to the very highest, sweetest, and purest ideals. His death, which occurred in the very promise of youth, when all the world and life looked fairest, was a blow which, it is said, turned all those young men who had been his companions to serious and earnest thought.

When young Tennyson went up to London to try his prentice hand he was poor in worldly possessions, rich in friends and hope for the future.

Tennyson's work was not at first appreciated. People liked Byron better, or Scott. They could not understand the young poet's richness of fancy. But very soon this feeling, or lack of feeling, changed, and when "In Memoriam" appeared, Tennyson was understood and thoroughly appreciated. With fame came money, and on the death of Wordsworth he was appointed Poet Laureate, an ancient office attached to the court of the English sovereign. The duties of the office demand that on certain occasions of interest to the royal family he shall write an

"ode" commemorating the event. Some of Tennyson's odes written "by command" are extremely fine, notably that on "The Death of the Duke of Wellington," which English boys read with enthusiasm.

Young people of to-day, of course, read and know more or less of Tennyson's works, but I may suggest as studies which must be delightful from many points of view "The Idyls of the King," "The Princess," and many of the short poems. With the first-named you can include charming investigations of readings of the "Arthurian Legends."

The greatest English poet of our age passed away on the morning of the 6th of October, and was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 12th. England's greatest statesman, Mr. Gladstone, still survives, a hale and hearty old gentleman, who, at the age of eighty-three, cheerfully assumes the burdensome office of Prime Minister for the fourth time.

HOW SUSY SOLD THE BABY.

POOR little Susy sat under the tall banana-tree that shaded her doll-house, and bit the corner of her apron and wrinkled up her forehead until her yellow curls bobbed into her eyes and almost made her cry. A noisy jay flew up into the live-oak and scolded at her; a mocking-bird perched on the fence and whistled saucily. Fat old Phoebe was pounding away on the back porch, making "beat-biscuit," and singing to herself as she pounded,

"Hallelujah, my-ah soul!
Hallelujah, oh, my soul!
Hallelujah, hallelujah!"

But Susy paid no heed either to the blue-jay or to the mocking-bird, or even to the pounding of beat-biscuit. She was in great trouble.

Papa was away on business, and mamma was very ill, and must not be disturbed; Freddy, George, and Rob were at the plantation with Mr. Piper, the overseer; Mary, the nurse, was always busy with the new baby. Susy was sure the new baby was the cause of all her trouble. If papa would only come home! Susy was obliged to use the corner of her apron now for a handkerchief. Oh, dear! In all the seven long years of her life she had never known such trouble. That dreadful baby! He cried so that he made mamma ill, and they had to send the boys away, and Mary was cross, and no wonder everything went wrong.

Now it was not the baby at all that was at fault, but Susy's love of "ground-pease." She could not resist a peanut-seller. Every spare nickel went for "goobers," or "ground-pease," as the Southern children call them. The afternoon the boys left everything was "poky" to Susy, and she had strolled down the street. She stopped at the corner, where old Pentecoste sat under the big magnolia, with her basket of peanuts before her. The little girl looked so longingly at them that the good-natured colored woman offered to sell her some on credit.

"I'll pay you very soon," said Susy.

"Oh, I kin trest you," said Pentecoste. "Ef you don't pay, I'll send the sheriff after you."

Susy had not been afraid then, for she thought her father would soon be home; but now papa would not be home for a week, and there was no knowing what might happen. Susy decided to find out what Pentecoste would think of the delay. She tried to saunter towards the big magnolia as if she was just happening by.

"Pentecoste," she asked, as carelessly as she could, "how long do you think you can wait for me to pay you?"

"Well, I can't wait so ve'y long. Circus is a-comin' Saturday, an' I'm goin' to go ef I have to send de sheriff fur dat qualter."

It never occurred to Susy that the old woman was teasing her. Her lips trembled as she answered, "Very well, Pentecoste, you'll have the quarter by Saturday."

By Saturday! It was Thursday, and papa would not be at home for a week. How could she get a quarter? If papa were at home! If mamma were only well! Oh! she wished she had never tasted a peanut. By this time Susy was at her own gate again. She glanced fearfully towards Pentecoste's corner. Her heart stood still. She felt little funny cold things crawl up and down her back. There was Pentecoste, and talking to her—it was terrible!—talking to her was the sheriff himself! Now they were looking at her. Pentecoste was telling him



THE BABY WAS VERY HEAVY FOR HER POOR LITTLE STRENGTH.

about that quarter. Susy ran in to hide behind the doll-house behind the banana-tree. There lay the big bag of peanuts. Susy gave it a vicious kick, and sat down and just cried and cried. And that is how it happened that Susy was in trouble.

Just at this moment Phoebe came out on the porch. She had a silver waiter in her hands, and on it was mamma's best cut-glass dish filled with white foamy syllabubs dotted with delicious dabs of haw jelly. Susy could see her quite plainly between the long leaves of the banana. She stopped crying, and kept still.

"Miss Susy, oh! Miss Susy, whah you?" called Phoebe. "Miss Susy! Law's sake, whah 'bout's dat chile? Dis yer syllabub is sp'ilin'."

Now Susy was sure that it could not be about the sheriff, because then Phoebe would not be worrying

and the syllabub was set up before her and went toward the door.

"I wish you'd give me some of that money," said Mrs. Langley, looking at the syllabub over to Mrs. Langley's widow.

Susy thought Mrs. Langley's as safe a place as any, so she gave her the money. Mrs. Langley herself opened the door when she saw the heavy knocking.

"How is your mother to-day, dear?" she asked, after opening the syllabub.

"She isn't very well. I mean she's dreffully sick, thank you," said Susy, dolefully.

"I am very sorry, indeed. And how is that dear little boy?"

"He's very well," began Susy, and then blurted out: "I don't think he is a dear little baby one bit. He cries so, and he is a drefful bother, and anyway Phoebe says we have enough boys." Susy shook her head as if she were relieved of a terrible secret.

Mrs. Langley laughed; but she did not seem at all shocked. "Dear me! Too many boys! I wish you would sell him to me. I should dearly love a little boy."

Mrs. Langley had no sooner said "sell him," than a great idea dawned upon unhappy Susy. Here was the way to get money! She would sell the baby for a quarter! Nobody at home wanted that baby, and Mrs. Langley said she would love him dearly. Yes, she would sell the baby. Her voice shook with excitement as she answered: "I reckon you can have him. He isn't a very nice baby, but don't you think he is worth a quarter?"

Mrs. Langley laughed more than before, and determined to find out whether Susy would really sell her little brother. "Of course he is worth a quarter," she said. "Now, I tell you, Susy, if you will bring me that baby I will give you a quarter. Come, is it a bargain?"

"Yes," said Susy, promptly. She wanted very much to ask for the money then, but she was ashamed. "When shall I bring him to you?"

"Oh, any time will do. To-morrow, if you want. When do you want your money?"

"I'd like—" hesitated Susy. "I'd like to have it now, if it's convenient."

Susy was very happy as she skipped home. Now the sheriff could not put her in jail. She would pay that mean old Pentecoste, and never buy another ground-pea from her. Then she began to think of the baby. He was not such a horrid baby after all, and, besides, how would he feel when he grew up and found he was a sold baby? Susy began to waver. By the time she reached home she heartily regretted her bargain. She went to her refuge behind the doll-house. She sat down and thought very hard, giving one or two sad little sighs; then she got up, and went straight back to Mrs. Langley. She found her weeding the pansy bed.

"Mrs. Langley," she began.

"Why, is that you? Where is little Joseph?" Mrs. Langley inquired.

Susy wondered why she called the baby Joseph, but was too intent upon her errand to ask. "Here is your quarter," she said.

"My quarter! I don't want the quarter, I want the baby."

"Well," said Susy, "I don't believe you would if you saw him; he's weal bwright wed."

"But he will grow white."

"But he isn't worth a quarter. Weally he isn't. His neck's broke!"

"My good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Langley, dropping her trowel. "His neck broken! What do you mean?"

"Well," explained Susy, impressively, "every single time you try to make him sit up, his head flops over so," and Susy dropped her curly head on her shoulder to illustrate the baby's broken neck.

Mrs. Langley fairly shouted. "Never mind," she said, when she stopped laughing a little. "I will bandage his neck. I am sure he will be all right, and at any rate even a baby with a broken neck is better than none."

Susy was in despair. She had to keep the money and give up the baby. The tears gathered in her eyes as she went down the wide shady street. She stopped at the corner, undid a piece of money from the corner of her apron, and handed it to Pentecoste. "Here's your quarter," she said. Then she walked quickly home. She must manage to get the baby to Mrs. Langley's without being seen.

As luck would have it, Mary was just putting the baby to sleep, walking up and down the garden path. When he fell asleep she laid him in his carriage and went off. No sooner had Mary gone than Susy began pushing and pulling the baby-carriage along the path. She had a hard time crossing the street without bumping the carriage and waking the baby. She reached Mrs. Langley's house safely, but how to get him into the house? She lifted him carefully out. He was very heavy for her poor little strength, but she managed to carry him up the front steps. The door, as usual, stood open, and there was nobody about. She staggered into the cool dark parlor, and laid the baby quietly on the big sofa. Then she placed a chair so that he could not roll off. She wanted to kiss him good-by, but did not dare, so she tiptoed out and went down the road crying as if her heart would break.

She walked towards the country without the least idea of where she was going; she could not go back home. She walked and walked, stopping to rest occasionally. She was hungrier than she had ever been in all her life, for she had had no dinner. She was so tired that she lay down under a hedge and cried harder than ever. She rubbed her dirty little fists in her eyes until her face was a beautiful array of black and pink streaks. By-and-by the sun dropped down behind the trees; the little birds flew into their nests; it began to grow dark; very soon poor little runaway Susy was asleep.

It seemed to her the middle of the night when she was awakened by shouts. There were many lights and big men, and a dog was barking. She sat up terribly frightened. What had happened? She did not remember that she had sold the baby and run away. The shouts grew distinct; they were calling "Susy! Miss Susy! Oh, Susy! Halloo, Miss Su-se-lee!" She got up and ran against a big man who dropped his torch and shouted. The big man took the little girl up in his arms and said: "My little girlie, my Susy. Where have you been?"

It was papa! Susy was too tired and confused to do anything but cry, "Take me home, oh, take me home!"

Very soon she was lying on the lounge in mamma's room. Her mother was laughing, but there were tears in her eyes. Susy glanced toward the crib. She rubbed her eyes. She sat up in amazement. There lay the very identical baby she had sold.

Such hugging and kissing and explanations! The baby winked and blinked as if he liked it. Papa held his little girl very close while she told him how she had to keep her promise and give up the baby, and how she was sorry and "runned away." Then they told her how Mrs. Langley had returned the baby, and how old Mrs. Paton had seen Susy trudging along the Black River Road, and how papa had returned unexpectedly and set out to find her.

"But, you dear goosy, why didn't you tell some one?" asked mamma.

"'Cause there was nobody to tell," said Susy, conclusively.

When the boys came home they made great fun of poor Susy. Georgie called her Joseph's brethren, and Rob called her "peanuts" and "Miss Goolber"; but they stopped when they saw how it pained her. Susy was almost a grown-up young lady before she would eat peanuts again, but before long her very dearest brother was the baby she had sold.

ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS.

AS a general thing the girl or boy of tender years dislikes writing compositions, and the subjects furnished in many large schools are far from alluring. What, for instance, could very youthful minds make of "Education"? A small girl who conscientiously applied herself to the task finally produced the valuable idea that "Education is a very good thing, and one which every child should be taught."

"Whale ships," wrote a boy, who had a more congenial subject, "are large, and have an hold in which a lubber is stored." If a landlubber, this is scarcely to be wondered at; but the composition-maker was evidently writing of blubber under a wrong name. Another youth said that "Julius Caesar invented Great Britain, 55 B.C.," while an equally accomplished historian explained that "Ethelred the Unready was called that because he was never ready for the Danes. He use to entice them away from England by bridging them, but they use to come again and demand a larger bride."

William Rufus would certainly deny, if he had the power, that "he was gorged to death by a stag in the forest his father had made to hunt the deer"; and Joan of Arc would hardly have liked to hear that "she was the daughter of a rustic French pheasant which lived in the forest." "Prince William was drowned in a but of Malmsey wine; he never laughed again" -- a result which no reasonable person would find fault with.

A boy whose subject was plum-pudding, and who was evidently not acquainted with it before it appeared on the table, undertook to describe how it was made, and after mentioning a variety of queer ingredients, he added: "When they have put all these in, they make it into a batter, and then mix it up; and when they have finished battering it they put it on the fire for about an hour and a half to get it done enough, so that it will be better to eat, and softer to chew." He must have been a relative of the plum-pudding boy who wrote, "Guinea-pigs are very pretty little creatures, and people generally have them as a joint for dinner."

Another attempt in natural history conveys the information that "Bees live chiefly on worms and snakes, and are searching for them every hour of the day. Besides this they also live on little insects, which, when they are not so very busy, they go down into the ground and have a very nice feast. It is very pleasant indeed in the summer-time to watch them making their hive and weaving their honey."

A surname was described as "the name of a person you says sir to." And when told to construct a sentence with the word "dozen" in it, a pupil wrote: "I dozen know what to do." Another defined stability as "the cleaning-up of a stable."

An essay on "feathers" was a remarkable production, and no one could tell what it meant until it was discovered that the writer intended it for "features." "The feathers of anything," he says, "is the looking of you; some people have deseases and cause them to have an unpleasant look. Sometimes when people go to apply for a situation they don't get it owing to their feathurs and bad faces; the master who they ask generally says that he takes beer and won't do for a job of that kind. People who is not ill so much generally has good feathurs; they are obtained from keeping yourself clean."

A thoughtful little personage declares that "a stone-mason's work is injurious because when he is chipping he breathes in all the little chips, and they are taken into the lungs." We are also informed that "there are five ways of cooking potatoes, and we should die if we eat our food roar." A practical girl advises, "When roasting a piece of meat, put it in front of a brisk fire so as to congratulate it."

Another thinks "we should not eat so much bone-making food as flesh-making and warmth-giving foods, for if we did we should have too many bones, and that would make us look funny."

A MODEL STEAM-LAUNCH, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

ANY boy with mechanical ingenuity and a few tools can make this steam-launch, which is 27 inches long.

The material will cost: engine, including shaft and propeller all in one piece, \$1 75; boiler, 75 cents; lamp, 35 cents; brass tube, 10 cents; lead keel, 15 cents -- total, \$3 10.

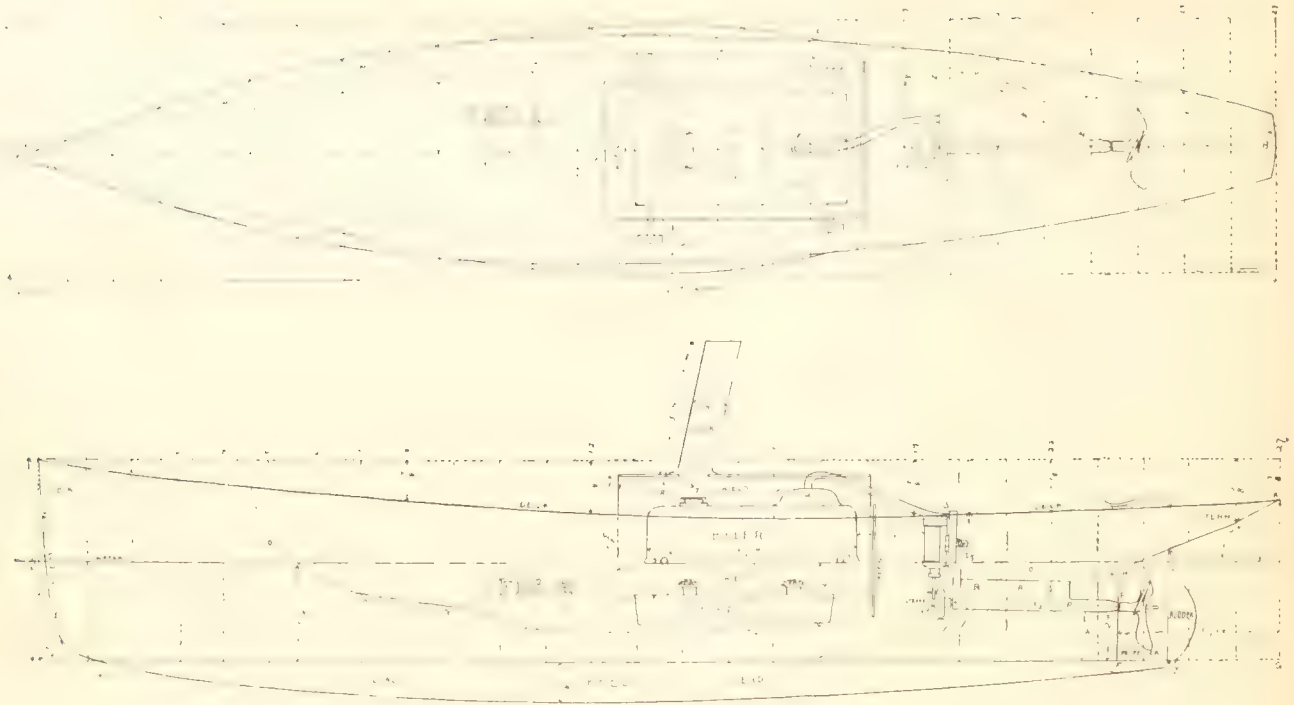
Many of you can construct the boiler and lamp yourselves, in which case the launch would cost only a trifle over \$1 75, the price of the engine.



The launch consists of a wooden boat with boiler, engine, and propeller. You can purchase the engine at any toy store. If they do not keep it in stock, they will send for it for you. They come in different sizes. The one you want is 2½ inches high. The frame of the shaft is 3½ inches long, with a three-winged propeller attached, which is 2 inches in diameter. The stroke of the engine is one-half inch. The boiler is of brass, 4½ inches long and 2½ wide. The lamp has two burners, and the size is known by this fact. Besides these, you want a quarter-inch brass tube 4 inches long, and some pieces of tin, which can be had by unsoldering fruit cans.

While you are waiting for the engine to come you can construct your boat. For this get a block of white pine 27 inches long by 5½ wide and 4½ thick. Now cut a piece of stiff paper the size of the top of block, i. e., 27 by 5½ inches. Draw a diameter through the length of this paper corresponding to A B, Fig. 1. Then mark off lines across this centre line one inch apart, as seen in cut. Now notice that on the second and every second line after is indicated the distance from diameter, A B, to edge of deck-line, as 1, three-eighths of an inch; 3, 1 inch; 5, 1½ inches, etc. This will give you the approximate curve of edge of deck, c c c. With these points indicated, you can easily get the correct shape. When one side is drawn, fold the paper on the long diameter, bringing the line drawn outside. Now by cutting on the line with a pair of scissors you will get a piece of paper exactly symmetrical and the shape of deck. Now turn your block over, and divide the side into sections one inch apart, as indicated in Fig. 2. On the 8th section mark off from the top seven-eighths of an inch. On the 12th, 1½ inches. Also on the 16th, 19th, 22d, and 27th mark off as indicated. With these points as guides, and the aid of a thin stick bent to fit them, draw a curve along this line, which will be the bend of deck. Notice that the stern K is seven-eighths of an inch from top. Now mark off stern-post, F H, 2 inches long, and 3½ inches from G. Then draw H-J and J-K. Now indicate the stem M M, letting the curve come five-eighths of an inch from the corner of the block, as shown in the cut.

Take the block to a mill, and have it sawed along the deck-line and stem where you have indicated; then turn the block over, and draw on the deck the outline of the boat from the paper pattern made before. Notice that the curve of the boat at the water-line, N N, Fig. 1, extends outside the edge of the deck, from D to E, and make allowance for this in cutting. Afterward trim the deck with a spokeshave to fit the paper pattern. You will see by Fig. 3 that the boat is wider in the middle at water-line than on the deck. The lines Fig. 3 show the modellings of the boat. Trim first with spokeshave, and then with rasp, to the shape indicated, following the drawing as closely as possible, and finish off with sand-paper. Don't forget to leave the stem, P (Figs. 2 and 3), half an inch wide at the centre, where the propeller shaft is to be introduced. This hole is 1½ inches from the bottom of block A. Leave keel-line A, Fig. 3, three-eighths of an inch wide in the middle of the boat, tapering toward stern and stem. Now dig out your boat as indicated by dotted lines o o, Figs. 1 and 2, making a little deeper cut for the engine, but being careful not to go through. As I said, the engine frame and shaft come in one piece. In case the propeller is on the shaft, carefully draw it off. Now bore a hole the size of the shaft from stern-post, P, Fig. 2, right through into the interior of the boat, inclin-



ing it slightly upward. Then with a gouge cut out the space above, so the frame and shaft, R R, can be slipped through from the inside, first coating it well with white-lead to prevent its leaking, and carefully trim until the end of the shaft is on a line with the stern-post. This will afford sufficient support for the engine, which we will leave for the present. It is almost needless to say that you had better make a frame out of a cigar-box to set your boat in, so you can hold it steady and upright while working on it.

Now the boiler is to be set $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in front of the engine, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ from the bottom of the inside of the boat. The boiler comes with two arms, A A, Fig. 4. These arms must be set in slits cut in small brackets, B B, tacked to the side of the boat, and kept in place by a pin at D D, Fig. 4. Now bore a hole in the top of the boiler at Q, Fig. 2. Bend the brass tube to fit from Q to the opening in the engine, S, Figs. 1 and 2, and solder this pipe at both places. To do this more easily, the cylinder can be taken off by removing the pin and spring at the back. The screw cover on top of the boiler at T, Fig. 2, can be removed to fill the boiler with water.

The lamp comes all ready to slide under the boiler, and only has to be filled with alcohol to be ready for use. Two little cleats are tacked on either side of the lamp to prevent it from sliding sidewise, F, Fig. 4. A shield is now made from a piece of tin $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. This is bent at two places, making a three-sided shield 3 inches wide on top, $2\frac{3}{8}$ deep on the sides, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, as seen in Fig. 4. Two little cuts are made in each side from the bottom up, 1 inch deep, so the shield will slip down over the boiler supports, S S, Fig. 2, and A A, Fig. 4. When you cut the slits, instead of taking out the spare pieces, turn them up on the inside as indicated at S S, Fig. 4. This will prevent the shield from shifting. The shield can, however, be lifted out at pleasure. A hole five-eighths of an inch in diameter is now cut $1\frac{1}{8}$ inches from the forward end of the shield, and a tin stack three-quarters of an inch in diameter and 3 inches long is soldered over it. If you find the heat is sufficient to melt it, you will have to turn the bottom of the stack out a little and fasten it with rivets.



The rudder is made by soldering a piece of tin, cut the shape shown in the drawing, to a piece of brass wire bent at the top, and slipped into a crown of brass that has several teeth to hold the tiller in any position you place it. The brass is springy, and will hold itself wherever it is put. This wire projects below the rudder a trifle, and is set in a hole made in the end of the keel, V, Fig. 2.

Now we are ready for the finishing piece, the keel. Mark off your water-line $2\frac{3}{8}$ inches from the bottom of the boat all around. Cut out a groove in a block of wood 24 inches long, three-eighths of an inch wide, and 1 inch deep. Into this groove run your melted lead. Now tack this piece of lead thus made to the bottom of your boat by a brad at either end, and put your boat into a tub of water to see how it sets. Then trim off the keel at either end until the boat sets nicely on the water-line. When you have it trimmed and balanced, fasten the lead permanently by several brass brads $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. If you find that she comes up too much in the bow, put a piece of lead inside at W, Fig. 2. Now paint her, and she is finished. If you wish you can put a deck on her and make a cabin out of cigar-box wood, ruling windows and doors, etc. We leave this to the taste of the builder. To run her, fill the boiler nearly full of water; place under it the lamp lighted, and in a few minutes your boat will be running.

A piece of tin placed between the engine and boiler will prevent too much heat from hurting the engine.

VESPER L. GEORGE.

LITTLE DON RODRIGO DE RIMAS.

BY MARY A. WINSTON.

Part XXX.

LITTLE Rodrigo took off his big red felt hat, and bowed again.

"Señor, I have brought Jingo."

So amazed was the man at this strange formula repeated by the child that he only echoed Rodrigo's last word mechanically, and ejaculated, "By Jingo!"

Little Rodrigo was not acquainted with American slang, and he hastened to correct what he thought a wrong impression. "No, señor, I do not wish you to buy Jingo. You mistake me."

"Now what might your name be, my little man?" he asked, with clumsy condescension.

"Rodrigo, the last of the house of De Rimas," the child replied, with dignity, as his old nurse had taught

him to say. He went on, in his slow, careful English: "Señor, I overheard you say in our barn to-day that you would be willing to take my donkey in exchange for Zoë, my father's favorite horse, which you claim. So I offer him to you, señor. Please take him, for I cannot bear that my father should grieve for Zoë. Jingo is all mine, and I love him dearly. Oh, do, please, do be kind to him, señor! He is such a dear, good little donkey." The child's voice broke, and he controlled himself with an effort. "But my father loves Zoë too. And once, señor, he saved his life, as he said. It was in the last Indian raid. The savages chased my father for miles through the forest, and if it had not been for Zoë—beautiful, swift Zoë—he would have been captured and scalped." Rodrigo's eyes kindled as he told the thrilling little story. "You see, señor, how fond my father must be of Zoë. And you will take Jingo instead, won't you? See, señor, how gentle he is!" The child patted Jingo's stubby apology for a mane, and looked up at the stranger. A doubtful look crept into his face. "You will not ride him yourself, señor? He is—he is too little for you," stammering. "Ah, señor, I know; I see it now. You have a little son too who wishes for a donkey to ride, and you love him so much that you would rather take one home to him than have a horse like Zoë for yourself. I also would rather my dear father kept Zoë, and have Jingo for my own." The child's eager face dimpled all over with radiant smiles of sympathy. "Now, señor," he said, winningly, "you will write my father a note, will you not? And please tell him that you will take Jingo for your little boy instead of Zoë. I will take it back with me, and my father will be so glad."

The big man drew a long breath. "Well, I'll be blessed!" he said at last.

It would be safe to say that there never was a more bewildered, astonished mortal on this earth than the stout red-faced stranger who waited that day for the one-o'clock train at the little station of San Angela. Emotions of the most conflicting description flitted through his mind as he listened to little Rodrigo's words. He thought of his own freckle-faced, shock-headed little boy at home. He was fond of him in his way; but had he really ever sacrificed his own comfort or pleasure for the sake of his son? The great coarse man felt humiliated and ashamed before the loving smiles of sympathy that little Rodrigo beamed upon him. The stranger was not at heart a bad man; he was only coarse and ignorant. Somewhere deep down in his heart there were chords of generosity and tenderness. Little Rodrigo touched those chords.

The stranger took a fat red note-book from his pocket, tore a leaf from it, and adjusted his portly person for the task of writing. Little Rodrigo stole a small trembling arm about Jingo's neck, and watched the writing process with breathless interest.

The note was done at last. It was lucky that the one-o'clock train was late that day, for the stranger did not wield the pen of a ready writer. He had made his money at mining.

"There, little 'un," he said, kindly, "take that home to your pa. It'll fix things all right for him, I reckon."

Rodrigo took the note, and manfully held out Jingo's bridle to the stranger, though his lip quivered.

"Take him, señor; but p-please ask your little boy to be kind to him." Rodrigo's voice failed him; he could say no more.

The stranger shook his head. "No, no; keep your donkey, child. I do not want him. I was only joking. I am rich enough to buy a hundred donkeys for my boy if he wants them. There, there, do not fret," as the child's face fell with the utter blankness of sudden and bitter disappointment. "I tell you I have fixed it all right with your pa. He can keep his horse, and you



"AH, MY FATHER, HOW GLAD I AM THOU HAST COME!"

need not part with Jingo either. Good-by! Good-by! You're a little brick!" he shouted as the belated one-o'clock train steamed into the station.

The stranger stood on the platform of the rear car, and carried away with him from San Angela a picture of a velvet-clad, princely little figure, a radiant, sweet, dimpled face, with soft black curls floating about it. Little Rodrigo waved his big hat in friendly farewell.

"Well, well, Bill Bridewell," the stranger muttered to himself as the pretty picture faded away in the distance, "if you ain't a soft-hearted old fool from the word go!"

The Don did not come home until late that night. Little Rodrigo coaxed his nurse to let him wait for his father, as he had something very particular to say to him.

So when the Don finally stepped upon the wide moonlit veranda, it was to feel a pair of soft little arms flung about his neck, and to hear a loving little voice say, in Spanish: "Ah, my father, how glad I am thou hast come! I have a note for thee from the big señor with the red face, and he said you might keep Zoë, and he wouldn't take Jingo, and he was so very good." Rodrigo stopped for sheer want of breath.

His father, too bewildered to think, mechanically took the note from the child and opened it. He could easily read the big, sprawling words by the bright moonlight.

"MY DEAR DON" (it ran),—"Have thought over that little matter of the horses we spoke of to-day. Will take Rosaline, after all, instead of Zoë. My man will come down for her to-morrow. Don Rimas, you have a fine boy—regular little brick. Offered me his pet donkey, so you might keep your mare. Thought I was in earnest to-day. Fine boy, Don; for his sake let wine and cards alone.
B. B."

The Don dropped the note and caught little Rodrigo in his arms and held him close to his breast. The great tears sparkled in the moonlight as they fell on the child's curly hair.

"No, no, no," said the Don, repeating over and over, "no, no, no," as if to himself.

As for little Rodrigo, he clung to his father, and wondered why the big red-faced señor's letter should make him feel so queer.

At last the Don gave up. He sat down on his knee as these two dear companions had so often sat in the long summer evenings.

"Rodrigo, my son," said the Don, earnestly, after a long pause, "thy father has been a very wicked man, now, I feel that thou canst imagine, and he is unworthy of thy angel mother and of thee. But from this night he will live a different life and put the old wickedness behind him forever."

But little Rodrigo murmured softly: "No, my father, thou art not wicked. Thou art so good—the best man in all the world."

THE END.

MY FIRST PORCUPINE.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

IN a dense forest near Munising, on Lake Superior, there is a little log cabin which I always think of as one of my homes—as a place to which I can go and be welcome, and where I can live whenever I want to and as long as I wish, and do as I please. It belongs to a kind-hearted woodsman, a hunter, who always goes as my guide. We take a breakboard wagon and go fourteen miles into the woods by a route which is like most wagon roads in a newly opened wilderness, so rough that if it was only a little worse we never could use it at all. Trees fall across it, ruts are plenty, stumps stick up in it, there are marshes into which the wagon sinks hub-deep, little hills rise almost straight up, and then fall almost straight down again, and every rod of it is worse than the last one. If the fallen trees are small, we ride over them. If they are big fellows, we stop, chop them in two, and pull the pieces out of the way.

We were jolted and flung along and bumped and knocked about, and at last we came to the camp, on the first day I ever went there. There was the little log cabin, in a clearing among the trees, facing a beautiful placid lake, over which a bald-headed eagle was soaring. The horses were led to a shelter beneath tamarack boughs, one of my men began unpacking the provisions and kitchen utensils, and I sat down and thought what a lucky fellow I was to be released from work and the hot city, and in such a lovely loafing-place.

"There's a porcupine," said the man I called the hunter.

"Where?"

"He has just climbed that tree."

I looked, and forty feet on high, on a thick limb was a dark round ball which I never would have seen, or, seeing it, would never have supposed to be a living animal.

"Pshaw!" said I, regretfully, "I wish I had seen him."

"Up with your rifle, then, and bring him down," said the hunter.

I knew that he wanted to see what sort of a shot I was, and, of course, I was equally anxious to show him that I was a good one. That caused the cruel and foolish waste of a life—which I was sorry to be responsible for a moment after it was too late. I find I shoot my rifle less and less the longer I live, and then only for food.

But up went the gun, bang it sounded, and down came the porcupine with a thud, as if it had been a great squash that had tumbled down from the clouds. And all around it, where it lay, was a thick sprinkling of its little quills. What a queer, misshapen, clumsy-looking creature it was! It had a savage-looking mouth with big front teeth, incurved for gnawing; its black paws were smooth and flat on the soles, and had long nails, so that they were something like an opossum's or a little bear's feet. It was a chunky, heavily built, powerful animal with thick, strong

legs, and with its back and sides all thickly covered with needlelike quills. Each of these quills was part white and part black, and was a little longer than a wooden match and about as thick. The poor beast groaned, and the hunter despatched it with an axe. He detested porcupines, and would have wondered at me—who detest nothing that has life—if I had cared to tell him how brutal the whole business seemed to me.

"You'll never eat up any more shoes of mine," said he; "nor any more harness, nor nothing."

"Do they eat such things?" I asked.

"They are fond of chewing up leather," said the hunter; "particularly leather that has been worn by a man or a horse. I think it's because the perspiration gets into it, and that contains salt. They are wild after salt. Don't fool with those quills," he said, with a tone of alarm; "don't put 'em in your pocket loose, or they'll stick in you, and if they stick in they work all through your body and come out some other place. They have a little barb on the end that won't let them pull out, and since they can't work out they will work in."

I examined the beautiful black and white quills closely, and saw the barb of which the man spoke. It was a tiny notch in the end of the sharpened quill, which was otherwise as smooth and hard as polished ivory.

"Do porcupines fight dogs or men?" I asked.

"They are cowards," said the hunter; "they're always making tracks out of the way whenever we see them, and they cannot get away very fast either, they're so very clumsy. They won't fight a dog unless they are cornered, but, of course, if a dog corners them and begins to chew at them, they will make a fight."

Porcupines are quite common in the forests that have not been too much thinned by lumbermen. I have heard them scrambling about my camp at night, since I killed that first one, and I have seen one other one. He was climbing up a corner of the ruins of an old log cabin, and such a clawing and scratching and bother as he made in his clumsy effort to hurry, caused me to wonder why God made him so awkward—because, of course, there's a good reason for it. I have read that some persons make pets of porcupines, and that others eat their flesh and find it good; indeed, I have had Indians tell me it is not bad; but fond as I am of animals and of meat, I want no porcupine in my house or on my table.



A PATRIOTIC CITIZEN FROM THE FAR WEST.

COLUMBUS.

A SONG FOR OCTOBER 21, 1891.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

FOUR hundred years ago, boys,
 There were no palace-cars,
 No telescopes to peer within
 The open doors of Mars,
 No steamers rushing o'er the deep,
 Like planets cleaving space;
 Four hundred years ago the world
 Was but a little place.

Four hundred years ago, boys,
 A brave keen-sighted man
 Said, "Let him find who most shall dare,
 And let him keep who can!"
 Then stepping on his *Pinta's* deck,
 He faced the seas unknown,
 And boldly turned his vessel's prow
 To seek another zone.

Four hundred years ago, boys,
 There were no schools like ours,
 With rank on rank of children
 As fair as summer flowers.
 This continent untrodden
 So richly teeming now,
 Lay like the Sleeping Beauty, till
 She felt Columbus' prow.

Four hundred years ago, boys,
 There were no easy ways
 Of fighting or of learning,
 Or yet of winning praise.
 The world was for the soldier,
 The world was for the brave,
 When great Columbus launched his fleet
 To cross the Western wave.

Four hundred years ago, boys,
 What prophet's eye could see
 The wondrous things revealed to-day
 To folk like you and me?
 What ear could hear the music
 Of voices miles away,
 As you and I may listen
 To music any day?

The dear old earth, our mother,
 Has learned no end of lore
 Since the sturdy old Columbus
 Across the ocean bore.
 All honor to the Genoese
 In fourteen ninety-two,
 Four centuries ago, my boys,
 Who pattern set for you?

A RIGHT ROYAL GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK.

BY CELIA LOGAN.

WHEN Cromwell imprisoned King Charles I., his six children were also imprisoned, first in one place, and then in another. They were, however, permitted to visit their father while he was confined at Hampton Court. The Earl of Northumberland had charge of three of the royal children, Elizabeth, Henry, and James, the little Duke of York.

Once in every ten days they were taken to Hampton Court, and remained overnight with their father. During one of these meetings the King whispered to James to try to escape to Holland, where his sister Mary, who was married to the Prince of Orange, lived, and would

take care of him. The King also told him that his valet would help him to get away.

Through this valet—Nottam is said to have been his name—communication had been established with Mary of Orange, and everything had been arranged for the flight of the young Duke, her brother. A Dutch vessel had been for a month riding in the mouth of the river, but how was the boy to get to it, closely watched little innocent prisoner that he was? The faithful valet undertook to arrange the matter. In those days every one, even boys and men, wore long hair curled like the women. The Duke of York had a very girlish face. This gave the valet an idea, which he whispered to James and Elizabeth so that they could help him in the plot.

King Charles used always to go to bed early even on the evening when his children were brought to see him by the Duke of Northumberland, and after their father retired the children would play hide-and-seek for an hour or two. They had a splendid place to play in, in and out of the long corridors and immense rooms of Hampton Court, now hiding behind some full-length figure of a man in armor, and now behind some tall vase of flowers or the folds of ancient tapestry.

On Friday night, April 21, 1648, the three children were at Hampton Court. The valet took great pains in curling little James's locks, and as he finished, whispered, "On the river-bank as soon as you can," slyly passing to him the key of the garden gate. James nodded, and as soon as the valet and their father had gone he proposed their usual game of hide-and-seek.

Generally their noble jailer, the Duke of Northumberland, staid in the room while they were playing, but that day he had been subjected to great fatigue and was tired, so he merely looked in to see that his little prisoners were safe, and then went and lay down to rest. Fortunately he was soon fast asleep. Little Harry had hidden and been found, and it was now James's turn to secrete himself. He did a strange thing first, he kissed his sister and strained his brother to his breast in a quick embrace, and then ran to hide. Elizabeth understood how much was at stake, and that to throw the servants off their guard the game must be kept going, so she romped and played with Harry, who suspected nothing, for being the youngest—only seven years old—he had not been taken into their confidence.

Brave little Princess! How fast her heart beat as she kept "whooping" to Harry, all the while fearing that James would be caught. James meanwhile sped to the garden unseen, and unlocking the gate, darted down to the river-bank. There sat the valet in a boat waiting for him. James jumped in, and was quickly rowed out into the stream. While the valet rowed, James put on an entire suit of girl's clothes which Nottam had brought him, and looked so like a girl with his pretty dress and long curls that no one would have suspected him of being a boy in disguise. They reached the Dutch ship, and as soon as the boy was aboard it set sail for Holland. He arrived in safety still dressed as a girl and attended by the devoted valet.

When the Princess of Orange was informed of her brother's arrival, she was so overjoyed that she ran out of her palace bareheaded, and embraced him in the street, while the crowd cheered the affectionate sister and her escaped brother. The valet was loaded with thanks and valuable presents. The tailors had a busy time providing suitable clothing for the girlish-looking Duke, who afterwards became James II., King of England.

Severe as Cromwell was, he did not punish the Duke of Northumberland for allowing little James to hide so effectually that no one in England could find him.

Was not that a plot cleverly carried out by so young children? Was it not a right royal game of hide-and-seek?



PRESENCE OF MIND.

DENTIST. "YOU SAY IT'S A BACK TOOTH; AND AS THE CAVITY SEEMS QUITE LARGE, IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE FOR ME TO FILL IT BEFORE DUSK-TIME. MEANWHILE I WOULD SUGGEST THAT YOU TREAT IT TEMPORARILY TO RAW MEAT, WHICH WILL REDUCE THE IRRITATION SOMEWHAT."

A BROKEN HORSE

JACK doesn't know very much about horses, and he was quite unhappy the other day when he heard that a colt he admired was soon to be broken.

"Can't he never be mended again, Uncle George?" he asked.

AB'S COMPLIMENTS.

"I WISH those horrid mosquitoes would let me alone," said mamma.

"I don't blame 'em, mamma," returned Abner. "You're pretty sweet."

AN INTERESTING POINT.

MARJORIE had been puzzling over something for a long time, and finally she said, "Mamma, is tame flowers 'fraid of wild flowers, like tame animals is of wild animals?"

THE REASON.

MALCOLM. "What are you crying about, Percy?"

PERCY. "About the jam I just stole from the pantry."

MALCOLM. "What was the matter with it?"

PERCY. "Nothing, except that it got me a good licking."

AMBITIOUS TO RISE

MRS. MOLYNEUX. "Why are you always so naughty, Courtney?"

COURTNEY. "Because papa says that little boys who are so very, very good never amount to anything. And I'm going to amount to something, if I have to be naughty all the time."

WHY HE KNEW.

DUNCAN. "I'll bet that is a bird dog over there."

MR. CARLETON. "Why do you think so?"

DUNCAN. "Why, because he circles about on the lawn just as a bird does in the air."



"Well, I declare! You're the biggest frog I've ever seen. I'd give a blueberry for to see all of you."

AS USUAL.

"How are cocoanuts this year?" inquired the ring-tailed baboon.

"High, very high," called out the sacred monkey from the top of the palm.

THE HAPPY KITE.

CUTHBERT. "Isn't that kite up there enjoying itself?"

MRS. SYLVESTER. "Why do you think so, Cuthbert?"

CUTHBERT. "Why, because it is wagging its tail just the way Carlo does when he's romping and happy."

REGINALD'S REVERIE.

THERE is no wild rose on the hill
That once was green and bright,
The gold leaf drifts upon the rill
That flashes in the light.

The crow shrieks in the ashen sky,
The burnished chestnuts fall,
And o'er the field I madly fly
To kick the black football.

And as the bees no longer hum
About the garden bed,
I know the pensive autumn's come
To turn the lobster red.

R. K. M.

EXPLAINED.

"AREN'T you a big boy to have a nurse, Bob?" asked the old gentleman when he met Bob and his nurse in the Park.

"Oh no," said Bob. "She doesn't look after me, anyhow. She's here to take care of the boys I play with, and see that I don't hurt 'em."

UP TO HIS NECK THAT WAY.

"I FELL into the pond to-day, and it was up to my neck," said Walter.

"Nonsense!" said Jack. "The water in the pond isn't more than a foot deep."

"Ah, but I went in head first," said Walter.

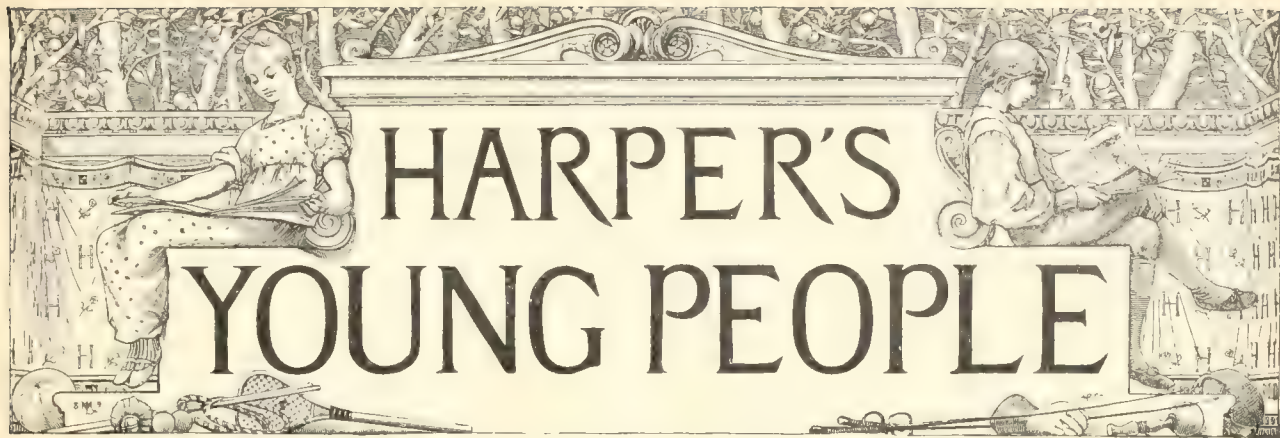
THE HARD PART OF IT.

"IT WASN'T hard learning how to write," said Bobbie one morning, when he was trying to write a letter to his father. "What bothers me is learning what to say when I write."



IT SAW ENOUGH.

"Out!"



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FIVE CENTS A COPY.
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.

THE COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK.

BY JNO GILMER SPEED

EACH time New York has a celebration of importance it eclipses all that have been previously held. That celebrating the four-hundredth anniversary of the sighting of the land in the New World by Christopher Columbus on the 12th of October, 1492, was easily the grandest that has ever been seen in the metropolis, or, indeed, anywhere else in America, even if it was not ahead of anything ever seen in the world. The grandest pageants and street decorations I had ever previously witnessed were in London in 1887, when Queen Victoria celebrated the fiftieth year of her reign. June in England often

brings most charming weather, and when the Queen appears in public on any great function the weather has so frequently been propitious that a day when the air is balmy and the skies cloudless in England has come to be called "Queen's weather." But the weather was never finer in England or elsewhere for out-door parades than on the days when New York celebrated the fortunate feat of the great Admiral. The skies were blue, the sun shone brightly, but mildly, there was an autumn haze in the air, and it was delightful merely to be out-of-doors.



THE COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK—THE CHILDREN'S PARADE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. HEMMENT.

The celebrations began on Saturday, October 8th, when there were special services for the Hebrews in all of the synagogues. On Sunday there were religious services in the Christian churches. The most imposing ceremony was that in St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Fifth Avenue, where there was a pontifical mass of thanksgiving. The music was specially fine, and as the beautiful cathedral lends itself admirably to such a sacred celebration, the services were particularly impressive. In the Protestant churches, too, the services were special, and the clergymen all preached sermons suitable to the occasion.

Monday was Children's Day, and when the sun rose in the morning, and the day was seen to be fair, there was rejoicing in many homes in New York. When the schools began their sessions in early September it was then announced that the pupils must get in readiness for the great parade of children through Fifth Avenue from Central Park to Washington Square. There was a tremendous amount of drilling during the intervening weeks, and the boys who were to march abreast through the city streets like soldiers going to the wars were quite as diligent in learning how to do this well as they were in studying their lessons in the text-books. The companies of school-children assembled in Fifty-ninth Street, in front of Central Park, and they were there in great numbers long before the time named for the start, which was ten o'clock. As that hour approached, the impatience among the youngsters became almost feverish, and many scouts were sent out to the plaza at the Fifth Avenue entrance to see whether the Mayor, who was to lead the march, had arrived on time. The minutes passed slowly, but the appointed time came, and the march began in perfect order, and without a particle of confusion. Each boy knew what he was to do, and even if it was only to keep step, with his eyes to the front, he did that with all his might.

When the various companies and divisions wheeled into line, each of them was soon passing beneath the beautiful and stately Columbus arch over Fifth Avenue at Fifty-eighth Street. The children's parade was the first to pass beneath this arch, and this was most fitting, for the arch was designed by a New York boy—a boy who is really only a fellow of those in the line of march. He was a pupil of the public schools, and is now a student at Columbia College. If this celebration had been held only six or eight years ago, young Herts, who designed and superintended the construction of the most beautiful of the city's decorations, would probably have been in knickerbockers in the ranks of the school-boys, as he is only twenty-one years old now.

When the paraders reached the reservoir at Forty-second Street, they were greeted by thousands of girls belonging to the public schools. The bands stopped as the procession passed this point, for here the girls made the music, and sang "Hail, Columbia," "The Star-spangled Banner," and other patriotic songs. They were dressed in various light-colored dresses, and the grand stand looked like a bank of bright-colored flowers. At Madison Square there was another break to the monotony of the march, for here was the reviewing stand, on which were the Vice-President of the United States, the Governors of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and South Carolina, each Governor surrounded by a staff of officers. Here each Captain saluted the Vice-President and the other high dignitaries, and these gentlemen, all smiles, returned salute for salute with punctilious promptness. Now the line passed on through Fifth Avenue, under the light and graceful arch at Twenty-second Street, to Seventeenth Street, where it turned eastward to go around Union Square, on three sides of which great stands had been erected. On the Seventeenth-street side there was again singing from girls. On the Fourteenth-street side

and in the stand about the Lafayette statue were seated girls in dresses which were the colors of the American flag. They were so arranged that as they sat they represented the flag—stripes of white and red, blue field, and stars and all. The boys would like to have cheered, but the obligation to keep step and a straight front, with eyes ahead, restrained them. Now they turned into Fifth Avenue again, and passed to the bottom of the street, underneath the splendid marble Washington monument into Washington Square, and there they disbanded.

There were more than 26,000 youngsters in the line. Of these there were 10,000 pupils of the New York public schools in twenty regiments, a regiment from Long Island City and Jersey City 1000 strong, a division of Catholic schools and colleges 7400 strong, a division of uniformed schools and institutions numbering 3600, and a division of colleges 3400 strong. Of these the conspicuous features were the Indian boys and girls from the Carlisle School in Pennsylvania; the little negro boys, carrying miniature muskets, from a Catholic school; the students of the Art Students' League, who walked with an artistic swagger; and the "men" from Columbia, who wore sweaters and high hats. But they all acquitted themselves with dignified and self-respecting propriety.

The evening of Monday was principally given up to fireworks on the Brooklyn Bridge. These were too brilliant and gorgeous for description. The rockets and candles seemed larger and more powerful than those ever before exploded, and the great towers of the bridge seemed to rain roses and stars of fire. But the crowning feature of the fireworks was the imitation of the falls of Niagara from the centre of the bridge.

The great feature of Tuesday was the naval parade. Every one who has travelled or knows much of the world from study is aware how spacious are the waters about New York—the splendid bay, the noble Hudson River, and that arm of Long Island Sound known as the East River. It is therefore possible to have a larger parade of ships on the waters about the city than anywhere else in the world. Invitations to participate in the naval pageant were sent to foreign countries, and three of them responded by sending men-of-war. From Italy, the place of the birth of Columbus, came the splendid steel cruiser *Giovanni Bausan*; from Spain, the country of Ferdinand and Isabella who fitted out the Columbus expedition, came the iron ship *Infanta Ysabel*; and from France, our ancient ally and always firm friend, the battle-ship *Aréthuse* and the despatch-boat *Hussard*. Each of these flew her country's flag, but upon the peak of each floated the Stars and Stripes.

Of the American ships there were the *Philadelphia*, the *Atlanta*, the *Miantonomoh*, the *Dolphin*, the *Vesuvius*, and the torpedo-boat *Cushing*. The *Philadelphia* led the way of the men-of-war; while the *Cushing*, the fleetest boat in American waters, and perhaps in the world, scooted about—now here, now there—turning as easily as a man turns on his heels, and racing to and fro with the speed of a greyhound. On this lead-colored, cigar-shaped boat was the master of ceremonies, the Grand Marshal of the parade.

The river-banks, the docks on either side, and the house-tops were thronged with people, and it is well within the mark to say that more than a million people watched this naval parade in commemoration of the success of Columbus's great voyage. Promptly at half past twelve the *Cushing* gave the signal to start. This signal was repeated by the *Philadelphia*, and in a minute that great ship was under way. Just as she started, a gun boomed out from Fort Wadsworth on Staten Island, and almost immediately afterwards another from Fort Hamilton on the Long Island shore. Each fort fired a national salute of twenty-one guns. Just as the last of these was fired the great ships began the response, and each replied with

twenty-one guns. Slowly the ships moved up the Bay. When they were opposite Bedlows Island the guns there boomed out in salute, and when this was over, and before the ships could reply, the guns from Castle William on Governors Island took up the loud welcome. After these twenty-one guns, the ships again belched forth their loud response. From here until One-hundred-and-twenty-sixth Street was reached the parade moved up the Hudson. There the ships stopped, the Vice-President's boat passed along the line, and the salute appropriate to him was fired by some of the boats, though in some instances the powder gave out before the salute was complete.

Wednesday was a public holiday, and it was also practically the end of the show. When the sun rose there were clouds in the sky and a warmth in the air that seemed to presage rain. But in a little while these blew away, and there was "Queen's weather" again. The programme for the great holiday was this: Ten in the morning the military parade and parade of uniformed organizations; four in the afternoon the unveiling of the monument to Columbus erected by the Italian residents of America, and at eight in the evening the grand night pageant.

New York has seen a great many military parades, and naturally one of them is very much like all the rest. This was only different in that it was larger than usual. Promptly at ten o'clock General Martin McMahon, the Grand Marshal, gave the word to start from the Battery, round which the troops and civic organizations were assembled. And gayly the head of the procession started off. In front was the usual line of mounted police to clear the way. Then came the Grand Marshal, sitting his horse with a most gallant air, and at an interval his staff of gorgeously uniformed horsemen. Then came Troop A of the New York National Guard as an escort to the Grand Marshal; following were the West Point Cadets, and then the regular troops of the United States (2000 in number). Then came troops from New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, each division headed by the Governor of the State to which the troops belonged. And so through all the day and till darkness fell on the streets the columns moved up through the city. Then came the night and the long-looked-for pageant. There was a hitch somewhere, and the procession did not get started till nearly two hours after time. It was long after eleven o'clock before the head of the procession reached the reviewing stand at Madison Square. This head consisted of some 5000 bicycle riders, who went along with painful slowness. At length the floats, admirably designed and beautifully constructed, moved into sight. But they were so poorly lighted that most of the beauty was lost to the spectators, who, with wonderful good-nature, sat hour after hour looking at horsemen that could be but dimly seen, and great floats that could not be plainly made out in the darkness. A wise use of the electric light would have made this pageant a grand success and worthy of the grand occasion.

PETE'S GOOD BARGAIN.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"YOU never saw such a melon crop in all your life, did you, grandpa?"

"Not when 'twas all raised by one little chap like you, Jacky."

"I guess not!" Jack gazed at the melon-patch with pride and delight beaming in his clear honest eyes. "It takes pluck, grandpa, just as you said it would. I dug it myself, every clip, you know—for all you said you'd help me."

"Every spadeful."

"Yes, and I raked it and run it up into them hills, just as high as you told me."

"Yes."

"And put in every seed. And how I've weeded 'em and watered 'em! And how I've turned over every melon so's to get the sunshine! And sat 'round to keep the hens out. And watched nights for fear of boys. And now look at 'em!"

"But you ain't to claim you've done it all, you know, Jacky," said grandpa, always anxious to point a moral. "Don't forget how much the Lord's done to help."

"Course not," said Jack. "But say, grandpa, how much do you count up ought to be got apiece for these?"

"How many in all?"

"There's more 'n a hundred and fifty good big rousin' fellers, and eighteen more that isn't so fine."

"Yes." Grandpa's face took on the look of grave calculation with which he had at least a dozen times before entered upon the same subject. "Well, where I was raised we used to reckon on five to eight cents apiece, taking a load all through."

"But now?"

"Times do change," said the old man. "And as I've hinted to you before, Jacky, I don't mind sayin' p'raps you'll do better, seein' we've come to live so near the city, where there's a good market for sass. Beats all how much city folks 'll pay for something good to eat."

"They won't find anything much better 'n these," said Jacky, with a smile broad enough to divide into a generous share for each melon.

"No, they won't. And I shouldn't wonder—no, I shouldn't," grandpa set his foot with energy upon the garden-path, "if you got ten cents right straight. That 'd be fifteen dollars for a hundred and fifty."

"I'm going to take 'em in next week," said Jack, stooping to carefully turn one great disk so as to bring a slight shade of paleness on one of its speckled sides into the direct rays of the sun.

On an evening not long afterwards Jack put the finish to his good summer's labor by loading up the spring wagon to drive into town. He worked hard, bringing the melons to grandpa, who would not let him lift them into the wagon.

"Your back 'll ache enough without that," said grandpa. "You're not goin' to lift. There, is that all?"

"Yes, it's the even hundred and fifty. I'm goin' to leave the rest, so 't you and me and grandma can have some to eat. My treat. And I ain't left the meanest ones, neither."

Jack did ache when at length he went to bed, but that did not prevent him, after his sound and dreamless sleep, from greeting the earliest sunrays which gilded and glanced back from the Pacific Ocean. What joy it was, after his hasty breakfast, to set out to market with the generous result of his toil!

Past gardens and orchards rich with fruits and vegetables; past groves in which oranges and lemons hung like balls of gold against dark green foliage; past geranium hedges, and houses hidden to the roofs with roses and heliotrope. Dusty enough, where the irrigating hose of the careful worker failed to reach. But what did Jack care for dust? Was it not this very dust which gave such kindly return for his labor? Nothing it asked except moisture from the mountain springs, garnered up since last winter's liberal rains, to cause it to break into full luxuriance. And from the depths of the boy's light heart came glad recognition of the help given by the gracious Hand which holds the waters and directs the sunbeams.

"Well, then the outsider Jack was met by a smart-looking boy who, judging by his size, might have been about his own age, but in everything else counted twice as much."

"Yes, fine ones," said Jack, with his beaming smile.

"But these," said the boy, looking critically at them, "won't sell 'em."

"Yes."

"What's your price?"

This was a puzzle to Jack. Time and again had grandpa cautioned him against closing too quickly with any offer he might receive.

"Well," he said, prudently, "I thought I'd find out what they was bringing in."

"Course," said the boy. "You want to do the very best you can."

"That's it," said Jack, delighted at having happened on some one who knew so exactly what he wanted.

"And I'm the very one to tell you that. I'm in the market myself. Everybody there knows me. Pete Garvy's my name."

Jack warmly congratulated himself at having met with Pete Garvy.

"It's a fortunate thing you've fell in with me," went on the latter, "for it's the easiest thing in the world to get cheated on a load like that."

"Is it?" said Jack, anxiously.

"Course 'tis. I've seen chaps so badly fleeced they might just as well 'a' thrown their whole crop into the sea. Now I wouldn't advise you to go no further into town, 'cause the town's full o' the sort that does that sort o' thing."

The friendly Pete Garvy was all this time engaged in taking in Jack's melons with a practised eye, and before long had satisfied himself that he could retail them for an average of twenty-five cents apiece, it being early in the season.

"Well, what 'd you say you'd take for 'em? If your price isn't too high I might be able to trade with you myself."

Poor Jack stood weighed down with the dreadful burden of perplexity as to what to say. What if he should put them too high, and lose the chance of such a fair-spoken customer? What if he should put them too low, and fail to get the good price he hoped for?

"I'd rather you made me an offer," he returned.

"Tain't businesslike. Folks that's sellin's the ones to put the price. But I don't mind, seein' you're not used to city ways. How would, well, say ten cents apiece, suit you? Fifteen dollars for the lot?"

He made the offer in full expectation of its being indignantly refused, then of gradually increasing it to possibly fifteen cents in case Jack proved obstinate. He was therefore quite unprepared for the delight which spread over Jack's face. All grandpa's injunctions as to careful bargaining were forgotten, all his cautions against falling in with too early an offer lost sight of in this triumph of at once securing the highest figure ever dreamed of at home.

"Course I don't say I'm sure to make on it," said Pete. "It's only I kind o' hate to have you set on by sharks that 'd do you out o' everything. And I'm ready to say," he went on, with a virtuous air, "that if you choose to go round the streets and sell 'em yourself, you might do a little bit better. But that 'd take you all day, and you'll have to get your dinner, and bait your horse, and stand the chance o' gettin' cheated forty times. It's no joke to sell out a load like that."

"I'll take it," said Jack, in fear and trembling lest such an offer should be withdrawn. "Count 'em out. You'll find 'em fair and square a hundred and fifty."

Jack waited while Pete hired a horse and cart, also

borrowed a part of the money from business friends near to pay for the melons. The transfer of the luscious load to it was soon made, and Jack, bright of face and light of heart, slowly jogged out of town and out of our story.

"Bargain? Well, I should say!" Pete waited until Jack was fairly out of sight, then gave a shout of triumph as one or two of his friends joined him. "Wish I might have such a streak o' luck every day. Little fool of a chap as didn't know beans. Thought it the best thing that could 'a' happened to him to come acrost me. Ho! ho! Thought I was the only one in town as wouldn't cheat him out of his eye-teeth. Get up, Bunker."

Bunker Hill was a horse which might have been supposed already to have done his whole duty by his owner. He wore his head in a dejected way near the ground, and was never known to go off a walk. Nobody ever thought of tying him, because it was well known that he preferred standing still by a post to anything else, except doing the same thing in his stable. The frayed-out old hitching-rope which hung from one of the bit-rings was occasionally thrown over a post by way of polite recognition of the city ordinance against leaving horses untied.

After driving with suburban grocers two or three trades which brought to his face a renewed series of broad grins, Pete drove towards the central part of the city, still on the alert for chances of a sale. It was while he was inside a store that his horse caught sight of a wisp of hay dropped by a passing wagon close to the track of a cable-car line. It was interesting, and he lazily sauntered over that way, dragging the hitching-rope.

All of a sudden Bunker Hill sprang clear off the ground, jerked up his head, set his ears stiffly back, reared on his hind feet, pawed with his fore feet, gave a loud snort, and rushed frantically down the street.

It was not his fault that all his past record for speed was shattered in one moment. Bunker Hill was a peaceable animal, with no ambition beyond the gait of a plough-horse. But now on he sped, followed by enthusiastic boys wildly cheering him, while melons flew this side and that.

Around a corner he ran, the four wheels of the wagon fairly whirling from the ground. Everything kept out of Bunker Hill's way except dogs, and they added to his terror by leaping about him and snapping at his heels. Two blocks—three—another corner, this time a sharper turn. The last of the melons were scattered, the wagon went over and now dragged on its side. Another block, and then Bunker Hill's one effort at speed came to an end as suddenly as it had begun. The reaction threw him back upon his haunches, and the next moment he was being held down by half a hundred citizens—as if he, poor animal, had the least desire to take a step further.

In a transport of dismay Pete had pursued his load at his best speed, following the trail of smashed melons.

"What got into him?" he breathlessly asked, as at length he stood gazing on the wreck of the hired wagon. Amid shouts and laughter it was soon explained. Bunker Hill's hitching-rope had fallen through the cable slot. Its frayed end had been caught by the cable, and he had been for the time being moved by steam. His sudden stoppage had been caused by the cutting of the rope by the cross cable of another line.

Never, surely, did street gamins enjoy such a feast as that afforded by Jacky's sun-flavored melons. Pete ruefully shook his head as he led Bunker Hill back to his home.

"Worst bargain I ever made in my life!"



CAP'N I'S CLOSEST CALL.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

ONE warm moonlit evening, not many months ago, I stood on the bridge of a great south-bound steamship. We were somewhere off the Florida coast, but far from it, and well to the eastward of the Gulf Stream. Consequently, though the season was winter, the air was as balmy as that of a northern June. The sea was perfectly smooth, and a school of porpoises, darting close to our bows through the phosphorescent waters, gleamed like flashes of liquid silver. The first officer, who was on watch, stood at one end of the bridge, and I leaned on its railing near Captain Ira Carey—or "Cap'n I," as he was always called by his intimates—at the other. My companion was as fine a specimen of a Yankee seaman as ever trod a deck, and had been on the water, boy and man, for nearly forty years. No one of us had spoken for many minutes, when the silence was at length broken by "Cap'n I," who, straightening up and speaking half aloud, as though continuing a train of thought, said,

"Yes, it must have been just about here."

"What?" I asked, anxiously, thinking he had spoken to me.

The Captain regarded me in silence for some seconds before he answered: "The closest call of my life. And though I've sailed these same waters a hundred times or more since, I always look for the place, and never leave the deck until I feel certain that we have passed it. Now I am quite sure that we have; so let's go below for a smoke."

A minute later we were seated in the Captain's spacious and handsomely furnished room, where the warm breeze softly rustled the curtains and wafted the fragrance of our cigars through the open doorways.

"Now for it, Captain," I said.

"For what?"

"Your yarn."

"What yarn?"

"Why, the yarn of your closest call, of course."

"Oh, that! It isn't much of a yarn, and I don't know

as I can remember the facts very well, anyhow, it all happened so long ago. But if you must have it, here goes.

"It was more than thirty years ago, and I was only a youngster, in spite of being first mate of the good brig *Rover*, of and from New York, with a general cargo for Mobile. After we'd taken in the bulk of our freight, among which was a lot of what in those days we called 'straw goods,' or carriages knocked down and wrapped in straw, we dropped down to Bedlows Island, and took aboard five tons of powder. It was in canisters, packed in white pine boxes, and I stowed it directly under the main hatch, where it could be easily got at in case of accident. With this our lading was completed, and having nothing more to detain us, we towed down to the Hook and put to sea. We stood well to the eastward of south until we were clear of the Gulf, and then laid a course for the Hole in the Wall, down here in the Bahamas.

"For a week nothing of incident occurred, except that we got blown farther to the eastward than we liked, and pretty well out of the usual track of vessels passing through the Hole in the Wall. At length the last day that any of us ever spent aboard the old brig came on, bright and hot, with a fair but light breeze that allowed us to set everything aloft and aloft, and even to put 'stun sails' on her. When night fell we were not far from where this ship was a couple of hours ago, or about two hundred miles from the northern end of the Bahamas.

"That evening was very much such a one as this, and found us slipping along as smooth as silk, leaving a phosphorescent wake like silver ribbons behind us. The 'old man' and I both turned in at eight bells, leaving the second mate on deck. It seemed uncommon hot and close down below, even for these latitudes; but leaving our doors open for the sake of what air did circulate, the Captain and I kept up the talk we had begun on deck. We occupied the two starboard state-rooms, he the after one, and I the one nearest the bulkhead that separated the cabin from the hold. In this bulkhead was a door.

"Getting started on an old sea-yarn, the Captain kept me awake for more than an hour; but I was getting drowsy at last, and hardly knew what he was saying, when suddenly he sung out, 'Hello, Iry! Don't you smell smoke?' I was wide awake in an instant, and I should say I did smell smoke. It was what had been putting me to sleep, though I had not realized it until that moment. I sprang out of my bunk and into the cabin. There was no fire there, but as I opened the door in the bulkhead such a burst of red flames greeted me that I closed it again in a hurry. Then I made one bound up the companion-way, yelling to the Captain as I went that we'd no time to lose in getting out of there.

"As I gained the deck the second mate was taking a turn along the weather-side as cool and unconcerned as you please, without a suspicion that anything was going wrong. He stared at me as though he thought I was a lunatic when I shouted to him that the brig was on fire, and to lower away the gig that hung from the stern davits if he valued his life. At the same time I ran forward to call all hands. The tone of my voice must have frightened them, for I never saw a more scared set of men than those that came aft at my summons.

"A couple of them helped me uncover and lift the main hatch. I thought if the fire hadn't yet got to the powder, we might find time to throw it overboard, and then have a chance of saving the ship. But bless you! the flames were not only *near* the powder, they were all around it, and it is a great wonder we hadn't been blown to eternity long before. As I caught sight of their red tongues licking those pine boxes, I got the hatch back into place in a hurry, and ordered the men into the boat, which by this time was towing astern. All this had

happened so quickly that the crew were tumbling over the stern by the time the Captain put his head out of the companion-way. There he stood staring about him like one who is dazed. He had stopped to slip into some clothes, and had a medicine-chest under his arm in place of the chronometer he thought he was saving.

"With all the calmness I could command I reported to him that our powder was liable to explode at any instant, and begged him to drop into the gig, from which the men were already shouting that they were about to cut her adrift. The 'old man' glanced at the boat, and seeing that it was crowded, ordered me to cut away the starboard-quarter boat, which also hung from davits.

"At this I hesitated. It seemed like deliberate suicide to remain on that brig's deck a moment longer, and I didn't feel any more ready to die then than I do now. At the same time I never had disobeyed an order from a superior officer, and I wasn't inclined to do so for no better cause than cowardice. So I did as I was told; but while hacking at those falls beside that smouldering volcano my heart was so high in my throat that it came nigh choking me. When the boat fell clear, and drifted astern with the Captain, who had jumped into her as she touched the water, yelling to me to follow him, I hadn't the strength to do it. My knees weakened so that I couldn't have lifted my feet to save me. On my hands and knees I crawled aft, and rolled overboard just as the men cut the painter of the gig.

"The instant I touched the water I was all right again, and inside of another minute I had swum to the gig, and was standing in its bows watching the brig. She was slipping away from us very quietly, but more swiftly than I had supposed her to be moving, and her towering pyramid of canvas, bleached to a snowy whiteness or barred with black shadows by the moonlight, formed as perfect a picture of marine life as ever a sailor would care to look upon. At that moment I fairly loved the old brig, and wished that I could regain her deck so as to make one effort to save her. There were no flames to be seen, nor even a trace of smoke, and I heard one of the men behind me mutter that he didn't see why we had left her in such a hurry anyway.

"The words had hardly left his mouth before there came the most blinding glare and deafening crash that mortals ever saw and heard and yet lived to tell of. I was hurled, stunned and blinded, backward into the boat; and before I could in any degree recover my senses, the place where I had stood was crushed into a shapeless mass of splinters by the brig's foreyard that the explosion had sent crashing down on us. A moment later the boat sank, and left us eight souls, dazed, bruised, and bleeding from many wounds, instinctively clinging to the great spar that had so nearly destroyed us.

"That, I say, was the closest call of my life. I hadn't left the brig's deck more than a minute before the explosion took place, and the falling yard would have crushed me to jelly had I been sitting instead of standing in the bows of the boat. Indeed, to go back further, if the 'old man' hadn't taken the notion to spin one of his long-winded yarns, and so kept us both awake for some time after we had turned in, every soul on that brig would have been ushered into eternity without a moment's warning, and her unknown fate would have been recorded as one more of the unexplained mysteries of the sea."

"It was indeed a close call," I said, as the Captain paused to relight his cigar, "and about the very narrowest escape from sudden death that I ever heard of. But how did the brig catch fire? and how were you finally rescued?"

"As to how she caught fire," replied the Captain, "none of us ever knew; but I have always believed that it was through the spontaneous combustion of a lot of oil-skins that formed part of her cargo. As to our rescue,

we were taken from the yards by the Captain in the quarter boat, which had escaped without injury from the shower of heavy débris that fell all around it immediately after the explosion. And that reminds me of another feature of my 'closest call'; for if my instinct of obedience had not been strong enough to force me to cut loose that boat at the Captain's bidding, we should probably have drifted helplessly on that yard until we perished from thirst, or could cling to it no longer.

"We had no sail in the boat, and it leaked so badly that one man was kept constantly bailing. Of course we had saved nothing, not even a drop of fresh water or a biscuit. I was in my shirt and drawers, while some of the men had even less clothing. At first we were helplessly bewildered by the suddenness and frightful character of the disaster that had befallen us. It had all happened within a few minutes, and more than once I rubbed my eyes to see if I were not dreaming. While we were in this state, a mass of the floating wreckage, that was burning or smoking in every direction about us, surged against our little craft with such force that she was nearly stove. The hint was sufficient, and taking to the oars, we soon pulled clear of this danger. Then the Captain said that as our nearest land was the Bahamas, less than two hundred miles away, the best thing we could do was to pull in that direction, with a slim chance of making one of the islands, and a better one of falling in with some vessel. As all hands agreed that we could do no better, the 'old man' laid a star course that he thought would fetch us to one of the Abacos, and we set out.

"I was thirsty before we started, and the knowledge that we hadn't a drop of anything to drink made me doubly so. Of course I took my turn at the oars with the rest, and this so increased my thirst that by morning I was wellnigh crazy with the terrible longing for water. I recalled all the cool springs and rippling brooks I had ever known; and with closed eyes I could see the old well at home, with its mossy stones, its tall sweep, and its shadowy depths, as plainly as I can see you now. I tell you what, there is nothing equal to a raging thirst for stimulating the imagination.

"At length the long night came to an end, and the sun rose, red and hot, from a sea unruffled by a breath. With this our sufferings were increased, until finally one of the men threw down his oar and declared he would rather die where he was than pull another stroke. Two others followed his example, and for an hour or so we lay idly drifting up the slopes of the glassy swells and into the hollows beyond.

"All at once the Captain, who was standing up, called out that he saw a sail; and as our boat rose on the next swell, we all saw it. An electric shock could not have dispelled our listlessness more completely. The men bent to their oars with such new life that our craft sprang forward as though she were engaged in a race. An hour showed the strange sail to be a schooner, and brought her hull in sight. At the end of another, we were within half a mile of her. Then a breeze came—only in cat's-paws, to be sure, but enough to move her, and in the wrong direction. She sailed away from us at such a rate that while we could hold our own with her, we couldn't gain an inch. For a few minutes we rowed like madmen. Then, as we saw that it was of no use, we began to yell. Singly and all together we shouted until only hoarse whispers



SHE WAS SLIPPING AWAY FROM US VERY QUIETLY.

came from our blistered throats. The schooner might have been manned by the dead for all the notice her people took of us. Finally we gave up the hopeless struggle, and flung ourselves down in the bottom of our boat, where some of the men cried, while others swore, and still others lay like logs. No one would even look after the retreating schooner, except the Captain, who never took his eyes off her. Suddenly he shouted: 'The breeze has died out again, and her sails are flapping. Now for one more try, men! Remember it's for your lives!' With this he motioned me to the tiller, and took my oar. This time we made it, and I think I was never so grateful for anything in my life, nor so happy, as when we ranged alongside of that little schooner, and made fast to her bobstay. Up to this time we had not seen a human being nor a sign of life aboard her. We clambered up over her bows, and made a mad rush aft for the scuttle-butt. As we did so I saw a man near the wheel rubbing his eyes and staring at us wildly, as though he had just waked. Then we heard him yell: 'Pirates! All hands on deck! We're boarded by pirates!' With that the crew came tumbling up from below, where they had been taking advantage of the calm to indulge in a late morning nap.

"The craft was the schooner *Diamond* from Baracoa, with cocoanuts for Boston. She was only about the size of a Gloucester fisherman, but she answered our purpose as well as though she had been a Cunarder. We could have kissed every plank of her deck in our joy at treading them, and at that moment I for one would not have exchanged her scuttle-butt for all the wells in Christendom.

"No one could be kinder than were the *Diamond's* people, when they learned of our misfortune. They furnished us with clothing, with food, and with drink to the full extent of their means. Then the schooner was headed for the scene of the explosion, which we reached a few hours later. The sea for miles was covered with the charred wreckage of the brig; but we recovered nothing of value except a few cases of patent-medicines, and the ship's cat, which, with half her hair singed off, we found floating about on a straw-wrapped carriage-wheel. A week later we were in Boston, with our recent sufferings wellnigh forgotten, and ready to ship for another voyage. They are very vividly recalled to me, though, by the knowledge that I am in the very waters where they were endured, and by passing the place of my 'closest call,' as we did this evening."



ALMOST BIG ENOUGH TO JOIN THE NATIONAL GUARD.



GIRLS FROM THE FIVE POINTS MISSION.



BOYS OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL NO. 69.



GIRLS FROM THE INDIAN SCHOOL AT CARLETON, PENNSYLVANIA.

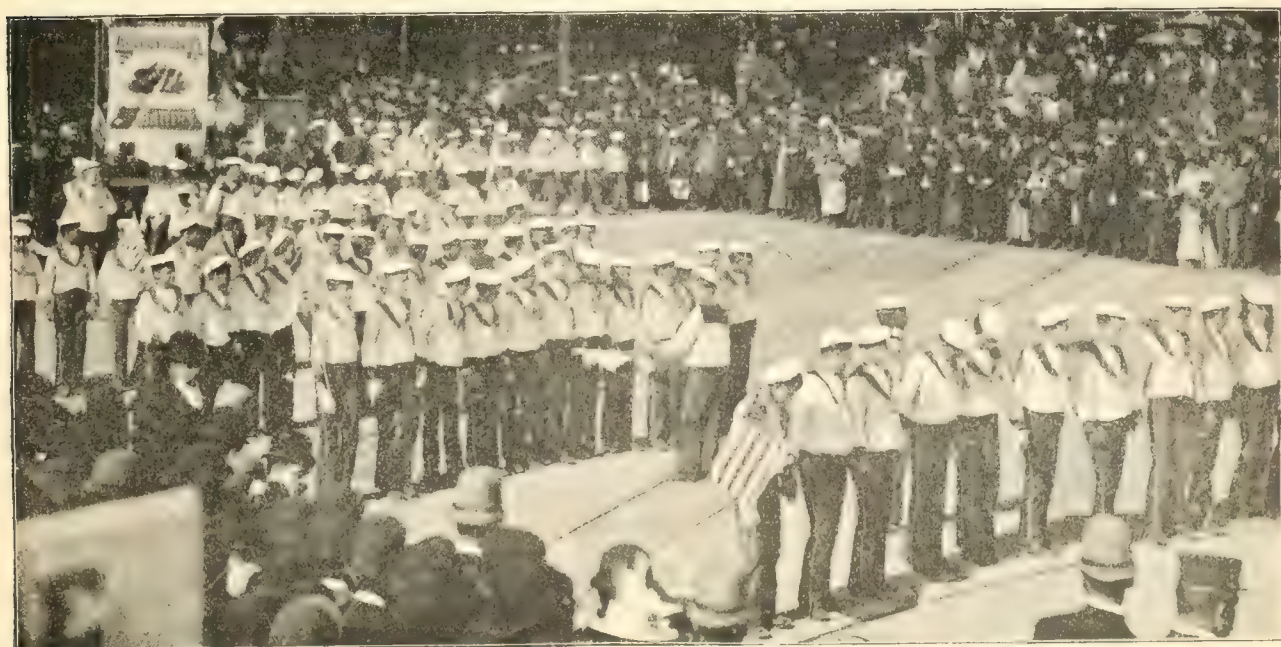
THE COLUMBUS CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK—THE CHILDREN'S PARADE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. HEMMENT.



BARNARD SCHOOL OF HARLEM.



MILITARY CORPS OF PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 16



THE YOUNG DALTON VOLUNTEERS.

THE COLUMBUS CELEBRATION IN NEW YORK—THE CHILDREN'S PARADE.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. HEMMENT.

TINY HOUSE-GARDENS.

BY L. L. BROWN, CHICAGO.

ALMOST anything that grows and has healthy foliage is attractive in winter; and those who cannot in the cold and barren yards of glass-covered flowering plants may enjoy the pleasures of a sponge-garden, which can be easily managed by any plant-loving child. A large round piece of coarse sponge is the first requisite, and it should be neatly trimmed of all jagged ends. Then soak it in warm water until it is thoroughly expanded, when it should be squeezed nearly dry, and the openings filled with rice and barley, seeds of red clover, oats, grass, etc.

The next thing is to suspend it in a window that has the sun for some hours during the day, and it should be thoroughly sprinkled with lukewarm water every morning. In a week or so tiny green shoots will appear, and these, if the sponge is kept moist, will grow as if by magic into a velvety ball of living green. In due time the clover blossoms will appear, and look far prettier than when blooming in the field.

Tiny ferns and partridge-vine are lovely growing in this way, as the sponge supplies the constant moisture in which they delight; and many more things than one would imagine will take kindly to the wet sponge. *Tradescantia*, or *Wandering-Jew*, which has the reputation of taking to *anything*, droops charmingly over this novel residence, and becomes greener than ever, while a very delicate species of melon-vine sways its light-tinted leaves in the sunshine with great contentment.

But when it comes to sweet-pea and cypress-vine, it really seems more than could be expected from a sponge-garden; yet they will really grow there, and with great care they may even be coaxed into bloom. The delicate green foliage of the cypress-vine is a beautiful ornament in itself, but when a few crimson stars peep out, the plant is still prettier.

Another tiny garden can be made by cutting a piece of sheet-wadding to fit the top of a bowl or a wide-mouthed jar, which is filled with water just high enough for the bottom of the wadding to touch it. Two or three small bits of charcoal will keep the water pure; and when all is arranged the top of the wadding is sprinkled with seeds of mignonette, sweet-pea, or any other easily growing plant. The roots pierce down through the wadding and are nourished by the water; while leaves and blossoms, in a reasonable time, conceal the top. This garden is even easier to manage than the sponge.

A large carrot, rather thick than long, carefully hollowed out until only a wall strong enough to suspend it by is left, makes a very pretty bit of winter greenness. The foliage sprouts from the outside and quite covers the carrot. When sufficiently hollowed out, the three strings by which it is suspended in the window are fastened in the holes bored for them at equal distances in the top of the carrot at about half an inch below the edge. This queer little hanging basket is then filled with water nearly up to the holes, and a small piece of charcoal added. The water must be renewed as the carrot absorbs it, for if allowed to become dry the foliage will turn yellow, and lose its beauty. All water in which plants are growing needs replenishing every few days.

A sweet-potato treated in this way is even prettier, as its foliage is a delicate vine that climbs and wreathes itself with great luxuriance around any support that is provided. It cannot always be depended upon, however, to do its best, and as it is a warmth-loving plant, it will be better to keep it until the sprouts appear behind a stove or on a mantel which the heat of a fire keeps at greenhouse temperature. In the kitchen, where there is plenty of both heat and moisture, this vine always flourishes in its greatest beauty. It will also do well if planted in

moist sand instead of water, and the moisture must be kept up by using water that is moderately warm.

A single vine of almost any kind that will keep itself properly clothed with green leaves makes even a bare-looking room quite charming; and among those which are easy to get and to cultivate are ivies of all kinds, from the slow-growing English ivy to the German or parlor ivy, which has lighter foliage and grows faster. It requires a sunshiny window for its bright, vivid green; but when it is satisfied with the window it will climb all over it in a short time. It is a very cheerful-looking plant, and it has the advantage of never being troubled by insects. This ivy trails beautifully in a hanging basket or an urn, and if planted in good soil, any little branch that has been cut off at a joint will be sure to grow.

Mexican ivy or Madeira vine, with its glossy waxen leaves, is also a great climber and a very pretty decoration. Like the German ivy, it needs plenty of sunshine; and when everything is to its liking, it sometimes rewards its care-takers with long clusters of cream-colored blossoms in winter. This is quite a rare occurrence, however, and not at all to be counted on, as it is capricious of blooming even out-of-doors. But many persons do not like the peculiar odor of the flowers, and the lovely light green foliage alone will repay considerable trouble.

English ivy can be arranged very prettily in a hanging basket, or in any kind of a basket or receptacle, with autumn leaves that have been pressed and lightly painted over with linseed oil. Long sprays should be cut from ivy growing out-of-doors, and the smaller and closer together the leaves are the prettier will be the effect. About six two-ounce bottles, each with its bit or two of charcoal, should be nearly filled with water, and as many sprays of ivy as can be accommodated without crowding placed in each vial. Cotton batting must be wrapped around each bottle to keep it firm in the basket; and the longer sprays can be trained to climb up the cords, while the smaller ones droop over the sides. The bright leaves are arranged last of all to conceal the bottles and the wadding; and hung in a corner, or even in a sunless window, it has the effect of graceful foliage and brilliant bloom.

A very simple greenery can be made with the foundation of an old glass shade from a gas fixture and a large dinner plate. A small pot or can filled with good earth is placed within the globe which rests on the plate, and in this pot are planted ivy and *tradescantia*. Vivid green swamp-moss conceals the globe and plate; and the partridge-vine, with its bright red berries, will trail over this with great satisfaction. Wet everything thoroughly and sprinkle with grass seed, and this pretty ornament will brighten the parlor and the dining table all winter.

REAL AND FABULOUS WOLVES.

EVERY child loves *Little Red Riding-hood*, and enjoys just a little the terror inspired by the great savage wolf in the picture; but actually to live in places where such ferocious creatures roam through the woods is quite another thing.

Some years ago a farmer living in Maine came near losing his little son as *Red Riding-hood* was lost. While his mother was busy in-doors, the boy would run out into the woods and fields near the house, or go to watch his father working on the farm. One day in late autumn, when the leaves had nearly all dropped from the trees to the ground, the farmer saw, on his way home, a queer-looking pile of leaves close to the woods that seemed to have been put there for some particular purpose. Carefully moving them to see what was underneath, he found his own rosy boy lying there fast asleep. He certainly had not covered himself up in this fashion, for he could not have done it; and while a dreadful idea flashed through his mind, the trembling father lifted the little fellow from his leafy nest and put a small

log in his place. He piled leaves on this until the mound looked very much as it did before, and then taking his precious boy, he hid among the bushes to see what would happen.

In a very short time there was a wolf's howl in the distance; then howl after howl in reply, until the woods seemed full of the dismal sounds as they came nearer and nearer. Soon a great savage-looking wolf, lean and hungry, sprang upon the pile of leaves, followed by a pack of his companions, and scattered them right and left until the log was seen. Then the fierce-looking animal cowered to the ground, and fairly shook with fear. He knew his fate; and in a moment the others, enraged at his inviting them to a feast only to cheat them with a log, sprang upon him and devoured him in place of the boy.

When their repast was finished the wolves disappeared in the forest; and the farmer, with a grateful prayer for his child's deliverance, took him home to his mother. The little fellow, tired of playing, had lain down among the leaves and fallen asleep, and the wolf that was devoured in his stead found him there, and covered him from sight until he could bring his comrades to share the feast.

When the wolf has always shown so much cunning as well as ferocity, it is scarcely surprising that in the Dark Ages many absurd fables concerning this savage animal were generally believed. The *were-wolf*, or *man-wolf*, was a terrible creature, having the intelligence of a man with the strength and bloodthirstiness of a wolf; and an old writer said, "If we admit that a man can change iron into steel, and make many kinds of artificial stones which resemble natural gems, it must be strange if Satan, with the great power that God has given him over the elementary world, cannot change a man into a wolf."

One characteristic of the were-wolf was that it never had any tail; and it was gravely believed that a party of these creatures would enter beer-cellar and drink up a great many barrels of beer, piling up the empty barrels in the middle of the cellar—in which particular, it was added, they differ from natural wolves. Their doings were not usually so innocent as this, for they would rob and murder in a very wholesale fashion, and a single were-wolf was sufficient to keep a whole province in terror. Many innocent people were tortured and even put to death on a suspicion of being were-wolves, while the real culprits, ordinary men, except that they were more wicked than their fellow-creatures, escaped.

Wolves have figured in all sorts of stories, and there is a very absurd one in connection with the French cathedral of Orleans, which is said to have happened in 888. A midnight service was going on, when a wolf appeared upon the scene, and taking the bell-rope in his teeth, he rang the bell for some time and then slowly walk-

ed out of the cathedral. No one knew what to make of this strange proceeding; but when in the following year the cathedral was destroyed by fire, it was at once decided that the benevolent wolf rang the bell as a warning! It seemed a great pity that he did not say so, or that the people were not quicker in taking a hint. Another wolf is said to have worked in harness with a deer at a time when horses and oxen had been killed off by an epidemic; but before bowing his neck to the yoke he had killed the deer's companion. An ancient British saint ordered him to take the place of the unfortunate deer, where hard work and frequent blows soon made another wolf of him.

WHY HE WAS LATE.

"WHY are you so late, Jack?" asked the boy's mother on his return from school.

"I was kept in," replied Jack.

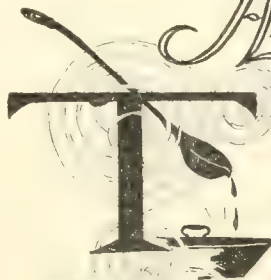
"Whispering again?"

"No, 'm. I was kept in for not talking."

"How was that?"

"The jography teacher asked me a question, and I never said a word."

ALL HALLOWEEN



he lead has been melted
And fortunes been told,
The apples been bobbed for,
The forfeits been sold.

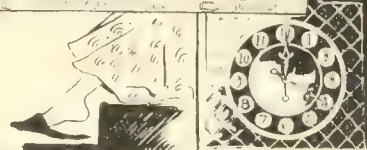
The nuts have been roasted,
The revel is done;
The hand on the old clock
Is pointing to one.



A patter, a scamper
Of small dainty feet—
New revellers are coming
The fun to repeat.

The apples go bobbing,
The candle spins round,
The nutshells are scattered,
The yarn is unwound.

The last crumb is eaten,
The revel is o'er
The hand on the old clock
Is pointing to four.



A rustle, a scraping
Of skirts on the stair—
A step on the threshold,
And Bridget is there

Just see the confusion!
She cries, in affright;
Sure, now, 'twas the fairies
That played here last night

ALICE B. BLAIR



THE CHESBROOKE TENNIS CLUB.

BY ELLEN DEGEN JENNINGS.

THE CHESBROOKE BOYS of the Chesbrooke Tennis Club were very much excited. They had just heard that an All Comers Tournament was to be held at the Wiscasset Club grounds, near Philadelphia, and all were anxious that their club should at least be represented, even if they were unsuccessful in carrying off any of the prizes.

It was a cool afternoon in early June, and a "tea-day." Margaret Sherwood poured, assisted by her dear friend Amy Wayne, and the boys passed the cups to a group of girls who were sitting on a bench outside of the tent. It was a pretty sight. The tennis-courts were within view of the Chesbrooke River, that wound through the town, and the afternoon sun made long shadows of the trees at the western end of the courts.

"Just think," said Margaret, "if we could only win even second prize, what glory it would be! And there is no reason why Ned Graham should not do something to distinguish himself. And think of Susie Elliot! You know when she was in the White Mountains last summer, every one said her tennis was wonderful, and that she was certainly one of our coming players."

"Take care, Margaret," said Jim Sawyer. "Don't get too excited. I have watched you put four lumps of sugar into the same cup, and the fifth is just about to follow!"

Every one laughed, and Margaret rose from the table. "Who can drink tea when a case of this kind is in question?" she said. "Really, Susie, won't you enter?"

"Margaret! You must think I have the courage of a lion and the effrontery of a—of a—I don't know what! The only reason they said I played well at Intervale was because there were no really good players there."

"But that makes no difference," persisted Margaret. "It would be such fun, even if you did not win. We would all go over to watch, and make a regular spree of it."

"I second the motion," exclaimed Amy Wayne.

"And I," "And I," cried the others.

"Suppose you and I enter in mixed doubles," said Ned Graham to Susie; "and we can both go in for singles, too. It will do no harm, and we can get some fun out of it."

"But think of the crack players that will be there," objected Susie. "Even Miss Carroll, the champion, and Mrs. Hastings, of the Wiscasset Club, and, oh, lots of others. Hilton and Bates, and in fact every player you ever heard of."

But she finally yielded, and when they went home that night it was arranged that their names should be entered.

The tournament was to begin the 20th of June. It was now the 5th, and the intervening fortnight was to be spent in hard practice. School would be over by the 15th, and until then only the afternoons could be given to the work, but the days were long, and the weather fine for tennis, so every afternoon saw the Chesbrooke boys and girls on their way to the club grounds.

"I never played so badly!" cried Susie one night, throwing down her racket in despair, and dropping on a bench. "The very idea of my entering that big tournament is perfectly absurd. I shall only disgrace you."

"Well, it is too late now," said Jim Sawyer, philosophically. "We must make the best of a bad bargain. When the time comes, just do your best and we shan't blame you."

"What are you going to wear, Susie?" asked Emma Carson, who was fond of pretty clothes.

"Oh, I don't know. I have not thought."

"Why don't you have a new tennis dress?"

"I can't," replied Susie, quickly; "and besides, I should not feel at home in it. I will just wear a shirt waist and my usual tennis skirt."

"I think it would be lovely for you to have a skirt with tennis rackets or something embroidered on it," said Emma, meditatively. "I will do it for you."

"Thank you ever so much, Emma," said Susie; "but really I would rather dress just as usual, and I don't care much for fancy tennis clothes."

"Good for you, Susie," said Emma's brother Will. "Neither do I."

Susie Elliot was a slight girl of fifteen, of medium height. Her hair and eyes were brown, and she was usually somewhat pale, but when she became excited a bright color burned in her cheeks, and she looked very pretty. The girls all said that Susie was one of those fortunate individuals who looked well when playing tennis.

At last the 20th of June came, clear and warm. "Real tennis weather," said all the members of the Chesbrooke Club. A stage had been chartered for the week to take them to the Wiscasset grounds, a drive of twelve miles each way. The tournament was to open at three o'clock, so soon after one they started, in order to have plenty of time this warm day. The omnibus was drawn by four horses, gayly decorated with flags, while banners were carried by the boys, who waved them lustily as they drove out of the village. These banners were of white, with the words "Chesbrooke Tennis Club" embroidered on them in crimson, the club colors, and had been made by some of the girls since it had been decided that the club was to be represented at the tournament.

It was a beautiful drive over, but no one paid much attention to the scenery, they were all so absorbed in the coming contest.

"I suppose there will be crowds of spectators," said Emma Carson. "The Wiscasset is such a fashionable club, and there are so many summer people at the inn. And then all the Walnut Heights people will be there too. Oh, isn't it exciting!" And she settled her large leghorn hat and surveyed her dainty gloves.

Susie, the heroine of the occasion, sat on the box-seat, between the driver and Ned Graham. She said little, but listened attentively, while he gave her some points on the game.

"Be very careful," he said, "about your placing. It is your strong point, I know, but in singles you run a great risk of sending your ball into the outer court. And above all, keep perfectly cool. Don't allow yourself to get excited."

Judging from the spots of color in Susie's cheeks she was already somewhat excited. She was simply dressed, and looked very pretty in her white sailor hat and blue shirt waist.

When they reached the grounds they found a good many spectators already assembled, who looked with interest at the four-horse team that hailed from the Chesbrooke Tennis Club.

Ned and Susie's names had been entered some time ago, and now, upon drawing, they found that mixed doubles were not to be played that day, but that Ned would probably have a chance to test his skill against Bates, one of the best players of the Newport Club. He made a gallant fight for it, but the superior experience of his opponent was too much for him, and Ned was beaten in two sets—6-1 and 6-2.

The Chesbrooke Tennis Club drove home that night somewhat crestfallen, but they consoled themselves by saying: "What else could you expect? It was too bad Ned did not have a chance with some one else first, and at least they were not love sets, as they might easily have been against such a player."



"I AM PROUD TO HAVE PLAYED WITH YOU, MISS ELLIOT," SAID MISS CARROLL

The next morning seemed very long to Susie Elliot. She lived with her mother in a large house on the main street of the village. It was a pleasant old place, with plenty of trees and climbing roses, honeysuckle and sweet-smelling flowers of all kinds shading the porch. An old-fashioned garden, filled with hollyhocks, sweet-pease, and mignonette, with paths bordered by box, was to the right of the house. Behind it the ground sloped to the river.

Susie's father had died a few years ago, and left this large place, but with very little money to keep it up. At first Mrs. Elliot had thought of letting it and taking a smaller house but she had finally concluded to live on at the old house, and take a few boarders in summer. Chesbrooke was a pretty place, and there were some people who still preferred its quiet to the fashionable life along the Pennsylvania Railroad.

"Susie," said Mrs. Elliot that Wednesday morning, "I am really very sorry that I allowed you to enter the tournament. I am quite sure that you did not sleep well last night, and you are allowing yourself to become altogether too much excited. You are not thinking at all of what you are doing. There!"

A loud crash, and the plate that Susie was wiping fell to the floor.

"Oh, mother, I am so sorry!" said Susie, penitently, as she picked up the pieces. "But I do wish we did not have to wash the dishes. It is so horrid to be poor."

"You should be thankful that you have so comfortable a home to live in," said her mother. "Now remember, Susie, you cannot play in the tournament if you allow it to get the better of you. When you have finished the dusting, take Green's *History of England* and read quietly for an hour."

"But, mother dear, I promised to go to the club to practise!"

"Not a bit of it; and remember, if I find that tennis is becoming too absorbing, you shall not touch a racket again this summer."

This sounded severe, but it was really the best thing for Susie. She was obliged to sit quietly, which rested her, and as she was a conscientious girl, she put her whole mind to her reading, which interested her in spite of herself. Her mother looked in upon her an hour later. Susie was sound asleep.

"The best thing for her," thought Mrs. Elliot, as she stole softly away. And it was. Susie awoke much refreshed, and when the stage drew up at the door that afternoon she ran out, feeling brisk and blithe as a lark.

Mixed doubles were played that day, and Ned and Susie drew Miss Fox and Mr. Garland. Miss Fox was a pretty player, extremely graceful and ladylike, never bestirring herself much for a ball that was beyond her reach, never becoming excited. Her partner covered the ground as best he could, but her lack of animation was too much for him, and the scorekeeper called out: "Game, set. Miss Elliot wins—6-4, 6-3."

The Chesbrooke Club clapped their hands with vigor, and heartily greeted the winners as they rejoined their friends.

"Don't be too much elated, Susie," whispered Ned. "That does not count for much. Wait until we play against some of the crack ones."

The next game was against more powerful antagonists. Ned and Susie had to work harder; their adversaries were not to be despised; but Chesbrooke won in the end, and again the welcome news was given: "Game, set. Miss Elliot wins." The score this time was more even. Their

opponents won the first set, 6-4, while they had the next two, 6-4 and 7-5, the last being a deuce set.

People began to notice the little player, who was un-
known to them all. "Who is she?" they asked. And
gradually the court where she was playing became the
center of attraction.

"To-morrow the finals will be played in mixed doubles," said Ned, as they drove home that night; "and perhaps we shall have to play Hilton and Miss Carroll."

Susie laughed merrily. "Fancy my playing against Miss Carroll, the champion! There is not much chance of that."

The next day, much to the disappointment of their friends, Ned and Susie were beaten before the finals were reached. Then the ladies' singles were played. Susie's first opponent was Miss Fox, whom she easily vanquished. Then a girl from the Blenheim Club. She too was beaten. So that night the Chesbrooke stage carried home a crowd of delighted boys and girls, who were quite sure that in Susie they beheld the future champion of America.

"To-morrow you will certainly play against Miss Carroll," said Margaret Sherwood.

"Never in the world," said Susie. "Girls, you are perfectly absurd! I should have to win against Mrs. Hastings and Miss Train before that. I will do my best, but I know they will be too much for me."

Friday afternoon, when the Chesbrooke stage drove in with its banners waving, people said, "Here is the Chesbrooke Club, with little Miss Elliot." And the gay society girls who had gathered to watch the tournament looked eagerly for "the little marvel," as some one called her. Susie walked modestly and unconcernedly to the ladies' club-house, and found that her first game was to be against Mrs. Hastings. The court upon which they played was in front of the grand stand, which was crowded with spectators. Mrs. Hastings played well, but she was beaten, and so was Miss Train. Susie was to play the champion.

In the mean time the excitement of the Chesbrooke Club was becoming too intense for words. Margaret and Amy sat hand in hand, and every now and then they gave each other a sympathetic squeeze. They were in the front row of the grand stand, just where they could best watch every movement of the game.

Miss Carroll came out of the ladies' club-house, and walked towards the court, accompanied by Hilton, Bates, and one or two others. She laughed unconcernedly at something that was said, and looked with good-natured patronage at the little opponent who was awaiting her.

"Will you watch this line?" said the man who had charge of the tournament to Ned Graham.

"If you will excuse me, I would rather not," replied Ned, quickly.

The other looked somewhat surprised.

"I am a friend of Miss Elliot," continued Ned, "and I would much prefer to have nothing to do with it."

"Oh, we don't think of anything of that kind here; but still, of course, if you really prefer not," and he passed on.

Miss Carroll and Susie took their places, and the play began. The champion at first played somewhat carelessly; evidently she thought it quite a joke to play against this small person, and her whole air said as plainly as possible that she would allow her to win, and Susie did win three games. Miss Carroll began to wake up a little after that, but Susie had the first set, 6-3. In the second set Susie again won, 6-4. The sets were to be the best three out of five.

"Miss Carroll had better look to her laurels," said one of the spectators, and she evidently thought so herself, for she began to work harder. Her strokes were magnificent, and her balls came with the swiftness and force

of a man's. But Susie was equal to her; she was everywhere at once. Perfectly cool, she never lost her head.

"Her judgment is marvellous," said Hilton, "and as for her placing, it is superb." But she lost the next set and the next.

"Two all!" cried the scorekeeper. The excitement was intense. Miss Carroll became indignant that "a child from no one knows where" could make her work so hard. She lost her head for a moment, and banged several balls into the net and outside.

"Games, 2-1!" sang the man at the net. Presently came the cry, "Two and!" Then, "Two-three!" The next game was deuce and vantage for a long time. It seemed impossible for either player to make three points in succession. Miss Carroll was serving, and her balls dashed down into the court only to be dropped back just over the net, or sent flying over her head by Susie, but caught by Miss Carroll, and volleyed back.

The excitement was intense. Susie alone was calm. Cheer after cheer broke upon the air as each wonderful play was made, then intense stillness reigned until the next. The score was vantage out.

"Fault! Double!" called the lineman at Susie's court.

"Game, three all!" said the man at the net. Susie paused. The last ball was not out; it was on the line, she was absolutely sure. No one else thought so, and the lineman in his excitement had made a mistake, but Susie knew that it was a good ball. Should she tell? She might lose the tournament by telling, and if she could only beat Miss Carroll, she, little Susie Elliot, would have the cup, and be the champion for the year. It was a great temptation. It took but a minute to think this out. The spectators were cheering and clapping. Susie made up her mind. She turned to the lineman.

"You have made a mistake," she said, quietly; "that last ball was in."

"My dear Miss Elliot, I am quite sure it was not."

The players and umpires gathered round the man at the net.

"What is it?" asked the spectators. "Any trouble?"

"You must be mistaken, Miss Elliot," said the scorekeeper. "Mr. Grey is a very careful linekeeper."

"I am not mistaken," said Susie, firmly; "that ball was in, and I tried for it, and could not get it." She insisted upon it, and then Miss Carroll and Susie resumed their places. The scorekeeper turned to the audience amid breathless silence.

"Miss Elliot says that the last ball was a good one. The score is now deuce."

Cheer after cheer rang out.

"She's honest, and she's plucky. Three cheers for Miss Elliot!"

Miss Carroll won the next two points, and the two following games. The experience had been rather too much for Susie, and she did not play as well.

"Game set!" cried the scorekeeper. "Miss Carroll wins!"

Miss Carroll threw down her racket, and walked up to the net. "I am proud to have played with you, Miss Elliot," she said, "and I could almost wish that you had won. Please accept my warmest congratulations on your good playing, and my respect for your honesty."

Miss Carroll explained the matter to every one, and Susie was the heroine of the hour.

"What else could I do?" she said, in some surprise. "I knew that the ball was good."

"But in the face of the linemen who were so determined, I think it was pretty wonderful you held out," said Ned; "and I admire you more than I ever did."

So Susie did not win the cup, though she may some day, but she was awarded the first prize in ladies' singles. It was a beautiful umbrella with a silver handle, on

which was engraved: "First Prize in Ladies' Singles, Wiscasset Tournament. June, 18—."

Susie values her umbrella very highly, and will keep it "until her dying day," she says.

The Chesbrooke Tennis Club drove home in triumph, and as they started, the spectators waved their hats and handkerchiefs, and cried, with a right good will, "Three cheers for Miss Elliot and the Chesbrooke Club!"

To which the reply came from the stage, "Three cheers for the Wiscasset!"

WHAT THE KING SAW.

THE historical King is sometimes very much like the small boy who hates to be disappointed, and when suffering from this affliction must have some new and special amusement provided for him. The grand monarch Louis XIV. of France, who was not so grand on a close view, did something very much like sulking one very hot day when the heat prevented him from going out hunting. It was to have been such a splendid party, pouted the pleasure-loving King, arranged by himself entirely to his own satisfaction; and the game was so fine near the château of Marly, where the court was then settled; but this miserable heat must come and spoil everything.

What about the poor people in those narrow streets and lanes of Paris, parching and dying for a breath of pure air, and a sight of the green trees and lawns that made Marly so beautiful? Ah! that, as the King would have said, was *une autre chose*—to-day the Majesty of France wished to go hunting, and was disappointed. He had a great many playthings of various kinds, this disappointed King, but he frowned at all suggestions, and would amuse himself with none of them.

He did not exactly flatten his nose against the window-pane, after the manner of the spoiled small boy when the elements combine to make his life a burden, but he hung very heavily on the hands of his courtiers, who felt that his Majesty must be amused at any price. Some brighter spirit than the rest finally suggested a grand telescope which belonged to a great geographer, and this fine instrument was brought to Marly, and put in position for the King to gaze through it to a distance of ten miles in all directions. Its power was wonderful, enabling the gazer even to distinguish the features of people at that great distance.

The King's new plaything was quite as absorbing as the hunt, and for a long time he gazed spellbound through the wonderful glass. The anxious courtiers began to breathe more freely, and blessed the telescope and its inventor, when suddenly his Majesty turned very pale, dropped the glass which had yielded him so much pleasure, and ordered Count de G—— to have a horse saddled, and to summon ten files of the cavalry, which he himself would command.

Forgetting his late indifference and dissatisfaction, Louis XIV. sprang into the saddle and rode furiously along the bank of the Seine, with the cavalry close in the rear. Before long these wild riders encountered three young men who were coming towards them on foot. These pedestrians, who were dressed like country people, seemed to be in a hurry, and were quite excited on seeing the royal cavalry approaching them with the King at their head.

His Majesty ordered a halt, and said to the peasants, greatly to their surprise, "An hour since you three were bathing in the river, just beyond the village of Maisons?"

The men assented, and the King ordered Count de G—— to arrest them at once. No one dared to question his Majesty's orders, but all were greatly puzzled at the strange proceedings to which the telescope seemed to have led. The general supposition was that by its aid the King had discovered a plot against his own life, and chose to arrest the criminals himself to make sure of them.

The men were criminals beyond a doubt, but they had no designs on the life of the King. They had just drowned, on a pretext of bathing in the Seine, their young step-brother, who was their father's favorite, and fearing that he would get most of the property, they resolved to make away with him. Having dressed themselves and hid their brother's clothes, they were walking along the street in fancied security when they were so unexpectedly confronted by the King and his soldiers.

Louis XIV. had seen through the geographer's telescope the drowning of the poor boy by his unnatural brothers, and while his face blanched at the sight, he determined to prevent the es-

cape of the murderers. The guilty men were so startled and thrown off their guard on their arrest by the King, which seemed to them like the vengeance of Heaven, that they confessed their crime, and all three were executed at once. If his Majesty's hunting party had not been put off, in all probability the crime would never have been discovered.

CROWNS.

ALTHOUGH crowns are now almost always associated with royalty, they were at one time used for the simple purpose of keeping uncombed hair off the eyes. Originally made of flowers and plants, they were subsequently made of horn, and finally of metal. Jupiter wore wild flowers; Bacchus, ivy; Apollo, laurel; Minerva, olive; and Venus, roses. So far as we can discover, the earliest artificial crowns were worn in Egypt.

In ancient times not only kings and leaders, but priests, athletes, victims, and even ordinary citizens seem to have worn crowns. The Romans had quite a lot of them. A crown made of grass or weeds, gathered on the spot, was often presented by a beleaguered army to the general who raised the siege. This was the blockade, or, as it was frequently called, the grassy crown. The civic crown was made of oak leaves, and was given to a soldier who in battle saved the life of a Roman citizen. This crown gave freedom from taxation for the wearer, his father, and his paternal grandfather, and also the right to special honors. The camp crown, made of gold, was given to him who first entered the enemy's camp; the naval crown for him who first boarded an enemy's ship; the beaked for him who won a victory at sea, and the mural for him who first stormed a city.

To him who gained a victory over pirates on the high seas was presented a crown of myrtle; the triumphal crown was held over a victor after his triumph, and was originally made of bay or laurel; afterwards, however, it was made of massive gold. A kind of consolation prize given to him whose achievements it was difficult to classify was composed of olives.

The Roman birthday crown was of laurel or parsley, the same as that given to athletes; that of the Greeks, of wool in case of the birth of a girl, or of olive if a boy. Gladiators had crowns of fennel, the emblem of strength. The nuptial crown was plucked by the bride herself, and consisted of either vervain or verbenæ. A crown of flowers bound very tightly round the head was called the convivial crown. Sacerdotal crowns were generally made of green wheat, but funeral ones were usually of flowers. Crowns held in the hand, as we still see figured on tombs and on paintings, are intended to represent that the deceased led a blameless life. The crown of thorns placed on the head of a victim was a sign of especial ignominy.

From Persia, through Alexander the Great, the kingly crown reached Europe. The Roman emperors are said to have copied their head-pieces from Alexander, and Nero is thought to have been the first Emperor of Rome that wore a gold crown, though some claim that distinction for Caligula. In Vienna to-day may be found the most famous of all European crowns—that of Charlemagne, which consists of four large and four small plates of gold hinged together, and highly enamelled with Scriptural subjects. A crown made in the sixth century, called the "iron crown" of Lombardy, was the one with which Napoleon was crowned at Milan in 1805. It was made of gold, and contained an inner circle of iron thought by the pious to be made from one of the "nails of the true cross."

A good-sized volume could be written on the history of the various crowns of England alone. From the string of pearls worn by the chiefs of Briton in the time of the Romans to the present crown of the British Empire, jewelled with over 3000 stones, is a long story, but one of intense interest to all thoughtful readers. That mass of brilliant stones, made up principally of the jewels taken from old crowns, rich in historical associations, is an epitome of English history in itself, and mutely tells many a tale of heroism and daring, of crafty intrigue, and, too often, pitiless massacre.

OVERLOOKED IT.

JACK has always been interested in the boy who lights the street lamps, and the other night when the clouds had obscured the moon's light he went to his father with a troubled face.

"Papa," said he, "that little boy's forgot to light the moon."



A NATURAL MISTAKE.

"OH, MAMMA," CRIED LITTLE WALLIE AS THE SOLDIERS MARCHED BY, "COME QUICK! THESE SOLDIERS HAS ALL GOT SEAVE-G-BREDS IN THE TONS OF THEIR HATS."

A SIMILAR FEAR.

"My papa didn't bathe at the sea-shore," said Wallie. "He was afraid of the currents."

"He's something like my mamma," returned Mollie. "She won't let me have plum-cake, because she's 'raid of 'em too."

ALICE'S SUGGESTION.

THE poor old dancing bear had been performing for the children, and when he was through, Alice gave his owner a bright new ten-cent piece.

"I hope you'll get enough," she said, "to buy the bear some new furs. The ones he has on are awful wore out."

INFORMATION IN THE GARDEN.

"THAT grate big woyin," explained Harold, "is a cattypillar, and that little one 'longside of it is a kirtypillar."

WALLIE MAKES A JOKE.

"I WONDER what the bees talk about?" said Alice.

"They don't talk; they buzz," said Wallie.

"Then what do they buzz about?" asked Alice.

"About all the time," chuckled Wallie.

DISOBEDIENT WHITTY.

"I'M not going to play with Whitty any more," said Jimmieboy. "He's a awful disoberent boy."

"Why, what has Whitty done?" asked Jimmieboy's mamma.

"He doesn't mind me at all," said Jimmieboy.

THE WIT'S ANSWER.

MANY are the good stories that are told of the elegant Lord Chesterfield. We have all heard how, when he was asked by a lady with whom he was dining, if he would have another plate of soup, he replied, "Not to-day, madam." On another occasion the distinguished authority on good manners complained very much at an inn where he was dining, because the china and glasses were unclean. The waiter, who was inclined to be impudent, replied that every one must eat a peck of corn before he dies; whereupon Lord Chesterfield replied, "That may be true, John; but no one is obliged to eat it all at a meal."

HARD TO UNDERSTAND.

"WHAT I don't understand about a canary-bird," said Wallie, "is how he whistles so well without puckerin' his bill."

A FAIR IDEA OF IT.

JACK's father had been describing the Desert of Sahara to him. "Oh, I know what it's like," said Jack. "It's like a great big sea-shore without any ocean to it."

JACK'S GRIEVANCE.

"WHY, Jack," said Jack's mother, when the boy returned from school, "you've been crying! What is the matter?"

"I did a sum on the blackboard," said Jack, "and they wouldn't let me bring it home to show papa."

A DELIGHTFUL FEELING.

"I LIKE to eat corn on the cob," said Mamie. "It makes me feel as though I was playing on a flute."



**Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty black-birds
A-baking in a pie.
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing.
Was not that a pretty dish
To set before the King?
The King was in his counting-house
Counting out his money.
The Queen was in the kitchen
Eating bread and honey.
The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes,
Down came a black-bird
And nipped off her nose.**



